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INDEX.

A Choral Service in Madras Cathedral, 718
 A Complaint from a Bandmaster, 136
 A Growl not quite groundless (*Literary Gazette*), 612
 A Mass of Amateur Folly, 455
 A Model Concert, 348
 A Musical Soldier, 478
 A New Prima Donna (*Moniteur*), 525
 A New Political Point (*Punch*), 185
 A New Musical Instrument, 716
 A Palm Leaf (*Punch*), 198
 A real Daughter of the Regiment, 599
 A Rivalry worthy of being noted (*Punch*), 315
 A Stretch of Courtesy, 477
 A Stone thrown at Mr. Gye, 516
 A Strange Jumble (*Daily News*), 613
 A Third Italian Opera, 300
 A very likely Anecdote (*Guide Musicale*), 523
 A Vile Joke, 604
 A Work of Supererogation (*Punch*), 613
 An English Prima Donna in High Life, 70
 An Earthen Vessel Launched (*Punch*), 93
 An Inharmonious contrast (*Punch*), 734
 Abt, Herr Franz, 426
 Achieving the Nimbus, 397
 Acis and Galatea, Costa's New Score (*Aris's Gazette*), 575
 Acoustics, A New Fact in, 109
 Ac. otic, 165, 168
 Action against a Director of a Theatre, 581
 Adams, the late M. Thomas, 682
 Adelphi Theatre, The New, 461, 471, 742
 Advice to the Crystal Palace (*Herald*), 637
 Alhambra Palace, The, 140, 663
 Alary. A Pilule for Signor, 551
 Allcroft, Mr. W., Death of, 761
 Amateur Musical Society, 540, 822
 Amateur Theatricals at Swakeleys, 72
 Amateur Concert at Heaton Hall, 734
 American Beauty, 669
 American View of Ronconi, 701
 Ambroisian Chant, The, 300, 315
 Art in Paris, 470
 Assembly of the Welsh Bards, 486
 Association of Ideas (*Pasquin*), 44
 Athenaeum, News for the (*Saturday Review*), 523
 Atlantic Cable, The (*Dwight*), 647, 663
 Auber, how certain operas of his came to be composed, 599
 Auber, *La Sirène* (*Guide Musicale*), 636

Bach's *Passion Music* at Hamburg, 684
 Bach, J. S., Christmas Oratorio at Berlin, 38.
 Bach, J. S., Pianoforte Compositions, published by F. Chrysander, 69
 Bache, Death of Mr. F. E., 558
 Balfé, a new Opera by, 474
 Balfé, One-hundredth Night of the Rose of Castille, 662
 Bands of Music in the Army, 215
 Bartley, Mr. George, Death of, 490
 Beale's, Mr. Willert, Tour, 738
 Beethoven to Czerny, four letters from, 634
 Beethoven's Complete Works, under the revision of Liszt, 69

Beethoven, a true anecdote, 471
 Beethoven (from *Die Grenzboten*), 700
 Beethoven, Reminiscences of (*New York Musical Review*), 814
 Bells and singers, 300
 Benedict's, M., Vocal Association, 698, 755
 Bennett, Professor Storndale, 245, 298, 394
 Berlioz, an Opera by (*Courier du bas Rhin*), 680
 Berlioz, M., 90
 Bertini, M. Henri, 229
 Bigotini, Madille, 317
 Billet, Alexandre, 167, 201
 Birmingham Musical Festival, 90, 476, 572, 586.
Birmingham Journal, 453. *Aris's Gazette*, 587, 596, 613, 628
 Birmingham General Hospital, 487
 Bishop, Madame Anna, 618, 666
 Blaes, M., 725
 Blagrove, Mr. W., Death of, 761
 Blockley v. Wise, 423
 Bosco, M., Attempted Suicide of, 237
 Bosio, Madame, 201, 710
 Britannia Theatre, The New, 763
 Broadwood and Sons' Pianoforte Manufactory, 789
 Bowley, Mr. Robert K., 218
 Bradford Chorus, The, 426
 Brignoli and Gazzaniga, 526
 Brooke, Mr. G. V., 603
 Brousil Family, The (*Derby Reporter*), 617
 Burns Centenary Festival, 781
 Cadenzas (by Alfred Mellon, sung by Sophie Cruvelli), 707.
 Camilla, Madille. Enrichetta, 142.
 Canterbury Hall, 375.
 Catastrophe at Surrey Music Hall, Sheffield, 605.
 Characters of the different keys (*Dwight*), 608, 620.
 Cherubini's coat, 98.
 Chinese Music, 215.
 Chipp, Mr. Edmund, 307, 324.
 Chopin (*New York Musical Review*), 550.
 Christmas Entertainments, 11.
 Church Music, 509.
 Church Bells, 711.
 Comparative absurdity of the sexes, 30.

CONCERTS:—

Aguilar, Mr. E., 340. Amateur Musical Society, 123, 155, 188, 214, 269, 299, 389, 778. Asylum for female orphans, 379.
 Bassano, Mad., and Kuhe, Herr, 413.
 Benedict, Mr., 413. Benedict, Mr., Vocal Association, 227, 248, 299, 340, 374, 428.
 Bishop, Mad. Anna (*Morning Herald*), 804.
 Blagrove, Mr. H., 325, 357. Bradford Choral Society, 444. Brixton Amateur Harmonic Union, 29, 203. Brixton Amateur Musical Society, 66, 213, 794. Buckingham, Miss Adela, 460. Carder, Mr. Alfred, 299.
 Case, Mr. G., 211, 250. Chiampo, Signor Jean, 441. Cooper, Mr. J. F., 300. Corfield, Miss Fanny, 341. Crystal Palace Concerts, 76, 92, 189, 171, 189, 208, 207,

284, 308, 340, 373, 537; (in honour of the Princess Royal), 77; (Good Friday), 219; (Royal Italian Opera), 356, 387; (Mr. Benedict's), 459, 506; (Madilla. Piccolomini's Farewell), 633; (Winter), 746, 762, 791, 810. Deichmann, Herr, 389. Dolby, Miss, and Sloper, Mr. Lindsay, 325, 357. Dressmakers, The, Provident Institution, 108. Evans, Mr. W. E., 790. Ferrari, Signor and Madame, 811. Force, F., 139, 163. Foscari, Madame, 460. Galloway, Miss, 309. Gear, Handel, 67. Glover, Mr. Howard, 309. Goddard, Miss Arabella, 91, 123, 154, 251, 283, 307, 427. Hallé, Charles, M., 309, 357, 375, 411, 441. Henrie, Madame, and Miss Stevenson, 379. Hullah's, Mr., 211, 333, 388, 741, 811. Hullah's (Mr.) Orchestral Concerts, 59, 92, 155, 188, 211, 267. Irving, Mr. Allan, 375. Islington Literary and Scientific Society, 253. Islington Musical Union, 794, 823. Janza, Herr, 389. Kemble, Miss, 443. Lefler, Miss, 374. Lehmyer, Herr, 443. Leslie's (Mr. Henry) Choir, 60, 91, 150, 187, 228, 388, 412, 442, 777. London Sacred Harmonic Society, 10, 152. McAlpine, Misses, 413. Mackenzie, Miss Clara, 342. Masters, W. C., 810. Messent, Miss and Richards (Brinley), 374. Molique, Herr B., 340. New Philharmonic, 268, 298, 324, 355, 387. Oberthür, Herr, 310. O'Leary, Mr. Arthur, 299. Oury, Mad., 492. Oxford, Madame Amalie, 460. Parent, Madille. Hortense, 460. Pauer, Herr, 299, 323, 375. Philharmonic Society, 252, 284, 308, 339, 372, 412. Prescott, Miss Marian, 443. Rakemann, Herr L., 460. Reichardt, Herr 429. Réunion des Arts, 10, 325, 374, 407, 823, Richards, Brinley, 189, 203. Richardson, Mr., 109. Ries, Herr Louis, 412. Royal Academy of Music, 213, 309, 411, 459. Royal Society of Musicians, 283. Royal Surrey Gardens, 339. SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY:—*Athalie*, 299; *Creation*, 44, 77, 778; *Eli*, 373; *Elijah*, 107; *Israel in Egypt*, 279; *Lobgesang and Requiem*, 218; *Messiah*, 212, 810; *Sampson*, 189; *Stabat Mater* (Rossini), 299; Handel Festival Choir Rehearsal, 44, 182, 429. Sala, Madame, 443. Schloesser, Herr, 314. St. John's Wood Literary Society, 763. St. James's Hall, 202, 227, 309, 795. Standard Theatre, 142. Stepney Tonic Sol-Fa, 794. Tzarvady, Madame, (Wilhelmina Claus), 307, 341, 442. Tomlinson, Mr. T. H., 606. Tonic Sol-Fa Association, 268, 429. Trout, Mr. H. J., 253, 300, 358. Valentine, Madille. Caroline, 374. Van Noorden, Miss Louisa, 10. Concert at Buckingham Palace, 75. Congregational Singing, 686.

CORRESPONDENCE:—

An English Musician, 218. Amadis, 389. Amateur, 188, 372. Anglicus, 7. Barcroft and Wheeley, 389. Bates, F. W. (Accident to (803). Besle, Wolfgang Amadeo (No. 1. Mozart), 115, 134, 147. Birmingham Musical Festival, 591, 662. Bradford,

INDEX.

not Yorkshire, 435. Bradford Festival Choral Society, 461. Bridgetower, | Master, and The Kreutzer Sonata, 755, 771. Cahan, E. 359. Castellan, Mad., not Mod. Novello, 389. Cathedral Music, 406. Conducting and Conductors, 803. Davison, Mr. J. W., and "Musical Criticism," 616. Dead March in Saul, The, 51. Editor of *La Presse de Londres*, 359. Ella Tremante, 795, 803. Fowle, Dr., 91, 115, 135, 147, 165. Fowler, C., 795. Funke, J., 795. God bless them both, 98. Goddard, Miss, Arabella, 90. Greek Scales, the, 803. Heller, M. Stephen, 740. Justus, 134. Lablache's last appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, 98. Lablache in an Opera of Verdi, 116. Lamartine on the Brussels Congress, 692. Lindley (the late) and Piatti (the present), 435. Marx, Dr., 195. Mendelssohn's unpublished MSS., 259. Mozart's Son, 467-531, 564, 615. Music and Social Improvement, 808. Musical Criticism, 611. National Anthem, the, 147. Old Truepenny, 28, 45. Opera glasses, 581. Organ at St. Thomas, Stepney, 195. Organ at Hackney (*Diamond*), 485. Oxon, Cantab, or Lambeth, 99. Pauer, E., 817. Perfumtion, Beethovenian on, 485. Praeger, J. O., 648, 692. Precentors and their duties, 659. Presumed Plagiarisms, 147. Riviere, Robert, 135. Rubinstein, Anton, 405. Sacred Harmonic Society (*Musicus*), 740. Salman, C., 22. Second, J., 372. Stephens, C. E., in re "Helmeste," 707, 725. Truth and the Birmingham Festival, 643. Westminster Abbey, Evening Services, 275. Westminster Palace Bells, 692, 706. Wilson's, Mr., Haydn, Three Books, 51. Wilson's Mr. Haydn, A Fair Proposition, 643. Courteous Consideration (*Punch*), 457. Cramer, John B., 261. Crystal Palace, 396, 608, 682. Curious Musical questions (*New York Musical Review*), 695. Cusins, Mr. W., 218. Dame aux Camelias, The, 699. Dangers of Theatre, &c. (*Building News*), 631. De Omnibus Rebus, (*Illustrated Times*), 661. Dean of Carlisle and Precentor Livingston of Carlisle Cathedral, 591. Decline of Pantomime (*Punch*), 173. Dehn, Siegfried Wilhelm, 291. De Lille, Gaston, 8. Demeur, Madame Charton, 501. Diapason, The, 508. Dickens, Mr. Charles, 830, 557. Don, Sir William on Etiquette, 653. Don Giovanni Controversy, The, 491. Don Juan at the Théâtre Francais, 532. Donizetti, An unpublished Opera by, 311. Double Gloucester View of Novelists, 46. Dramatic College, The, 554. Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Henri's Entertainment, 715. Duprat, M., Tragic Accident to, 84. Easter Amusements, 229. Eisfeld, Theodor, 717. Elijah in London, 103. Ella's, Mr., Musical Union (*Athenaeum*), 443. Endersohn, Madame, 109. English Artists in the United States, 814. Entertainments (*Saturday Review*), 548. Epigrams, 746, 759, 771, 795. Epitaphs for Music, 814. Ernst, Herr, 140, 714. Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, 333. Festival Performance, The (*From the Dispatch*), 87. Festival of the Three Choirs, 78. Félix, M., On the present state of Music, 68, 101, 141, 148, 287, 278, 291. Field, John (*Echo*), 767, 771. Fine Art Society, The New, 698. Fire at Squive's Pianoforte Manufactory, 525. Fiéhoff, M., of Vienna (Library of), 467. Flotow's Martha (*Gazette Musicale*), 116. Formes, Herr Carl, 650.

EPIGRAMS.—746, 759, 771, 795, 822.

EPITAPHS.—814.

FOREIGN.—Amsterdam, 198. Athens, 198. Baden-Baden, 477, 583. Berlin, 135, 158,

198, 383, 423, 750. Bonn, 197. Bordeaux, 198. Boulogne Sur Mer, 494, 539, 540, 579. Brooklyn (*America*), 30. Brussels, 198, 238, 784. Coblenz, 637. Cologne, 7, 48, 197, 214, 246, 358, 534. Cracow, 780. Darmstadt, 195. Frankfurt on the Maine, 55, 391, 647. Genoa, 253. Goettingen, 214. Gotha, 198. Hague, The, 115. Hamburg, 406. Kingston (*Canada*), 581. Leipzig, 295. Lugano, 711. Lyons, 711. Madrid, 823. Milan, 108, 214, 343, 359, 403. Munich, 517. Naples, 198, 262, 634. New York, 62, 204, 292, 439, 471, 636, 645, 662, 775. Nice, 29, 69. Paris, 14, 29, 39, 76, 93, 157, 166, 196, 214, 269, 295, 326, 342, 478, 510, 524, 592, 603, 621, 637, 700, 775. Philadelphia, 775. Prague, 135, 407, 493. Rio, 637. Rome, 29. Rossini, 295. Rotterdam, 6, 119. Rubinstein, 295. St. Petersburg, 38, 182, 198, 423, 583. Spa, 581. Stockholm, 507. Sutton, Mr. A. J., 296. Turin, 7, 39, 71, 125, 151, 231. Utrecht, 198. Vienna, 40, 198, 237, 407, 423, 471, 510, 535, 579. Warsaw, 71. Wieniawski, 295. Foreign Regimental Bands, 490. Formes, Herr, 12, 27, 394, 478. Fraud on a Pianoforte Manufacturer, 619. Frezzolini, Madame, 182. Friekell, Professor Wilialba, 571, 682, 803. From Grave to Gay (*Punch*), 749.

George V. King of Hanover, 461. Giuglini, Signor, 701. Gladstone, Mr. W. E., on Music, 676. Glinka, Michael von, and Music in Russia, 117, 149. Gloucester in re Hereford (*Gloucester Chronicle*), 588. Gluck, Some remarks on, 52. Goddard, Miss Arabella, 124, 261, 267, 283, 297, 327, 579, 627. Goldschmidt, Mad. Jenny Lind, 43, 90, 394, 410. Gounod's New Opera, 53. Grateful Tribute (*Punch*), 199. Great (Pianistic) Unknown, 423. Greek Tragedy (*Le Ménistrel*), 734. Grétry's Compositions (*Artistes de Paris*), 743.

Halevy's New Opera, The "Magicienne," 183, 243. Hamlet, 54. Hammer, M., 227. Handel's Monument at Halle, 275, 810. Handel, Ode to (*Punch*), 292. Handel and Sir Walter Scott, 476. Harmonium, Mr. W. E. Evans, 750. Harmony and Counterpoint, 716. Harvest Moon, The, 779. Hayes, Catherine, Death of the husband of, 475. Helmire, Rev. T., Lecture on Church Music, 764. Heine, Henri, about Music, &c., 500, 541, 580, 607. Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Windsor, 182. Her Majesty's Theatre, 627, 823. Hereford Musical Festival, 172, 220, 476, 554, 571, 588, 589, 733. Herald's *Muletier*, 311. Herz, Henri, 180, 235. Hiller, F., Oratorio of *Saul*, 5. Historical Notice of the Imperial Theatres in Vienna, 164. Hood's (Tom,) Reasons for not publishing his Life, 675. Howell, Mr., 587. Humber, Mlle. The Violinist (*Punch*), 509. Impromptu on Pyne and Harrison, 757. Interpolation in Auber's Crown Diamonds, 742. Ipose dixit, 195. Joachim, Herr Joseph, 139, 492. Joan of Arc, 636.

Jullien, 10, 235, 266, 294, 315, 825, 845, 429. Jullien Era, Commencement of the (*Spectator*), 681. Jullien's Farewell Concerts, 714, 731, 746, 762, 778, 794, 810. Kaiserl, Konigl. Polizie, Direktion, 676. Kletzter, Herr, 165. Lablache, Life of, 85, 100, 141. Lancia, Madame, 231. Lays (*France Musicale*), 518. L'Armonia and M. Durillon d'Engelure, 551. Lazarus, Miss, 122. Le Nouveau Piff-Paff de Mossou, 115, 136, 243. Liszt, Franz, 518. LEADING ARTICLES:—A wise man will accommodate himself to circumstances, 234. Adalphi Theatre, Last night of the Old, 377. Albert Smith, 821. Astley's and the Equestrian Drama, 666. Ayton's, Professor, Ballads of Scotland, 522. Bach, J. S., *Passion*, 200. Bach Mania, The, 392. Bafle (M.), and his Plagiarisms, 158. Berlin (Musical), Heine, and Mendelssohn, 472. Benedict's Vocal Association, 760. Bennett, Professor, and his Photograph (*Athenaeum*), 649. Bidwell, Mr., and *The Morning Advertiser*, 171. Buckstone's, Mr., Benefit, 425. Cambridge University, Musical Examination Paper, 9. Cartons (The), and "Thorough Bass," 649. Classical concerts, and the *Athenaeum*, 104. Comedy as it should be, 809. Concert of *La Presse de Londres*, 344, 376. Cramer, John B., 264. Crystal Palace, 265, 729, 745. Decline and fall of the British drama and the Press, 138, 153. Dickens, Charles, and his readings, 250. Distin's, Mr., monster concert at the Crystal Palace, 665. Don Giovanni, Signor Alary's alterations of, 456. Dramatic readings, 186. Dramatic College (The), 473. England not a musical nation? 296. English and foreign artists, 828. Festival performances (The), 89, 121. Fétil, M., on the present state of musical art, 813. Fitzball, Mr. Edward, "Thirty-five years of his life," 698. French dramatists and English adaptors, 776. French poetry, 361. Friekell, Professor Wilialba, 650. General Theatrical Fund, 216. Gladstone, Mr., on music, 680. Goddard, Miss Arabella, and the *Ne Plus Ultra* and *Plus Ultra*, 280; (A German critic), 602; (Herr Kuhé, Madame Oury, and *The Brighton Gazette*), 792. Handel statue at Halle, English subscription to the, 329. Handel Centenary and the Choral Demonstration, 440. Harley, Mr. John Pritt (Death of), 553. Hereford Musical Festival, 504. Horsley, Dr. (Death of), 408. Italian operas (The two), 24; (Three in London), 330, 345. Jullien's twentieth season, 697. Kean, Mr. C., and the state performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, 42, 56. Lablache, Death of, 72. Leeds Musical Festival, 232, 248, 536. Literary Fund (The), 170. *Lloyd's Newspaper* and its theatrical critics, 457. London dulness in September, 537. Lyceum Theatre and its various lessees, 602. Matthows, Mr. Abel, 489, 505. Meeting of the three choirs, 569. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, 120. Mendelssohn, and *The Saturday Review*, 184. Modern and legitimate style of pianoforte playing, 360. Muse Melpomene, 570. Music, State of, (Season 1858), 424. Music has two paths to success, 88. Musical Instruction, 821. Music in America (Progress of), 58. Musical Season,

- The Winter, 729. Musical World, The, and its "Sneers at Comic Writers," 234. Musical Festivals, The, 488, 562. Musical Criticism in this country, 600. Musical Society of London, 808. Nisbett, Mrs. (Lady Boothby), Death of, 73. Parisians, (The) and Music, 136. Paterson, Mr., and his "own life," 585. Pyne and Harrison, The Opera Company, 8, 376. Pyne and Harrison, The Opera Company, (at Drury Lane), 584. Pyne and Harrison, and the Literary Gazette, 616. Rachel, 25, 73, 282, 297. Red Vial (The), at the Olympic, 681. Reeves, Mr. Sims, and "Pyne and Harrison," 712. Reid, (The) Commemoration Concert, 106. Robson and Emden, Messrs., 553. Royal Academy of Music's Concert at St. James's Hall, 425. Saturday Review, and John's Life of Mozart, 201. Saturday Review, and Dickens and Thackeray, 312. Saturday Review, and "The Merchant of Venice," 409. Selby, Mr. Charles, and the Strand Theatre, 649. Skeffington's (Rev. T. C.) Handy Book, 664. Smith, Mr. E. T., and the Panopticon, 105. St. James's Hall, 265, 297. The Branded Race, at the Surrey Theatre, 632. The dullest season in London, 563. The "Holy Family," by W. H. Caleott, 40. The New Royal Italian Opera, 217. The Operas and the Press, 520. The Progress of Music in England, 744. The Star system at the Theatres, and "Readings," 696. The Theatres and the hot weather, 393. The Theatres, 713, 761. The present state of Theatrical Art, 793. Various styles of Composition, and the pleasure to be derived therefrom, 617. Zopff, Dr., and his "Characteristics, 169."
- Leeds Musical Festival, 181, 283, 326, 388, 489, 476, 589, 595, 604, 616, 618, 726
- Leslie's, Mr. Henry, "Judith," 493, 823
- Lesueur, Bust of, 279
- Liszt, 245, 389
- Liszt, A Rhapsody on, 173, 205
- Litolff, Henri, 90, 142, 219
- Lola Montez, 733, 803
- London Polyhymnian Choir, 618
- London Society for Teaching the Blind, 245
- Loss of Voice (Hall's Journal of Health), 749
- Lover, Samuel, and the Athenaeum Review, 728
- Lumley, Important to Mr. (France Muscale), 523
- Luisa Miller (Leader), 583
- Mackay, Charles, 677
- Maelstrom Explored, The, 726
- Maintenant donc (Punch), 263
- Manager, Ullman and the three Hungry Frenchmen, 773
- Mapleton's (Messrs.) Musical Agency, 55, 591
- Mario as Don Giovanni, 235
- Mark, Dr., 28, 189, 381, 375, 435, 501, 698
- Masset, Mr. Stephen, 140
- Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, 581, 795
- Maurer, Lewis, 815
- Mendelssohn, in Belgium, 7
- Mendelssohn, Elijah, at Vienna, 22
- Mendelssohn (New York Musical World), 179
- Mendelssohn and Onslow, 220
- Mendelssohn, A Stone thrown at, 469
- Mendelssohn, Symphony in A minor (Birmingham Journal), 621
- Meyer, Leopold de, 332
- Meyerbeer's Prophets at Glogau, 235
- Meyerbeer, 471, 474, 684
- Military Bands, 784
- Miranda, Mr., 647
- Mittelrheinisches Musical Festival, The Third, 686, 725
- Moliere, Herr, and the Musical Festival at Prague, 314
- Monument to Wolfran Von Eschenbach, 701
- Morley, Mr. H. K., 157
- Mornington in E., 244
- More or less of it true (*Signale*), 694
- Moscheles, The Music of, 219
- Mozart-Verein at Gotha, 135
- Mozart's Life, by Heribert Raw, 135
- Mozart's Figaro in Paris, 326
- Mozart's "Così fan tutte," 390
- Mozart judged by Lamartine, 461
- Mozart, Jupiter Symphony (Birmingham Journal), 662
- Mozart, Pianoforte Works (Frazer), 668
- Mozart, Magic Flute (Dwight's Journal), 796, 805
- Music at Birmingham, 758
- Music in America (Leslie's Paper), 750
- Musicians and Revolutionists, 540
- Musicians and the Country (France Muscale), 438
- Musicians and Maniacs (Punch), 407
- Music of the Future (Athenaeum), 396
- Music, with Tunes in it, 227
- Music in Passion Week, 211
- Music of the Anglo-Saxons, 183
- Music of the Ancients, Observations on, 14
- Music Printing, 99
- Musical Sketches (from the German), 565
- Musical Tale, 167
- Musical Jubilee at Coblenz, 616
- Must we all sing (New York M. W.), 732
- Neukomm, The Chevalier, 247, 262
- New Musical Toy, 824
- New words to "Batti, batti" (Punch), 214
- New York model Don Giovanni, 78
- New York Philharmonic Society's sixteenth annual report, 717
- Newcastle Grand Musical Festival, 643
- Night and morning at Malta, 695
- Nightingale, The, 567
- Nisbett, Mrs. (Lady Boothby), Death of, 74
- Nugent, Mr., Presentation to, 172
- Old Hundred (Dwight's Journal), 558
- On the Construction of Public Places of Amusement (Times), 605
- Opera of the Future, The, (Punch), 749
- Organ at St. Jude's, Hunslet, 486
- Organ at St. John's, Hackney, 483
- Organ at Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, 429
- Organ at Lymm Church, 45
- Organ at Harrow School Chapel, 78
- Organ at Midsomer Norton, 172
- Organ at Headingly Church, 201
- Organ at Leeds Town Hall, 266, 484
- Organ at Shipston-on-Scour, 510
- Organ at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 574
- Organ at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, 604
- Organ at Roman Catholic Cathedral, Waterford,
- Organ at St. Paul, Walworth, 660
- Organ at Bamford Chapel, near Rochdale, 726
- Organ at St. Paul's Cathedral, 30
- Organ at St. Alkmund's Church, Derby, 748
- Organ at St. Mary's, Lincoln, 813
- Organ Grinders (New York Evening Post), 646
- Organist, Election of, at Shoreditch, 12, 87, 115, 140
- Organists' Association, The Lady, 647
- Ottley's, Mr., Lecture on Art, 140
- Oulibicheff, M., death of, 154
- Ovid Translated by Marlow, 163
- Pacini viewed through a Yankee Magnifier, (Dwight's Journal), 591
- Paul Mr. and Mrs. Howard, 230, 522
- Perfunctory, 373, 396, 429
- Pergetti, Signor, 151
- Persiani, Madame, 810
- Paul's, Mr. and Mrs., Entertainment, 682
- Pavilion Theatre, The New, 749
- Payments to Singers at the Italiens, Paris, 761
- Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn (New York Musical Review), 701
- Physic o. Music, 535
- Piccolomini and Giugliani (Illustrated Times), 549
- Piccolomini Fever in Dublin, 551
- Piccolomini in America, 747
- POETRY.—A wail from the orchestra, 677. An ancient concert (Hood), 766. Children, (Longfellow), 670. Come when the flowers are sleeping, 679. Costa, F. Michael, 567. Dear Kitty, 92. England's war song, 724. Goddard, Miss Arabella, 310. Gye, To Frederick, 524. Hymn of Universal Harmony, 702. In memoriam, 87. Ireland's welcome to Dr. Marke, &c., 508. Janet, 698. Jullien, Ode to (Punch), 733. King (The) of Castile's watch and chain, 44. Lilian, Miss, to Mr. Lumley (Punch), 247. Mary I'm thinking of Thee, 658. Organ (The) in St. Paul's Cathedral, 90. O, say it again (John Eliott), 710. Pei Faustino Giorna onomastico di Mario, 507. Piano at Evans's (The), 58. Reeves, Sime (To), 560. Sweet Little Jenny, 675. Tamberlik (To), 549. The Countries that like may their marvels boast, 815. Try it again, 13. Twin Stars (Punch), 637. Village Queen (The), 169. Wagner, Richard, 727. A Wreath for Christmas, 834
- Popular music in London (Revue Musical)
- Praig, Mr. Van, 250
- Programme of General Reid's commemoration concert, 103
- PROVINCIAL.—Altringham, 742, 813. Amersham, 812. Armley, 823. Arundel, 142. Barnard Castle, 709. Barnsley, 11. Bath, 279. Bedford, 776. Belfast, 40, 183, 727, 813. Berkhamstead, 248. Berwick, 444. Birmingham, 525, 789, 812. Blyth, 183. Bolton, 697, 808. Bradford (Yorkshire), 27, 86, 510, 716, 771, 807, 813. Branham, 823. Brighton, 37, 281, 519, 715, 778, 780, 803, 810. Bristol, 13, 216, 818, 824. Brixton, 783. Cambridge, 10, 163, 461. Carmarthen, 608. Cheltenham, 814. Clydach, 815. Colchester, 12. Derby, 812. Dewsbury, 784. Dublin, 18, 84, 267, 310, 379. Dundee, 342. Edinburgh, 124, 172, 204, 349. Elsecar, 199. Erith, 268. Glasgow, 142. Gloucester, 750. Grantham, 549, 574. Greenwich, 43. Guernsey, 618. Halifax, 563, 621, 699, 823. Harmondsworth, 798. Hemel Hempstead, 494. Henley-on-Thames, 55. Hereford, 358. Holmfirth, 84, 677. Hoyland, 253. Huddersfield, 12, 684. Hull, 48. Ipswich, 12. Jersey, 549. Keighley, 676. Kidderminster, 18. Leeds, 29, 77, 93, 117, 142, 154, 178, 206, 221, 300, 310, 359, 510, 606, 645, 663, 699, 759, 771, 807. Leicester, 268, 371, 606, 698, 758. Liverpool, 124, 147, 182, 268, 510, 539, 574, 579, 645, 653, 716, 784, 762, 780. Louth, 812. Lynn, 37. Maidenhead, 48. Maidstone, 734. Manchester, 13, 43, 55, 78, 93, 119, 148, 540, 687, 708, 733, 734, 742, 761, 813. Market Drayton, 6. Marlow, 56. Middlewick (Cheshire), 698. Morley, 813. Monmouth, 618, 683. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 778, 807. Northampton, 29, 688. Nottingham, 157, 167, 206, 584, 716, 759, 766, 807, 823. Oldham, 84. Oundle, 101. Oxford, 13, 757, 762. Queenshead, 742. Reading, 24. Reigate, 268, 375. Rochester, 618. Ryde (Isle of Wight) 183. Scarborough, 695. Selby, 740. Sheffield, 183. Shrewsbury, 119. Southampton, 682, 684. Stalybridge, 18, 154. Stourport, 777. Studley, 574. Swansea, 810. Todmorden, 618. Tonbridge, 809, 824. Torquay, 172, 878. Twickenham, 810. Wakefield, 189. Wallingford, 24. Wigan,

67. Windsor, 48, 90. Woolwich, 748.
Worcester, 872, 887, 888, 897, 898, 899, 900.
York, 10, 29.
- Punch a Poacher, 771.
- Pyne, Miss, and Harrison, Mr. W.'s Farewell Address at Lyceum Theatre, 11.
- Quite a bore, 716.
- Royal English Opera, 819
- Rachel, Death of, 28, 45, 68.
- Rachel, Her House in Paris, 30.
- Rachel, The Obsequies of, 51.
- Rachel, Relics of, 253.
- Rachel, A Worshipper of (Essay), 728.
- Rae, Mr. James, and The Philharmonic Society, 259.
- Raphael, A Picture of (from the *Débâcle*), 182.
- Recollections of California and Australia, 199, 236, 259, 277, 293, 333, 347, 365, 380, 404, 419, 436, 454, 468, 486, 499, 515, 531, 547, 563.
- Reed's, Mr. and Mrs. German, Entertainment, 77, 357.
- Reeves, Mr. Sims, Reflections on (*Morning Advertiser*), 462.
- Reeves, Mr. Sims, at the National Standard Theatre, 619.
- Reeves, Mr. Sims, and "Common Sense," &c. (*Era*), 811.
- Reichardt, Herr, 46, 167.
- Rendel, M. Andreas, 476.
- REVIEWS:**—
- Allen, G. B. Avery, Ellen, 371. Balfour, M. W. 691. Baumer, H., 163. Besler, H. W. A., 99. Benedict, J., 3. Berger, F., 3. Birch, W. H., 755. Bishop, John, 163. Brissac, Jules, 163. Brooke, J. O., 37. Browne, T., 21. C. E., 371. Chappell's Music of the Olden Time, 21, 36, 132. Cooper, T. C., 371. Cox, F. R., 691. Dawes, A., 36. Darrner, J., 31. Eichler, Herr, 37, 691. Enderssohn, M., 163, 371. Ewer and Co.'s Album (for 1858), 4. Forbes, G. S. Fowle, T. Lloyd, 67. Fulcher, J., 133. Gabriel, V., 37. Ganz, W., 163. Giuglini, A., 22. Glascocock, Miss Ellen, 163. Glover, Stephen, 67, 99. Graham, T., 21. H. (L. H.), 37. Harrington, C., 355. Heller, Stephan, 21, 723. Holmes, W. H., 618. Holst, Mathias Von, 691. Hordern, F., 3. Kerbusch, Leo, 23. Laurent, Mr. H., 789. Eugenie, 488. Luders, Charles, 789. Lysberg, C. B., 36, 37. Macfarren, G. A., 371. McKorkell, C., 355, 618, 739. McMurdie, J., 20. Maynard, Walter, 371, 618. Moore's Irish Melodies, &c., 723. Mori, Frank, 371. Nordmann, Rudolph, 21. Peizer, A. W., 3, 451. Richards, Brinley, 19, 20, 21, 35, 37, 83, 131. Riche, J. B., 133. Rummel, J., 51. Russell, George, 691. Salaman, C., 4, 22. Schulthes, W., 21. Smart, Henry, 739. Thomas, Harold, 739. Torvers, John, 694. Verdi, Album, 163. Wallace, W. V., 8, 37. Wilson, Haydn, 355. Wrighton, W. T., 67. Zante, 133.
- Rewards for the precise signification of, 61
- Bistori and Revolution, 621
- Rommi, Signor, 650.
- Ronconi, G., 8
- Rossini's "William Tell," by a Foreign Contributor, 420
- Rossini, 235, 331, 346, 406, 423, 474, 548, 810
- Rossini (*From the German of Oettinger*), 582
- Round Catch and Glee Club, 740
- Royal Academy of Music, 275, 317
- Royal Italian Opera, Rebuilding of, 26
- Royal Surrey Gardens, 475
- Zabinstein, A. Herr, 7, 46, 477, 539
- St. Paul's Cathedral Services, 663
- Sacred Harmonic Society, Benevolent Fund, 139
- Sacred Harmonic Society, and J. N. Harrison, Esq., 715
- Sainton, M., at Manchester, 204
- Salaman's, Mr. C., Lectures, 63, 201, 269, 297, 762
- Sarrette, founder of the Conservatoire of Paris, 316.
- Schumann, Robert, 348, 361
- Schumann, Robert, on Mendelssohn, 533
- Shakespear's Birthplace, 477
- Singing becoming an impossibility, 86
- Singing conducive to health, 462
- Sivori, Signor, 501
- Smith's, Albert, New Entertainment, 332
- Smith's, Albert, Close of *Mont Blanc*, 444
- Smith, Albert, in China, 691, 742
- Smith, Mr. E. T., 389
- Smith, Mr. E. T., a faint idea of his Speech, 470
- Soyer, M. Alexis, death of, 508
- Spoehr, 423
- Stoltz, Madame, at Lislo (*Le Nord Musicaux*), 635
- St. George's, Miss Julia, Entertainment, 230
- St. James's, Westminster, fête of the Choir of, 477
- St. James's Hall Company (*Punch*), 216
- St. James's Hall, opening of, 202
- St. James's Hall (*Athenaeum*), 422
- Strauss and his Sophie Waltz, 517
- Street-Dooric-Wit, 199
- Sunday Music in the Parks, 345
- Swedish National Singers, The, 524
- Szarady, Madamo (Wilhelmina Clauss), 285, 297
- Tagliafico, Signor, ou Music in Havana, 797
- Tamberlik, Signor, 201, 214, 235
- Tariff for Crinoline, 716
- Thalberg, A Yankee Athenian View of, 125
- Thalberg and Vieuxtemps at Nashville, 471
- Thalberg at Niagara, 574
- THEATRES:**—
- Adelphi*.—The Poor Strollers, 61.
- Astley's*.—
- Drury Lane*.—Pyne, Miss, and Harrison, Mr. Concerts, 211, 231. Trovatore, 314, 458. Sonnambula, 314, 443. Traviata, 324. Rigoletto, 361. Il Barbiere, 395. Puritani, 410. Don Pasquale, 443. Linda di Chamouni, 458. Lucrezia Borgia, 458. Pyne and Harrison Company, 603. Rose of Castille, 603. Martha, 651, 666. Fleur d'amour, 651. Mariana, 715. Crown Diamonds, 731. Bohemian Girl, 762. Trovatore, 779. Figlia del Reggimento, 811.
- Haymarket*.—Way to Keep him, 590. The Rival, 633. The King's Gardener, 633. London Assurance (Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews), 667. Tale of a Coat, 730. Belle's Stratagem, 779. Critic, 779. White-bait at Greenwich, 779. The Tide of Time, 812.
- Her Majesty's*.—Trovatore, 10, 26, 137, 298. Traviata, 10, 298. Lucia, 26. Figlia del Reggimento, 26, 285, 394. Favorita, 26. Macbeth, 58. Rose of Castille, 59. The Festival Performance, 58, 59, 74. The Bohemian Girl, 107. Prospectus of the Season, 218. The Huguenots, 250, 266, 314, 363, 442. Don Pasquale, 266. Fleur des Champs, 298. Don Giovanni, 315, 412. Il Barbiere, 323. Nozze di Figaro, 347, 362. Reine des Songes, 362. Luisa Miller, 378, 394, 427. Lucrezia Borgia, 394, 427, 458. Zingara (Bohemian Girl), 458. Lucrezia, 475. Review of the Season, 475. The After Season, 522.
- Lyceum*.—Lover's Amazements, 61. Extremes, 591.
- Marylebone*.—
- Olympic*.—The Red Vial, 667. Porter's Knot, The, 779.
- Princess's. — Hamlet, 44, 61. Louis XI., 156. King Lear, 263. King John, 681. Macbeth, 716.
- Royal Italian Opera*.—The Prospectus (for 1858) 251. Opening Night, Huguenots, 323, 395. Traviata, 347, 427. Lucrezia Borgia, 363. Il Barbiere, 379. Fra Diavolo, 395, 458. Otello, 427, 442, 458. Martha, 427, 442. Trovatore, 442. Don Giovanni, 490. Zauber, 506. Termination of the Season, 523. Review of the Season, 538.
- Sadler's Wells*.—The Winter's Tale, 634.
- St. James's.—Guy Maunering, 359. Hunchback (Miss Bossie Willingham), 714.
- Soho.—Amateur Performance, 12.
- Strand*.—The Last of the Pigtails, 591. A Twice told Tale, 634. Maid and the Magpie, 668, 824.
- Surrey*.—The Brandied Race, 634
- Theatres Italiens, Paris, 477
- Theatrical items, 123, 142, 156, 184
- Theatrical marriages, 557
- The Apollo and Maryas, 244
- The Black Opera, 502
- The Fine Arts in the United States (*Guide Musical*), 220
- The Emperor of Bells, 718
- The sense of beauty, 516
- The sisters Sophie and Annie, 230
- The sounding post of the violin, 388
- The churches of Stoke Newington, 787
- The theatres in Italy, 275
- The theatre in *Sans Souci* (Berlin Echo), 646
- Thomson, Miss, 539
- Tickling the British jackass's ears (*Punch*), 367
- Tonic Sol-fa Association, 688
- Treffz, Madame, Jetty, 10
- Trovatore, The, Springfield, Mass 55, 717
- Tuning, Professor de Morgan on, 651
- Two American composers (*New York Musical World*), 246
- Two opinions, 135
- Universality of electricity (*Punch*), 691
- Vandenhoff's, Mr., Farewell Speech at Liverpool, 711
- Venun, M., Farewell Concerts at Reading, 557
- Verdi's operas, 135, 310
- Verdi, an Overture to, 818
- Viardot, Madam, 27, 108, 157
- Vieuxtemps, 238
- Vinning, Miss Louisa, 779
- Violins, 823.
- Vivier, 167, 327, 379, 470
- Wagner (Herr), 109, 238, 621, 630
- Wagner's *Lohengrin*, (*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*), 652, 678, 692, 709, 790, 805
- Weber, 236, 415, 456, 501
- Webster v. Smith, 460
- Wedding Ceremony, with choral service, 653
- Westminster Palace bells, 675
- White, Clement, 426
- Wieniawski, M. (the violinist), 537, 725, 756
- Worcester General Infirmary, 666, 757
- Wreathed Smiles (*Lloyd's Journal*), 710
- Wrens (*Tribute*), 526
- Yankees an Italian opera, 775
- Yankee Doodle, 615
- Yankee Charmer (The), 726
- York Music Meeting, 646
- Zopff, Dr., and his critics, 164

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CONTENTS:

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3. Musical Transactions of the past year.
4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers throughout the kingdom, with their Addresses, &c.
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"	44. Ah! che la morte ognora (E flat) ..	1 0
La Traviata.	70. Si la Stanchetta—Duet (F) ..	2 0
"	46. Un di felice (F) ..	1 6
"	47. Parigi, o cara—Duet (F) ..	1 6
"	48. Di Provenza il suol (C) ..	1 6
"	49. Libiamo ne' lieti calici (G) ..	1 6
"	50. Se una pudica vergine (C) ..	1 6
"	51. Un di quando le veneti (E minor) ..	1 6
"	52. Pura si come un angelo (G) ..	1 6
"	53. Dite alla giovinie (C) ..	1 6
"	74. Addio del passato (A minor) ..	1 6
"	75. Ah! forse è lui (D minor) ..	2 6
"	76. Di sprezzo degnio (C) ..	2 6
"	77. Noi siamo Zingarelle (E minor) ..	2 6
"	55. Quando dei cieli (E flat) ..	1 6
"	60. Ah! se tu dormi (E flat) ..	1 0
"	61. Scava imagine (A flat) ..	1 0
"	72. Ah! figlia incanta—Duet (D) ..	3 0
"	78. Il vecchietto cerca moglie (A flat) ..	1 6
"	79. Raggio d'amore (E minor) ..	1 0

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Mio ben d'Amalia il core, Rom.	2 0	Il Zeffiro legge, Melodia ..	2 0
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A greater part of this opera has been introduced in the composer's now and successful work "Aroldo," lately performed with the greatest enthusiasm in Italy.	
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Cola cenere disperso, Sett. ..	3 0
Confido in te, Signor, Pregh. ..	2 0

LUISA MILLER.

Lo vidi e 'l primo, Romanza ..	1 6	Tu puniscimi, o Signore, Aria ..	3 0
Ah! tutto m' arride, Recit. ..	2 0	L' altro retaggio, Sc. e Duet ..	3 0
Il mio sangue, Aria ..	2 0	Padre ricevi l'estremo addio, Terz. ..	
Sacra la scelta, Aria ..	2 0	Presentarti alla Duchessa, Quart. ..	
D'all' alle raggiante, Sc. e Duet ..	3 0	Piangi, piangi, il tuo dolore, Pregh. e Du. ..	
Sotto al mio piede, Sc. e Duet ..	4 0	Quando le sera al placido, Aria ..	4 0

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Meita e la tua canzon, Coro ..	1 6	Qual voce! come! Scena e Duetto ..	5 0
Condotto all' era, Scena e Racconto ..	3 0	Se m' am' ancor, Duetto ..	3 0
Mal reggendo, Scena e Duetto ..	5 0	Parlar non vuol! Sc. e Terzetto ..	3 0
Il balen del suo sorriso, Sc. ed Aria ..	5 0	Ti scosta! non respingermi, Sc. fin. ..	3 0

LA TRAVIATA.

De' miei ballenti spiriti, Sc. ed Ar., T. 1 6		Addio del passato, c. (transpd.) Aria 1 6	
Libiamo ne' lieti calici (G)	3 0	Si una pudica, c. do., Melodia ..	1 6
Di Provenza il mar, Sc. ed Ar., B. 4 0		Pura si come, c. do., Cantabile ..	1 6
Libiamo ne' lieti, c. (transposed) Bria. 1 6		Ahi! forse a lui, r. do., Aria ..	1 6
Un di felice, r. do., Melodia ..	1 6	Noi siamo singarelle, r. do., Du. ..	2 6
Un di quando, z. min., do., Cantab. 1 6		Parigi, o cara, r. do., Du. ..	1 6
Dite alla giovinie, c. do., Aria ..	1 6	Di spremo degnio, r. do., Trio ..	2 6
Viva Augusta! Che va la?	4 0		
Tu se Ermanni! Terz. ..	3 0		
Ermanni, Ermanni, involami, Sc. e Cav. 1 6			
Eaci a te soegli seguimi, Du. fin. 2de 4 0			
Solingo errante miser, Terz. fin. 3 0			
Oh! di verdi anni miei, Scena e Cav. 2 0			

ERNANI.

Oh, sommo Carlo, Sett., Finale 3 0		Oh! di verdi anni miei, Scena e Cav. 1 6	
Io son Conte Duco Sono, Ar. nell' Fin. 3 0		in F, with easy accomp. ..	1 6
Fra queste dense tenebre, Introd. e		Ahi! morir potesse adesso, Duetto ..	3 0
Scena del Giuramento ..		No vendetta più tremenda! St. del. Terz. 3 0	
Per la salvata Italia, Grnd. Sc. Terz. 4 0		Oro, quant' oro, ogn' avido, Terz. ..	2 0
A che smarriti pallide, Qto. Fin. Imo 3 0		Infelice! e tu credevi, Cav. nel Fin. Imo 3 0	
E vor! sei d'altri, Duetto ..	4 0	Vedi come il buon vegliardo, Sett. ..	
		nel Fin. Imo ..	4 0
		Caro accent, Introd. — Ah! morir	
		potessi, Duo. in original key ..	

BATTAGLIA DI LEGNANO (LA).

Oh tu che desti il fumile, Int., Preg. 2 0		Tutto, giuriam difend!	
Digli ch' è sangue Italico, Sc. e Du. 3 0		Ahi! d'un consorte ..	
Fra queste dense tenebre, Introd. e		La pia matre ..	
Scena del Giuramento ..		Ahi! m' a!	
Per la salvata Italia, Grnd. Sc. Terz. 4 0		Quant' ..	
A che smarriti pallide, Qto. Fin. Imo 3 0		Se ..	8 0
E vor! sei d'altri, Duetto ..	4 0		2 0

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REVIEWS.

"SONATA," for the pianoforte. Composed and dedicated to George Hogarth, Esq. By George Forbes.

This is evidently an attempt to imitate the least ambitious essays of Dussek, Steibelt, Cramer, their contemporaries and immediate followers, in the sonata form. That which is effete, however, can only be revived by a galvanic process of which Mr. Forbes has apparently not the entire secret. Though only produced to-day, his sonata has the old square-cut regularity and prim reserve—without the spirit, fluency, and graceful melody, which even now render the models he has followed acceptable to amateurs interested in contemplating every individual phase the musical art has assumed since rhythmical tune was admitted by the pundits and took so large a share in its development. It was no doubt an agreeable recreation for Mr. Forbes to compose this sonata: but it was scarcely wise to publish it. All who may be in want of such performances will have recourse to the composers above named. They have left us a whole library of them, and for the most part better, because more genuine, than the specimen manufactured by Mr. Forbes. But not to deter our readers from examining his sonata, we present the opening bars of each movement, which may, perhaps, tempt them to make acquaintance with the whole. The *allegro* commences thus:—

Allegro ma non troppo.



The *Andantino* thus:—



The last movement thus:—



There is no minut. To conclude, the praise we can conscientiously award to Mr. Forbes amounts to the fact that his sonata is written throughout with the ease and correctness of a practised musician. *Voilà tout.*

"DREAMS OF THE PAST." By Frances Hordern.

These "dreams"—consisting of a dozen waltzes—would be pretty enough but for such passages as the following:—



which cannot be tolerated even in dreams. Why will not amateurs consult a *Doctor* (professor) before submitting themselves to the tender hands of the engraver?

"MACHE DES TEMPLIERS"—"SOUVENIR" (*Nocturne*)—"FLEUR DES CHAMPS" (*Melodie*).—Pour piano. Par Jules Benedict.

Of these pieces, the last—*Fleur des Champs* (dedicated to Herr Kuhe)—is likely to find the greatest number of admirers, since not only is it an excellent and useful study for the distribution of "arpeggios" between the two hands, while a melody is sustained, but a composition instinct with grace and charm. The *Marche des Templiers* (dedicated to M. Stephen Heller), is bold and vigorous, somewhat more difficult than its companions, and requiring great decision on the part of the performer. The *Nocturne* (dedicated to Miss Louisa E. Davis), is also very graceful, though less directly captivating than the *melodie*. An episode—*staccato*—developed with musician-like skill, is that part of it which we prefer.

"PALE ROSES." By Franceso Berger.

A "polka de salon" for the pianoforte, brilliant, and of moderate difficulty, without a single commonplace bar from end to end. What more can we say in its favour? We really wish M. Berger had christened it less fantastically. "Pale Roses" !!

"HOME, SWEET HOME," transcribed for the pianoforte. By W. Vincent Wallace.

"THE GLOOMY NIGHT," and "THE LASS OF GOWRIE," transcribed for the pianoforte. By W. Vincent Wallace.

The simple, beautiful, innocent, and unoffending melody of "Home, sweet home," so familiar to all of us, is here prefaced by a short introduction, and twice varied in a brilliant and effective manner. The first variation, though showy, is comparatively easy; the second is difficult, and addresses itself to pianists who are masters of the *bravura* style. This arrangement is quite as effective as that of M. Thalberg, which Miss Arabella Goddard is now playing, for the advantage of the publishers, rather than for her own.

We admire the *form* of the fantasia on the two Scotch airs, which is symmetrical, as well as the method employed by Mr. Wallace in (as the term goes) "transcribing" them; but we cannot accept the following treatment of "The Lass of Gowrie":—



The "con grazia" placed over the peccant harmony (with cunning blandness) don't mend the matter. No guileless "lass" whatever, be she of Gowrie or of Chirk, but would wince a little under this application of the F sharp c(h)ord.

"DINNA FORGET, LADDIE." Ballad. Composed by A. W. Pelzer.
"FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE." Song. Composed by A. W. Pelzer.

The first is a simple ditty "after" the Scottish manner; the second is a scene of some elaboration, of which a dying and devoted soldier is the hero. It would be impossible to point to an

original idea in either, but both possess the merit of being well written—a merit always to be respected.

"LOVE LEADS TO BATTLE." Song, from the opera of *Camilla*. Composed by Bononcini.

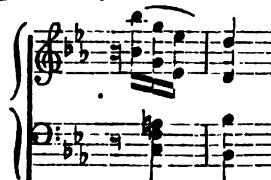
"DIRTI BEN MIO VORREI." Aria, from *Alessandro in Persia*. Composed by Leonardo Leo; arranged by Charles Salaman.

Marc Antonio Bononcini, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was the rival of Handel—which proves that the aristocracy of those times (the mobocracy and shopocracy being innocent in the matter) were just as bad judges of music as our own "Upper Ten" who prefer the *Trovatore* to *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Traviata* to *Don Giovanni*. The present specimen of Marc's genius, which Mr. Salaman has "arranged" (whatever that may signify) for his lectures, is but sorry stuff.

"Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
While others say that, to him, Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

Thus sang the author of *A Tale of a Tub*, who—if he could have obtained permission from Pluto to come back to earth and visit the Crystal Palace, last summer—might have written another squib for the entertainment of his companions down below, upon the great Tweedledee Festival. We have read *A Tale of a Tub* some half dozen times, but should never think of advising M. Schœlcher to write a biography of the author, or Mr. Bowley, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to get up a grand commemoration, at Sydenham, for the centenary of his demise.

"Dirti ben" (avant Mr. Punch!)—"Dirti ben" (also "arranged, as performed at his lectures," by Mr. Salaman), is much more to the purpose, being melodious and beautiful. Everybody has heard of Leonardo Leo, fellow-pupil of Durante, under Pitoni (who had as many scholars as "the great Tritto"), and one of the chiefs of the Neapolitan school in the last century. But everybody does not know his music (does anybody, not a bookworm?), of which the aria before us (composed in 1741 for a *pasticcio* in which Galuppi, another forgotten celebrity, had the largest hand) is a very favorable example. Let us then make salams to Mr. Salaman, and recommend him to re—"arrange" the following point, which we are convinced cannot be in the genuine style of Leo:—



unless Leo was a worse musician than the late Alessandro Lee.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' NEW VOCAL ALBUM.

Here we have a Christmas gift from the Messrs. Cocks, and one which will recommend itself by its absence of all pretence. The volume comprises a sacred song ("The Pilgrim's Path,") in which some lines by Bishop Heber are set in a kindred spirit; a duet for soprano and bass ("How beautiful is night,"—words not by Southey, and still less by Shelley), which though somewhat long, is extremely well written, and contains some effective passages; a quartet for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass ("There's not a heath"), the gem of the whole, words (see further on) and music being equally engaging; and two little trios for ordinary voices ("Sweet day so cool," and "How gaily goes our bark"), the one expressive, the other as merry as morning. Mr. Brinley Richards selects his poetry with discrimination. Listen, for example, to the Rev. George Herbert (1620), who supplies the words for the first trio:—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm and bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die!"

Which "embodies" an idea "embodied" by no end of poets since. Still better are the words of the quartet:—

"There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

"There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow, down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own."

No wonder such simple, touching lines should have suggested a genial melody to the composer.

EWER AND CO'S "ALBUM DE PIANO," for 1858.

THIS collection of pianoforte music, comprising twenty-six pieces from various sources, may be fairly recommended as a handsome Christmas gift. In such compilations we look rather for quantity and variety than for abstract excellence; and in the desired respects the publishers have been most liberal, besides realising another condition indispensable to success—a tempting exterior. The volume is handsomely bound in cloth with gold ornaments; while the music is printed in blue ink, on pink-satin paper, gilt edged. What more can be desired by Paterfamilias, who, when a music-book is to be purchased for his daughters, regards the coverings and "fixinga," with a more "anxious polyscopy" than the contents. Let the mind of Paterfamilias be at ease: the annual volume of Messrs. Ewer and Co., will not disturb the literary glitter on the surface of his drawing-table.

To dissect the elements of a keepsake at this jovial period of the year would be as much out of season as to criticise a pudding; and even should the contents of the book prove as hard of digestion to the musical as those of the pudding to the abstract stomach, they must be swallowed all the same, for the sake of good company. Certainly modern Germany is not wealthy of invention or remarkable for ingenuity, where music is concerned; and, had we the task imposed upon us of analysing one by one the pieces of which the volume in hand consists, we should scarcely know which to single out for praise. A spark of original thought is to be found on the first page—the fac-simile of a brief impromptu, which, probably, Mendelssohn wrote off (with his accustomed rapidity) for the album of a friend—or a friend's wife, or daughter. Herr George Fesca has contributed a *Grande Polonaise Triumphale* (Op. 1), remarkable chiefly for its length; Herr Charles Evers an *Andante con moto*, more agreeably distinguished for its brevity, and less agreeably by a variation in which the notes of the bass, being retarded a quaver behind their time, seem, for the most part, to come in the wrong place; Herr Abt a "Doux Souvenir," which, if the fact of its recalling things already heard suggested the title, not ill deserves it; Herr H. Berens an "Idylle" (!) the opening of which, in 3-4 time, is pretty if not new, and the episode, in 2-4, not new if not pretty; Herr Campanella an E. D. Wagner—no, Herr E. D. Wagner a "Campanella" (!) which sounds like one of Captain Harry Lee Carter's variations on the flute; Herr H. A. Wollenhaupt a "Polka-Etude," the affix *étude* being warranted by the fact of the melody for the right hand being given in double notes; the late Robert Schumann a "Romance"—which has rendered necessary an extra bass staff to commit to paper—mysterious at first sight (key F sharp major—orthodox Schumann), but, when examined closely, found to conceal—nothing; Herr C. Schnabel "Une reverie," under the influence of which, at bars 3, 4, last line of first page, he must have been thinking of the second theme in the first movement of Mendelssohn's trio in D minor; Herr Charles Mayer a "Novelette," in the most graceful, easy, and expressive manner of that ingenious pianoforte composer (but in the name of Sir E. B. Lytton, why "Novelette"!); Herr W. Kruger a "Chanson du Soldat," vigorous and well written, besides being characteristic of its title and boasting of a good broad tune that any soldier might sing; Herr C. G. Lickl an "Elégie," in which occurs (twice) the following curious point:—



"elegiac," perhaps, but not pleasant; Herr Rubinstein a "Barcarole," graceful and plaintive—the spirit of the first part, however, coming directly from Mendelssohn, who would hardly, nevertheless, have left the subjoined unconsidered:—



Herr Julius von Kolb a "Najade," who, in the course of her floating, is cast upon this hard rock:—



but is pretty for all that, and offers good remedies for those to whom the expansion of either or both hands is difficult; Friar Liast, a "Consolation" (a sort of *notturno* in the peculiar style of the prophet of the *Zukunft*, when he wants to appear condescending and cant for the life of him be amiable)—dreamy, vague, unsatisfactory, and only half musical; Herr H. A. Wollenhaupt (No. 2), a "Chanson sans Paroles"—pleasing, tuneful, and well-written, but continually raising the impression of a strife to avoid appropriating one of the melodies of *IPuritani*; Herr C. Eckert, a very spirited "impromptu," which has evidently cost him some pains in preparing for improvisation; M. Stephen Heller, a charming little—what!—a charming little "Aubade" (!), which might have found a place among the *Nuits Blanches*, or *Promenades Solitaires*, of the same thoughtful writer; Herr H. Schönchen, an engaging little romance entitled "La Fleurette"—a real musical fleurette, which should have been christened "Schönchen," after its composer; Herr H. A. Wollenhaupt (No. 3), a very graceful "nocturne," which might almost pass for one of the bagatelles of the author of *Der Freischütz*, so closely is the least pretending manner of that genial musician copied; Herr A. Lanner, a "polka moderato"—a moderate polka; Herr W. Taubert, a "canzonetta," just as dry as it is pretentious; Herr A. Jungmann, a nocturne, entitled "Le Repos," which will not disturb the slumbers of any one, being quiet and unobtrusive to a degree; Herr Francesco Berger, a serenade, called "Lena," which begins very agreeably and softly, but, on arriving at the subjoined point:—



one is compelled to lay it aside, and take breath; Herr R. Willmers a *valse sentimentale*, "Pour prendre congé," which is not sentimental and not original, but pretty and unaffected for all that; and (to conclude) Herr George Fease a *galop brillant*, under the title of "Au revoir" (Op. 2), which is within three pages as long, and within an inch as dull, as his "Grande Polonoise Triomphale," at the beginning of the book.

We have unconsciously analysed the contents of the album-pudding after all. *N'importe*—if only our readers feel inclined to purchase a slice or two.

FERDINAND HILLER'S "SAUL"*

The Second Gesellschafts-Concert took place in the large room of the Gürzenich Establishment, on Tuesday, the 15th December. This was indeed an elevating, festive evening. Not only in the history of the musical matters of the City of Cologne, but in the annals of music generally, the 15th December, 1857, will be mentioned as the day on which a masterpiece of our own age was performed for the first time; the work is one which will move and delight generations yet to come, when the flood of ephemeral productions in the same department of art shall have long passed by, without leaving a trace behind, and when the names of the false prophets shall have died away.

The work in question is the oratorio of *Saul*, by Ferdinand Hiller. It achieved a brilliant success, such as, in the case of so serious and grand a composition, we have not witnessed since Mendelssohn's first appearance on the banks of the Rhine. The audience of the Gesellschafts-Concerts, whom it is not, as a rule, an easy task to warm, was generally excited in a manner we have scarcely ever seen: wherever a pause in the music allowed it, there was the most lively applause, and, at the conclusion of the first part, the fifteen hundred individuals, who, as auditors and executants, filled the room, the musicians' stage, and the galleries, broke out into a real jubilee of delight in honour of the composer. This operation was repeated with the same enthusiasm at the end of the second and third parts. The oratorio is long; it contains fifty pieces, and lasted from forty minutes past six o'clock until ten, including a pause of twenty minutes, and yet the anxious interest of the public was the same from beginning to end.

If we seek the reason of such a success, we shall find it, first, in the combination of the principal conditions necessary for the success of every great vocal work; in the appropriateness of the text, the rich imaginative power of the composer, and his perfect mastery, by sterling education and natural capabilities, of everything pertaining to composition. In the present case, however, there are two additional causes, which, in our opinion, contribute materially to the effect of the new work—a masterly combination of polyphonic labour with a free style, which pervades the whole; and secondly, the genial treatment of the orchestra.

We can no longer write like Bach and Handel; we cannot do so, from deficiency on the one hand, and superfluity on the other. We are wanting in the creative power to inspire, as they did, purely intellectual forms; and, perhaps, too, in that trusting belief in the spirit which actuated these heroes when engaged in the task of creation. On the other hand, Haydn, Mozart, and, above all, Beethoven, have opened for us the romantic domain of music in a manner of which the old authors had no notion, and the direction thus given to music has, in its turn, produced an abundance of musical means to which we are now so accustomed, that not to employ such a mine of wealth has become a perfect impossibility.

* Translated from the *Kölnerische Zeitung*.

When Mendelssohn revived the oratorio, he again joined the broken chain to the old traditions of Bach and Handel, but he felt that his time, which was a child of the French Revolution and the War of Freedom, had produced, even in music, an immense chasm between the Past and the Present, over which it was no longer possible to spring back. He endeavoured, therefore, to take a middle course, and was successful. In his *Zerstörung Jerusalems*, Hiller followed the same path, and his work, too, made the round of Europe. At present, however, he has gone a step further. His last two great vocal works, *Die Weihe des Frühlings* and *Saul*, have altogether banished the epic element of the oratorio, and are especially dramatic, so that the lyric element, on the whole, only lays claim to the same place which it occupied in ancient tragedy.

While in the first-named work, the antique subject—the mystic historical background of the building of Rome, in consequence of an oath—rendered the new musical form and treatment less striking, that form, in connection with the biblical subject, in *Saul*, to which, according to the usual traditional ideas, it constitutes a contrast, is much more visible and intentional; and pretty nearly the same is true of it as of the grand D major Mass of Beethoven—instead of the usual and dogmatically sanctified, we have the ideal and elevated element, appealing to our purely human feelings. This same *Saul* is only an oratorio inasmuch as the subject is borrowed from the Old Testament; the style, in spite of all its freedom, possessing, at the same time, the essential qualities of the oratorical style, that is to say, polyphony in the choruses combined with seriousness and profundity in the melodical treatment. A more appropriate name for the work would be, “A Biblical Drama, set to Music.”

Thus, by these two oratorical works, Hiller has created a new kind of vocal composition with orchestral accompaniment; its roots are struck in the character of the present time; it is modern music, but it everywhere pays homage to the laws of what is musically beautiful, which laws the development of music has established by means of the classical masters. It differs materially from similar efforts of Robert Schumann and Richard Wagner; from those of the first-named composer (in *Paradies und Peri*, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, etc.), by the grandeur and dramatic character of the subject; from both by the sterling polyphonic style, and from Wagner's style more especially by the melodically and harmonically beautiful treatment of the orchestra—a treatment which endeavours to produce its effects not by abrupt contrasts of chords and absolute noise, but by harmonic combinations, which, from their variety and novelty, never offend the ear—and by the beautiful melodies that twine around the principal musical ideas.

The space and nature of this paper do not allow us to go into a detailed analysis of *Saul*. For this we must refer our readers to the next number of the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*. The execution was admirable, and reflects the greatest honour upon all engaged without exception. It is something to say that, during a three hours' performance of a work of such difficulty, there should not have been a single hitch. But the excellent manner in which it was conducted, and the zeal of those engaged, were not the only things which contributed to the complete success of the work; there was another important cause—namely, the fact that the composer had not overrated the capabilities of the voices or the instruments. The only thing which might have been better, was not in the execution, but in the insufficient power of the tenor part of the chorus, which was stronger at rehearsal than at the concert itself. Most probably that arch-enemy of singers, namely, the influenza, which is pretty severe here at present, had kept many tenorists in their rooms. The ladies' chorus was, on the contrary, brilliant, and both portions of it full of fresh voices; the basses, too, were strong and sonorous.

It is scarcely possible for any one who has not seen it with his own eyes and heard it with his own ears, to conceive the powerful effect of the choruses in the large hall. The very first chorus of victory sung by the people: “Saul hat Tausend geschlagen, David zehn Mal Tausend!” opens the action in an imposing manner. The other more remarkable features in the

first part are the chorus for female voices: “Weckt ihn nicht,” while Saul is asleep, and the entire chorus: “Wehe, die Geiste der Nacht sind neu erwacht.” We may, also, mention as a perfect gem in a melodic and harmonic view, the hymn of thanksgiving for David's preservation from Saul's lance: “Der Herr hat seine Seele vom Tode errettet.” Yet this is surpassed by the finale of the first part, a piece for three voices, Michal (soprano), Jonathan (tenor), and Saul (baryton). The beauty of this is so soft and moving that it almost revives and strengthens the belief in the creation, now-a-days, of melodies full of soul.

In the second part, an admirable effect was produced by the chorus of shepherds, who accompany as warriors the fugitive David into the desert: “Werft hin den Hirtenstab;” then by the destruction of the population of the city of Nob; by the chorus “Wie schön und lieblich ist es, wenn in Eintracht Herrscher wohnen;” but, above all, by the mourning chorus for Samuel's death, and the final chorus, which is one of the most spirited in the whole work.

In the third part, the battle-picture in the orchestra, with the chorus of women, who observe the fight from the heights, and describe its various fluctuations, is truly grand. The mourning chorus for Saul “Streift ab die Prachtgewände” is especially original. A brilliant hymn of David, with the chorus, forms the conclusion of this powerful work.

The characters of the drama are: King Saul, barytone (Herr M. Du Mont-Fier); Michal, his daughter, soprano (Mdlle. Remond, of the Stadt-Theater); David, tenor (Herr Gubbel); Jonathan, tenor (Herr Pütz); Samuel, bass (Herr Reinthaler); the Witch of Endor, alto (Mad. B.); a servant of Saul, a warrior, Jesse, David's father, bass (Herr Schiffer).

The vocal solo pieces are partly recitatives and *ariosos*, immediately preceding the choruses, or appended to them, and partly more important compositions in the form of airs, duets, and trios. They are all impressed with a serious and noble character, and many of them are melodic embellishments to the whole work. A most extraordinary effect was produced by the anointing of David by Saul; the scene where Saul falls asleep in the cave, admirably given by Herr Du Mont-Fier; the aria of Michal in the second part; the trio, already mentioned, of Michal, Jonathan, and Saul, at the end of the first part; David's *aria* in the first, and the Hymn to Jehovah in the last part. The recitative passages are full of truth and musical expression. We perceive in their treatment, and especially in the accompaniment and intermediate pieces of the orchestra, the hand of the master, especially if we compare their lively declamation with the psalmodies in *Lohengrin*.

Among the soloists, the palm is due to Herr Du Mont-Fier, for imparting to each intention of the author of the text, and of the composer, the most striking expression, while his powerful voice resounded wonderfully in the large hall. Mdlle. Remond, too—who is especially successful in the highest passages, where her voice is heard to the greatest advantage—as well as the other gentlemen, sang their parts excellently, and were deservedly applauded.

It is to be hoped that the respected *maestro*, of possessing whom the city of Cologne and its musical institutions must be prouder than ever, will yield to the general desire for a speedy repetition of his magnificent work in a concert given for the purpose.

L. BISCHOFF.

MARSH DRAYTON.—The new Singing Classes are likely to prove successful under the direction of Mr. Arthur Evans, especially as singing has been at such a very low ebb in this town for some time. Mr. Evans' method of teaching is the new figure system. The elementary part is taught by T. Rees Evans Cheadle.

ROTTERDAM.—On the 18th inst., there was a very successful performance, under the direction of Herr Verhilst, of F. Hiller's oratorio, *Die Zerstörung von Jerusalem*, the executants being the division “Rotterdam” of the Society of the Netherlands for the Advancement of Music. The part of Jeremiah was ably sustained by Herr Schiffer, of Cologne.

MENDELSSOHN IN BELGIUM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The *Précureur d'Anvers* of the 21st, contains the following paragraph:—

“Le grand concert d'abord organisé pour le 26 courant, au profit de l'Hospice St.-Charles, vient, par suite de diverses circonstances, d'être ajourné au mois de Février prochain.

“Cette solennité musicale rencontrera la sympathie général par son but d'abord, et puis aussi pour son importance musicale.

“On y exécutera, entre autres grandes œuvres musicales, le magnifique oratorio No. 1 de Mendelssohn.

“On parle de 50 chanteurs, et de 40 chanteuses, sans compter l'orchestre du théâtre. Le festival sera placé sous la direction de M. Eyckens.

“Nous aurons occasion de reparler de cette bonne œuvre, et du but qui l'inspire.”

Paris, the paradise of the civilised, has allowed Mendelssohn, with the aid of interpolations and excisions, admission to her polished circles. So our “little-big” friends in Belgium are seized with a spirit of emulation, and “entre autres grandes œuvres musicales,” will introduce Mendelssohn's magnificent oratorio “Number One!” (Query—the first part of the *Elijah*?)

Yours obediently,
ANGLICUS.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN AT VIENNA.*

At his first concert, Herr Rubinstein selected only compositions of his own. Should we not be justified in supposing that, by the adoption of this course, he wished in the first place to be recognised and judged as a composer? We are left in uncertainty as to his intentions. If Herr Rubinstein wanted to bring himself forward as a composer, we do not in the least blame him for selecting exclusively pieces of his own composition, but then he really ought to have chosen something different. He has, if we are not mistaken, written many things possessing indisputably no inconsiderable merit, relatively speaking, at least; works incomparably superior to those he performed on the present occasion. If it is, however, in his character as an executive artist—we say “artist”—that he is impelled to gather laurels, then his programme was still more exceptional. We expect that an artist shall keep in view only the one great object, namely, art; that his own personal interest shall be completely merged in this, and that he shall, therefore, pursue it in the exact proportion and degree that he feels himself, in his efforts, nearer to or further from its high, pure claims. Would it not have been a nobler kind of ambition had Herr Rubinstein shown he was influenced by a desire to make the public appreciate some of the important old or new works—but little if at all known—in which piano-forte literature is so rich, and in the triumph of such compositions to perceive the greatest triumph for himself as well, instead of boring the audience with his own inane and flashy compositions, and proving, at the most, that he is a very extraordinary *bravura* player, and can produce a piano that is scarcely audible even to the persons on the third bench in the pit.

Herr Rubinstein played a new trio in B flat major. This, with the exception of the ingenious and original *échérzo*, and some clever touches in the finale, is altogether an insignificant work, in which a whirlwind of rapid passages conceals the nothingness of the original idea, and a certain display of outward force supplies the place of inward energy. “The Melodies” which came next belong to a sort of which there are millions of examples. The “Capriccio” and the “Polonaise”—the latter, by the way, being no polonaise at all—are merely a series of senseless and tasteless passages up and down the keyboard. In conclusion, we heard a prelude and a fugue. The prelude is a clever piece, full of beautiful harmonic combinations, but was completely distorted by the incomprehensibly rapid *tempo* in which it was taken; the fugue, however, is not a fugue, since the repeated part-introduction of a

contrapuntally-arranged theme does not stamp as a fugue a piece of music, which, in other respects, lies completely beyond the limits of the form in question. Apart from this it contains some clever points.

That Herr Rubinstein is an eminent *virtuoso* was shown on the present occasion, brilliantly enough; but we should like, even in an *executive* artist, to have an opportunity of admiring something more than the victorious accomplishment of the greatest and most superfluous difficulties, and the *virtuoso*-like perfection of the piano and *pianissimo* through every nicety of gradation.

COLOGNE.—The third Gesellschaft's Concert took place on the 22nd instant. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony in C, Mozart. Recitative and Aria of Juno (from *Semele*), Handel—Madame Jenny Meyer. “Ave verum” (for chorus and stringed instruments), Mozart. Aria, “Dove sono (*Figaro*), Mozart—Madame Bemond. Second concerto, in F minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, Chopin—Herr Ferdinand Breunung. And Aria, “Qual piacer,” Rossini—Madame Jenny Meyer.

PART II.—Overture and introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini.

The symphony went very well, although the first two movements were taken rather too slowly. This, however, is preferable to the manner in which they are sometimes hurried over. Madame Jenny Meyer was very successful in the recitative (*Semele*), and was greatly applauded and recalled after the air. One great feature in the first part was the rendering of Chopin's concerto by Herr Ferdinand Breunung, who was heard to the best advantage in the last movement, which he executed brilliantly, and without the slightest affectation of manner, without a glimpse of the Rubinstein and Bulow “business.”

The overture to *Guillaume Tell* was performed with great spirit, and—thanks to the members of the chorus, with their fresh voices, so different from the worn-out voices of theatrical choirmasters—the marvellous beautiful introduction produced a deep impression. How far does this music surpass all the patchwork stuff of modern times! Here are three composers having names which end in *ini*, and for whom every one who wishes music to be written not for the eyes, but for the heart and ears, entertains the greatest respect—Cherubini, Spontini, and Rossini. To write like these Italians requires *genius*: all the arts of mere fabrication are here of no avail.

The audience warmly applauded the whole performance, and, despite of the preparations people were making for the festivities of Christmas—the room was quite full.

TURIN, Dec. 19th—(From a Correspondent).—I have no musical event to record this week, for the Theatre Carignan is closed, and at the Theatre Rossini (the only opera house at present open) the company is so far below mediocrity, that I have not had sufficient courage to assist at another representation since the tortures I endured some time ago during the performance of, or rather the selection from, *I due Foscari*, for many of the principal scenes were omitted, from the inability of the *prima donna*, Madame Ballerini, and the baritone, Sig. Cologno, to scream and shout high enough. However, managers and singers, and scene-painters, are now all fully occupied with preparation, and on December 26th we shall have two or three first-rate theatres open: and it is asserted that the artists who are to appear here during the Carnival are superior to those engaged in any other city in the north of Italy, Milan not excepted. At the Regio, which is the principal theatre, the season will commence with *Rigoletto*, which will be followed immediately by the *Prophète*, the production of which is looked forward to with unusual interest, as it is announced that it will be brought out in a manner worthy of its illustrious composer (which, by-the-by, it certainly has not been in any other Italian city). The *prime donne* are Mesdames Moreau-Sainti, Marai, and Lancia—the last a *débutante*; tenors, Signores Massimiliani and Mirate; baritone, Sig. Pizzicati, and basso, Sig. Benedetti, of whom report speaks favourably. It was rumoured that Signor Beneventano and Vialetti, with whom you are well acquainted, would be heard here this winter; but I should think there was no foundation in the report. At the Vittorio Emanuele I hear great things are expected. The two first operas will be,

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Mosè and *Guglielmo Tell*. The *prima donna* is Mdlle. di Cartello and the tenor, Sig. Carrion : baritone, Sig. Merly, who was at the Grand Opéra at Paris ; and the basso, Sig. Atry, the only artist worthy of the establishment, at the Canobbiana, at Milan, during the autumn season. I do not hear much in favour of either of the ladies, Mesdames Scotti and Rosie, engaged at the Teatro Nazionale, but the tenor, Sig. Castellani, is highly spoken of. The first operas which will be given here are *La Traviata* and *Attila*. From the list of operas with which the various theatres open, I think you will agree with me, that the managers have shown good judgment in providing entertainments to suit all tastes. I doubt not that every theatre will be filled for many a night, which was impossible a few seasons ago, when they were all giving either *Il Trovatore* or *La Traviata*.

GEORIO RONCONI.—This great artist appeared at the Havana on the 18th of November, as Figaro, in the *Barbiere*, and obtained a prodigious success. Signor Tagliafico, the same evening, sustained the part of Don Basilio. The papers are in raptures with Ronconi, and no wonder.

M. GASTON DE LILLE—(*Communiqué*).—This popular composer of dance music has this week arrived in London. His latest works, "Ventre à terre" (Galop), "Rayons de Soleil" (Valse), "Columbine" (Mazourka), and "Polka des Singes," have created a *furore* in Paris, at the balls, this Christmas.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Saturday, January 2nd, Monday, January 4th, and during the week, to commence at 7 o'clock with Morton's Comedy of SPEED THE PLOUGH. After which, a new grand comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE SPITEFUL FAIRY. The scenery by Mr. William Callicott; Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leclercq; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloons, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louise Leclercq.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking) 6s. each. FIRST PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. SECOND PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. PRIVATE BOXES, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY, 4th January, Shakspere's tragedy of HAMLET will be performed. Hamlet, by Mr. C. Kean, being his first appearance in that character for two years. Tuesday 5th, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS. Wednesday, 6th (last time), RICHARD THE SECOND. Thursday, 7th (a Juvenile Night) the petit comedy, in two acts, of THE WONDERFUL WOMAN, with the PANTOMIME. The whole to conclude by Half-past Ten. Friday, 8th, HAMLET. Saturday, 9th, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS. The PANTOMIME every Evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with THE TRAGEDY QUEEN. After which the new extravaganza of THE DOGE OF DURALTO. To conclude with CRINOLINE. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, THE WEPT OF THE WISH-TON-WISH. After which HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVES OF CUPID AND PSYCHE. Harlequin, Miss Marie Wilton; Columbine, Miss Mary Keeley; Punchinello, Mr. Le Barr; Clown, Mr. Henderson; Pantaloons, Mr. Beckingham.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. On Monday and during the week to commence with the grand gorgeous Christmas Comic Pantomime called GEORGE PORGEY PUDDING AND PIE; OR, HARLEQUIN DADDY LONG LEGS. To conclude with a favourite drama, in which Mrs. R. Honner will perform. Morning Performances every Monday at Half-past Twelve.

S. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRUKELL, Physician to their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia.—PHYSICAL AND NATURAL MAGIC, without the aid of any Apparatus, TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening at 8. Stalls, 6s.; Balcony Stalls, 1s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. PRIVATE BOXES, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. M. M. AND J. D. (Edinburgh).—The water has been married to the spirits. The native customs of such natives are to be respected. The recipe is of extreme efficiency. Its administration is facile. "Such brooks are welcome."

MARRIED.

On the 26th December, James Thomson, Esq., to Fanny, eldest daughter of Charles Lucas, Esq.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2ND, 1858.

ADMITTING everything that has been said and published in favour of the recent operatic campaign at the Lyceum Theatre (to which we have ourselves afforded all the support in our power), it is nevertheless essential to consider the undertaking from a point of view hitherto ignored—although of vital importance, if, as we are told, a permanent national musical theatre be contemplated. We promised last week to "resume" the season; but on second thoughts there is nothing to "resume"—nothing to say that has not been said already. The historical facts are these:—Auber's *Diamonds de la Couronne* (or rather an English version of it, with certain interpolations by no means complimentary to Auber), and Mr. Wallace's *Maritana* were very successful; the *Huguenots* and the *Trovatore* were just the contrary; the *Bohemian Girl* and the *Sonnambula* (in an English dress), brought great houses, at the benefits of Mr. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne; and Mr. Balfe's new opera, *The Rose of Castille*, ran upwards of forty nights.

Tacitus, in the first book of his *Annals*, presents a retrospect of Roman history, from Romulus to the Empire, in twenty lines; and without pretending to rival Tacitus, we have given the history of the recent Lyceum enterprise in less than half as many. Now, the compliments lavished on Miss Pyne's singing, on Mr. Alfred Mellon and his orchestra, and on the "*ensemble*" (there is no equivalent in our language) generally, were amply merited. We joined in the chorus of praise as heartily as any of our contemporaries—only with an "*arrière pensée*," to which (we are inclined to believe) our contemporaries were strangers. "Of what use all this success, unless it is made the foundation of a national opera—an institution of which Paris can boast three examples, while London, three times as big as Paris, does not possess one?" Such was our *arrière pensée*—such was the reflection that arose to qualify what would otherwise have been our unrestricted approval of the Harrison-Pyne management. The question then suggested itself—"What is a national opera?" And the answer came readily enough—not the Lyceum, as hitherto conducted. A national opera is not the *Huguenots* and the *Trovatore*, mutilated and travestied—not the *Crown Diamonds*, with absurd interpolations—and not an opera by Mr. Balfe, or any other composer, "every night till further notice." A national opera should resemble the Opéra-Comique in Paris. Foreigners may compose for it as well as natives, but the vernacular tongue must be the medium of representation. If a new work is successful, give it a fair chance (as at the Opéra-Comique), by running it twice or thrice a week; and on the off-nights present other operas that have not merited oblivion. Mr. Balfe is a man of brilliant talent. But Mr. Balfe is not the only British composer; and if we are to have the *Rose of Castille*

thirty or forty times without intermission, for the sole profit of the music-publishers, we get, instead of a national opera, a music-publisher's opera—which is quite another thing. Mr. Bunn gave us an opera, for many years, the advantage of which was equally apportioned between himself (as poet) and Mr. Balfe (as composer), on one side, and the music-publishers, who had bought the copyright both of poem and composition, on the other. Of course the oftener a new work was played, the greater number of copies were sold of certain popular ballads, and the more productive were “author's rights” to the joint concoctors of the work. It would be difficult to find any larger degree of nationality in such a concern than in a joint stock company for the exclusive benefit of its own members; and our apprehension that Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, whose beginning promised so well, may insensibly glide into the joint-stock system, induces us to withhold for the present our *unqualified* adhesion to their cause.

To the above argument, and its corollary—that the principal gainers by the Lyceum enterprise have been Mr. Balfe, Mr. A. Harris, and those in whom is vested the copyright of *The Rose of Castille*,—we are quite aware, abettors of the joint-stock system may reply, that the enterprise could not be made to pay in any other manner, and that, but for *The Rose of Castille*, Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison would have been considerable losers, instead of considerable winners. So far as it regards Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, this retort would be a clench ; but in connection with the true interests of art, and the genuine prospects of a national opera, it is unworthy consideration. The Lyceum managers must not hoist false colours. If they sail under the national flag let them be *national*; otherwise, some fine day, they may incur the risk of being arraigned as pirates. Their address to the public (which will be found in another column), talks largely about the establishment of English opera. On this they lay stress, as the main argument of their appeal for continued support. They pin their faith to English opera—in which they repose, and have always reposed, entire confidence. Here is one passage, among others, with which the “farewell address” is, as the term goes, “bristling” :

“ We have both of us been all our lives firm believers in the vitality of English Opera. During the long years it has been slumbering amongst us, whoever may have deemed it dead, we never once lost faith in it, nor ever for a moment gave up the cheering hope that English Opera would awake once more, possibly all the stronger for its long repose. Firm in this belief, we entered into partnership, endeavoured, to the best of our abilities, to organise the most efficient company we could obtain to aid us in the work, and have ever devoted all our energies to the realisation of the hope we had long entertained, of once more establishing in our native land an opera in our native tongue. Encouraged by your kind support, may we not look upon that hope as accomplished ? ”

Certainly not yet. The great events of the first campaign were the singing of Miss Louisa Pyne and the administration of the musical department by Mr. Alfred Mellon. But these were only means to an end which is even now only “looming in the distance,” and which a threatened return to the system that ended in the downfall of the Bunn *régime* leaves further off than on the night when the theatre opened so auspiciously under your united management. Had you presented such English operas as the *Mountain Sylph*, *Charles II.*, or the *Night Dancers* (which were all to be had for the asking—ready copied, and familiar to the majority of your company), on the off nights, instead of parodies of the *Huguenots* and the *Trovatore*; had you, during the latter half of the season,

given *The Rose of Castille* three nights a week, in lieu of six—thus affording opportunities for other works which deserve the honour quite as well ; and had you done other things, too numerous to mention, which you omitted to do, you would not only have saved yourselves—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison—a vast deal of physical fatigue, you would not only have gone to the provinces fresher and stronger, but you would have gathered round you true lovers of the art of music (who are also inclined on all reasonable occasions to be its firm supporters); and, last, not least, the “end” to which allusion has been made, and for which you profess to labour—the permanent establishment of a national opera—now “looming in the distance” (almost beyond the reach of the largest telescope) in all probability would have been “looming” *in the near*. Be persuaded that a joint-stock company, with no other object than the personal benefit of its associates, is not, and can never be, regarded as a *national* undertaking.

THE following was the 14th clause in an examination paper of St. John's, Cambridge, at the beginning of last month :—

“ Bach's ‘ Well-tempered Clavier’ consists of two books, each containing the same number of fugues. In the first book, instead of having (as usual) one subject, one fugue has two, and another has a prime number : in the second book, two less than half the number of fugues in it have two subjects, and one has the same prime number as before, which is a measure of the whole number of fugues, and also of the whole number of subjects diminished by 18. If the whole number of fugues were increased by 1, 1-7th of the result (which is an integer) is less by 2 than 1-3rd of the whole number of subjects in the first book. How many fugues are there, and of what kind ? ”

When the Director of the Musical Union has solved the above, he may rub his hands and exclaim, “ How is it these big-wigged professors look down upon musicians ? I defy any professor, of any college—no matter what he professes—to decipher one of my analyses of the works of the great masters ; and yet, here am I—a musician if anything, and if not a musician nothing—just as *au fait* at the 14th clause of St. John's examination paper as if I had prepared it myself. There are 48 fugues in the *Clavier bien Tempéré* !—of what kind may be seen in my *Record*.”

Thus might the Director (having solved the enigma) triumphantly apostrophise those arrogant professors, who (may they receive absolution !), until Dr. Bennett and Sir Gore Ouseley came among them, had probably never heard of Herr Rubinstein's oratorio.

But—to leave burlesque—we are pleased to see the venerated name of John Sebastian Bach on a university examination paper. It gives rise to many reflections, and among the rest to one not exactly favourable to men of science and learning who have been in the habit of ignoring music and snubbing its disciples. If these ciphered and lettered pundits could only form a notion of what kind of man was Bach—how far his science went beyond theirs—how to master the entire secret of harmony was a task more difficult than any they could accomplish—and how to use, as he used, the knowledge his indomitable perseverance had acquired was the result of a genius to which not one of them can pretend, they might perhaps be disposed to modify their tone, and incline their heads when a genuine musician passed. It is after all, perhaps, a benefit that God has conferred upon musicians, to whom (we mean of course the intellectual class of musicians) he has given the faculty of knowing why Bach was as great as Bacon, while they who despise them are unable to perceive why Bacon was

as great as Bach. Well might Handel exclaim—a man of greater imagination though of less profundity than Bach—when, in recognition of the worth of his *Athalia*, he was offered, at Oxford, the diploma of doctor of music—"Vat de dyfil I trow my money away for dat which de blockhead wish! I no want!" Had he accepted it (and paid the one hundred guineas), he would have stood no higher in the estimation of philosophers to whom his grandest music was no better than a tinkling cymbal. M. Schelcher, his biographer, asks aptly—"Of what service could such a degree be to Handel?" We have been getting a little wiser in these matters since the music-master was abroad, benefiting his species, in his own gentle and innocent way, just as much as the schoolmaster in a more commonplace and directly utilitarian manner.

By the way—to resume burlesque—the very examination paper alluded to offers a proof that the heads of universities are at a stand-still for subjects. Clause 4 is as follows:—

"What is meant by discount? If the discount on £567 be £34 14s. 8s 7d., simple interest being reckoned at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per ann., when is the sum due?"

As if there was ever a gownsman so opaque as not to know what was meant by discount, and when a given sum (or rather a sum lent) became due! In such a dearth of complex problems, the director of the Musical Union might gracefully (and with dignity) forward, by the next Cambridge mail, a complete copy of *The Record*.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the last University concert, which took place on the 4th ultimo, the *Requiem* of Mozart was performed, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. Since the appointment of this eminent musician to the chair, art has been decidedly "looking up" at Cambridge.

MADLLE JETTY TREFFZ has returned to Vienna. This charming and intelligent *lieder-sangerinn* must have been deeply gratified with the enthusiastic greeting of her English friends when she took leave of them at the last concert of M. Jullien.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS AT LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—These performances have been attended with even more than usual success during the week, the audience having been nightly crowded, and the applause enthusiastic. Besides the most salient points of his recent London programmes, the popular director has had the powerful additional attraction of Madame Grisi, rendered exceedingly interesting by her singing, for the first time, an English song. The piece chosen by the great prima donna for her first essay in our language was a new composition of Mr. Macfarren, "O, weep for England's daughter," which she sang with a power of declamation and depth of feeling that delighted all who heard her, and proved to them that the language of true sentiment never had a better interpreter, whatever the vernacular in which she may express herself. It would be redundant to describe the reception of this admirable performance; all who know the power of the artist know also how irresistible is one of her very best efforts.

REUNION DES ARTS.—(From a Correspondent).—The last soiree of the winter season, on Wednesday, the 16th ult., was fully attended. The concert began with a sonata for piano and violin, by Beethoven, performed by Messrs. Lehmeier and Kettenus. Madame Weiss sang Beethoven's "Per Pieta," and a ballad called "O, would I were the honey bee," with much success. Songs were also given by M. Schmelzer, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Paget. Miss Elliot played a new piano trio with Herr Goffrie and M. Vieuxtempa. M. Vieuxtempa (brother of the celebrated violinist), introduced, as solo, a violoncello fantasia, by Servais. The members, satisfied with what Herr Goffrie, the manager, has effected for the institution, have promised to support him next season, which will commence in March.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

A CHRISTMAS season at the Italian Opera has not been known for upwards of thirty years. An opportunity at last presented itself. Parliament convoked brought numbers to London, and these "numbers" were, in turn, convoked by Mr. Lumley.

Three "extra nights" were announced at reduced prices; and these have proved so successful, that yet another "three" and one extra are to follow in their train. So that, within a few days of the first announcement, seven nights were "fixed"; and, in all likelihood, these will generate others *ad infinitum*.

The performances began on Tuesday with the *Trovatore*, in which Signor Giuglini and Madlle. Spezia sustained the chief parts. Signor Aldighieri, who appeared for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, was the Count di Luna, and a Madlle. Sondina made her *début* as Azucena. Signor Aldighieri was nervous at the outset, but in the familiar "Il balen" he recovered confidence, and sang with such effect as to obtain a unanimous encore. Of Madlle. Sondina we can say nothing favourable.

Madlle. Spezia, in *Leonora*, exhibited all the energy and passion of last season. Her voice has rather improved than deteriorated in quality. Her performance throughout was powerful and dramatic. Signor Giuglini was in splendid voice, and roused the audience to enthusiasm in "Di quelle pira," after being encored in the air, "Ah! si ben mio." The "Miserere" was also encored.

On Thursday, the attractions of *La Traviata* and Madlle. Piccolomini again filled the theatre in every part. Mr. Lumley's "pet" (and the public's) was received with the usual honours, and went through the character of Violetta with the same irresistible effect as ever. There were three encores—the *brindisi*, "Libiamo," by Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini; the air, "Di miei volenti," by Signor Giuglini; and the duet, "Parigi, o cara." Signor Aldighieri was Giorgio, and Signor Castelli, from the recent Opéra Buffa company at the St. James's, of whom, on more than one occasion, we have spoken in high terms, the Doctor. Signor Castelli has a good voice, and is a good singer. He will make his way in due time.

To-night *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini and Belletti will appear.

MISS LOUISE VAN NOORDEN gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, the 3rd instant, under the patronage of the Earl of Westmorsland. She was assisted by Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Leffler, Miss Ada Leffler, Mr. Charles Braham, Mr. Elliott Galer, and Herr Richard Deck, as vocalists; and by Herr Goffrie (violin), and Mr. P. E. Van Noorden and pupil (pianoforte), as instrumentalists. The concert opened with Osborne and De Beriot's "Grand Duo" for pianoforte and violin: an aria, from *Guillaume Tell*, executed by Mr. P. E. Van Noorden and Herr Goffrie. Then followed several vocal *morceaux*, the most worthy of note being "Come into the garden, Maud," by Mr. Elliott Galer, "Dove sono," by Miss Louisa Vinning, the rondo "Nel dolce incanto" (encored), by Miss Louisa Van Noorden, Madame Gleyer's serenade, "Wake, dearest, wake," by Mr. Charles Braham (for whom it was expressly composed), and the air "Ah! fors' è lui," from *La Traviata* (encored), by Miss Louisa Vinning. The concert terminated with the song from the *Rose of Castille*, "I'm but a simple peasant maid," unaffectedly rendered by Miss Louisa Van Noorden.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Messiah* was performed on Monday, the 28th ult., in the lower hall, Exeter Hall, which was crowded with the friends and subscribers. The soloists were Misses L. Gilbert, Vernon, M. Wells, J. Wells, Messrs. Dyson and Lawler. The oratorio was admirably executed. Mr. Surman conducted, with his accustomed zeal and ability.

YORK.—On Wednesday evening the Festival Concert Room was crowded to excess by a fashionable audience, who assembled to hear the *Messiah* performed by the York Choral Society. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Hindchiff, and Mr. Lambert, who acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner. The choruses went remarkably well.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

THE following was the address to the public circulated by Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne at the last night of their first season :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—In taking leave of you on this, the last night of our operatic season, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without thanking you most warmly and most sincerely for the very great and liberal patronage you have bestowed upon our attempt to re-establish an English Opera in the English metropolis. We have both of us been all our lives firm believers in the vitality of English Opera. During the long years it has been slumbering amongst us, whoever may have deemed it dead, we never once lost faith in it, nor ever for a moment gave up the cheering hope that English Opera would awake once more, possibly all the stronger for its long repose. Firm in this belief, we entered into partnership, endeavoured, to the best of our abilities, to organise the most efficient company we could obtain to aid us in the work, and have ever devoted all our energies to the realisation of the hope we had long entertained, of once more establishing in our native land an opera in our native tongue. Encouraged by your kind support, may we not look upon that hope as accomplished? Far be it from either of us to join the senseless cry of want of patronage to native talent. Far, indeed, is it from our thoughts to begrudge one single share of the applause bestowed by a discriminating British public upon the admirable artists, collected at such cost, and with such pains, from every nation upon earth, to sing at our Italian theatres. There is abundant room for all of us, and your kind patronage, for which we are now thanking you, proves that the English people will support their countrymen and countrywomen in any well-meant endeavour to set on foot an opera in a language all can understand, and at prices all can pay. Of the past season little need be said. In commencing our undertaking, it was our determination to present each opera with all the completeness of detail in every respect which it was possible to attain. This determination we have, to the very best of our ability, honestly carried out; and for the ready and willing assistance rendered us in this undertaking, we here publicly tender our heartfelt thanks to every individual member of the company, from the highest to the lowest. To the gentlemen of the press our most especial thanks are due; the flattering terms in which they have one and all spoken of our enterprise, and the invaluable aid they have afforded it, by directing public notice to the operas produced, will ever be remembered by us with heartfelt gratitude; and the praise they have been kind enough to bestow upon us for the past will stimulate us to renewed exertions to deserve it for the future. And now, one word about the future. Our tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre expires this evening, consequently, though we would gladly prolong a season, rendered by your kindness so propitious, we are compelled to leave you for awhile. But we hope not for long. We trust that we may soon return to London, and establish an English Opera upon a more permanent footing. Your generous support emboldens us to hope that the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company has made a "name;" all it requires now is a "local habitation." Negotiations are pending, by which we trust that "local habitation" will be secured for us; so that, though we are now reluctantly compelled to say farewell, we are encouraged by the feeling that we may add, "au revoir." It has ever been a maxim in our management to refrain from making promises, the fulfilment of which a thousand unforeseen circumstances might render impossible. But firmly believing, by the kind interest you have shown in our undertaking, that you, too, share with us the hope of seeing English Opera permanently established among us, we think it only right to impart to you our intentions for the future. In the first place we are most desirous of producing original operas, written in the English language, for English singers; and would most respectfully invite the aid of native composers, whose works we shall ever be proud to receive, and, if acceptable, to place before the public in the best manner that our abilities will permit. We have now by us an original opera, written expressly for us, which has never yet been represented in England, but which it was our full intention to have played this season, had not the unprecedented success of Balfe's *Rose of Castille* prevented it. This opera, the work of an American, Mr. George Bristow, has met with the most enthusiastic reception everywhere in the United States; and next season we hope the verdict of a London audience may confirm that of the young, vigorous, and generous nation amidst which the opera in question first saw the light. While speaking of the future movements of our company, we may, perhaps, be allowed to mention, with mingled feelings of pride and of gratitude for the high honour conferred upon us, that we have been commanded to represent *The Rose of Castille* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the occasion of the celebration of the forthcoming

suspicious event, the marriage of the eldest daughter of our Most Gracious Queen. And now, ladies and gentlemen, apologising for trespassing so long upon your attention, allow us once more to return you our most sincere and heartfelt thanks; and in our own name and that of the entire company, to bid you respectfully and gratefully farewell,

LOUISA PYNE.

Lyceum Theatre, Dec. 19th, 1857.

W. HARRISON.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

PANTOMIME this year is decidedly in the ascendant; every theatre in the metropolis, on this and that side the Thames, eschewing burlesque and extravaganza for the older entertainment, excepting the Olympic and the Strand. The Olympic, of course, had an eye to the services of Mr. Robson, who, having made some of the greatest hits in extravaganza, could hardly be dispensed with even in the Christmas performance. The Lyceum provided both species of entertainments, turning the opening, or introductory part of the pantomime, into a burlesque, which is by no means an improvement on the ancient fashion.—The Drury Lane pantomime, is entitled *Little Jack Horner*; or, *Harlequin A B C*, and is written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. The opening is not very brilliant as to the writing, nor clear as to the plot. Mr. W. Beverley's scene of the "Grand Aquarium, or Palace of the Water Nymphs," is perhaps one of the most dazzling and effective ever witnessed. Mr. Flexmore is again the clown of (modern) clowns.—At the Haymarket, Mr. Buckstone has taken the charming fairy tale, *The Sleeping Beauty*, and fashioned it in his own artistic manner into perhaps the most striking pantomime of the season. The introduction sparkles with fun, and there are some capital hits in the harlequinade. A few songs interspersed, however, would have enhanced the effect, since music is an indispensable element of pantomime. Mr. Buckstone takes care that his visitors during the holidays shall not be stalled off with mere pantomime. A good old-fashioned comedy—*Speed the Plough*—leads off the performance, the cast embracing the *élite* of the company.—The title of the burlesque pantomime at the Lyceum, *Lalla Rookh*; or the *Princess, the Peri, and the Troubadour*, is from the pen of Mr. William Brough, to our thinking, the neatest and most humorous he has written. The story follows Moore's poem in the main features; but the incidents of the "Fireworshippers" and "Paradise and the Peri" are amalgamated with the fortunes of Lalla Rookh. Mrs. Alfred Mellon makes an irresistible Feramorz; Mrs. Charles Dillon plays Lalla Rookh; and Mr. Toole, a brigand fireworshipper. The last character is unusually well drawn, and is sustained with capital effect. The scene leading to the transformation, the *Palace of the Peri*, is exceedingly beautiful. On Monday, Mr. Charles Dillon appeared in Bulwer's play, *Richelieu*. The character of the wily cardinal is not well suited to him. He was seen to great advantage, on Tuesday, as the hero in *Don Caesar de Barca*.—The Princess's pantomime, by Mr. M. Morton, is called *Harlequin White Cat*. It is taken from the well-known fairy tale.—In the Olympic extravaganza, *The Doge of Duralo*; or, *the Enchanted Eyes*, Mr. Robson plays a kind of burlesque Daddy Hardacre part, and, as may be imagined, is the mainstay of the piece. Mr. E. B. Brough is the author.—Mr. Selby has furnished the pantomime for the Adelphi, and has dived into classic lore to fish up his plot. It is named *Harlequin and the Loves of Cupid and Psyche*. Miss Marie Wilton is Cupid, and Miss Mary Keeley Psyche. The Sadler's Wells' Pantomime is entitled *Beauty and the Beast*; that of the Surrey Theatre *Queen Mab*; or, *Harlequin Romeo and Juliet*; Astley's, *Don Quixote and his Steed Rosinante*; the City of London, *William II. and ye Fayre Maid of Harrow*; the Standard, *Georgy Porgey Pudding and Pye*; or, *Harlequin Old Daddy Long Legs*; and the Victoria, *Harlequin Prince Love-the-Day and Queen Busy Bee*; or, *Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Wolf*—and here we pause to take breath. It is only necessary to add that every place of amusement on Boxing-night was crowded to suffocation, and that all the theatres are reported to be doing well during the week.

BARNESLEY.—On Wednesday evening, the 23rd December, the members of the Musical Union gave a grand miscellaneous concert in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, on which occasion the following vocalists assisted: Miss Whitham, Miss Crossland, Mr. Pyrah, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Delavanti. Mr. Wood, organist at the Pitt-street Chapel, presided at the piano-forte. There was a moderate attendance, and the whole of the performances passed off in a most satisfactory manner.

AMERICAN VIEW OF HERR FORMES.

HERR FORMES has appeared in three operas already at the "Academy of Music," as the Italian lyric theatre is entitled at New York—in *Roberto il Diavolo*, Flotow's *Martha*, and *I Puritani*. Although labouring under the ill effects of a cold, he appears to have been eminently successful. In a notice of his second performance of *Bertram*, the *New York Times* publishes the following *aperçu* of the famous basso's qualifications generally:—

"Herr Formes was in better voice, but he has not fully recovered from the ill effects of his cold. His acting was unusually dramatic. At what degree on the art-barometer Herr Formes will arrive in the future we cannot foresee. At present he displays the capacity of an artist of the first class, and delights rather than astonishes. The compass of his voice is immense, but, from cold or otherwise, it is a little tremulous in the lower notes. Of cultivation and execution he has enough; and some refinements of vocalisation which he uses are quite unusual in the bass voice, and impart to his singing an agreeable vein of purely delicate sentiment. Indeed we should judge that Herr Formes is a *basso* of feeling rather than force; a man who suggests quite as much as he expresses—who overcomes without overpowering. This we say without stinting the measure of his voice, which is bounteous; or its quality, which is glorious. The deficiency which we have noticed in his two performances of the opera is, in what is called tone-stroke, or in other words, the power of seizing on a detached note or the opening note of a phrase with immediate vigour and accuracy. It is a gift which demonstrates the highest perfection of vocal organisation, and is therefore rare, even in the best singers. All that art can supply is accentuation; this is natural, spontaneous emotion. Herr Formes never indulges in it. He gets on his phrases with extreme caution, and expands when he feels that he is safe, but not before. Unlike most bassos, he is seldom heavy, and rarely drags the time. On the other hand, we may add that he is occasionally faulty in tone, and that some of his notes are very much like the bass notes on modern pianos, difficult to distinguish by name, but generally useful in their place. Apart from these little matters, Herr Formes stands before us a magnificent exponent of a magnificent class of voice, and we are sure that whoever listens to him will be delighted."

The same journal writes of Herr Formes in the opera of *Martha* as follows:

The feature of the performance was of course Herr Formes, and once more this gentleman gave us a dramatic treat, as well as a musical sufficiency. His make-up was admirable, and his bearing hearty and full of individuality. As an actor Herr Formes deserves to rank with the best on the stage, and his voice in light *rôles* of this kind is wonderfully telling and effective. The performance was well received, and will, no doubt, attract a fine house to-night.

The other papers speak of the German singer in no less favourable terms.

The *New York Herald*—which, for circulation and influence, may almost claim the title of *Yankee Musical World*—is in the best humour with Herr Formes, as the following will show:

"The first German opera for the season—Flotow's *Martha*—was given at the Academy last evening, to a splendid house. The crowd was quite as dense as on the first night of *Robert le Diable*, and proved fully that Herr Formes has made a thorough success, under all the circumstances, crises, and other impediments—perhaps the greatest triumph of his career, which has been a series of successes. The opera is quite familiar to the public here, having been given in a slip-shod way several times at the Academy and elsewhere. It was done last night better than ever before. The merits of Mad. de la Grange's *Martha* are patent. The great attraction of the night, Herr Formes in Plunkett, fulfilled the highest expectations that had been raised. He gave the highest proof of his artistic ability and great versatility, passing at once from the heavy melo-dramatic music of *Bertrand* to this light comic *rôle*. He sings in German with more facility than in Italian, and gave the most thorough dramatic identification with the character. The duet in the first act with the tenor, Pickanerer, who is much improved, was so admirably sung as to command an *encore* from an audience which knew perfectly well where to applaud and where to condemn; and so on throughout the performance, was a perfect triumph—a grand success.

With the *New York Herald* to back him, Herr Formes may feel at ease—since every one is aware of the entire disinterestedness of that enormous sheet.

IPSWICH AND COLCHESTER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Two concerts were given in Ipswich and Colchester by Mr. B. W. Foster (professor of music), with the object of introducing a more classical programme than usual in those towns, for which purpose he engaged from London the following artists:—Miss Ransford, Miss Lascelles, Herr Goffrie, M. Paque, Herr Schmidt, and Mr. Webb. Besides these, the daughter of the concert giver. Miss Kate Foster made her *début* as pianist. The programme included one string quartet by Haydn and one by Mozart, performed by Messrs. Goffrie, Schmidt, Webb, and Paque, a trio by Beethoven for piano, violin, and violoncello—played by Miss Kate Foster, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque. Miss Kate Foster greatly impressed the audience with her talent for improvisation, of which Herr F. Hiller, who instructed her at Cologne, spoke in high terms. Herr Goffrie and M. Paque played solos in their best style, and Miss Ransford and Miss Lascelles were much applauded in their singing, and the latter encored in a Scotch song. Mr. Foster accompanied on the pianoforte.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Amateur Vocal Union, which already numbers about 70 members, gave a grand entertainment on Tuesday evening, 22nd December, in the large room of the George Hotel. It was the first "ladies' night," and the attendance was very large. The programme consisted of selections from *Il Trovatore*, and the pieces assigned to the professionals and amateurs were executed in a highly creditable manner.

SOHO THEATRE.—An amateur performance took place lately at the above establishment, when the amateurs were assisted by Mr. Frank Matthews and Miss Maria Ternan. The pieces were the farce of *John Dobbs*, the comic drama of *The Wonderful Woman*, and the farce of *The Thumping Legacy*. In the first piece nothing could be more full of humour than the acting of Mr. Charles Wilkinson as Peter Pater-noster. In the comic drama, Mr. Charles Raigh displayed his accustomed talent as a light comedian, and Mr. R. Morris admirably sustained the part of Cressin, the cobbler. Mr. Charles Wilkinson's acting as Rodolphe, the young artist, was exceedingly gentlemanlike, and in every respect like that of an experienced artist. *The Thumping Legacy* finished the evening's entertainment with *éclat*.

ELECTION OF ORGANIST.—(*Communicated*).—In consequence of the decease of the respected Mr. Giles, a vacancy has recently occurred in the parish church of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, for the office of organist. A meeting of ratepayers took place in the vestry of the church, on Friday, December 18th, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for selecting a qualified musician to perform the musical service of the church, and to instruct the children in singing. At this meeting a committee was formed, consisting of the Rev. T. S. Evans, vicar, the two churchwardens, the six overseers, and twenty ratepayers. It was agreed that the organist's salary should be forty pounds per annum, with an additional ten pounds for teaching the boys and girls the vocal harmony, as it is usually rendered at the mother churches. Candidates are to be invited by public advertisement to send in applications, from which six are to be selected, for whom a day of competition will be appointed, and also a professional umpire chosen. No canvassing to be allowed, it being understood that preference is to be given to superior talent only. At first, there was a disposition on the part of the clergyman and of some members present to exclude female candidates, even from competition; but after a sensible speech from Mr. George Pearce, an old inhabitant and trustee, it was resolved that ladies, professionally educated for the organ, shall have an equal chance with candidates of the male sex. The organist's salary has hitherto been paid out of the churchyard-rate, so called, but which rate, if objected to be paid, has not, of late years, been legally enforced, and against the granting of which there have already appeared strong demonstrations. In the present divided state of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, it is possible that some difficulty may hereafter arise on the point of funds for defraying the organ and other incidental expenses, connected with the church; and it is not unlikely that these circumstances may deter certain organists who are acquainted with the facts from offering themselves as candidates. But there are many to whom, perhaps, "Salary is no object," and who would be disposed to undertake the duties for the sake of practice, and as a means to an end.—[We trust that no such person may be found. The salaries of organists are generally pitiful enough as it is; and only to those who have never been educated, and consequently, have paid nothing for education, can "salary" be "no object."—ED. M. W.]

TRY IT AGAIN.

A Song for all Seasons.

BY JAMES HIPKINS.

At life's early crosses how often we murmur,
And think fate unkind to bring trouble so soon;
We shrink from the task when we ought to be firmer;
A morning well spent brings its pleasure at noon.
Then flinch not from trifles, and paralysed wonder
Why stern opposition throws 'round us her chain;
Well nerved for the conflict, it's cause tear asunder—
If foiled in the conflict—Try it again!

"It cannot be done!" is the cry of the coward,
As trembling he goes to encounter the foe;
His nerves are unstrung, and his courage is lower'd—
His future is darkened with pictures of woe;
The brave man shrinks not, tho' oppression impedes him,
He thinks in this wide world there's nothing in vain;
As he has progressed, so another succeeds him—
There's nought but what can be done—Try it again.

When storms pour their wrath over the high-foaming ocean,
And threaten the wreck with a watery tomb,
The mariner looks on the scene with emotion,
And sighs for his kindred, and dear native home;
His heart once aroused, he cries out with defiance,
"That pleasure is sweetest preceded by pain;
Once more to the pumps, and in God place reliance,
We've righted her once, let us—Try it again!"

Despair not while flowers of promise are blooming,
Though clouds overshad the bright sunshine of day;
And though dreary winter with death-touch is coming,
"Twill pass and bring joy with the beauties of May.
"Tis folly to slumber when duty is calling,
The idler's loss becomes industry's gain,
Adversity's frown, though it's chilling and galling,
Heed not, never mind—Try and brave it again!

Sweetbriar Cottage, New Year's Eve.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The second concert for this year, under the auspices of the concert committee, was given in the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening 22nd December, when the *Lauda Sion* of Mendelssohn, a selection from the *Mount of Olives*, and other music, was performed. Mr. E. Saunders and Master S. Smith were the solo performers. Mr. Taylor officiated at the organ.

OXFORD.—A performance of Handel's *Messiah*, in aid of the Indian Fund, took place at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening. The vocalists were—Mrs. Alfred Gilbert (soprano), Mrs. R. Paget (contralto), Messrs. Badcock and Thomas (tenors), Messrs. W. H. Wheeler, G. Bliss, and M. Bellamy (basses). The execution was admirable. Mr. Bliss sang, "Why do the nations?" with fine effect. Mrs. Paget was much applauded in "He was despised;" and Mrs. Gilbert was exceedingly successful in "Then shall the eyes," "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The last would have been encored, but for a prohibitory notice posted on the walls. The concert was numerously attended.

THE STALYBRIDGE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave their second concert during this season in the large room of the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening the 22nd December. The principal vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Henry Phillips; leader, Mr. Stewart, and conductor, Mr. Marsden.

BRISTOL.—Mr. H. C. Cooper gave his annual concert in the Victoria Rooms, at Clifton, on the evening of Monday, the 21st ult., which attracted a full and fashionable attendance, nearly five hundred persons being present. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Quartet in C, No. 6, Mozart; Grand Sonata in A minor, dedicated to Kreutzer, for pianoforte and violin (Miss J. Jackson and Mr. H. C. Cooper), Beethoven.

PART II.—Concerto, violin (Mr. H. C. Cooper—the pianoforte accompaniment by Miss J. Jackson), Mendelssohn: Soli, pianoforte,

"Le Gondolier du Lido," "Une Larme" (Miss J. Jackson), Blumenthal; Quartet in A, No. 5, Op. 18, Beethoven.

Mr. H. C. Cooper has been sojourning in Bath since his return from America, and had contemplated residing there some time. Having, however, received an important communication from New York, on Wednesday the 23rd, offering him a most liberal engagement, he availed himself of it, and proceeded to Liverpool forthwith, *en route* to the New Continent. Mr. Cooper sailed, we believe, on Saturday for the United States.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—A Christmas-day oratorio is, we believe, peculiar to Manchester. Handel's *Judas Macabeus* was performed on that day at the Free Trade Hall, and attracted an audience of more than 3,000 people. The solo-vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss H. Wilkinson, Mrs. Brooke, Mr. Charles Braham, and Mr. Allan Irving. The band was led by Mr. C. A. Seymour, and Mr. D. W. Banks conducted. The execution, on the whole, was highly creditable. The singing of the principals was in almost every instance entitled to no stinted praise. The great hit of the performance was made by Mr. Charles Braham in "Sound an alarm!" It was the first time he attempted it in public, and at the beginning was rather nervous. As he went on, however, he gained confidence, and created an immense effect at the finish. "He fairly," exclaims the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, "as the phrase goes, brought down the house. He sang it with a fire and energy that reminded us of the good old days, every word being distinctly marked, and won the most enthusiastic encore we have heard in this Hall. He certainly made what may be called a decided hit."

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—The Philharmonic Society gave a concert on the evening of Friday, the 11th ult., at the Ancient Concert Rooms. The programme was very attractive, but the attendance was by no means as large as might have been expected. The fact is, the different operatic and concert companies which have visited Dublin during the autumn—including the Grisi, Piccolomini, Bosio, and Gassier troupes—have, to a great extent, exhausted public interest, and it was only the lovers of instrumental music who repaired to the Ancient Concert Rooms on the present occasion. The principal pieces were Haydn's Eleventh Symphony, one of Hummel's trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and the overtures to *Anacreon* and *Abou Hassan*. Among the full pieces the trio of Hummel appeared to find most favour with the audience. Mrs. Joseph Robinson is an immense favourite in Dublin, and most deservedly so. Her playing is distinguished by great intelligence; her mechanical proficiency is of no ordinary kind; her feeling is unimpeachable, and her taste as correct. She has, moreover, the true precision, grace and delicacy, without which the finest performance must fail in producing a legitimate effect. The last two movements of the trio—*andante* and *allegro*—served to display to admirable advantage Mrs. Joseph Robinson's sentiment and execution. Both movements were loudly applauded. The fair pianist also played Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and delighted the audience no less than in the *trio*. The other solo was by Herr Elaner, the violoncellist, who performed Servais' *Souvenir de Spa*. The singers were Mad. Amadei and Mr. Richard Smith. The lady, among other things, sang Mozart's "Addio" and the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. She was encored in the latter. The name of "Musical Réunion," to distinguish this concert from the regular performances of the season, appeared justified by the introduction of a promenade and tea and cakes between the parts which gave a private air to the entertainment.

OXFORD.—At the City Public Lectures and Concerts, on Tuesday evening, the performance of Haydn's *Creation* attracted a large audience, the Town Hall being crowded in every part. The band and chorus were from the Oxford Choral Society, assisted by musicians from the metropolis, and the concert passed off in a manner reflecting credit on the orchestra. The principal soprano was Miss E. Hughes, who gave the portions allotted to her with great taste. The other solos were allotted to Mr. Horsley and Mr. Roberts. Mr. Long led the orchestra, supported by Herr Viesohn, violin, Mr. Pettit, violoncello, and the other instrumentalists. The choruses were generally well sung, and reflected credit on Mr. Horsley. The audience were well pleased, as was testified by the frequent applause.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

The first music ever heard in this world must have been the sounds of the angelic choir of heaven, "when the sons of heaven shouted for joy," while the Eternal One was performing his work of creation. The next was that which proceeded from the feathered tribes, which—in all probability—was responded to by the first parents of the human race during the short period of their innocence, when inspired with a devotional feeling, mixed with gratitude to God their father for his goodness, they, by a natural instinct, offered up their praises in strains of spontaneous melody joined to their words of devout adoration.

We read in the sacred scriptures that an advancement in the knowledge and uses of wood, brass, and iron, for artificial purposes, was acquired, and also mechanism, before the flood; and, amongst others, the construction of the harp and organ; the latter supposed by some to have resembled a pipe or small hautboy, but more probably it was an instrument composed of a certain number of reeds held together and blown through, on which melodies were played consisting of either whistles or pandean pipes.

It is contrary to the natural turn of man's inclination for him to dwell on the earth, surrounded with the works of creation before him, without feeling a desire to arrive at more knowledge of things than he possesses by natural instinct—his mind being so constituted, that to remain in ignorance is so opposite to his enterprising disposition, his vanity secretly prompting him to turn aside after something new; and this desire after fresh intelligence urged the first class of the better informed to strive to acquire a knowledge of the things then within their sight; and the stars were one of the earliest; and the construction of various articles made out of materials within their reach, when the discoverer of a new thing was styled the father of it, or an instructor in its use: and Jubal "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;" that is, he was the best player upon the two instruments called by such names, whose renown, spreading far and wide, occasioned his successors to style him "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ,"* in compliment to his excellent style of using them, although this is the title given him by Moses only.

Whether Noah and his family were acquainted with the instruments of the antediluvians (such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing—*Bede-siacisticus*, c. xliv., v. 5), we are not informed; but their natural wants would lead them to exercise their ingenuity to first invent a vocal strain, then by chance discover an agent or instrument that, by practice, they found capable of producing a scale of notes, or perhaps they acquired from Noah's immediate descendants, the traditional knowledge of Jubal's harp and organ with which they refreshed themselves. The next generation from Noah, after wandering about in small tribes, becoming stationary dwellers in tents in known localities, made laws, and established their several forms of government.

It will suffice for my present purpose, to give a brief account of the advancement of music from the flood to the birth of Christ.

When the tribes of the earth had so become settled in small principalities, they learnt to vary their singing, discovering an instrument capable of producing new sounds not exceeding twelve notes. The music at their public banquets consisted of a spontaneous mixture of sounds, sung, or rather shouted, to words in praise of their heroes or gods, the multitude singing in unison. In after times, at the feasts of the Greeks, the lyre was passed round the table, each guest applying it to his ear sounded a few notes that were considered a great treat. They also had their musicians, who were candidates for musical honours at their public games, that sang their own words, accompanying their voices on the harp or lyre. This music was simple, and the science then so backward, that a talent with six months' study would make a modern musician equal to the best of the ancient Greeks.

From mention made of several instruments in the matter recorded in the book of Daniel, when the three Jews "fell down bound in the fiery furnace," it seems that the Babylonians had made considerable advancement in the number and use of musical instruments. As the connection between states was during the reigns of David and Solomon similar to that of European nations at the present time—so far as related to giving publicity to new discoveries—a new thing always spread, if attractive by its charm of novelty.

The Jews employed several kinds of musical instruments in their ceremonies, chiefly stringed. They read the words of their sacred canticles from the right of the page, the opposite to the modern way,

and certainly possessed a system of noting down their music, as we read of David's chief musician being required by the king to prepare the music for a special occasion "because he was skilful," still, as it does not state that he wrote on paper or any other material what was to be played and sung, and the expression admitting of a double meaning, that he rehearsed the people prior to the public performance, the writer of the account may have intended it to be so understood, or, that he marked the points where the stops and falling of the voices were to be made.

Had the Israelites, or any other nation among the ancients, discovered the art of blending sounds together on the principle of the present period, its impression on the minds of the people would have rendered music more popular than it seems to have become amongst them. In this remark I allude to its being equal to ours; and as their literary works have been preserved, so, in like manner, their music, had they possessed a complete scale, time-table, and system of writing their music after our modern fashion, such a method would, by rendering it equally as attractive as in the present time, have caused it to become generally known, and amongst the many nations it would have been preserved, handed down to future generations along with the literary productions of these people.

From the preceding inferences we may conclude the musical performance at the dedication of Solomon's Temple was in quality a kind of singing shout, the trumpeters blowing out the tones of their instruments (made of ram's horns) on each side of the altar, sounding either in unison with the voices, or producing spontaneous notes, mingling with the sounds of the people; and although this music could not recommend itself to God's notice for its fine harmony, or rich and varied light and shade, it induced him to give a sign of his approval, verifying the words of the Apostle, "A man is accepted of him according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not;" and it being the best they possessed, was united with their words of grateful acknowledgment that accompanied it, "For he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever." This public declaration of the Divine Being's goodness giving it a consistency with sense, it was accepted, causing him to fill the Temple with his glory, so that the "people could not stand before it."

The Greeks and Romans cultivated music, but the latter seem to have considered it unbecoming men to devote their attention to, they only using it for national or theatrical purposes, and this may account for their being attracted by the kind used in the first Christian churches that was drawled out in unisons within a scale of an octave, and continued so for centuries until the tenth, when square notes without bars, consisting of breves and semibreves, were the only kind employed; when between the fourteenth and eighteenth centuries, the discoveries of new musical instruments—the blending together of musical sounds, producing our present system of harmony—the various ways of treating musical subjects, with their several effects of light and shade, rendering it capable of imparting additional expression to words: these have raised it to the same position as the other arts and sciences, while the millions of phrases within its scale of sounds, presents a wide field for the composer never to be exhausted.

HAYDN WILSON.

PARIS.—M. Massol, the well-known barytone—and remembered by the London opera-goers at Drury Lane, the Royal Italian Opera, and Her Majesty's Theatre—has been awarded a retiring pension of 3,120 francs, by the directors of the Opera. This, by the way, is the second "retreat" of M. Massol from the Grand-Opéra. The first was signalled by a benefit, at which a miscellaneous performance was given, Madlle. Rachel playing one of her favourite characters. The barytone then retired into private life, until recalled by M. Auber to play the principal part in his *Enfant Prodigue*. The ice once broken M. Massol took once more kindly to the stage, and, when Mr. Lumley proposed to get up the *Enfant Prodigue*, accepted an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1851 (having previously sung at the Royal Italian Opera). His talent since then has been confined to the Paris Opéra, where he appeared in the *Juif Errant*, composed for him by M. Halévy, and subsequently from time to time in his minor parts. We suppose he will reappear at some future period, his retreat being by no means voluntary. Mademoiselle Artot, niece of M. Baugniet, the celebrated portrait-painter, and pupil of Madame Viardot, is studying the part of Fides in the *Prophète*, in which she will make her first essay at the Grand-Opéra. A new ballet by M. Théophile Gautier (music by M. Reyer) is in rehearsal at the

* The term *organ* was taken from the Greek translation of the Bible and the word was a general name for an instrument, a work, or an implement of any kind.

Opéra. At the Opéra-Comique *Fra Diavolo*, according to official announcement, was to have been revived on Monday last, for the *rentrée* of Mdlle. Lefebvre, with M. Barbot as the Brigand Chief; Madame Vandeneuve-Dupréz will reappear shortly in her original character, Catherine, in *L'Étoile du Nord*. It is not true, as stated, that M. Gounod had withdrawn from the Théâtre-Lyrique his MS. opera *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*.

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VOL. 36.—No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

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December 31, 1857.

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MUSICAL DIRECTORY FOR 1858.

CONTENTS:

1. Almanack with musical data and blank spaces.
2. List of Musical Societies throughout the kingdom.
3. Musical Transactions of the past year.
4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers throughout the kingdom, with their Addresses, etc.
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REVIEWS.

"THE CLASSICAL PIANIST" (used at the Royal Academy of Music)—a selection of movements from the works of the great masters—edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS (Honorary Member, Associate, and Professor of the Royal Academy of Music).

If any one were allowed to take down, at random, from the shelves of the library in Tenterden-street, four-and-twenty pieces of music, and bind them in two volumes, without reference to classification of difficulty or style, the two volumes would precisely represent the above collection, to which the name of Mr. Brinley Richards is affixed as editor. That the contents are varied and of great interest we admit; but we should have welcomed them more heartily had they been presented simply as "Two Volumes of Classical Music for the Pianoforte *solo*, with a preface and fingering by Brinley Richards." The N.B. on the title-page, as it stands—"This selection is expressly designed as an introduction to the elaborate compositions of the classical writers"—becomes anomalous when it is observed, first, that so many of these "elaborate compositions" are *in the selection*, and secondly, that there is no "design" at all in the method of their compilation. This is not so much "book-making" as book-remaking. No doubt the majority of pieces comprised in *The Classical Pianist* already formed part of the catalogue of the publishers—one of the richest in the trade; and who can blame them for endeavouring to call general attention to such admirable music? But this might have been done without having recourse to a subterfuge. And now to the more agreeable task of "counting out" the treasures which Mr. Brinley Richards has deposited, in two sacks—containing silver, gold, precious stones, and brass, indiscriminately—at our feet. Mr. Richards' preface includes many sensible observations—but one or two platitudes, of which the opening sentence is an instance:—

"To every one really desirous of becoming an accomplished pianist, as well as a good musician, some knowledge of the works of the classical composers is absolutely indispensable," &c.

"Some," indeed. Mr. Richards should know that the "some" of knowledge is insufficient; and the fact that he presents us with so much, in his two volumes, proves that he is quite aware of the fact. The first volume opens, freshly, with Mozart's melodious variations on a theme in A, which everybody will recognise by the following:—



Next comes Dussek's once famous, always graceful and pretty, sonata in B flat, Op. 24 (dedicated to Mrs. Chinnery), the commencement of which—



always (we cannot tell why), reminds us of the opening of Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 10:—



with which, however, it has nothing else in common. The third piece is the *Moonlight Sonata* (in C sharp, minor, Op. 29) of Beethoven, which needs no description, since it is indescribably beautiful. Weber's sonata in C major, Op. 24, succeeds. The contrast between Weber's Op. 24 and Dussek's Op. 24 is worth consideration, not merely as showing the difference of the ages in which they lived, but of the men who lived in the ages. If any of our pianist-readers have forgotten this fine, impetuous, and very unequal composition of the author of *Der Freischütz*, the opening of the last and best movement—the conduct of which shows almost the fluency of Mendelssohn—will at once recall it.



Next comes the *Sonata Pastorale* (in D) of Beethoven, Op. 28, wherein both Dussek and Weber are left far in the rear, and the genuine loveliness of which almost entitles it to be called the little sister of the *Pastoral Symphony*. The sonata is just as "pastoral" as the symphony—subjectively in the deeply-moving *Allegro*, objectively in the *Minuet* and *Rondo*. The shepherd's pipe and the shepherd's loves are in every page—more vividly suggested to the mind than by a thousand *Faust Fido*, or a million *Galateas*. Hear the monotonous little burden of the trio—which never changes for any harmony—



and the delicious outbreak of the final rondo—as genial in its way as the first chorus in Handel's *Acis*:—



Hummel's pale muse can only listen hopelessly to such strains as these; and yet the very long, very diffuse, very brilliant, and very difficult sonata in D major (Op. 106),* which sets out thus—



has many good points, and as a study for mechanism is invaluable. This sonata is one of the least known to pianists, *out of the Academy* (the sonatas in E flat, F minor, and F sharp minor being more generally consulted), and Mr. Richards did well to put it in one of the sacks, although, if his title-page meant anything—"A selection of movements from the works of the great masters"—he might have been satisfied to present the

* What a difference between Hummel's Op. 106 and Beethoven's Op. 106!

scherzo all'antico, and the *finale allegro vivace*—which are the best parts of the sonata—as specimens. Up to this point, however, instead of “a selection of movements,” we have had a selection of complete works.

After the elaborate effort of Hummel comes Haydn's sonata, p. 78, in E flat:



chiefly remarkable for being the most extended composition of its kind which the great father of Symphony has left us, and for the peculiarity (a peculiarity in Haydn) of its *adagio* being in E—half a tone higher than the movement that precedes it. Those hitherto unacquainted with this sonata* must not expect to find in it anything comparable to the master's best symphonies and quartets, or they will be disappointed. Mozart's melodious and charming sonata in F major—



succeeds, and completely effaces the work of Haydn, although built on a far less pretentious plan. Such music, however, pure as a spring, tuneful as a wood at sunrise, is beautiful *per se*—beautiful because it is beautiful. One of the grand sonatas of Clementi—that in D minor, Op. 50—comes next, and being very little known, is all the more welcome as an example of so famous a master. Of this sonata, which begins as subjoined—



the last movement—*allegro con fuoco*—is perhaps the best. The whole is, however, instinct with the author's manner—a manner quite as marked as that of Weber or Mendelssohn. It presents the poverty of melodic invention nearly always remarkable in the second *motivi* of Clementi's movements, and investing them with a certain monotony; but (and for this reason it is a favourite with many) it contains no instance of that eternal two-part canon, which, whenever his imagination is at a stand-still, comes in to usurp the place of what, under happier inspiration, might have been occupied by real music. This canonic device of Clementi is sometimes a bore.

The so-called “Grand Pastorale” of John Field (Anglo-Russian Field) in E major, beginning thus:—



* Which Professor Bennett, many years since, included in his well-known “Classical Practice.”

is a favourable example of the class of music to which it belongs and which alone its composer was capable of writing; but it has had its day, and was hardly, we think, worth reviving—a certain *Daphne-Chloe-Amaryllis* sort of sentiment, as *fade* as it is elegant, being its sole expressive characteristic. Field was a man of refined talent, but still nothing much better, than a musical carpet-knight. The sonata in A (Op. 25) of Clementi—



is not so striking an example of his productive genius as the one just noticed; but being fluent, masterly, undefaced by two-part canons, and very little known in the bargain, will be hailed with satisfaction by the lovers of classical pianoforte music.

The first volume concludes with the genial and vigorous sonata of Mozart in D—



which contains the *rondo alla polacca*, and a *finale* consisting of a theme and (12) variations.

It will be seen that, up to this point, the compilation of Mr. Richards has no definite plan whatever—not even the plain and simple one of progressive difficulty.

(To be continued.)

“KNOSPE-BLUTHE-FRUCHT”—SONATE fur das pianoforte—componirt und ihrer Königlichen Hoheit der Frau Prinzessin von Preussen ehrfurthsvoll und unterthänigst gewidmet, von LEO KERBUSCH.

We have given the title in full. With regard to the sonata itself, we can only say that whoever advised Herr Kerbusch to print so crude an essay was a sorry counsellor. Herr Kerbusch is stated to be a pupil of Spohr. Perhaps the publication of this sonata of his disciple may have served to precipitate the retirement of the venerable *Altmeister* into private life.

“RONDO FROM MOZART'S QUINTET, No. 5,” arranged as a pianoforte duet by Joseph McMurdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Bachelor McMurdie would have rendered a still greater service to music-teachers had he arranged the whole of the E flat quintet, instead of only a single movement. What he has done, however, is done well. The rondo makes a charming duet, and the oftener it is played by young ladies, no less than by young gentlemen, the better for both.

“BRINLEY RICHARDS' COMPLETE TUTOR FOR THE PIANOFORTE.”

As it is the fashion now-a-days for almost every professor of eminence to publish an instruction-book, with his name to it (if it be not always of his own compiling), it would be strange were so popular a teacher as Mr. Brinley Richards without one. When we add that his “Tutor” is just as well considered and just as useful as nine out of ten of the elementary works we have been noticing for a dozen years past, we have said all that is necessary beyond noticing the fact of its appearance.

Of course, like all its predecessors, this book lays claim to something unprecedented and peculiar to itself, either in detail or in general arrangement; but if it be true that there is nothing new under the sun, we need scarcely look for novelty in a pianoforte tutor.

"BRINLEY RICHARDS' OCTAVE STUDIES"—for the Pianoforte. Dedicated to Cipriani Potter, Esq.

THESE studies—four in number—are not merely good for practice but attractive in themselves—*quand même*. The last more especially (in F minor) is one of the best compositions we remember to have seen from the pen of Mr. Richards.

"A SERIES OF SHORT PRELUDES"—for the Pianoforte—by Brinley Richards.

If preluding does not come by nature (like reading and writing—according to Dogberry) we doubt if it can ever be taught. Admitting the contrary, however, these short *jeux de doigts* of Mr. Richards, which embrace the keys most frequently in use, are as likely as anything we know of the sort to help the learner. In the preface there is a clause which requires explanation:—

"The second series consists of four chords. A variety of preludes are constructed upon these chords, but from their being *always the same*, they are easily retained in the memory."

Which—the preludes or the chords?

"IM WALD UND FLUR"—Troisième suite de "Promenades d'un Solitaire," pour le piano—à son ami, Walter Stewart Broadwood —par Stephen Heller (Op. 89).

From the six pieces comprised in this third series of the *Promenades d'un Solitaire* the admirers of M. Heller's music will, we think, be likely to select No. 1 in B flat, and No. 4 in G minor, as their favorites. Although there is no mistaking the hand that penned them, the strong indications of the composer's manner are accompanied by musical beauties of a high order, which will repay all the pains bestowed on mastering the difficulties they contain. The pastoral feeling is sustained throughout the first of these, in spite of its capricious changes of time, with great felicity. The style of the other is agitated and passionate, but it is planned just as largely and finished with a care as fastidious as its companion. Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 (in D minor, D major, F, and A) seem to have proceeded less freely from the pen of the composer, and, besides excess of mannerism, betray evidences of labour not perceptible in the two we have singled out for preference. They form, however, capital studies, and (like all M. Heller produces) present many interesting points of harmony and modulation. In these barren times anything written with such earnestness must be welcome to genuine amateurs.

"HIGHLAND JESSIE, THE HEROINE OF LUCKNOW." Song. Dedicated to Lady Havelock. Words by D. M. Aird. Music by T. Browne.

MR. AIRD and Mr. Browne, together, with the aid of some snatches of Scottish war tunes, have made a by no means ineffectual song out of the romantic episode of Jessie Browne. As the "profits" are to be given to the Indian Relief Fund, let us hope they may be considerable.

"BRAUTEOUS MORN." Song. Written by J. W. Barlow, Esq. Sung by Mrs. Enderssohn. Composed by Thomas Graham.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Barlow does make form rhyme with morn, his lines are really poetical and far beyond the common standard of such things. The music of Mr. Graham is laboured and somewhat dull; added to which there are several points demanding revision, as for example:—

besides a terrible engraver's error, which—on reference to page 8, line 2, bar 1—will be detected at a glance. Mr. Graham apparently writes with a serious intent to do his best; and for that reason we have considered his song worthy of criticism.

"LAND AND SEA" (words by J. C. Prince)—"THE KELPIE'S BRIDE" (words by A. Erskine Murray, Esq.)—Songs—Composed by J. Dürrner.

The first a barcarole, the second a legend—both charming—charming alike because their melodies are genial, and because their accompaniments betray the experienced hand and refined taste of a musician. We have no preference for one over the other, but admire them both—"The Kelpie's bride" for its expression, "Land and Sea" for its spontaneity. If our singers of chamber music would occasionally turn to such healthy unaffected songs as these, they would be enabled to vary their resources most agreeably.

"LES VÉPRES SICILIENNES"—for pianoforte, solus—edited by Rudolf Nordmann.

A regular feast for those lovers of Verdi's music who are players without being singers. The whole of the opera is here arranged, and effectively arranged, for a pair of hands—not a song, a dance, or a chorus omitted. Verdi does not lose so much by being stripped of his orchestral and *concertante* accessories as other masters who labour with greater assiduity at refining and elaborating their scores. He writes simply, and if we have his melodies under hand, the rest is scarcely missed. The *Vépres Siciliennes* forms No. 12 of "Standard Foreign Operas for piano solo," and is likely to prove, among other reasons for the one we have stated, as attractive as any of them.

No. 1, "REMEMBRANCE" (theme with variations.) No. 2, "CALISTA" (*chant de martyre*.) No. 3, "AUGUSTA" (*mélodie expressiée*.) No. 4, "RONDO CAVATINA" (*morceau de salon*), for the pianoforte. By William Schultes.

Of these elegant and highly-finished pieces we prefer the first and last—because, though neither more graceful nor better written than the others, they contain matter which may be accepted as the composer's own; whereas "Callista" and "Augusta" are merely the reflections of a type so worn that a fresh impression cannot easily be obtained from it.

The variations (No. 1) are not only excellent in themselves, but founded upon a really melodious theme, while their very moderate difficulty places them within reach of the great crowd of performers. The *morceau de salon* (No. 4) is more difficult, and on a much more extended plan. The idea upon which this brilliant little piece is "motivé" is extremely happy, and though somewhat diffusely elaborated and in some measure lost sight of in the *coda*, entitles Herr Schultes to the credit (now so rare) of having hit upon something new. The "Rondo-Cavatina," in short, is worth the attention of intelligent pianists, since it is not merely showy and effective, but sterling well-made music.

"OLD ENGLISH DITTIES," selected from Chappell's collection of "Popular Music of the Olden Time," arranged with symphonies and accompaniments by G. A. MACFARLEN. (Part 4.)

If the "popular music of the olden time" does not (in time) become "popular" once more, it is not the fault of Mr. W. Chappell, who, with his able colleague Mr. Macfarlen, is working so zealously to bring it into modern repute. The specimens of melody—genuine melody—which the present issue of this valuable series contains are as frequent and as striking as in any of its predecessors. Part 4 contains "The Queen of May," "Dulce Domum," "O, came you from Newcastle?" (the words

very skilfully completed, from a fragment—by the late Mr. Macfarren), “King John and the Abbot” (the old ballad judiciously compressed by Mr. Oxenford), “Dear Kitty,” “Light of Love,” “Cold and raw’s the wind without,” “Rouse thee, young knight,” “The Beggar-boy,” “Early one morning,” “Drink to me only with thine eyes,” “Come Lasses and Lads”—all good tunes, and some absolutely beautiful—tunes, indeed, which, in the present day, are seldom approached, much seldomer equalled, in geniality. The words to which five of these old tunes are set (from “Dear Kitty” to “The Beggar-boy” inclusive) are from the pen of Mr. John Oxenford. They belong to the highest order of lyric poetry, and we should like to quote them all for the benefit of our readers; but circumscribed space forbids, and we must be satisfied with one, for which we can find no other epithet than perfection:—

“Cold and raw’s the night without;
The winds, so loudly brawling,
Greet the winter with a shout,
And well he hears their calling.
A tent of clouds above their king
The busy winds are spreading:
The snow-flakes at his feet they fling,
A carpet for his treading.”

“Bright and warm’s the night within;
The log is burning clearly;
Well it answers yonder din,
By crackling loud and cheerly.
We gather closely round the fire;
The young of love are telling;
The old bring tales of goblins dire,
In haunted castles dwelling.”

“Silly souls are old and young,
And silly plans employ them;
Idle hopes can make them strong,
And idle fears annoy them.
I’m weary of the ceaseless talk,
Hate, love, and fear together;
So out at yonder door I’ll walk,
And meet the winter weather.”

It has for some time been a favourite belief with us that England possesses two unacknowledged poets of the first stamp—Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Oxenford. If Mr. Chappell continues to marry the early English tunes to such verses as theirs, while establishing his theory about the superior nature of the old melody, he will, unconsciously, upset the generally received doctrine of the supremacy of the old lyric poetry.

“VIENNA, NINA, ALLA BARCHETTA”—parole del Sig. Beneventano—musica composta da Antonio Giuglini.

A barcarolle, of the true Italian stamp, as melodious and free as if it had dropped from the pen of Donizetti, in one of his happiest moments. If Sig. Giuglini would study harmony with attention, who knows but he might end by composing as well as he sings?

LEONARDO LEO’S ARIA, “DIRTI BEN.”

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have to thank you for drawing my attention to some errors of the engraver, which I had overlooked when correcting the proof-sheets of the above-named air. The passage you have quoted should stand thus:—



and not as printed, thus:—



By again referring to the composition, you will at once perceive that the harmony is not incorrect, but that it is misplaced; that the semiquaver rest should have been erased, that the semiquaver line should not have extended beyond G, and that the chord in the bass should have been placed under the last notes in the treble. In my adaptation of the accompaniment to the pianoforte, I have implicitly followed Leonard Leo’s score (Walsh’s edition), which is remarkably rich for the period at which it was composed; for although introduced into England by Galuppi, in 1741, I believe that the air was written at a much earlier date, and was extracted from one of his then popular operas. I avail myself of this opportunity to remind you that Marc Antonio Bononcini, the composer of *Camilla*, the second opera after the Italian model performed in this country in 1706, was an elder brother of Giovanni Bononcini,* the famous rival of Handel, the “Tweedledum” of Swift, and the composer of the once popular *Griselda*, *Calphurnia*, *Astarte*, and the fine anthem performed at the funeral of the great Duke of Marlborough, his patron. The song, “Love leads to battle,” from *Camilla*, cannot fail to be interesting to the musical student, inasmuch as it represents the character of the Italian music so much sought after and admired by the English aristocracy about the end of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth centuries.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
CHARLES SALAMAN.

* M. Fétis, in his *Biographie*, makes out the composer of *Camilla* and the rival of Handel to be one and the same person—Giovanni Bononcini.—ED. M. W.

MENDELSSOHN’S “ELIJAH.”

Vienna.

THIS great work was performed on the 22nd December, a fact all the more worthy of our thanks, since, up to the present time, the execution of oratorios in Vienna has not satisfied, either in quantity or quality, even when the various obstacles had been taken into consideration, the most moderate expectations.

Despite many unsuccessful details, especially, for instance, the evident falling off of the second part, compared with the first, it has for years been clear to everyone, not influenced by frivolous party arguments that *Elijah*, as well as its predecessor, *St. Paul*, is about the greatest work in the way of oratorio, since the time of the great German contrapuntists.

Moreover, at the present day, Mendelssohn’s sacred works are, as it were, a protest in tone against the real or affected want of skill on the part of so many of the more modern artists, with whom the free right of subjectivity threatens to degenerate into the utmost madness of caprice.

Besides their absolute value, not the smallest part of the importance of Mendelssohn’s works lies, perhaps, in their connection with the proper course of the history of art.

With regard to the execution of the work, it was, by no means, free from blame. The choruses were flat; many a passage, long proved to be effective, was entirely lost, a result to which the unfavourable locality contributed. The solo parts were more satisfactorily rendered.

Mad. Louise Mayer sang the soprano part in an extremely animated manner; perhaps, indeed, her execution, in some passages too violent, was out of place. Herr Panzer was excellent.

The other solo parts were sustained by Madlle. Tipka, Herren Walter, Peschke and Sellner.—(Translated from the *Neue Wiener Musik Zeitung*.)

BURTON’S THEATRE, NEW YORK.—The engagement of Mr. C. Mathews at this theatre has been attended with the most brilliant success. To-night Mr. Mathews appears in a comedy called *The Dowager*.—*New York Times*, Dec. 21.

RACHEL.

WITHIN this week one of the subtlest and brightest intelligences that ever donned the frail garb of humanity has fled for ever from among us. Rachel is dead. She has fretted her brief hour upon the stage and now is heard no more. But in that brief hour to what a purpose has she bestirred her! What a splendour marked that swift meteor passage—what a wondrous crowd it lighted up of notable and solemn human shapes! In that brief hour with what a spendthrift hand did she scatter the wealth that was within her; how rich hath she left us in the memory of her great gifts; how poor in our regrets.

To look back on the manifestations of that life which has thus so furiously spun itself out in half the time allotted the droning herd of mankind—to count up, and bring before the mind's eye, the achievements crowded in that flash of existence, ended when ordinary mortals scarce bethink themselves the world has any task at all—is bewildering. The multitudinous thoughts and images, the throng of sights, sounds, and emotions, the great pageant of heroic living and suffering sweeping through every age, evoked in such a review, awaken a kindred commotion in the depths of the soul to that we experience when we gaze with Shelley at the visions in his *Triumph of Life*.

The ordinary biographer will probably find little enough to record in telling the story of this life, which, too, was a glorious triumph—a triumph of spiritual prowess over earthly dulness. When he has recounted that one great vicissitude, common alike in one degree or another to so many endowed with the perilous gift of genius—a mean and obscure childhood ushering in a youth radiant with the most dazzling and palpable glories the world has to give—there will remain but little to employ the colours rich in contrasting tones of such a writer's pallet. The Jew pedlar and his wife, wandering wretchedly in Switzerland, and the child born at Munf, in the canton of Argau, promisingly opens the tale; then the infant grown to a slim girl, with strange forehead and eyes, and deep-throated voice, haunting café doors in Paris with harmonious efforts in concert with elder sisters, gathering in a tin tray the harvest of coppers thereby fostered and ripened, and in such guise attracting the prophetic eye of a sagacious old professor of sacred music; then, after an interval of pupilage and instruction in so much of the arts of declamation and of feigning the passions as histrionic pedagogues, Pagnon, St. Aulaire and others, can impart; a false start at the Gymnase, a little twilight struggling, and then the full and lustrous dawn of a great genius in June, 1838, at the Théâtre-Français, critic Jules Janin playing chanticleer, and announcing the god-star with much shrill, clear, and effective crowing; but after, what shall the ready writer find to his hand, what pabulum for his descriptive pen; the remaining incidents are but a *caput mortuum*, a dull recital for which play-bills, newspaper critiques, and notes of travelling expenses must coldly furnish forth the staple.

On the other hand, leaving the Hebrew pedlar's phenomenon progeny, born at Munf, or elsewhere, with all the hap or mishape of her mortal condition, the changes and chequerings of her social status, could any one that has beheld and carefully noted the first creations of that plastic, life-giving spirit, Rachel, the tragic mime; watched the energetic workings, the daily, hourly growth, the ever-spreading conquests of that dauntless soul; conquests twofold over the rebellious frame through which and in which it wrought its purposes; over the intellectual and moral inertia hemming in like a dark chaotic desert her fructifying conceptions and radiating sympathies; could any one tell us how he had observed the gradual expansion, stage by stage, from the few electrifying touches in a comparatively rude sketch to the finished and perfect masterpiece in which each stroke is instinct with a separate world of thought and feeling, and, every part, while individually complete, subdued and correlated to the whole—he who could "such a tale unfold" would indeed be worth listening to and the only true biographer of the great actress. Her life had in truth, but these two ingredients, the mystic inward struggle known only to herself, and the outward fruit hung forth in the eye of day, for all to gaze at and for all to taste, and he that had the best chances and the keenest palate will have most to tell.

It has been the writer's fortune to have seen Rachel some

scores of times, from the earlier part of her career to her latest performances before her American voyage, and in most of the parts wherein she was chiefly distinguished, and in which she had bestowed all the wealth of her wondrous resources, all the fruits of her patient, minute, and searching study. Such opportunities, however productive of a rich and treasured store of thrilling resemblances, are quite inadequate to the doing full justice to so transcendent a genius, for which only such a thorough knowledge and study as is above alluded to of her entire career would form a sufficient basis. What, perhaps, would best of all illustrate, in as complete a way as the nature of the subject allows, the whole scope and result of her artist-life, would be the collected experiences of many minds of various tastes and sympathies, though all of the proper calibre and texture to receive with due force and amplitude the full impress of her mighty conceptions, at each stage in the maturity of her powers. Even such a cloud of witnesses, though they might hand down a reasonable assurance to posterity how surpassing an actress had been vouchsafed to this generation, could never convey an idea of the peculiar thralldom exercised over the minds and hearts of her auditors by her inspired creations.

If one should seek a single word that would best characterise the genius of Rachel, it would be—intensity. From the instant the eye fell on that slight, lithe, and nervous form, caught the dark lustre of that smouldering glance, noted the dignified poise of that graceful but portentous head upon the snake-like neck, the sense of concentrated power was experienced, and a sort of awe of expectation awakened. Then followed the low, clear, vibrating tones of that matchless voice, delivering every word with a penetrating accent, and imbued with a clearly defined expression, that struck at once the key-note of the whole character: the fascination was complete, and the hold over every sense and faculty of the spectator never relaxed through a whirl of stormy emotions, till he was left with a great tragic history written on every fibre of his being. The heights of sublimity were stormed, as it were, in a succession of vivid traits—lightning flashes that illumined the depths of the human soul, and darted about the pinnacles of heroic conception ere the pedantic and stilted declamation of the old school would have raised you an inch above the dead level of the weary work-a-day world. Wondrous, indeed, it was to see this fine fiery spirit—"of imagination all compact"—pour floods of warm glowing life, and real quivering emotion, into those cold, pompous, bewigged and befrizzled caricatures of the Greek tragic muse, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the French *Tragédie Classique*. With all the good-will in the world to support these monuments of its literary genius, France had subsided into, if not indifference, convenient silence on the subject, when the brilliant young pupil of the Conservatoire shed the lustre of her electric light on the neglected busts of Racine and Corneille, and for the time they might have smiled congratulations at each other at the revival of their pristine glories. It is questionable, however, whether the service she has rendered the old cause of French classic tragedy be not a very treacherous one, and whether the blaze which her genius lit up out of these old materials, winding round the cumbersome and heavy pillars of the Gallic temple of Melpomene, has not, now the fire is quenched for ever, left only a blackened and melancholy ruin.

It may be that some such feeling may have contributed to sharpen the spite with which, to the disgrace of the country she honored and adorned, every attempt has been made during the latter part of her career to decry the fame and question the genius of this consummate tragedian. With her, Tragedy has departed; she has sealed up the old classic *répertoire* and not one great work has sprung up contemporaneously to do honour to this supreme mistress of her art. Let us hope that France will be softened by the mournfully premature loss of one who so long sustained and brought to its zenith the glory of her stage, and that she will repent and atone for the foul detractions of the past by doing signal justice to the bright career and marvellous achievements of Rachel. Would our Shakspere had been vouchsafed so congenial an interpreter; but, alas! 'tis much to be feared that, "Take her for all in all, we ne'er shall see the like of her again."

READING—(From a Correspondent).—A delightful concert was given here on Monday evening, under the auspices of Mr. Charles Braham, a universal favourite in this neighbourhood. The party of singers was small but efficient, and their various efforts were received with enthusiasm by a crowded audience. Signora Fumagalli (from the Opera Buffa, St. James's Theatre) created a *furore*. This lady is an accomplished concert-singer, which she proved by her brilliant vocalisation in "Ah fors è lui," from the *Traviata*, and again by the expressive simplicity with which she sang the ballad of "The Convent Cell" (in English). Signor di Giorgi (Opera Buffa), the barytone, pleased immensely in "Il balen" (*Trovatore*), and was encored in the duet, "La ci darem," with Signora Fumagalli. In a trio from Verdi's *Lombardi*, the same artists, assisted by Mr. Charles Braham as tenor, were immensely applauded. Mr. Braham himself was in great favour. "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balfe), the "Death of Nelson," and the "Bay of Biscay," were all sung with admirable energy and feeling by this gentleman, and all encored unanimously. One of the most successful pieces in the programme was the duet, "Parigi, o cara," from the *Traviata*, which was given with genuine tenderness and expression by Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Charles Braham. Signor Vianesi undertook the duties of pianist and conductor, and performed them in a highly satisfactory manner. The audience left the concert-room thoroughly gratified with the treat afforded them. A second concert is to take place shortly, for which the tickets are "going off" with unexampled rapidity.

WALLINGFORD—(From a Correspondent).—The Fumagalli-Braham party gave a capital entertainment here, on Tuesday evening, which attracted a very large audience. The programme was varied and interesting. Signora Fumagalli sang admirably, and was loudly encored, both in an air from the *Traviata* and a ballad from the *Rose of Castile*. Signor di Giorgi was awarded a flattering share in the honours of the evening, and gave a romance from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla* with such marked effect that he was encored by the whole audience. Encores, in short, were the order of the day, and Mr. Charles Braham, who gave some of his popular songs with remarkable animation, had a lion's share of them. Signor Vianesi, the conductor, made the best of a very queer piano, and showed himself a musician in spite of difficulties. The concert was so successful that another is already announced.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, January 11th, 12th, and 13th, Mr. BUCKSTONE will appear in the comedy of *A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE*. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 14th, 15th, and 16th, in the comedy of *SINGLE LIFE*. To commence every evening at 7 o'clock. After which, a new grand comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE SPITEFUL FAIRY*. The scenery by Mr. William Calcott. Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leclercq; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloona, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louise Leclercq.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking) 6s. each. FIRST PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. SECOND PRICE.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. PRIVATE BOXES, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. TUESDAY and THURSDAY, HAMLET. SATURDAY, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS; and the Pantomime every Evening.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL. Physician to their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia.—PHYSICAL AND NATURAL MAGIC, without the aid of any Apparatus, TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening at 8. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. PRIVATE BOXES, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with THE TRAGEDY QUEEN. After which the new extravaganza of THE DOGE OF DURALTU. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, the 2nd and 3rd acts of the GREEN BUSHES. After which HARLEQUIN AND THE LOVES OF CUPID AND PSYCHE. Harlequin, Miss Marie Wilton; Columbine, Miss Mary Keeley; Punchinello, Mr. Le Barr; Clown, Mr. Henderson; Pantaloona, Mr. Beckingham.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. On Monday and during the week to commence with the grand gorgeous Christmas Comic Pantomime called *GEORGE PORGY PUDDING AND PIE: OR, HARLEQUIN DADDY LONG LEGS*. To conclude with THE WATTS, in which Mrs. R. Hooper will perform. Morning Performances every Monday at Half-past Twelve.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. T.—*The prospectus of the Cologne Music School can only be had (so far as we know) by application direct to Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Conservatorium, Cologne.*

TENOR.—*The letter of our correspondent is an advertisement.*

MENDELSSOHNIAN.—*Elijah was first performed at the Birmingham Festival in September, 1846; St. Paul at the Dusseldorf Rhenish Festival in 1836 (May).*

INQUIRER.—*We do not keep a "penny-a-liner," but we keep "Old Truepenny"—a liner.*

DIED.

Recently, at Devonshire-street, Portland-place, the wife of G. A. Osborne, Esq.

ERRATA.—In the verses headed "Try it again"—last line of first verse—for

read "If foiled in the conflict—Try it again,"

In first line of third verse, for

read "Over the high foaming ocean,"

"O'er," &c.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1858.

THE rapidity with which a new Covent Garden is rising from the spot where the old theatre was reduced to ashes leaves no room for doubt that the coming season will once more see London provided with two enormous establishments for the exhibition of foreign talent. The question of their expediency is closely connected with that of their probable success or failure; and it is impossible now, whichever way inclination may point, to avoid a serious consideration of the subject.

Are two theatres for the performance of Italian operas in the Italian language necessary, even in a metropolis so vastly populated as London? Opinion leans pretty generally to the negative, and, we think, on good grounds. It is no use indulging in the Utopian dream of a friendly rivalry between two houses, the rise of one of which is the fall of the other—and vice versa, just as (according to the *Gazette de France*) "England's misfortunes are France's opportunity." Nor is it a bit more sensible to expect that the two managers shall play into each others' hands, and rigidly adhere on either side to a stated repertory. Their interests are diametrically opposed. The repertory which brought the "fashion" to one theatre would instantly and naturally be adopted by the other.

It is all very well to tell the managers of the Royal Italian Opera that the "Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse" is the mine from which to dig up their resources; and that Meyerbeer, with an occasional reference to Auber or Halévy, and two or three of the German "classics" to vary, would make a programme complete at all points. The

managers of the Royal Italian Opera will laugh in their sleeves. As well might their own adherents (with a sly wink) advise the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre to stick to Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti—leaving Mozart and *Don Giovanni* to the house in Bow-street. Any such compromise is out of reason; neither party would be satisfied; nor would it conciliate the public. When there are two Italian Operas the public will patronise most liberally the one which offers the greatest variety of temptations. Few will be found to subscribe to both.

One question, then, is disposed of. On the score of expediency two Italian Operas are not required. A subscriber to either will expect to hear all that can be heard through this particular medium. He will require his *Barbiere* as well as his *Huguenots*, his *Don Giovanni* as well as his *Guglielmo Tell*; and the prospectus which sets forth the largest number of attractions will decide him in the choice of a theatre. If the repertoires could be separated, each establishment devoting itself exclusively to one, the existence of two Italian lyric theatres might not only be tolerable, but advantageous; but common-sense shows us that this is wholly impracticable; and the sequel leads to the inevitable conclusion that one foreign opera is enough to satisfy all demands.

A similar train of argument tends to establish the fact that not only are two Italian Operas inexpedient and unnecessary, so far as the public interests are concerned, but that their combined success is improbable, if not indeed impossible. There is a condition attaching to the relationship of the public with public amusements which cannot safely be ignored, but which, nevertheless, is almost invariably overlooked in the discussion of such matters. In the course of a twelvemonth, it may reasonably be insisted, every member of the community can afford to spend a certain sum of money, and no more, upon simple recreation. The class to which money is no object is a very restricted one, and does not affect the argument. The result arrived at, then, is that the gross public represents a given sum, to be laid out annually in out-of-doors entertainments, and that this sum only varies according to circumstances, showing on the whole, as years are compared with each other, an average from which deductions may fairly be made. Into whose pockets this annual sum may be emptied depends upon many things—upon strange and unforeseen phenomena, upon fashion, and not the least upon caprice; but once exhausted no more remains to be spent. None of us have forgotten the first year of Jenny Lind, when the public paid so much to hear one songstress, that scarcely anything was left in hand for contemporaneous attractions. As in the metropolis so it was in the provinces. The money was invested in "The Swedish Nightingale;" other nightingales sang, and other lions roared, to vacant benches—or to houses packed with "orders." And yet it was generally admitted that the performances at Covent Garden, where Jenny Lind did not sing, were artistically superior to those at Her Majesty's Theatre, where Jenny Lind did sing. But, as out of a pig's ear cannot be made a satin purse, so out of a public no longer "flush" the manager of ever so grand an establishment cannot be expected to make a fortune. The "given sum" was bestowed upon Jenny Lind, and there was not a *sou* for any one else. At that mad period even Rachel's *prestige* suffered!

It is unnecessary to elucidate in detail the theory we have suggested, to which, after a moment's reflection, our readers

will, we are convinced, attach quite as much credit as ourselves. It is notorious that an ordinary man spends so much and no more on his amusements, just as he spends so much and no more upon his dress. Whichever way the tide of success may flow matters little; when the money is disbursed the game is played out, and until next year's income brings a fresh supply, is not likely to be renewed.

In these speculations let it be clearly understood we are not holding forth as partisans of either Italian Opera, being satisfied that, as both cannot prosper, so the chances in the end will be for the one that is managed with the greatest talent, energy and judgment. Nor are we urged at this moment by another consideration which might reasonably influence us while contemplating the subject from a wholly different point of view—that of simple patriotism. Neither the "old house," nor the "new house," nor the vexed question of native talent against foreign mediocrity, has anything to do with the argument just now. We are merely endeavouring to show that the co-existence of two Italian operas is neither a public requirement nor a benefit to the rival speculators. The fact, nevertheless, stares us in the face that we shall once again be called upon to record the doings and compare the merits of antagonistic establishments; and if, in the conscientious performance of a by-no-means agreeable duty, we are not at any time actually disposed to exclaim, with Mercutio—"A plague on both your houses!"—it is highly probable we shall register more than one vow that, some fine morning, Mr. Lumley or Mr. Gye may adopt the resolution of abandoning foreigners, and setting up a *National English Opera*, with Alfred Mellon as director.

If the Italian Operas of the present day were worthy of the name, we should, perhaps, have less right to complain; but surely two theatres for the representation of *Il Trouvatore* and *La Traviata* are too many by one.

THE death of Rachel will not be the less deplored because it had been for some time anxiously expected. There is always a hope to the last; and the accounts received from Cannes, from time to time, were rather encouraging than otherwise. The idea of ever beholding the incomparable tragedian on the stage again was hardly entertained, even by her most enthusiastic admirers; but still there was a cherished notion that she might be spared, to form the centre of a social circle, which, having witnessed her triumphs and testified to her glory, would know how to appreciate her. This has, however, been dissipated. Rachel is gone to her last home, and another of that gifted race, which has shed so bright a radiance upon art, is lost to art and to the world. Since Felix Mendelssohn, no so great a genius has been snatched away from us as Rachel Felix.

How consummate an artist was Rachel is shown by the fact that she not merely excelled all other professors of the histrionic art, but restored an effete dramatic literature. To speak in metaphor, she raised the dead. The stately tragedies of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire had long mouldered in oblivion, when Rachel brought them once more to light, and once more, in the person of the inspired Jewess, their forgotten creations became things of life—to strike terror, raise emotion, open the flood-gates of the heart, shake the soul, and purify it. Racine and Corneille, from the oracular lips of Rachel, admonished the age of its frivolity; and it is creditable to the French nation that, during her short but dazzling reign, the name of Rachel should have exercised a more solid and unvarying influence

than that of any other performer of the day. *Phèdre*, *Andromaque*, the *Horaces*, *Polyeucte*, were restored to their high places, and the rhapsodies of the romantic school sunk to insignificance before such stern and rigid purity. With Rachel, however, the drama of the French classic period will disappear again—perhaps for ever, since another Rachel is impossible, and less than a Rachel would be impotent to sustain them. The stage has not only been deprived of its brightest ornament, but the polished literature of the stage of its main support. Of course the loss of the illustrious actress will be most severely felt in her own country, where she was a living and a constant example; but, by all who regard with veneration the loftiest manifestations of art, her death will be looked upon as a universal calamity.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday *Lucia di Lammermoor* was produced, the three principal characters being sustained by Mdlle. Piccolomini, Signors Giuglini and Belletti. There was a crowded house. Nothing but the highest praise can be bestowed upon Mdlle. Piccolomini's acting as Lucia. The scenes of the malediction and the madness were equally powerful and natural. Signor Giuglini's Edgar is remarkable for energy no less than for exquisite singing. In the famous "maledizioni" he displayed more than his usual vigour, while the pathos of the last scene could scarcely have been surpassed. Signor Belletti was Enrico, and stoned for any amount of histrionic deficiency by admirable singing.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore* was repeated, with a new singer, Mdlle. Sauzier, in the part of Azucena. The *débutante* achieved a fair success. She possesses dramatic perception, and is evidently no novice on the stage. She has a good contralto voice, and sings with feeling, but her voice, from nervousness, is not always under her control.

On Wednesday, Twelfth-day, Mr. Lumley had the temerity to open his theatre and invite the public to leave their cakes and Christmas trees to hear *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Maria is one of Mdlle. Piccolomini's most original personations. She looks the *vivandière* to the life; her vivacity and animal spirits are never-failing; and everybody knows what an irresistible effect she produces in the first act, when she takes leave of her friends, the soldiers, not to mention other passages in the opera which she sings with so much point and expression. On this occasion, Signor Luchesi made his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Tonio. This gentleman was for some time a member of the Royal Italian Opera, and won for himself an honourable name as a tenor of the pure Rossinian school. He created a highly favourable impression in *Matilda di Shabran* and the *Comte Ory*, and occasionally was substitute for Mario in the *Barbiere*. Signor Luchesi is a thoroughly well-trained artist and no indifferent actor; so that Mr. Lumley may congratulate himself on a real acquisition. The part of Tonio presents but few opportunities of display; nevertheless, Signor Luchesi, by his artistic singing and easy, unaffected acting, gave unqualified satisfaction. Signor Belletti is one of the best representatives of Serjeant Sulpizio we have seen.

After the *Figlia*, the last act of *La Favorita* was given, with Mademoiselle Spezia, Signor Giuglini and Signor Vialetti. Signor Giuglini sang "Spirto gentil" with his accustomed effect, and was unanimously encored. The duet "Vien tutti obbligo" was forcibly rendered, by Mademoiselle Spezia and Signor Giuglini. A strong word of praise is also due to Signor Vialetti, for his execution of the music of Baldassare.

The novel experiment of a winter opera has thus been attended with complete success. With artists like Piccolomini, Spezia, and the "golden-voiced" tenor, Giuglini, it is no wonder. The *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and *Figlia*, are to be repeated this week, and we hear that an Italian version of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* is in rehearsal.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

The new home of the Royal Italian Opera is rapidly approaching completion. The façade in Bow-street seems to be almost complete, and the side walls are so nearly finished, as to justify the raising of the first great girder—sixteen are to support the roof. These girders, which are what are called lattice-girders, are all of wrought iron, and weigh each somewhere about sixteen tons. The workmen have commenced the erection of a scaffold of frame-work, composed of great beams of timber, upon which the purchase is to be erected, by means of which this enormous mass of iron is to be raised to the top of the walls, and placed in its proper position. As the span of these girders is ninety feet, an idea may easily be formed of the extent of the roof which is about to be erected, without any support from beneath, save the boundary walls.

The interior semicircles of brickwork, from which the several tiers of boxes are to spring, are finished, and the workmen are now busy at the back wall, which yet wants a good many feet of its proper altitude. The area, although now nearly filled with scaffolding and long derrick poles, piles of brick, waggons, and horses, and workmen passing to and fro, may yet be seen to be of great extent; but the visitor is surprised when he is told that the foot-lights will cut this whole space exactly in two, and that a full half of the inclosure in the centre of which he stands will be devoted to the stage and its appendages. Standing also, as he does, on *terra firma*, and at a very little lower level than that of the street outside, he will feel, perhaps, rather astonished when his attention is called to a white line painted about half-way up the wall, and he is told that at that high level the Marios and Grisis and Lablaches of the day will sing and strut their hour for the entertainment of the fashionable world. There will be fewer tiers of boxes, and fewer boxes in each tier, than in the late theatre, the object of Mr. Gye being to afford greater space and better accommodation to his patrons, even although at the cost of considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The pit will be ten feet wider, the same increase being given to the stage: and, by a judicious alteration in the design, everyone in the house will be enabled to see the stage without stretching out, a process which often fearfully disarranges the cravats of the polite cavaliers who generally occupy the back chairs in an opera-box. The box company having passed through the vestibule, will find themselves in a very spacious "crush-room," and from thence there will be new and unusual facilities for ingress and egress—a most important provision, when we remember the accidents to which buildings of this kind are liable. Great improvements will be made in the scenic arrangements—amongst others the erection of an extensive painting-room, 90 feet by 40, and the abolition of the old-fashioned "flys," the effect of the latter innovation being to facilitate the exhibition of spectacle to an extent hitherto unknown in our theatres. Lastly, in almost every case, the use of iron will be substituted for wood, and every other precaution taken to render the building as nearly fire-proof as possible. The works, which commenced on the 29th of September last, have been carried on with great rapidity, and in their present aspect afford every prospect of being finished by the 1st of May, on which day Mr. Gye is bound by his contract to open the theatre. There are about 300 men daily at work on the walls and roof, and simultaneously the Messrs. Lucas's large factory, at Lowestoft, is fully employed on the interior fittings, while all the ironwork is being constructed at the foundry of Messrs. Grissell. It is obvious that progress may in the same way be made with the scenery and decorations, so that as we approach the end of the work the rate of progress will exhibit what, were we not aware of the above particulars, would appear to be almost a magical acceleration. Under all these favorable circumstances we may fairly anticipate that an early day will see Mr. Gye comfortably installed in his newly-erected lyric temple, and we trust rewarded by that amount of patronage on the part of the public to which his energy and unwearied exertions for their amusement so justly entitle him.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*The Creation* was performed last night, and Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance this season. Miss Louisa Vining and Mr. Santley were the other singers. The Hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

MADAME VIARDOT IN POLAND.

(From the Special Correspondent of the *Courier de Paris*.)

Warsaw, 17th December.

At all times, as you know, our eyes have been turned towards France. We applaud your success and glory, and your pleasures are ours. We share especially your taste for the stage. You will not, therefore, be surprised at learning that the great event of the day is the arrival of Madame Pauline Viardot amongst us. Last Sunday, December the 13th, Prince Gortschakoff entertained in his palace all the rank and fashion of Warsaw with a concert, of which, so to speak, Madame Viardot was the whole and sole attraction. She sang on the occasion the grand air from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, two pieces from *Le Prophète*, and some Russian airs. We may observe that the performance of the opera of *Le Prophète* is prohibited at Warsaw.

This eminent artist will give twelve performances here. She made her *début* on the 15th in *Norma*. She will appear in *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, *La Sonnambula*, *L'Elixir d'Amore*, *Il Trovatore*, and, perhaps, *La Juive*, which we here call the *Hebreia*.

I was fortunate enough to obtain a place at the performance of *Norma*. The promises of the playbill were so attractive that a great many people were obliged to remain at home that evening, very much disappointed that they had not secured a stall or a box a week beforehand. For the moment all anxiety respecting the financial crisis was forgotten; the places had been raised in the proportion of ten to three. The fair vocalist's success was immense. Every one was delighted by the power of her voice, by her marvellous facility, by her vocal science, pushed to the utmost limits of art, and by her dramatic talent, which is beyond all praise. In speaking thus, I am simply the echo of our musical critics. A shower of bouquets overwhelmed Malibran's emulator and sister, who was called forward as often as ten times in the course of the evening.

I must mention one more fact, equally honourable to Madame Viardot and the management of our lyric theatre. No contract bound the fair singer and the management before the first performance. The day after that brilliant display, the management offered Mad. Viardot the sum of two thousand francs, inquiring, at the same time, whether she thought a similar amount sufficient for each of the following representations.

Warsaw, 26th December.

As far as our internal administration is concerned, I have nothing important to tell you, and, as we are not allowed to busy ourselves with politics, all our activity is directed towards artistic enjoyments. The press continues to devote its attention almost exclusively to Mad. Pauline Viardot, and to celebrate her triumphs. Mad. Viardot really deserves the enthusiastic reception we have given her. It is true that nowhere, perhaps, except in Italy, is artistic talent so warmly applauded as in Poland and Russia.

The second representation of *Norma* excited even more enthusiasm than the first. The lady's voice was still more supple and powerful. She was rapturously recalled, eleven times, in the course of the evening. The performance of *Il Barbiere* was even more brilliant.

After the performance, Prince Cantacuzène was sent by Prince Gortschakoff to invite Madame Pauline Viardot to take tea in the Governor-General's box, where she was *feted* by the cream of the court and the nobility.

Places fetch a fabulous price; a box, for instance, is worth five-and-twenty silver roubles.

BRADFORD—(From a Correspondent).—On Wednesday night, St. George's Hall was filled with upwards of 3,000 persons, who attended to listen to an excellent concert given by M. Jullien and his unrivalled band. Mad. Grisi was the vocalist, and a finer *artiste* the world does not even now possess. She charmed her auditors with her delicious rendering of two or three English ballads, and with her inimitable Italian vocalism. The band, as usual, played with a spirit and *entrain* which have secured a justly deserved popularity for M. Jullien. Several encores were given, and a rare treat was enjoyed by the large audience.

HERR FORMES AT NEW YORK.

HERR FORMES, in spite of a "cold," has made an evident sensation, and given rise to a multitude of criticisms—all more or less favourable. Some are diverting to a degree. One, from the *New York Atlas*—which might be headed "*American Views of Herr Formes and of the American Race*, by an American lady enamoured of the one and absorbed in the other," is worth quoting as a curiosity:

"To return to my visit to the Academy of Music—on Monday last—I was overwhelmed with that establishment, for I had never truly appreciated it before. A beautiful commodious entrance, gentlemanly and intelligent ushers, to whom it is a pleasure to address one's self, beautiful broad corridors brilliantly lighted, where we neither crush or are crushed by our neighbours; and then the interior, who ever saw such an adorably beautiful house, with its flush of crimson velvet and gold and pure white, and its wilderness of marble toiling beneath the weight of its glittering galleries, and its whole star-field of soft and splendid light flashing away into the utmost recesses, striking like sunlight upon the brows of the Herculean marbles, and then rolling up from pillars and columns to overflow the dome above? Then the stage effects, the number of the choruses, the liberal and appropriate manner in which they were costumed, the beauty and large effectiveness of the scenery, and above all, that ballet scene, in which the calm sad splendour of a moonlight seemed really to be rolling around and brightening up the massive and shadowy columns.

"And then the artists, ah! dear Formes, ah! cruel Carl, knowest thou of the ravages thou art doomed to work in our susceptible hearts? dost thou smile that we may weep? dost thou sing to make us victims of a hopeless love?

"But apart from jesting,* I think the said Formes incalculably the best actor I have ever seen upon the lyric stage. As Bertram, the demoniac beauty of his expression, his dramatic accent in singing, together with the terrible energy of his histrionic effects, almost persuaded me that he was Dante's friend in person, otherwise his majesty from below, did I not know that in that case he would not have dared to sing in a theatre in the neighbourhood of which was located the Church of the Holy Zebra. However, in laudation of Mr. Formes, it is useless to exert my inefficient voice, his admirers are so numerous, that alone they could storm a fort like Sebastopol, and take it. It was with great pleasure, too, that I again saw Madame La Grange, that queen of the lyric art, whose talent is only equalled by her intelligence; she is one of the few great artists now in the world; in these days of small voices, small acting, small conceptions, an artist like La Grange is above all price and valuation.

"I have but two more remarks to make, the first with regard to the wonderfully moderate charges to which the managers of the Academy of Music have reduced the price of admission. The sum of one dollar (five francs) will but just secure to you a seat in the meanest and most unclean little antediluvian theatre in Paris, and for that price here you have secured to you an admirable place in the most beautiful, richest, and most commodious theatre in the world. The liberality of the management has no counterpoise on record, but it is hardly necessary to add any more extended remarks upon that subject, when it is known that it is conducted by such men as Ullman, and Payne, and Thalberg. For the second remark, it relates to a subject which I have particularly at heart—namely, *the superior beauty of the American race, of both sexes*. Although I am a secret admirer of the beauty of the American gentlemen, I am much too modest this morning to come to any immediate terms, so I will restrict myself to the grateful subject of the ladies. I, for my own part, was completely dazzled by the amount and startling quality of their beauty, such fine and distinguished heads, such flashing eyes, such carnation bloom upon lips and cheeks, such shining whiteness of complexion. *I pitied the young gentlemen of susceptible bosoms*; fortunately they see it all their lives, and get used to it, otherwise business would become impossible, and the old days of knighthood and chivalry would agitate the world. Perhaps one reason why the American ladies are superior in their beauty to all other nations under the sun, is the fact that in our own country—where comparatively women are not slaves, where they receive good educations—they are allowed to think and to feel, and are treated by men as reasonable beings. The American race has its faults—heaven help it—but it is still the best race I know. May the propitious gods smile upon the stars and stripes, whenever they float over this unfortunate world, and to that glorious colour let us all unite our voices to cry *Esto perpetua!*"

* "Many a true word—" The lady must fill up the blank.—ED. M. W.

Pray, reader, don't miss a line of the foregoing. Peruse the whole of it—from "Cruel Carl" to the "beauty of American gentlemen," "susceptible bosoms" and "stars and stripes"—or the loss will be yours.

Herr Formes has also made his appearance in oratorio. The *Creation* was the work selected for the first sacred performance at the Academy of Music. Madame La Grange (in part 3), Miss Milner (in parts 1 and 2), and Mr. Perring were the other singers. The execution generally, by the members of the New York Harmonic Society and the chorus of the Academy, seems to have been mediocre. Mr. Bristow (the Pyne-Harrison *nonpareil*) was chorus master, and Herr Anschez (Mr. Jarrett's exportation from *Waterland*) conductor. We can only make room for a very short extract from the *New York Herald's* report:—

"No oratorio has ever been given here with such *éclat*, and the audience was fully equal to the occasion. The house was crowded in every part, at opera prices. Many of the most eloquent divines in the city lent their aid to the affair, and appeared in the house. The religious community came out in force, and almost every musician and amateur of note in the city was present. The stage was replaced by an elevated platform, upon which the solo singers, chorus, and orchestra appeared; and the arrangements throughout were exactly like those for the great musical solemnities at Exeter Hall, London—the solo singers and conductor of the orchestra; behind them on either side the female choristers; in the rear the men; and in the centre, the orchestra, with the organ at the back. Mr. Formes, Miss Milner, and Mr. Perring—who are oratorio singers by profession—distinguished themselves greatly. Miss Milner sang "With verdure clad," and "On mighty wings," admirably. Mr. Perring added to the favourable impression he has made here. The same admirable qualities were noticeable in the singing of Mr. Formes, who, although he had not quite recovered from the effects of his recent illness, sung even better than in the Opera, and carried off a large part of the honours of the night.

From the *New York Times* the following is an excerpt:—

"The *début* of Mr. Formes, as a singer in oratorio, was an event which excited a natural curiosity; and to that strong human feeling is attributable, in great measure, the crowded state of the house. Perhaps there should be added to this the eligible opportunity afforded to a large class of conscientious persons to hear and see the musical notabilities of the time, without violation of their principled opposition to operatic and theatrical performances. Let the cause of the crowd be as it may, the fact that an oratorio has drawn a New York audience of four thousand, is conclusive proof of this experiment at the Academy. There could not be a greater contrast than that between Formes in oratorio and in opera—physiognomically and physically, as well as musically. His diabolism in *Bertram* subsides into an air of profound and sober respectability and solemnity in *Raphael*. In point of fact, the opera *habitée* found it not a little difficult to recognise, at a glance, in the clean-shaven and stately clerical gentleman who walked gravely forward and made his bow, the be-cloaked and bearded evil-genius of Robert. The metamorphosis was complete. The reputation of the great basso received a fresh indorsement. His recitative was admirable, and his rendering of the air, 'Roaming in Foaming Billows,' brought down a vigorous encore."

Thus, it would seem, the German singer is safely launched in the sea of public favour. Mr. Ullman seems to have "worked" Herr Formes with greater success than he did poor Madame Frezzolini. We observe that another *bonne-bouche* is in store for the Yankees. The "fat, fair, and —y" Mad. Caradori is a passenger by the "Canada," and is already secured for the highly to be envied "Academy." How we in London are to get on without her is a problem.

DR. MARK and his young pupils have been playing during the week at Stockport, Stalybridge, Wilmot, Liverpool, and Warrington. The following note, received by Dr. Mark, from M. Jullien, conveys the great musician's opinion of the acquirements of the "Little Men" in musical knowledge:—

"Queen's Hotel, Manchester, 4th January, 1858.

"I have heard with the greatest pleasure the children under the direction of Dr. Mark, and, as it is just to judge by the results, I think that his system of elementary instruction merits the attention of persons who occupy themselves seriously with this important national question of universal education. It is with the greatest pleasure I give this testimonial to Dr. Mark."—*Manchester Examiner*.

LITERARY SCHOOLS.

To the *Editor of the Musical World*.

SIR.—Mr. Thackeray's allusion to the subject of Schools in his speech at the Commercial Travellers' Dinner, followed as it was by a leading article in *The Times*, very shrewdly tracing the present high charges of education to what a vulgar person would call the extra two-pence a-week for manners, seems very likely to open a discussion on the conditions of middle-class education, which I trust will end to the advantage of Paterfamilias and the improvement of Squeers. I should be very sorry, however, if this was the only good that was to follow from the words uttered that night by the renowned chairman of the bagmen's feast. It cannot be, indeed, but that those words which seemed to sound forth from that particular cell in the mysterious caverns of his soul, where the great wizard of London keeps the amiable spirit of Pendennis, must have found an immediate, distinct, and ringing echo in the hearts of that class whom they challenged to emulate the achievement of the commercial gentlemen. "Why," said the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nobly speaking in a catholic spirit for the "gentlemen of the line," and pointing to the flourishing educational establishments instituted and sustained by the "gentlemen of the road,"—"why cannot we do something of the kind for ourselves?"

I feel assured that this simple question, urging so noble a suggestion, must have sounded like a trumpet-blast when heard—must have flashed up in letters of light, when read—by those claiming to rank in the great legion to whom it was addressed. Alas! must it in truth be confessed? I am equally assured that the bright hope, the happy vision, which at that hint sprang up, all but realised in the sanguine and fertile brains of Pendennis' brethren, sank down again as the next moment's reflections enveloped in clouds of misgiving and despondency. "Have not," will the unlucky "gentlemen of the time" exclaim with a sigh, "have not we tried ere this to do something for ourselves, and miserably failed? while almost every other profession or trade have their spontaneous institutions for mutual assistance and support, insuring due provision for their orphans and widows, nothing of the kind, when proposed for our benefit, has ever been heartily taken up and carried out. There is no cohesion among us; our 'line,' alas, is a rope of sand, and will support nothing."

No doubt this barren blank and gloom with which they are thus tempted to leave a subject that seemed at first so teeming, is justified by the main experience of the past, though only, I trust, when superficially viewed. I do firmly think that, if as must be admitted, there is in the highly susceptible natures of the literary class a decided tendency to yield to many capricious and inadequate causes of division and disunion, very little has hitherto been done to neutralise or counteract this characteristic. When the world of authorship threw off the degrading tyranny of noble patronage, it did not immediately acquire independence, but fell under the control of oligarchies; and the formation of *cliques*, with, at their head, one or two names invested with the prestige of success, and sworn to the principle *À nos amis, nul n'aura de l'esprit*, imposed a system of domination scarcely less oppressive or humiliating. Of both these the modern literary man preserves an instinctive and deep-rooted abhorrence; he will not endure the condescending and cold-blooded patronage of nobility; he rebels fiercely against the imperious dictation and covert malignity of a coterie. Unhappily the "republic of letters" is as yet an unrealised name, for one of these old enemies of literary liberty still holds considerable sway. Clique, undoubtedly, and powerful ones, doing much mischief each in its sphere, we have yet among us, though I am not going to take upon myself the invidious task and perilous office of pointing them out: and though that noisome fungus, the epistle dedicatory, bred in the corrupt warmth of elemosinary guineas, is an extinct species, and no longer served up at the tables of the nobility, the sickly smiles of lowly patronage still ripen a kind of parasitical cryptogram in the saloons of Belgravia and Mayfair which perpetuates the ancient taint and imparts it to the whole body literary, greatly to the disgust of its more aspiring and self-dependent members.

I am for my part, and for the present, convinced that had these deterring influences—bugbears call them if you will—been sedulously removed out of sight or suspicion when schemes akin to that proposed by Mr. Thackeray have been set a-foot, literary men would not form an exception as they do now to the mass of other professions and callings in this respect. Let the attempt to carry out the very timely and useful suggestion of the author of the *Virginians* have a thoroughly democratic origin—spring from the comparatively undistinguished herd of toilers in the field of literature; let the business be entrusted to a few of these who once distinguished for their habits of business—and the class of authors is really not so devoid of these as the reader's

sneer would infer, and if the thing be done at once the good ship of which Mr. Thackeray may be said to have laid out the lines in his speech will be launched and fairly afloat ere that remarkable product of practical genius, the Leviathan, is many inches nearer that desired end. It will be no harm if Mr. Thackeray himself summoned the first meeting, and were invited to preside over it. He has neither instituted nor suffered to form round him any clique, and he has earned a vast amount of respect by the stern and rugged independence with which he has steered his own course, obedient only to the voice that was within him, spurning to court the "most sweet voices" of the multitude, or fill his sails with the breath of a popular cry, and riding no special hobby of his own. Patiently working out his great task of producing a faithful portraiture of the society of his day, viewed not only by its own light, but in its affiliation and contrast with the immediate past, and regardless how he might be decimating the number of his readers, ever writing up to his own standard, not down to their powers of appreciation, for he prefers to give away his guineas that one at least may get a good dinner and a bottle of wine, rather than change it into coppers to throw for a scramble in the crowd, that many may get a savoy or a glass of gin. These moral qualities are likely to rob Mr. Thackeray's presidency over the desired movement of any scaring or disquieting effect, and render them, on the contrary, a guarantee against all one-sided and overbearing influences. There are practical difficulties, which I have not touched on, necessarily involved in the scheme, and one is formulating an exact definition of a literary man, which will exclude mere dabblers and amateurs, &c.; for were all who rush into print, or even who systematically produce books, to claim the benefits of the proposed institution, Mr. Thackeray's "Literary Men's Schools," no subscription would be large enough, nor human power of organisation sufficient to embrace so vast a scope.

Claiming your support for a cause in which you must feel a strong interest, and hoping that these crude remarks may help to set the ball a-going, I leave the field to more practical heads and more able advocates.

OLD TRUPPENY.

LEEDS.—On Saturday night last "A Juvenile Night" was given in the Music-hall, by the People's Concert Committee. The vocalists were Miss Walker, Mr. Delavanti, and the Madrigal and Motet Societies. The instrumentalists were Master Tilney and Mr. Spark.

LEEDS.—(From a Correspondent).—On Wednesday week, Miss Newbound and Master Walter Tilney (pupils of Mr. Spark) gave their first annual concert in the Music Hall. The performers engaged by the young *artistes* were Mrs. Weiss, Miss Helena Walker, Mr. Weiss, and the chorus of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society. There was a large attendance. Miss Newbound sang Mozart's "Addio" and Hummel's *Tyrollienne* with variations with great success. Master Tilney (in his twelfth year) gave two piano solos, including Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, and, being encored, played a composition of his own. Of the concerted pieces, a new and sparkling trio for female voices, by Mr. Henry Smart, entitled "Queen of fresh flowers," was one of the most successful. Mr. and Mr. Weiss obtained a large share of applause. The chorus gave several part-songs, and a selection from Macfarren's *May-day*, the latter being warmly received. On Saturday, the People's Concert was specially designed for juveniles, and the programme arranged accordingly. The performers were Miss Helena Walker, Mr. Delavanti, Master Walter Tilney, and a chorus of sixty voices—Mr. Spark being the conductor and accompanist. The encores were numerous, the youngsters expressing their delight in loud applause.

BRIXTON AMATEUR HARMONIC UNION.—(From a Correspondent).—The second concert took place on Wednesday evening, 6th January, before a crowded audience. The programme comprised a due proportion of classical pieces intermixed with lighter efforts. Amongst the former, special mention may be made of the *allegro* and *andante* from Beethoven's trio (Op. 11), which was admirably rendered by Messrs. William Rea (pianoforte), Key (clarinet), and Balcombe (violincello.) The other instrumental "points" were the violoncello solo by Herr Lidel (from *Lucia di Lammermoor*), which was encored with enthusiasm; and the fantasia for violin and piano, on airs from *Preciosa*, capably executed by Mr. John Kemp and Mr. Rea. The vocalists were the Misses Lefler, Miss Cooper, and Mr. W. P. Jones. The orchestral performers acquitted themselves well in Mehul's *Joseph*, the March of the Priests, from *Athalie*, and other pieces.

NORTHAMPTON.—An extra performance of the Choral Society took place on Monday evening, the 28th ultimo, in aid of the organa fund. The *Messiah* was given, with Madame Endersohn, Miss Fanny Huddard, Mr. Millard and Mr. Santley as vocalists. Mr. Packer conducted, and Mr. Charles McKorkell presided at the organ. Mr. Starmer played the trumpet *obbligato*, in "The trumpet shall sound"; Mr. McKorkell performed, on the organ, the Dead March from *Saul*, before the commencement of the oratorio, in memory of the late Earl Spencer, who was president of the Society.

YORK.—(From a Correspondent).—PEOPLE'S CONCERTS.—Another of these popular concerts took place in the Festival Concert Room, on Tuesday evening, December 1st, when there was a numerous attendance. The principal vocalist was Miss Maria Wilson, of Hull, formerly of the Wilberforce Institution for the Blind, York. She was assisted by Messrs. Hird, Holmes, Hudson, and Plowman, and accompanied on the piano by Mr. W. Strickland. Miss Wilson had to repeat some of her pieces. The other vocalists were Messrs. Wilson and Lambert. Mr. J. W. Sykes, R.A.M., played two solos on the violin. Mr. Shaw presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. R. Hunt conducted. The overtures, &c., were well rendered by the band, and the concert passed off with *éclat*.

NICE.—(Extract from a private Letter).—December 29, 1857. A concert was given here last evening, at the Salle de L'Hôtel D'Yorck, for the benefit of the victims of the Indian revolt, under the patronage of all the *grandes dames* at present sojourning at Nice. The programme was unusually select, and had more of the classical element than is generally found in musical entertainments here. The orchestra was under the direction of M. Fernand Duval, *chef-d'orchestre* of the Theatre Royal. M. Alexandre Billet, the eminent pianist, performed Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, and created an immense effect by his brilliant execution and vigorous style. He was loudly applauded by band and chorus, no less than by the audience, and achieved a triumph seldom won by a classical pianist in these southern regions. Meyerbeer, who is staying at Nice, was present, and expressed himself delighted with the composition and the performer. The concert, on the whole, was the best conducted and most interesting which had been given in Nice for a long time. * * * The place is filled with visitors, and among the most remarkable, and looking as handsome as ever, is La Baronne Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli), who appears to have settled into private life happily and contentedly.

ROME.—Signor Gardoni has appeared at the Theatre Apollo, as Alfredo in *La Traviata*. It was his first appearance in that character, and his success was decided.

PARIS.—*Il Bruschino* has at length been produced, and the Bouffes Parisiens has achieved the greatest hit of the season. Of course, any work by the author of *Il Barbier* would have obtained a *succès d'estime*, but the *Bruschino*, if we accept the verdict of the journals, has gained a genuine triumph. The theatre was crowded in every part, and among the company were observed the Count and Countess de Morny, Count Baciocchi, Prince Poniatowski, Madame Fould, Madame de Breteuil, the Princess Troubelskoi, and other fashionables, foreign and native, together with all the artistic and literary world, among whom were Mario, and M. Flotow, the composer of *Martha*. Many of Rossini's friends endeavoured to persuade him to be present at the first representation, but he would not listen to the proposal, and to the most pressing of them replied, "I have given my permission, but don't ask me to be an accomplice." The opera, or more properly farce—*farza tutta per ridere*—was received with immense applause. The music is described as fresh, natural, graceful, melodious, and full of reminiscences; some of the *morceaux*, indeed, containing the germs of airs and concerted pieces in the composer's most popular works. Nevertheless, enough remains to show that Rossini, if not in possession of his full powers when he wrote the *Bruschino*, was beginning to try the wings of his inspiration, and gave indications of a style so soon to work a serious change in operatic music. The execution was but indifferent, M. Duvernoy alone being found equal to the florid music. Mdle. Dalmont, whom the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* terms "La Sontag du Passage Choiseul," was considered promising rather than accomplished in the soprano part. The

opera, no doubt, will have a long run, everything being done to give it a permanent footing on the stage, the dresses, decorations and scenery being most admirable, and the orchestra, under the direction of M. Offenbach, efficient.—At the Opéra-Comique, *Fra Diavolo* has been revived.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique, a new comic opera, in three acts, has been produced with success. It is entitled *La Demoiselle d'Honneur*, the music by M. Théophile Semet, words by MM. Mestépés and Kauffmann.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—*The New York Times* speaks very favourably of the last concert given by this society, at which, among other things, Mendelssohn's symphony in A major, Professor Bennett's overture, *The Naiads*, and Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* were very well played, by a band of forty performers, in the Atheneum room. The minuet and trio in the symphony were encored. A solo on the pianoforte by Mr. Hoffman was also encored, and the *andante* from "Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin" (Did Beethoven only write one? Ed. M. W.) by the same gentleman and Mr. Burke, gave much satisfaction. There was also some singing (mediocre it appears) by a Madlle. Cairoli. At the next concert (January 20) the 7th symphony of Beethoven, the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, and an overture by Herr Rietz, of Leipsic, will be given. "The Brooklyn audience"—adds our transatlantic contemporary—"separated, rejoicing that they had not to cross the ferry, and elated with the consciousness of a Philharmonic Society of their own." When will our "Brooklyn"—transpontine London—be able to exult in a like distinction?

THE ORGAN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THIS instrument in tone so pith,
Was built by the fam'd Father Smith;
Its case carv'd out with ornaments,
And gilded pipes additaments.
When view'd a little to the left,
Between the screen and railings cleft,
Enough to see its depth of case,
The width and height from top to base,
It seems too small for such a place.
Majestic grandeur on its face,
It still can send forth pow'r to fill
The spacious fabrics at its will.
Its great organ whose stops blend fine,
The diapasons rich, divine,
Their treble notes both sweet and round,
The bass so deep, full, and profound.
When the five gravest, lowest notes
Are held down, on the air sound floats,
Filling pious minds with wonder,
Awful, deep, like distant thunder!
The swell, in kind both rich and sweet,
From soft to loud the ear doth greet
With sounds delicious, when subdu'd,
By tasteful playing notes endu'd.
The stop diapason in the great,
As solo to it yields a treat,
Of sounds so clear and delicate,
Seem in effect to triplicate.
The same nam'd stop that's in the choir,
Unlike the full organ with fire,
Is soft and mellow with the voice
In solo, quartet—take your choice.
The pedal pipes so round and deep,
Add breadth as with full chords they creep,
When blended with the loud or swell,
They in the anthem chorus tell.
And when its utmost stretch of pow'r
Is heard, as on the ears doth show',
Commencing with the lower sounds,
It vibrates, and in air rebounds.
The rising full chord, rich and good,
O'erwhelms, pours forth like a flood
Its harmony, the heart doth troul,
To heav'n its strains doth waft the soul.

HAYDN WILSON.

[Will Mr. Haydn Wilson favour us with a fair copy of his poetical works, complete?—ED. M. W.]

RACHEL'S HOUSE IN PARIS.—At her house everything is rich and magnificent, perhaps too *recherché*. The innermost room was blue-green, with shaded lamps and statuettes of French authors. In the saloon, properly speaking, the colour which prevailed principally in the carpets, curtains, and bookcases, was crimson. She herself was dressed in black, probably as she is represented in the well-known English steel engraving of her. Her guests consisted of gentlemen, for the greater part artists and men of learning; I also heard a few titles among them. Richly-apparelled servants announced the names of the arrivals; tea was drunk and refreshments handed round, more in the German than the French style. Victor Hugo had told me that he found that she understood the German language. I asked her, and she replied in German, "Ich kann es lesen; ich bin ja in Lothringen geboren; ich habe Deutsche bücher, sehn Sie hier!" (I can read it; I was born in Lorraine. I have German books: look here); and she showed me Grillparzer's *Sappho* and then immediately continued the conversation in French. She expressed her pleasure in acting the part of Sappho, and then spoke of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, which character she has personated in a French version of that play. I saw her in this part, and she gave the last act especially with such a composure and tragic feeling, that she might have become one of the best of German actresses; but it was precisely in this very act that the French liked her least. "My countrymen," said she, "are not accustomed to this manner, and in this manner alone can the part be given. No one should be raving when the heart is almost broken with sorrow, and when he is about to take an everlasting farewell of his friends." Her drawing-room was for the most part decorated with books, which were splendidly bound, and arranged in handsome bookcases behind glass. A painting hung on the wall, which represented the interior of the theatre in London, where she stood forward on the stage, and flowers and garlands were thrown to her across the orchestra. Below this picture hung a pretty little book-shelf, holding what I call "the high nobility among the poets:" Goethe, Schiller, Calderon, Shakspere, &c. She asked me many questions respecting Germany and Denmark, art, and the theatre; and she encouraged me, with a kind smile around her grave mouth, when I stumbled in French, and stopped for a moment to collect myself, that I might not stick quite fast. "Only speak," said she. "It is true that you do not speak French well; I have heard many foreigners speak my native language better; but their conversation has not been nearly as interesting as yours. I understand the sense of your words perfectly, and that is the principal thing which interests me in you."—Andersen's *Story of his Life*.

COMPARATIVE ABSURDITY OF THE SEXES.—A woman may be ugly, ill-made, unamiable, ignorant, or stupid, but she is scarcely ever ridiculous. A thoroughly absurd woman is one of the rarest things on earth; save, indeed, a man, who is not so in a slight degree, in some way or another. Look round the world; you will discover very few women whose perceptions, conversation, dress, deportment, or manners, provoke actual laughter, if we except certain private singers; and this species of absurdity is more calculated to excite pity than irony; it is, moreover, very transient, for it only lasts the space of two or three verses of a ballad or bravura; and then, to the bad vocalist, frequently succeeds the elegant dancer, the graceful coquette, or the intellectual companion. Look at the theatre; how few really comic actresses you find there! And the greater number even of those are considered as such, not because their talent is actually comic, but because the parts which they undertake are filled with burlesque situations, and, above all, played in an exaggerated bonnet, and an unheard of dress, or with an eccentricity of accentuation, or the attendance of a pug dog, a black dwarf, or one of those white slaves known as a snubbed husband. Extravagance is not necessarily absurdity; nor is a caricature always comedy. The most laughter-moving actresses who exist are those who enact simplicity. But, far from appearing absurd, one of them is, on the contrary, only rendered the more charming, in proportion as she exaggerates her innocence and her awkwardness. This absence of absurdity among women, arises from the fact that they may be destitute of beauty, of elegance, of distinction, of manner, of talent, of education, and of wit, without being entirely devoid of grace, attraction, tact, and a wish to please. When a woman has even renounced this hope, a last coquetry remains to her—that of a desire not to be displeasing.—*New York Atlas*.

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VOL. 36.—No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

{ PRICE 4d.
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and MR. CHARLES BRAHAM (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications
for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham,
Manager.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that his Matinée
Musical will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday,
May the 24th. Further particulars will be duly announced.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples,
Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday,
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLORAL BAZAAR, for the
Exhibition and Sale of Spring Flowers, on Wednesday, Thursday, and
Friday next, 14th, 15th, and 16th of April. Open each day at ten. Admission, 1s.;
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MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED (late Miss P.
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MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read his CHRISTMAS
CAROL for the BENEFIT of the HOSPITAL for SICK CHILDREN, on
Thursday evening, April 15th, at Eight o'clock, at St. Martin's Hall, Stalls, 5s.;
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of J. S. Bach, and the "Amen" chorus from Handel's MESSIAH. A brief
lecture by Rev. John Curwen between the parts. Doors open at Seven; to com-
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Tickets for Area, 1s.; Western Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; at
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PROGRAMME

OF

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PART I.—Sonata in E flat, Pianoforte and Violin (No. 18), Mozart (Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton); Grand Sonata in D major (Op. 106), (the last Pianoforte Sonata composed by Hummel) Hummel (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Fuga Scherzando, and Fuga, in A minor—No. 15 from book 9, and No. 2 from book 4 of F. C. Griepenkerl's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of J. S. Bach"—(repeated by desire) J. S. Bach (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard).

PART II.—Sonata in A major (Op. 101), Beethoven (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Grand Quartett in F minor (No. 2), Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Mendelssohn (Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Herr Goeffre, and Sig. Piatti).

The Second Soirée will take place on Wednesday, April 28th, the third on
Wednesday, May 12th.

Subscription Tickets for the Series, One guinea; Reserved Places for a single
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April, 1858.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Subscribers and
the public are respectfully informed that the FIRST CONCERT will take
place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Evening next, the 12th of April.
Programme: Sinfonia in D No. 4, Mozart; Concerto in F minor, piano-forte,
Mr. W. G. Cusins; Sterndale Bennett; Overture, Athalie, Mendelssohn; Sinfonia
in A, No. 7, Beethoven; Concerto in E, No. 4, violin, M. Sainton; David; Overture,
Freischütz, Weber. Vocal performers, Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby. Con-
ductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. To begin at Eight. Subscription
for the season, Three Guineas; Single Ticket, 10s.—to be had of Messrs. Addison,
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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Vocal Association, Con-
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Mr. Weiss. Flute, R. Sidney Pratten. Band and Chorus of 400 performers.
Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, 2s. 6d., 5s.; Balcony Stalls
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V.

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R.

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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester, or to the
mentioned places of engagements.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Market Hall, Halifax, April 11.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Bury, April 12.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Stockport, April 13.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform at the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford, April 15 and 16.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 17, at Rugby.



S T. JAMES'S HALL.—Madame Gassier, Miss Arabella Goddard, Sims Reves, Monday and Wednesday evenings, May 10 and 12; also Madame Wildauer (*prima donna* of the Grand Opera, Vienna), Stabbach, Meissent, Sedlatzek, Gerard, Poole, Eyles, Dolby; Messrs. Wilbey Cooper, Winn, Frank Bodda, and Brinley Richards. The celebrated Band of the Garde Nationale of Paris, their first appearance in London, under the direction of Mons. Marie, and the Royal Surrey Choral Society. Accompanist, Mr. Frank Mori. Conductor, Mr. Land. Area, 8s.; Balcony, 6s.; Reserved Area, 7s.; Upper Balcony, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; and a limited number of Sofa Stalls in the Area, 10s. 6d.—Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s 201, Regent-street; and Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street.

H E R R A DOLPH SCHLOESSER has the honour to announce that his GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday, 12th May, 1858, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sailey; Pianoforte—Herr Adolph Schloesser. The orchestra will be on the most complete scale, Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Numbered Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had at all the Principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schloesser, 58, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, W.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, May 12th, at Half-past Eight, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's.

On this occasion, Miss Goddard will have the honour of performing, among other pieces, Weber's Grand Sonata in E minor; Fugues by Handel, Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, and Mendelssohn; and BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SONATA IN B FLAT, Op. 106.

Reserved Places, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal Music-publishers.

CRYSTAL PALACE—BAND OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARD—their first appearance in this country.—This Military Band consisting of thirty performers, will visit the Palace on Monday next, the 10th instant, in full uniform, and give a performance of music in the centre transept.

PROGRAMME.—Part I.—1. God save the Queen; 2. English March, Cornet solo, M. Marie Marie; 3. Selection from "I Puritani," with cornet solo, M. Hottin-Bellini; 4. Grand descriptive March, "Battle of the Albu," introducing the bugle calls of the French army, "Le Reveil," "Le Tirailleur," "La Bataille," "La Victoire à nous;" trombone solo, M. Harndoff Marie; 5. Quadrille, "Rose of Castille"—Bellie.

Part II.—1. French march, with variations for the "petit bugle soprano," by M. Gabin Marie; 2. Varsovie Polonoise, with trombone solo by M. Harndoff Marie; 3. Overture, "Masaniello"—Auber; 4. Grand waltz, "La Reine Marguerite"; 5. Quadrille on English, French, and Turkish airs—Marie; 6. Rule Britannia. Conductor of the band, Mons. E. Marie.

The Palace will open at 9. The music will take place as follows: Band of the Company at 12.30; Band of the National Guard at 2; Organ performance at 3; Band of the National Guard at 4; Band of the Company at 5. Admission as usual, One Shilling. Children under 12, half price.

(By order) G. GROVE, Secretary.

C R Y S T A L P A L A C E C O N C E R T S.—The second of the series of concerts of Vocal and Instrumental Music, in the new orchestra in the Central Transept, will take place on Friday next, the 14th inst. Vocalists: Miss Louise Pyne (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace), Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reves, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, of above 100 voices, will sing some of their favourite Part Songs in the second part of the programme. The Band will be largely increased by a number of the leading instrumentalists. Conductor, Mr. Manus. Doors open at Twelve; Concert to commence at Three. Admission by Season Ticket, or on payment of 5s. Children under twelve, half-price. Reserved Stalls 2s. 6d. each extra.

The Programme will be duly announced.

Crystal Palace, May 7th, 1858.

By order, GEO. GROVE, Sec.

T H E A R I O N, Book I.—Just published, to be continued monthly. A collection of Part Songs by the most celebrated Composers, translated and edited by F. Freames Reilly. Book I. contains:—Mendelssohn's Autumn Song, The Happy Wanderer, The Golden Bridge (first time published in England), Reichardt's Spanish Canzonet, Image of the Rose, and Pogner's Cock-chafers. Score and Parts, 4s.; or in two separate Parts, 2s. each; separate Voice Parts, a halfpenny per page. London, G. Schermann and Co., 86, Newgate-street. The subsequent Books of the Arion will be printed by G. Schermann's New Patent Process for Music Printing.

T H E IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—Mr. W. E. EVANS, inventor of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjoined testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—

THE VALE, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA,
March 19th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED MELLON.

S IGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK on the CULTIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING is now published, price 8s., and may be had at his residence, Devon-hire Lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place, and at all the principal music sellers. "Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most sensible, concise, and useful."—*Daily News*. "There is more sense in this work than we find in nine out of ten publications of a similar kind."—*Athenaeum*. "Forms a kind of grammar of the vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises."—*Critic*. "Here is a really sensible work."—*Musical World*.

H E R R REICHARDT, 23, Alfred-place West, Brompton

H E R R LOUIS ENGEL, 10, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.

L AURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

M R. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (orchestral and solo) from the Conservatorium of Music, and Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Leicester-square.

T H E ORCHESTRAL UNION, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, can be engaged for morning or evening concerts throughout the season. For terms, apply to Mr. Woolgar, the Va. c, King's-road, Chelsea.

M R. T. G. PATEY, Bass Profondo of the Italian Theatre, begs to announce that he is in town for the season, ready to accept engagements.—Communications to be addressed to 62, Stafford-place, Pimlico.

M R. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 18, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

M A D A M E P E R S I A N I has just arrived in London for the season.—Address for terms for private and public concerts, houses, and provincial engagements, &c., to Madame Persiani, 8, Prince's-street, Hanover-square; or to Robert W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

M R. THORPE PEED, Assistant Professor with the late Signor Crivelli, begs to announce that he is in town for the season. Applications for lessons and engagements are requested to be addressed to Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street, where testimonials from the late great master, may be seen.

H E R M A J E S T Y S S T A T E B A L L.—Mr. John Weippert had the unspeakable delight of receiving Her Majesty's commands to attend and conduct his unrivalled orchestra at the Grand Ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Princess Frederick William's marriage. Address, 21, Soho-square.

S IGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

H A N O V E R S Q U A R E R O O M S.—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant sun-lights, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaar, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—J. DISTIN'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

"I feel great pleasure in recommending Mr. SHEE as a manager of Concerts. I engaged him to arrange my Concert, on the 19th September, 1857. The result was highly satisfactory, there being upwards of Twenty Thousand persons assembled on the occasion." J. DISTIN."

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M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSICAL ART.

(Continued from page 279.)

ALTHOUGH a child musically organised as above described may labour with some hope of one day being a great artist, a thoroughly satisfactory result does not invariably follow the prognostics of early youth. Some natures there are in whom hope is deceived; they seem born to invent an art after their own fancy, while they betray an incapacity for the study of the art of writing. Through some perversity of the mind, more frequent than might be supposed, individuals of this class indignantly reject the idea of subjecting their inspirations to any set rules. Our age is replete with examples of these haughty but incomplete geniuses, who, scorning tradition, imagine art to have its commencement with them. They would persuade us that such art consists entirely in individual inspiration, not perceiving how they are thus begging the question by appealing to the very thing which is in dispute. Where is their imagination, where their inspiration? How shall we recognise them? Never has there been such a talk about originality and invention as now, that neither are to be found. M. Fétis affirms, on the faith of his long experience as a teacher, that the faculty of prosecuting thorough and efficient studies is one of the rarest, and more rarely still is it found in conjunction with the faculty of imagination. Sometimes, by way of compensation, it is met with accompanying a weak and sluggish inspiration: from such material may be turned out a good musician, and that is all.

There is no particular age for the development of genius, and such is the diversity of human organisations that the faculty of creating may be ripe in early youth, or not reach its plenitude till mature age. Generally, however, it is safer not to be over-hasty in proclaiming any artist great till some way has been made in their career. Flashes of talent that suddenly die out, transient gleams of originality, are common, and many a composer, at the close of a laborious existence, must seek his titles to fame in his earliest productions.

There is still a deficiency of earnest study in the production of works of art. It is a truth never to be lost sight of by the artist, though slighted by the majority, that he never accomplishes all that he might, that he is ever too hurried, ever too indulgent towards himself. Many a work has M. Fétis seen exhibiting glimpses of imagination and originality, which, with more serious labour, and more searching study, might have become works of the highest value.

The venerable professor terminates the whole series of articles with the following exhortation to young artists, which, from its impressive character and the value it acquires from the long experience of M. Fétis as a teacher, and his vast knowledge of the whole history of his subject, we translate literally and at length.

Devote yourselves then to study, young artists, without stint; search into the very inmost recesses of art, fathom its resources, sift its forms and its means; you can never know too much. Beware how you attach any faith to those who will cry out to you: *Keep clear of those pedantic studies that only dry up the imagination.* Imaginations that dry up start from but a weakly spring. There is a fit time for everything. When you are composing, you are to leave study aside, and deliver yourself up to your imagination; fear not even rapture, which, though it may sometimes lead astray, will often yield happy strokes of audacity. Finish your work in this mood of the mind, but when it is done let it repose awhile; let yourself settle into a calm frame, and, if you were the man of imagination while creating your work, become the man of taste in the task of polishing and improvement. Few are sufficiently aware what a fine thought may be wrought to by successive developments and transformations.

I would also say to young composers: Read a great number of fine works of every description, in the score, that you may assimilate to yourself all styles, and avoid the example of vulgar musicians, who know only the art of their own day. There are many things in the works of the past which you may resuscitate, by transforming them through the resources of modern art.

Homer himself contracted obligations of this sort to more ancient poets, who are known under the name of the *Homerides*.

Lastly, there is a parting piece of advice which I have to give to young composers (and I do so with a perfect conviction of its value), that they may not stray into paths that have no issue. Beware, I would say to them, how you quit the province of music, and seek of it that which it cannot yield. Do not run after the imitation of things perceptible to the senses in the external world, for such is not the object of the art; in such attempts it always falls short of the reality itself. Avoid likewise with equal care, drawing the motives of your composition from the abstractions of metaphysics, or the ideas of cosmogony; not only is art impotent to pourtray such things, but it becomes unintelligible in this region, as it no longer speaks the language of sentiment which alone reaches the soul in music. Finally, do not run after new forms, nor alliances of heterogeneous means, which betray a sterile imagination. When you compose a symphony let it be purely and simply a symphony, as fine a one as you can make it, but not a *symphony-cantata* nor a *symphonic poem*. Do not imitate either the last compositions of Beethoven, written with the design of avoiding ancient forms to show the independence of his genius. In seeking to avoid the regular recurrence of ideas, he fell into mere wandering. Examine closely the ancient forms of the sonata, the quatuor, the symphony, and you will find in them a very complete conception of the development of a subject. If anything could clearly prove the superiority of these forms, and these settled limitations of ancient art, it would be the nothingness of all that has been attempted by way of change.

SIEGFRIED WILHELM DEHN.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

S. W. DEHN was born on the 25th February, 1800, at Altona, in Holstein, where he went to school until he was thirteen years old. He manifested a remarkable instinct for music from his very infancy; he did not cultivate the art, however, with the idea of becoming a professional musician, but obtained a place as keeper, under the auspices of M. Schenk, in the service of the Administration of Woods and Forests for the Duchy of Holstein.

We shall not follow him in the rough and often perilous existence his duties obliged him to lead, and which his naturally strong constitution assisted him in supporting. Having been wounded while hunting, he left the service, and resumed his studies. In conformity with his father's wish, he followed the law lectures at the University of Leipzig, in order to prepare himself for a diplomatic career. In 1824, he went to Berlin, and was attached to the Swedish Embassy, but unfortunate events again changed his destiny; his father died, after losing all his fortune, and young Dehn was left without resources. It was then that the musical art, which had hitherto been only an amusement, became the means of saving him. An eminent artist, Bernard Klein, whose talent is not yet sufficiently appreciated, gave him some lessons—eighteen in all; and these were sufficient to enable the ex-diplomatist to exercise with success the professor's calling.

From this moment, Dehn devoted himself entirely to teaching the theory of music, and had numerous pupils. Klein died some few years afterwards, and Dehn was, so to speak, his heir and successor in a profound knowledge of musical literature and theory. With a degree of obstinate perseverance, of which we meet but few examples, he sounded the depths of the science, and was not long in taking his rank among the musical celebrities of the day; in fact, composers and executants, of the greatest talent, studied under him. Among others, we may name the celebrated Russian composer, Glinka, who studied counterpoint with him, and always returned, even after long intervals, for fresh lessons.

From the 24th March, 1842, Dehn was Conservator of the musical division of the Royal Library at Berlin. It would be superfluous for us to enumerate the services he rendered in this situation; we shall, perhaps, never find anyone to replace him. He made several journeys to Vienna, Munich, Venice, and other parts of Italy: while on these excursions, which were of

great use to the Royal Library, he was constantly searching for rare editions, buying manuscripts, and effecting exchanges. In the years 1851, 1852, and 1854, especially, he was charged to visit Breslau and Silesia, and was successful in all his journeys.

Without entering into a detailed account of his labours, we will content ourselves with saying that he pursued them to the end with indefatigable zeal, and that age had in no degree impaired his energy. The very day a fit of apoplexy tore him so suddenly from his wife and two children, he had gone to the library as usual.

Among the many persons who followed his mortal remains, were celebrities of all kinds, especially musicians, almost all of whom, after being his pupils, are now eminent masters.

Doctor Jonas pronounced the funeral oration. The members of the Domchor executed a *chorale* and a *Lied* by Mendelssohn.

REVIVAL OF SPRING BUSINESS.

(From the New York Herald.)

The very delicious weather which we have been enjoying during the last ten days has had a great effect upon all branches of metropolitan business. The hotels are filling up; Broadway is crowded with delegates from all parts of the country; the travelling season has fairly commenced; and the array of spring bonnets, with the expansion of spring crinoline, give our principal promenade the appearance of an immense flower garden. Our mercurial and excitable public is preparing to pass from the prayer-meeting to the *bal masqué*—from the sackcloth and ashes of Lent to the gaiety of the Concerts Musard. The prayer-meetings themselves are on the wane. They did not succeed in converting either Burton or Forrest, and were obliged to content themselves with awful Gardner. The last standpoint of these gatherings—Burton's old theatre—has been abandoned by the Parsons, and it will now be used as an ordinary court house. Instead of supplications there will be reprieves; instead of religious emotions there will be only dry motions before a terrestrial judge; instead of humble confessions there will be pleas of Not guilty. Rynder reigns in place of Beecher; Blackstone replaces Watts.

In the world of amusement we find the chief topics to be the grand *Salon* at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, the concerts of Musard, and the *bal masqué* under the same direction, after the fashion of the Grand-Opéra at Paris. Everybody is going to the Crystal Palace, everybody must hear the Concerts Musard, everybody is discussing the *bal masqué*. Still another topic agitates fashionable circles. Mr. Ullman has just concluded the longest and most successful opera season ever given in New York. He has succeeded in creating an immense sensation. No manager has been so much talked about. He has satisfied the public, but has dissatisfied everybody else. The *prime donne* have quarrelled because one got more applause than the other; the tenors have quarrelled because the public didn't like them; the orchestra and chorus have quarrelled because war is their normal state; the critics and composers have quarrelled about the originality of operas; the Italians have quarrelled with the Germans, the Germans with the Italians, and the French with both. Fry's opera, *Leonora*, made several pretty quarrels. Some people said it was an amiable plagiarism from Bellini, Donizetti, and other composers, while the friends of Fry insisted that these masters plagiarised from the author of *Leonora*. The public did not come to hear the opera, and it was a *iasco*; so the friends of the composer are dissatisfied with the manager, who, as we said before, has disappointed all the cliques, but has made a great success with the public. More particularly has he disgusted the old clique of oyster-house critics, who have been brought out from their holes by the warm weather, and who, encouraged by the partial success of the oyster cellar conspiracies against Mayor Wood, and the similar demonstrations against the administration at Washington by the disgusted democrats and black republicans, have resolved to form a grand combination to crush the little Napoleon of the Opera. He is to be smashed up without any mercy whatever. With the artists, the oyster house critics, the fiddlers and the red republicans, against him, and only the public in his favour, his case is certainly deserving of sympathy. Let us hope he may have a safe delivery.

Meantime, however, things go on as usual. The concerts and balls afford topics for grave discussion in society here as well as elsewhere. Before the *bal masqué* at the Academy, the wife of a California Senator gives a similar entertainment at Washington, to which all the world is invited. The question of what to wear at these balls has given far more trouble to the parties concerned than the Kansas *imbroglio* or the Central American difficulty. Of course all fashionable New York goes to Washington for Mrs. Gwin's ball, and to return the compliment everybody in society at Washington will come here for the

Musard *bal masqué* a fortnight later. By that time we may hope the contending parties of the Academy will have arrived at some settlement of the troubles. If they do not, "it isn't," as Mr. Toots would say, "of the slightest consequence."

IRISH CRITICISM.

As an example of criticism in mixed languages, seasoned with epithets of the highest flavour, we have much pleasure in offering to our readers the following notice from *Saunders's News Letter*, of a concert which recently took place in Dublin:

"MISS FLYNN'S MATINEE MUSICALE."

Miss Flynn's matinee musicale, given on Saturday at her residence, 31, Harcourt-street, was, notwithstanding the dispiriting influence of the weather, so fashionably and fully attended, and so well carried out, as to thoroughly realize the fact that 'mind will still be lord of all.' It opened with a trio in C minor (Beethoven), in which the hasty and somewhat angry 'Allegro con brio'—the 'andante con Variazioni,' of deep feeling and imagination—the quaint 'Minuetto,' and the mad 'Finale prestissimo' of this wonderful composer were duly rendered by Miss Flynn and Messrs. Levey and Elsner. Mr. Gerhard Taylor then gave a morceau de concert, performing with vigour, fervour, and skill; there was one want, if we might suggest to so gifted a performer, namely a little attendrissement. Nothing will evoke the soul of the harp save 'tenderness.' Mr. G. Taylor's composition on *Traviata* was brilliant and successful, the principal airs in this much-admired opera making themselves charmingly apparent amidst a whirlwind of difficulties. 'Les Bois,' by Stephen Haller. Miss Flynn played solo pianoforte. This is a charming and picturesque effusion, bringing to mind with musical light and shade, with joy and sadness, the changeful foliage of 'Les Bois' of sunny France. Herr Elsner gave an affecting air by Mozart in his usually expressive manner. The sonata in B flat (Mendelssohn) rendered by Miss Flynn and Herr Elsner, like the composer, savouring of the supernatural—German forests and elves—terminated the first part. The second part commenced with trio in E flat (Hummel), 'Allegro agitato, Andante, Finale presto.' The andante of this was excellent, and the finale spirit-stirring. Mr. Levey, so often heard and so popular, perhaps escapes at times the full measure of praise due to him; no foreign artist could excel his lively and speaking violin. The next piece was a duo violin and violoncello (Kummer). This rather singular but original composition, we must confess, seemed to suffer from want of harmony between the instruments—they were not in tune with each other. The Tema 'God save the Queen,' with wonderful variations, were in other respects executed a merveille by Messrs. Levey and Elsner. Miss Flynn delighted her audience with her thorough and masterly execution of Beethoven's sonata in E minor. With this class of music she seems altogether en genre; and in the concluding piece, by Chopin, her finished fingering and apt rendering prove her an accomplished pianiste."

ODE TO HANDEL.

AFTER HEARING HIM AT EXETER HALL.

(From Punch.)

O GRAND gigantic HANDEL!

As sunlight dims a candle,

Thy mighty music quelleth

All other, and exceleth:

So wonderous,

So ponderous,

And thunderous,

Uproarious,

And glorious.

Engrossed with airs of Cupid,

The soft ones deem thee stupid;

Thou borest them,

And florest them,

They sneer at thee,

And jeer at thee,

Call thee old Foodledum,

And Doodledum,

And Tweedledum,

Genius of Beadledum;

Thou art too high for them,

Therefore too dry for them.

Supply for them

Frivolity.

Give us thy jollity:

Heroical sensation

Of inward jubilation,

And huge exhilaration,

Which somewhat near,

Is that interior glowing,

From generous liquor flow-

Particularly owing [ing,

To the best old beer.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 278.)

"BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaimed the dawn" as—after making our ablutions in the river, and getting our mules from the labyrinths of packages, trunks, fleas, and Carajo-ing mule-teers, who were busily employed, as it seemed to me, in the operation of tying upon the poor animals an amount of weight that it was impossible they could exist under—we duly equipped with saddle and spur, and started westward. I use the words saddle and spur literally, for as some of the travellers were sure to forget those absolute necessities (spurs), and as it would have been an impossibility to make a mule move without thumping his sides with your heels armed with a machine called a spur, about as heavy as a decent kitchen poker, they who had a pair, divided with those who had none ; and you used your gentle persuader, upon either the starboard or port heel, as seemed most conducive to rapid progression. Our party having now finished the boating business, we disbanded, and the Dominie, Poor H—n, the Editor, and myself, started together. We could not imagine what made the mules' tails all appear as if they had been shaved, but they did, and looked like old man o' war's pigtails, until we found that being very often coralled (i.e. put into a kind of pound without food), they literally nibble each other's tails, much as some men chew tobacco in lieu of a dinner ; and this accounted for our animals making a bolt at every open house where eating was going on ; and nothing but our spurs could have got them out. As to whipping, you might as well flogged a brick-wall.

Although these sketches purport to be reminiscences of California and Australia, I have not been able to resist the temptation of elaborating upon the journey thither, for such a peculiar state of things (owing to the railroad) can never occur again, and although I have read many works also purporting to be descriptions of travel, &c., &c., yet, they were mere Jeremiads, depicting all sorts of miseries, which were nine times out of ten, caused either by the ignorance or improvidence of the voyager. To be sure, we were blessed with glorious weather, the rainy season having closed, and the drought of summer not yet oppressive ; yet, with these advantages, many appeared to be perfectly miserable ; the truth is, there are some men unfitted for battling with the world—they have for the most part been tied to their mothers' apron-strings, are querulous and fretful upon every little disappointment, and are quite destitute of that buoyant spirit that a true traveller should possess ; and as to fun, a joke is a sealed book to them. Now, the true wanderer cares for nothing ; if mishaps occur, he makes the best of them ; if he meets with an accident, he grins and bears it ; and if his trouble should be of that description that alone should touch the heart of a true man, he bears within his breast that firm reliance upon the goodness of his Creator, that bids him cease repining, and hope for future happiness. And who could be otherwise than happy in this lovely scene ? a feeling of "awful mirth" seems to fill your heart to overflowing, as you trust to poor "Mula" to pick his way through the noble forest, the trunks of the trees wreathed with the passion-flower of every hue, the parasitical agaves and cacti growing like miniature worlds in the forked trunks, while the heavy-leaved plantain and banana lovingly droop their fan-like branches towards you, and woo you to their grateful clusters. For some hours we proceed without uttering a word ; our hearts were too full of that pleasurable sensation of partial loneliness, and the beauties of the scene too bewilderingly charming, to break the spell by speaking ; it was a lovely symphony of nature's composition, and you would as soon think of chattering during Beethoven's *Pastorale*, as to breath a sound, or even indulge in a settled train of thought, as you dreamingly wended through this paradise. But, even here, "the trail of the serpent was over it all." Fever, the pest of the country, decimated the inhabitants, of which we had an instance in passing a poor creature, a native who crawled forth to die in the woods. He was a perfect skeleton, and although we stopped, and poured a few drops of wine upon his black and parched tongue, his spirit fled as our good dominie knelt by his side, and prayed for his departing brother. We

sadly proceeded, and soon reached a clearing in the wood, in which resided a family, like the poor wretch, all stricken with the fiery curse ; some were lying in hammocks, perfectly listless, and one poor boy, of about fifteen, was extended upon the floor, unable to move. They looked suspiciously at us at first, and did not seem to understand that a feeling of sympathy could exist towards them ; but upon my offering a cigar to the eldest, and least ill of the party, he—with native grace and politeness—accepted our poor offers of service, and with many thanks accompanied us some way upon our path, and when in parting he gravely shook hands with us, as I pressed upon him a bundle of cigars (the most grateful gift you can offer), he faltered blessings upon us, and slowly turned back with tears in his eyes, so unused were these poor creatures to any expression of sympathy from the thoughtless gold-hunters.

It was near noon when we arrived at the summit of the high range of mountains that, commencing in the coast range of the extreme north, seem to serve as a strengthening bar or backbone to the narrow isthmus. We were upon the spot where Nuñez de Balboa first caught sight of the Great Pacific Ocean, after penetrating through hostile tribes of Indians by the very way we had travelled ; from this place you can see both oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, and standing on this mountain height, look with delight over the awful masses of vegetation upon the great highways of the world.

The hot sun soon gave us warning to quit our exposed situation, and again we dived into the recesses of the forest, where, among the thousand novelties of bird, plant, flower, and insect, we came across a very curious proceeding, that I have never seen remarked in any work upon insects. We at first thought that very long narrow green snakes were slowly twisting across the bridle path ; but, upon examination, these singular appearances were found to proceed from lines of ants, that meandered along in Indian file, each with a shield-shaped piece of green leaf poised upon his back. These lines of insects were, in many instances, seven or eight yards in length, and there was no straggling ; if we tumbled one of the little gentlemen out of his line, he picked himself up in great tribulation, sticking to his leafy shield the while, until he could shove himself into the line again. Now what they wanted with these bits of green leaf, so exactly nibbled the same shape, except they were intended for impromptu parasols, I can't imagine, but I really should like some naturalist to explain. As the afternoon came on we were favoured with a shower of rain, which lasted but for a short time ; but oh ! how oppressive the atmosphere became ; it was a perfect vapour bath, just as if Dame Nature was having a hard day's wash ; we were absolutely bathed in perspiration. Soon, however, we began to experience a gentle breeze, and after crossing a ruined causeway, formerly used as a road by the Spaniards in conveying their caravans of silver from Panama to Cruces, and thence to Chagres, we passed a gay Spanish cavalier, mounted upon the most superb mule I ever beheld, its delicate legs and open nostril denoting the Arab cross-breed ; and its rider, attired in sombrero, gay crimson sash, the open trowser or calzolero, presented a most picturesque appearance. He was extremely handsome ; and as he gracefully galloped by, giving us the "Buenos dias, caballeros," we thought him the finest fellow we had ever seen.

The gentle breeze was an evidence that we were approaching the sea, and shortly we emerged from the forest and entered a wide plain, a few houses appeared at intervals, water-carriers, with their mules laden with the precious *aqua*, were making their way towards the town, and after passing a few ecclesiastical buildings, we came in sight of Panama, passed the gate where two very dirty looking blackguards of soldiers were playing at sentinel, and stopped at the Hotel de Louisiana, kept by a German Creole named Herman. This caravanserai was a long, rambling, monastery-like building, but had the advantage of a cool breeze always blowing through it ; we were very much exhausted, and uncommonly tired of our uncomfortable saddles ; indeed, I was so stiff, that I could not walk up-stairs without assistance. An hour's snooze however soon brought us too, and in the cool of the evening we sallied forth to see the lions and look after our baggage, about which we had our doubts, as

several times we had passed trunks and packages lying in the forest, and in one instance a mule had fallen into a ravine upside down, with his load tightly fastened to him, he kicking, and his beast of a driver thrashing him, and *carajoing* to his heart's content. We were lucky, and our plunder (as they call luggage out west) had arrived in safety; but the steamer was not yet ready, and we had to await with patience a day or two. The lions of Panama at eventide are of the quietest nature, and "Roar you as gently as a sucking dove," and the day being past when we rose from our siesta, we had no opportunity of viewing its architectural beauties; so we strolled onward, and onward, through a narrow street, passing various drinking shops, which were all kept by speculative Yankees, who, I believe, would go to Tophet itself if they could turn an honest penny, and stopped to sup at a restaurant which rejoiced in the proprietorship of the veriest Cockney I ever saw. He was of the loquacious and gently-patronising breed, and discovering I was a "Hinglishman," informed us that he came from "Hoxford Street, and then he served us with "am and heggs," and called us "gents." He was undoubtedly doing a thriving business, and was one of those odd beings you meet with all over the world, who seem always (like cats) to tumble on their feet; for he had been left at Panama ill, after being wrecked during a voyage to some place or other, that of course he had no business to be going to; and while there the gold fever made its appearance and he started a cook shop, and though he does denude Her Majesty's English of a few H's, he tries to balance the account by inserting them in the wrong places upon every opportunity. We then strolled into a large drinking bar, to which was appended a gambling saloon, where sundry of our shipmates were dropping small sums across a green table with red and black squares upon it; but as this senseless work was "not at all in our way," we quietly strolled back, and turned into bed, preparatory to enjoying the cool morning breeze. Upon opening the large door, as the beams of daylight stole slantingly across our room, the Bay of Panama was lying before us in its calm beauty; around us were odd looking, ugly barns of houses, each with its complement of Turkey buzzards squatting on the ridge-pole of the roof, and a game cock tied by the leg to the door-post. A short time sufficed for us to don our scanty habiliments, and we were in the street; all was calm and very quiet, for carriages are unknown here, all work being done by mule or man back. We passed through the gate, and were outside the city in the market-place; here were gaily attired natives of every hue, little mincing donnas, with mites of feet, cheapening the nastiest bits of meat that can be conceived, for they have a disgusting fashion in most Spanish countries of cutting a bullock (old or young it does not matter) up into long strips, which they literally sell by measurement. The vegetables and fruits looked very tempting, and the oranges, in particular, unimpeachable.

We soon found ourselves in a beautiful winding road, or lane, leading to cocoa-nut and banana groves: names given to two establishments or hotels, which, being somewhat elevated, were considered as being more healthy than the city. Here we enjoyed a calabash bath, which, being interpreted, means a large tub of water, with a scoop, or gourd, to pour it over your head; thence back to breakfast. There was nothing to do, nothing to look at, for the architecture of the city is abominable, and they have not even had public spirit enough to fill up the holes left in the walls by the removal of the scaffold supports used in building. There is a large Plaza, with a large cathedral in it, but everything has the appearance of lassitude; the very lizards, as they crawl over the altars of the churches, look sleek and lazy, as if they were trying to assume the position of church mice. We were soon (no doubt like the reader) perfectly *ennuyer*, and although we derived some amusement from watching the manœuvres of an old buffer of a padre, who, in long hat, sutane, and with a game-cock under his arm, was evidently giving spiritual consolation across the counter, to a merry, laughing-eyed little body, and shovelling up pounds of snuff into his enormous nose; even this exciting pastime became wearisome, and we resigned ourselves to the demon of *ennui* in despair; and as I don't wish my readers to suffer the same in-

fiction, I will simply state that we bore four days of this life (?) with exemplary patience, and then got on board our steamer, "The Golden Gate," one of the finest and most comfortable floating hotels in the world.

It were wrong in me, did I neglect to mention the extreme kindness and urbanity of Mr. Perry, the British Consul, a gentleman whose goodness to the afflicted of all nations is proverbial, and whose great hospitality to myself I shall never forget.

One strange place, not far from the city, I must describe, as I have met with no account of it in any work of travels, and its singularity much surprised me; it was the Campo Santo, or burial ground, cemetery, or whatever else you please to call it—it looked to me like a gigantic bakehouse, with ovens enough to bake for all creation. In these ovens are deposited the bodies of the departed, the oven door is then closed and cemented closely, and, during a year, the friends and mourners deposit their little pledges of affectionate remembrance at the door, upon which is chalked, or painted, the name, &c., &c., of the deceased; but, when All Saints' day arrives, these mortal remains are exhumed, and burned to ashes in the towers that stand at the corners of the cemetery. When this was first told me, I could scarcely believe it; but the remains of partly calcined bones, and a perfectly formed pelvis, and half-consumed skull or two (left, possibly, in consequence of the fuel running short), gave evidence of its truth. It was not a pleasant sight, and it gave you a disagreeable impression, upon reading an affectionate inscription to "Dolores de ——, aged seventeen," to think that, in a few short months, the remains of her delicate frame would be rudely burnt with dozens of others, and their half-consumed remains left as a banquet for the obscene buzzard. Hurrah! a gun, the steamer has arrived, to-morrow we shall be freed from this dull place, and soon shall revel in the charms of El Dorado, and be again, like the little ones, "on Tom Tidler's ground picking up gold and silver."

(To be continued.)

JULLIEN AT WORCESTER.

(From *Berrowe's Worcester Journal*.)

The concert given by M. Jullien on Friday night, notwithstanding the rain, was a bumper; there was hardly a seat vacant in the room, and the "promenade," as it was called, was a decided misnomer, the occupants of that part of the room thus designated being packed so closely together as to preclude the possibility of motion in the most limited degree. Jullien, in fact, is popular wherever he goes, because he caters for the taste of the many. The concert of Friday night was one to which "Jullien the Great" was wont to treat his audiences in his early career. He has provided himself with a band of musicians of undoubted talent; and when there was a piece of really good music placed before them—such as the *Leonora* overture, or the *andante* from the *Surprise* symphony, both of which were introduced in the course of the evening, they showed that they were thorough masters, and could do justice to such classical compositions as well as they could fiddle a polka or a galop. Two violin solos were played by M. Remenyi, who, we notice, has been described by a contemporary in a neighbouring city as a conjuror—a professor of sleight-of-hand—an acrobat, of marvellous trick and quaint contortion—an athlete of stupendous *tours de force*; and for his fiddle, it was his accomplice, his confederate, his bogie, his Ariel, his yellow dwarf;—it piped, it sang, it whistled, it screamed, it laughed, it sighed and groaned, it chirped and crowed, and yelped, and snarled, and howled, until the audience fairly laughed and wondered. M. Remenyi certainly did, on Friday evening, display some curious effects on his pliant instrument, and got hearty applause and an encore for his performances. Encores were, indeed, too much the order of the evening; the audience, probably, being in some degree influenced by the sound of rain heard in the interval between the pieces, which it required resolution to face. The vocalists of the evening were Miss Louisa Vinning and a Miss Rance. The former is well known to the Worcester musical public, and the reception she

met with at once showed her to be a favorite. The high opinion of her talents, which we have expressed on former occasions, was more than confirmed on Friday evening: her singing of the touching old melody of "Home, sweet home," and the arch delivery of another old acquaintance, "Comin' thro' the rye," were in the best taste.

PARIS—(From our Correspondent).—M. Hector Berlioz has been engaged, by M. Benazet, to direct the grand musical *fête* to be given at Baden, on the 14th of next August.

Franz Liszt has just been solemnly received into the brotherhood of the Order of St. François d'Assises, at Pesth. Mass was celebrated on the occasion at twelve o'clock, in the church of the Franciscan fathers, and then Becker's vocal mass was executed by the members of a vocal association, and other admirers of Liszt. At the conclusion of the mass, all present proceeded to the refectory, where, after Liszt had entered, decorated with the Portuguese Order of Christ, and taken the place of honour reserved for him, a prayer was pronounced. A priest of the order having handed Liszt the certificate of his reception, sent from the Father Provincial of Presburg, then made a Latin speech, speaking of the new member's great merits, both as an artist and as a man. After several addresses, pronounced by various dignitaries of the church, by Baron von Anguss, Vice-President of the Government of Buda, &c., the ceremony was followed by a dinner.—This is all very well; but we want to know what the piano has to do with the order of the Franciscan fathers: is it the eternal story of the dog of Alcibiades over again?

M. Rubinstein has just received the diploma of honorary member of the Conservatory of Prague. He was also invited, at the same time, to be present at the *fêtes* which will take place there in June, to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the foundation of the School of Music.

Sivori is engaged for the concerts of the Société des Beaux-Arts, at Liège, of the Concours Agricole, at Niort, and of the Société Philharmonique, at Nantes.

LEIPSIC.—A correspondent, writing from Leipsic, says:—"This winter we have heard successively, Mad. Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), and Mad. Viardot Garcia, at the Gewandhaus Concerts. At present, during our celebrated annual fair, Mad. Viardot Garcia is at the Stadt Theatre, where she is singing with uniform success in *Il Barbâtre*, *Le Prophète*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *Don Juan*. She was, at first, engaged for four nights only; but as, when she sings, the theatre is full, at double prices, and nearly empty when she does not, the management eagerly offered her an engagement for four nights more. We read, however, in the columns of the *Leipziger Tageblatt*:—

"It is reported that Mad. Viardot Garcia intends quitting Leipsic. The manager, Herr Wirsing, would certainly merit the gratitude of the public, if he could secure, for a longer period, the services of this lady, who indisputably occupies at the present day the first place among all the singers we know.—*Several Friends of the Musical Art.*"

The Leipsic *Allgemeine Theater-Chronik* says:—

"Mad. Viardot Garcia, whose singing had already delighted us at the Gewandhaus Concerts, has just commenced a series of performances at the theatre with the part of Rosina, in *Il Barbâtre*. All that we can possibly imagine in the art of singing, united with the highest intelligence, and the most poetic sentiment, can alone produce a Rosina like that of this celebrated and everywhere popular artist. It is so heavenly and divine a creation, that we feel inclined to believe in the existence of some musical planet besides our own, which despatches now and then one of its most trusty messengers to keep us always on the alert in our aspirations towards the ideal. We cannot think of diamembering, by an analysis, so perfect and uniform a whole; it would be endeavouring to divide the light of the sun because it falls on a thousand different objects. All present had but one opinion, and incessant applause resounded through the house until the conclusion of the performance."

About Mad. Viardot's *Fides* the same journal remarks:—

"We, of course, expected that this part would occupy a brilliant place by the side of the other; but that it was possible to place on the same supreme artistic elevation two characters so opposite, was

something we could not suppose, and yet the thing has been accomplished. Just as in *Rosina*, we behold all the grace and charm, all the vernal magnificence which eternally decks out youth; so, in *Fides*, we penetrate the recesses of an afflicted mother's heart; we hear the accents of her grief, with all the different gradations of hope and sorrows. In the first instance, we have the day radiant with sunshine; in the second, the night, dark and terrible; and both are creations of the same source of sacred art. After this, doubt is at an end: there is no longer any room for aught but astonishment and admiration."

Again, with reference to *La Sonnambula*, the *Theatre-Chronik* observes:—

"How far does the charm, or, we should rather say, the magic of our cherished guest extend? We have again seen this, by her incomparable creation of Amina. The house was crowded to overflowing, the audience testifying their delight by their looks, their silence, and their shouts. We must remark, too, this same theatre contains, during the principal week of our grand fair, an assemblage of all the nations and all the languages of the old and new world. The East and the West saluted, at the same time, the elevation of this sun of art. How much does this say, when we reflect on the poverty of the subject, drawn out into a long and meagre series of airs and duets. It is, therefore, art, ye singers of both sexes, this art which develops the tiniest germ, until it blossoms out into a marvellous flower. Infused by the rays from the sun of our fair guest, Herr Kron (Elvino) sang with a degree of warmth which agreeably surprised us."

Thus, it will be seen, that Leipsic is not behind Cologne in its appreciation of Mad. Malibran's sister.

WIENIAWSKI AND RUBINSTEIN.—At their second concert M. M. Wieniawski and Rubinstein produced a strong impression. Most of the leading papers, however, censure them on this occasion. "M. Wieniawski's bow," says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "does not always bite the string sufficiently, and the sound sometimes needs a little more force and roundness. In the grand sonata by Beethoven, dedicated to Kreutzer, he skipped about too much, and glanced over the surface too much, without leaning hard enough. Rubenstein is highly blameable for executing Weber's *Concertstück* with such excessive rapidity as to completely disfigure the physiognomy of this classical and popular work. Moreover, we suspect him of having seduced Henri Wieniawski into the same fault, by accompanying him in the famous sonata which all great pianists and violinists have selected as their battle-field this year." The *Siècle* in its turn says, "It strikes us that the sole object of the violin is not to prove that the word *impossible* should be erased from the dictionary; it ought, in the first place, to please. But, in such a multiplicity of feats of strength, sentiment disappears, and nothing is left of the artist but the skilful man. Sometimes M. Wieniawski thinks fit to renounce his feats of agility, and bring out notes pure, full, and correct. He then becomes once more a violinist of style and expression. When he indulges in his daring playing, the string whistles and groans, as if uttering cries of protestation and pain; not an ear but suffers by these brutal and reiterated attacks. His bow seems to be epileptic; the other evening, M. Wieniawski played Beethoven's grand sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, much too precipitately, for the purpose of displaying, as usual, his dexterity. At such a breakneck pace, all delicacy disappeared as if carried away by a whirlwind. We could no longer recognise the composer's thought, disfigured by this railroad movement. The notes were drunk. M. Rubenstein, at the piano, strove to rival the *bénéficiaire* in speed; and, as all this hurry belonged neither to moderation or good taste, it was with difficulty we recognised the beautiful work thus treated. We have had sufficient proofs of agility; it is time for M. Wieniawski to change his tactics, in the interest of his reputation. He has qualities wherewith to please. Let him leave off astonishing us."—*Guide Musical.*

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—A few days since, Rossini heard under his window an itinerant fiddler, scraping on a miserable instrument, one of the most beautiful airs from *Guillaume Tell*. "Who is the wretch who is torturing our ears thus?" "A blind man," was the reply. "I should have thought he was deaf," said Rossini.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

Royal Olympic Theatre.—On Saturday evening next, May 8, the performance will commence with the new comedietta, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, May 8, the performance will commence with GUY MANNERING. To conclude with the second act of the grand oriental spectacular operatic drama called the CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.
NOTICE.—Return of Mr. Phelps, who has recovered from his late severe indisposition, and will appear every evening during the week, supported by Miss Atkinson, Mrs. R. Honner, Mr. Robinson, Mr. James Johnston, Mr. F. Morton, Mr. John Mordaunt, Mr. Bigwood, Mr. H. Lewis, Miss G. Terry, and the best company in London. On Monday, to commence with HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Phelps. On Tuesday and Thursday, THE MAN OF THE WORLD. Sir Pertinax, Mr. Phelps. On Wednesday, THE STRANGER. Stranger, Mr. Phelps. On Friday, to commence with THE WIFE. Julian St. Pierre, Mr. Phelps. On Saturday, a Play, in which Mr. Phelps will perform. To conclude each evening with a popular Burletta, introducing the Female Ethiopian Serenaders. No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A.—(Kingsland).—The song has been consigned to the proper quarter, and will receive early attention.

E. S.—We never heard of the lady. Our correspondent had better refer to the Musical Directory of Rudall and Carte.

E. H. F.—The criticism ought to be printed in capitals. We have inserted it gratis. The writer should be furnished with a golden beard and a box of "itulics":—

BIRMINGHAM.—On Tuesday evening last the new oratorio, Judith, composed by Mr. Henry Leslie for the coming Festival, was put in rehearsal by the Amateur Harmonic Association. In spite of the drawback of a reading at sight, the most prominent beauties of the music were brought out in a clear manner by the ladies and gentlemen of the Association, and we venture to argue for the work a reception that will induce Mr. Leslie to go on in this, the highest branch of composition. Judith is short, but contains examples of powerfully dramatic and pathetic writing. In the interval an opportunity was taken to present to the conductor, Mr. A. J. Sutton, a purse of 25 sovereigns, contributed by the members of the Association, as a testimony of their regard, and on the occasion of his marriage. J. O. Mason, Esq., president, made the presentation, and Mr. Sutton expressed his obligations to the ladies and gentlemen under his charge for their uniform courtesy towards himself.—*Birmingham Daily Press.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8TH, 1858.

THE French insist that England is not a musical nation, and ground their argument upon the fact that we have no national opera. True, with such means as we have at hand, our national music is unaccountably neglected. There is, however, some reason for the neglect. The opera with us is not of paramount consideration. The oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, the symphonies of the great masters, and other such works, hold a higher place in our esteem. Because we prefer an epic poem to a melodrama, or an ode to a farce, it does not follow that we are indifferent to poetry. The reproach, that England is not a musical nation, loses all force when we remember that it proceeds from a people who are com-

paratively ignorant both of Handel and Mendelssohn. No foreigner, dwelling in London for a short period, would subscribe to it. The truth is, not that we are *not* a musical nation, but that music with us has gained so powerful an ascendancy over the other arts, as to have become the only real amusement of the people. Music may be likened to rain. Gentle showers are grateful and refreshing; heavy falls promote vegetation, and bring forth good fruits; even inundations are salutary; but a deluge destroys. The spread of music within a few years, in London, has been astonishing. In every district large saloons have been constructed, which vie with the finest metropolitan music-rooms or provincial halls. Canterbury Hall, Weston's Hall, Winchester Hall, Raglan Hall, &c., are a few among the many that dazzle the eye, and provide good music for the million. Music, however, is not restricted to such localities, but has crept into every place of amusement. The Polytechnic, that temple of indoctrination, in which learning and science for so long a time found their home, and scowled at the softer amenities of social recreation, has been forced to summon music to its assistance, and concerts and lectures on music are now among its staple attractions. The Colosseum, too, has been compelled to resort to the aid of music and musical readings. The Panopticon, after modulating through nearly all the keys of entertainment (that of preaching not excepted), at one time settled into a concert-room, and, though now for a while the arena for horses and tumblers, will, in all probability, resume its musical performances. The Crystal Palace is little more than a huge music hall, the statues, pictures, flowers, fountains, and the various departments of arts and sciences, being only collateral shows. There is scarcely an entertainment in London where music is not a chief element or attraction. Mr. Albert Smith and Professor Wiljalba Frikell would find their jokes and tricks hang fire, were they not enlivened and helped out by a cornet or a piano. Nay, we have heard it whispered that Dr. Kahn and Dr. W. B. Marston—having at length discovered that skeletons and desiccated human monsters were not such very enticing objects—have come to the determination of providing one or two fiddlers to lighten the gravity of their lectures; and by-and-by we may reckon upon hearing discourses on anatomy and pathology accompanied by airs from *La Traviata* or *The Bohemian Girl*.

England not a musical nation! Why music is the atmosphere of the country. It is a fifth element, as indispensable as the rest. It takes part in every business and relation of life. Her Majesty cannot dispense with her band at dinner. The civic dignitaries swallow their turtle and champagne to the "mellifluous breathings" of instruments and voices. Grace is pronounced and toasts are drunk to appropriate strains. A band of minstrels in every steam-boat waits on the passengers who journey to Gravesend or Richmond, Margate or Ramsgate. We cannot walk the streets without having our ears assailed by selections from the last new opera. Organ boys, German musicians, perambulating flautists, itinerant performers on the hurdy-gurdy, eleemosynary sirens, and long-winded whistlers, meet us at every turn, and by the success of their avocations incontestably prove the universal influence of sweet sounds. Whoever sups without music has only himself to blame. Let him repair to Paddy Green's, and be regaled simultaneously with a chop and a madrigal. If he prefers a pipe with music, let him go to Canterbury Hall, or Weston's, or the Raglan, where he may have his senses ravished, and his appetite

stimulated, by extracts from real *bond fide* Italian operas. In fact, where can we go to avoid music?

Music, in short, is the chief amusement of the people. It is closely intertwined with our way of life. We come into the world with a "Hallelujah" chorus, and are laid in our graves with a "Requiem." Laughing and crying are the alpha and omega of our existence; and what is laughter but the music of our joy, and weeping but the music of our sorrow?

WHEN one wishes to stigmatize an enemy, or perchance a friend, as a soulless wretch who has no feeling for the arts, one likens him to Lucius Mummius, surnamed Achæicus, who, somewhat about the year B.C. 146, took and destroyed Corinth. That illustrious connoisseur having possessed himself of the treasures of art, in which the city of the isthmus abounded, sold the choicest specimens to the refined King of Pergamus, and as for the rest, which he took with him to Italy, he exacted securities from the masters of the vessels to whom they were intrusted, that in case any picture or statue was lost or injured in the passage, it should be replaced by an equivalent. One image was just as good as another in the eyes of honest Mummius, and if he had let all the Elgin marbles slip through his fingers, he would have thought himself amply compensated by the presentation of one of those fine collections of sculpture, that adorn so many front yards in the New Road.

And yet this same Mummius, whose name is irrevocably bound up with the reminiscences of old Roman barbarism, was not devoid of the organ of veneration. If he was no judge of the intrinsic value of statues, he abstained from all those that had been consecrated to religious uses. Contrary to the practice common among the other generals of the Republic, he honoured the creed of the Greeks, and even dedicated a brazen statue of Jupiter at Olympia, surrounding the shrine with gilded bucklers of brass. The fact is, although Lucius Mummius was a remarkably ignorant person, he meant well; and moreover, he was good-natured even to a fault. Associated with Cornelius Scipio in the censorship, he proved so exceedingly easy in the discharge of his duties, that Scipio, on laying down office, declared that he should have performed his functions well had he been paired with a different colleague, or with none at all.

Now, if through some sort of palingenesis, this stupid, easy, good-natured Mummius had been strolling through Paris the other day, he would possibly have seen a sale that would have reminded him of his freaks at Corinth. A choice collection of linen, gloves, head-dresses, theatrical costumes, articles of *vertu*, would have been displayed before his dull eyes, and if he had not understood the real nature of the proceedings he would have thought the purchasers at high prices as great fools as his old customer the King of Pergamus.

But if he had been informed that the several articles had belonged to a divine being called Rachel, and that many of them were votive offerings presented to her by illustrious devotees, what, in that case, would Lucius Mummius have done? How would he have acted if he had been acquainted with the wretched facts thus recorded by a contemporary.

"RELIQUIES OF RACHEL.—At the sale of the effects of the late Mdlle. Rachel, which fetched very low prices, almost all the linen, handkerchiefs, gloves, head-dresses, &c. of the great tragedian were purchased by dealers in second-hand articles. Among the porcelain, a breakfast cup and saucer, which had belonged to Mdlle. Clairon, were sold for 150f.; a malachite box of good size fetched 2,500f.; a watch in metal, curiously chased, made in 1574, and which belonged to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, was purchased by a member of the Russian Lega-

tion for 505f.; two silver cups presented to the deceased by the young ladies of Moscow sold for 1,200f.; a workbox presented to Mdlle. Rachel while at Moscow by Prince Gortschakoff, whose palace she had accepted as a temporary residence, sold for 2,775f. Some of the articles of jewellery were purchased by Baron de Rothschild, Baron Selliera, Lord Hertford, the Princess Potocka, &c. An American bought for about 20,000f. A ring in emerald and brilliants, presented to Mdlle. Rachel by the Emperor Nicholas, was sold for 1,620f.; a bracelet, with the portrait of Mdlle. Mars, by Mme. de Mirbel, fetched 800f.; a bracelet given by the Queen of England, 7,800f.; two brooches given by the Emperor Nicholas, 6,100f. and 3,770f.; two diamond brooches, 48,700f.; a diamond necklace, 21,800f.; and a brooch given by the Emperor Napoleon III., 2,370f. The theatrical costumes fetched prices varying from 50f. to 400f. each."

How would he have acted? Why he would have felt it his bounden duty to come forward, and put a stop to the filthy secularisation of holy things. He would at once have bought up the entire stock, and at his own proper cost he would have erected a statue to the divine Rachel, and have hung about the shrine the rescued articles, after making them undergo sundry ablutions to purify them from the taint they had received from unworthy hands. For Lucius Mummius, bad judge of art as he was, could distinguish the divine from the simply human.

And having achieved this pious work, he would have added to his name a new cognomen, and would have called himself Lucius Mummius Felix, having a better claim to that high appellation than sundry individuals who own it by right of birth.

IT is rumoured that the proprietors of St. James's Hall are at last contemplating such change in the new building as may meet the deficiencies of which all the world has been complaining. We sincerely hope this may be true, both for the sake of music and that of the Company. At present St. James's Hall is anything but a music-room, which, since it was intended for nothing else, is somewhat of an anomaly.

MADAME SZABVADY, better known to our readers as Wilhelmina Clauss, will give her first *Matinée Musicale* at Willis's Rooms, on Monday morning next.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRES.—At the last of Miss Arabella Goddard's concerts for chamber music, which excite so general an interest, the following classical works were performed:—1. Sonata in E, for pianoforte and violin, by Mozart (with Sington); 2. Sonata in D major, by Hummel, for the pianoforte alone; 3. *Prélude & fuga*, by J. S. Bach, for pianoforte alone; 4. Sonata in A major, by Beethoven, for pianoforte alone; 5. Quartet in F minor, for pianoforte, with stringed instruments, by Mendelssohn (Sington, Goffrie, Piatti). In truth, a magnificent selection, such as has always been the case at these interesting concerts! We might take them as models! When do we ever hear anything similar in Vienna! The only concerts for chamber music are those given by Hellmesberger. Of these, the last two series included eleven evenings, with thirty-nine different pieces. There was only one by Mozart among them!—*Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN repeated his concert lecture on "Beethoven and his Compositions," on Tuesday evening last, at his residence in Baker-street, Portman-square. It was listened to, with evident satisfaction, by a numerous and select audience of musical connoisseurs. Mr. Salaman was assisted in his illustrations by Messrs. Deichman and Lidel (violin and violoncello), and by Miss Eliza Hughes, vocalist, pupil of Sir George Smart. At the termination of the lecture, Mr. Salaman performed Beethoven's trio for the pianoforte, violin and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 97, supported by Messrs. Deichmann and Lidel. Mr. Salaman has announced his intention of repeating his new concert lecture on "Carl Maria Von Weber and his Works," at an early date.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *La Traviata* was given for the first time this season, and with the usual success. Mdlle. Piccolomini found her admirers as numerous as ever, though hardly so enthusiastic as during the "extra season"—or seasons. Signor Giuglini sang very finely, and was encored in the romanza, "Di miet bollenti spiriti." Signor Aldighieri was no improvement on Signor Beneventano in the elder Germont, although perhaps freer from exaggeration.

After the opera a new *ballet*, or, more properly, *ballet-divertissement* was produced, under the title of *Fleur-des-Champs*, for Mdlle. Poccini. A Grand Ballet is now a myth, so we must be content with its substitute. *Fleur-des-Champs* is the title of a village belle, who loves and is beloved, but who indulges in coquetry until she drives her lover to the brink of despair, and is reformed by a vision. The story is not very clear, but the changes are effective. The dancing of Mdlle. Poccini was consummate. Some of the steps she introduced were as original as they were extraordinary, and one or two equalled the most surprising we remember. Mdlle. Poccini achieved a far greater success than the *ballet* itself—which must be reckoned among the *ephemera*.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Titien as Leonora—her second impersonation in London—Alboni as Azucena—her first appearance this year—Signor Giuglini as Manrico, attracted the most crowded audience of the season. Her Majesty and a large party occupied the royal box. Mdlle. Titien achieved an immense success, acting the part with unsurpassable energy and feeling, and singing with astonishing brilliancy. Her employment of the high notes—C, E flat and D flat—however, was occasionally "de trop;" nor was her execution, notwithstanding her superb voice, at all times marked by that fluency which we are accustomed to look for in the Italian school of vocalisation. Mdlle. Titien, however, is German—not Italian; and those who accept her for what she is will not have to complain of their bargain.

Signor Giuglini sang better than ever. His voice has gained power since last year; and certainly the "Ah, che la morte" was given with greater force than on any former occasion. He was encored in the romanza "Ah! si ben mio," one of his most finished and admirable efforts.

Alboni was welcomed with enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the house, which she received with a beam on her face, dispelling the gloom of the terrible gipsy mother's aspect, as the sun the night. Verdi's music is hardly congenial to Alboni; she sings it exquisitely, nevertheless, and endows it with a beauty it does not virtually possess. She acts, too, with intense and natural earnestness.

A new baritone, Signor Mattioli, was announced for the Count di Luna, but could not appear in consequence of a "hoarseness," and Signor Aldighieri undertook the part. Although encored in the popular "Il Balen," this gentleman's singing does not call for high praise. Signor Vialetti was Ferrando.

The new *ballet* followed.

On Thursday, the *Trovatore* and *Fleur-des-Champs*. The success of Mdlle. Titien was even greater than on the first night.

This evening, the *Huguenote*, "by desire"—does Her Majesty prefer Valentine to Leonora?—with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*, with the following cast: Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titien; Zerlina, Mdlle. Piccolomini; Elvira, Mdlle. Ortolani; Ottavio, Signor Giuglini; Masetto, Signor Aldighieri; Commendatore, Signor Vialetti; Leporello, Signor Belotti; and Don Giovanni, Signor Beneventano.

LONDON INSTITUTION.—On Thursday evening Professor Bennett gave the last of a series of four highly instructive and entertaining lectures at this institution. The lectures were devoted to the following subjects:—No. 1. "On the State of Music in English Private Society." No. 2. "On the Visits of Illustrious Foreign Musicians to England." No. 3. "The Vocal Music of England." No. 4. "On the Future Prospects of England as a Musical Nation." On each occasion nearly 1,000 persons attended.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert took place on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall. The programme was a good one, and not the less interesting from the fact of the first part being entirely devoted to Mozart, after the example set by M. Jullien.

PART I.

Overture—"Zauberflöte"	Mozart.
Aria—"Parto mio ben"	—Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Concerto, in D major (No. 20)—pianoforte, Signor Andreoli	Mozart.
Aria—"Vedrai carino"	—Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Symphony in E flat	Mozart.

PART II.

Overture—"Coriolanus"	Beethoven.
Air, with variations—"Sul margine d'un rio"	—Madame Lemmens Sherrington
Scena—"Prendi per me"	—Mad. Lemmens Sherrington	De Beriot.
Overture—(Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.				

The overture and the symphony were both played with great spirit and precision. Dr. Wylde took the times with classical correctness, neither too quick nor too slow, thus avoiding both rocks on which conductors' batons so often split. It was a good idea to make the Mozart selection begin and end in the same key. Everyone knows that the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* is in E flat; nor is it necessary to remind anybody that the E flat symphony, is equally in E flat.

The concerto of Mozart is not suited to Signor Andreoli's style of playing, which is as frigid and monotonous as it is neat. Such music should never be attempted by any performer whose heart is not with it. The slow movement was delivered, from beginning to end, without one atom of expression. Nevertheless, the audience were pleased, and the pianist was applauded. The concerto in D, though not one of Mozart's finest, is still so fine, that Signor Andreoli must be thanked for introducing it to the public. We can but regret that he did not present his *protégé* with greater enthusiasm.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang both her songs with the highest artistic finish; and in "Parto," enjoyed the advantage of the admirable clarinet-playing of Mr. Lazarus. We wish, however, that our accomplished English singer would have set a better example, by declining to accept the very partial encore bestowed upon "Vedrai carino."

In the second part, the overture to *Coriolanus* was first played. It is, assuredly, Beethoven's *greatest*. The clever manner in which Madame Lemmens Sherrington executed some variations on "Sul margine d'un rio," would have been entitled to still greater praise, had she not dignified them with the name of "Mozart." That Mozart could have had *no hand* in such a concoction, Dr. Wylde must have known very well. We can therefore only conclude, that he had not seen the programme in manuscript.

Signor Andreoli's second performance was the *Danse des Sylphes*, by the late Signor Fumagalli, a piece of unmitigated nonsense. How Dr. Wylde was persuaded to sanction such a display, is rather difficult to explain. Perhaps he wished, like Satan, to tempt his audience. If so, he succeeded better than the arch-fiend—for his audience applauded and recalled Signor Andreoli so heartily, that we could scarcely believe our ears. Surely—we thought—this is not the "New Philharmonic!" One or two more such exhibitions, and the concerts of Dr. Wylde—so far as the "classics" are concerned—will be condemned to the *Index Expurgatorium*.

SIGNOR BONETTI.—The talented *chef-d'orchestre* of Her Majesty's Theatre has arrived in London, and will preside for the first time this season, on Tuesday next, at the performance of *Don Giovanni*.

M. HAMMER is not coming.

HERR JEAN JOSEPH BOFF, the favourite pupil of Spohr, has arrived in London for the season. He will perform at the third Philharmonic concert, on Monday evening, one of the violin concertos of his illustrious master.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE sixth concert took place on Monday evening, and judging from the crowded and fashionable assembly, the amateurs may be supposed to be in flourishing circumstances. The selection, though excellent, was much too long, and consequently more than half the audience left the room before the commencement of Auber's overture. This was injudicious. It is far better to send people away wishing for more, than to tire them with superfluous abundance. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony, No. 2, in D—Mozart; Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Tennant—Mozart; Overture (*Semiramide*)—Rossini; Cavatina, "Nobil donna," Miss Correlli Gibb—Meyerbeer; Septet—pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, oboe, and horn—Mr. S. W. Waley, Mr. D'Egville, Mr. Davis Cooper, Mr. Dobree, Rev. Dr. Rowden, Mr. Pape, and Mr. Mann—Fesca.

PART II.—Movements from "Sleeper Awakened"—G. A. Macfarren; Irish ballad, "Norah, darling," Mr. Tennant—Balfe; Jacobite song, "He's coming again,"—Miss Correlli Gibb; Overture (*Masaniello*)—Auber. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony went capitally, and more than usual attention was given to the *pianos* and *fortes*. We must congratulate the band upon this performance, which showed decided improvement. Indeed, all the pieces played on Monday were unusually successful.

The septet of Fesca, a dreary specimen of chamber-music, though occasionally relieved by scraps of genuine melody, was a creditable performance, and created considerable interest. For some unexplained reason, Mr. Pollock was absent from his post, and Mr. Pape (clarionet) supplied his place.

The vocal music was good. Mr. Tennant honorably distinguished himself in Mozart's aria. Miss Correlli Gibb might do better, with so fine a voice.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE third concert was given on Friday evening, last week. On this occasion Mr. Benedict dispensed with an orchestra, but commenced, nevertheless, with Mendelssohn's *Ottetto*, very finely executed by eight accomplished players, with Mr. H. Blagrove leading, but not heard as distinctly as might have been desired by the admirers of Mendelssohn. The choir was assisted by the Vocal Union, and sang several glees and part-songs, among which the most favorably received was Mr. Benedict's *Wreath*, a most graceful and effective composition. Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Tinoli, Miss Messent, and Mr. Tennant were the vocalists.

The novelty of the evening was the violin performance of Mdlle. Gabriele Wendheim, a young lady, who, whatever may be her capabilities, is ill-advised to exhibit them in public at present, since, in the mechanical part of her art, she has almost everything to learn.

HERR ERNST PAUER'S SOIRES.

THE first of these took place on Wednesday night, at the Hanover-square Rooms, before a numerous and intelligent audience. Herr Pauer is an admirable pianist, and his taste lies exclusively in the domain of classical art. The first piece in his programme was Beethoven's violin sonata in C minor, which was very finely executed by himself and Herr Joseph Joachim, the exotic "lion" of the season. After a very clever song by M. Gounod (*cantique*), very cleverly sung by Mr. Santley, the audience were treated to a quasi-novelty—Haydn's charming trio in G. This was capitally performed by Herr Pauer, Herr Joachim, and Sig. Piatti, and the audience were so much delighted that they encored the last movement—a rondo formed on a subject in the Hungarian style of melody. One of Bach's pedal-fugues, and solos by Liszt and himself, were also contributed by Herr Pauer, who also took part with Herr Joachim and Sig. Piatti in Schumann's D minor trio, a work more dry and laborious than musically beautiful. Herr Joachim played Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* with wonderful taste and dexterity, and was unanimously recalled. Among the vocal pieces were two songs by Schubert, and a "Miserere" by Martini, all of which were sung with artistic expression by Mad. Pauer, wife of the concert-

giver. There was also a duet from *Semiramide*, which was hardly suited to the occasion, and in which Mad. Pauer and Mr. Santley were less at home than in the other pieces. The concert was first-rate of its class.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE performance of Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in conjunction, attracted one of the largest audiences we have seen at Exeter Hall. These two works together, so different in style and yet both so masterly, now constitute one of the most attractive entertainments of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The performance of *Athalie* on Wednesday evening was not perfect, though occasionally very grand—the overture and march of the Levites, for instance, being magnificently played. The solo singers were, Madame Clara Novello, Miss F. Rowland, and Miss Dolby. In the *Stabat Mater* the principal singers were, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Reeves, in obedience to the vociferous demand of the audience, was compelled to repeat the air, "Oujus Animam," which he sang superbly. Generally speaking, the execution of Rossini's work left as much to be desired as that of Mendelssohn's. As, however, both works are to be repeated next Friday, we shall consider the first performance as a "full rehearsal," and postpone further remarks until the next.

MR. ARTHUR O'LEARY'S CONCERT.—A very interesting performance of classical pianoforte music was given at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Thursday morning, the 29th ult., by Mr. Arthur O'Leary, the pianist. This young *virtuoso* was a student in the Royal Academy, under Professor Bennett for the pianoforte, and Mr. Cipriani Potter for composition. He reflects credit on his masters, exhibiting decided talent both in composition and in playing. The programme included a variety of classical *morceaux*, which it is not necessary to specify in detail. Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin, in which Mr. O'Leary enjoyed the invaluable co-operation of Herr Molique, pleases universally. Professor Bennett's exquisite *Rondo à la Polonoise*, the first time it was performed in public, was exceedingly well played, and much applauded. Mr. O'Leary also took part in Hummel's trio in E flat, with Herr Molique and Mr. Aylward, besides performing some selections from Schumann, with Mr. Cipriani Potter, an *Andante con moto* (Op. 2) of his own, and Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*. Herr Molique executed two of his own "melodies" (pianoforte accompaniment) with admirable effect. Miss White sang the air, "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freischütz*, accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Aylward, and the Irish song, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," and was encored in the last. The concert was under distinguished patronage.

MR. ALFRED CARDER'S CONCERT took place on Monday evening, at the Beaumont Institution. The vocalists were Madame Sherrington Lemmens, Miss Banks, Mr. Thomas, and Herr Reichardt; the instrumentalists, Mr. W. Pettit (violoncello), and Mr. Carder (pianoforte). The London Polyhymnian Choir also assisted, and sang several part-songs exceedingly well, including a clever six-part song, by Mr. Carder, entitled "Woman's eyes." Mr. Carder, among other pieces, played an andante, with variations, for piano and violoncello, with Mr. Pettit, in a musicianly manner, and was deservedly applauded. Madame Lemmens sang the aria from the *Messiah*, "Rejoice greatly," and with Herr Reichardt, "Hannah, why weepest," from Mr. Costa's *Eli*. Miss Banks was encored in Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and Mr. Thomas, in "The exile's farewell," a composition of Mr. Carder's. Herr Reichardt, who was received with great favour, sang "If with all your hearts," (*Elijah*), and, in German, a *lied* of his own composition, "Thou art so near, and yet so far" ("Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern"), in which he was enthusiastically encored, when he repeated it with equal effect in English. Mr. Alfred Carder (the *bénéficiaire*) was the conductor, and acquitted himself most satisfactorily. The room was well filled.

M. CHARLES HALLE.—This great artist is to play Beethoven's concerto in E flat, at the next Philharmonic concert.

A THIRD ITALIAN OPERA.—Drury Lane Theatre opens on Monday evening, with the first of a series of Italian operas, at play-house prices. The opera is to be *Il Trovatore*. The following is the list of the company:—Mesdames Salvini, Donatelli, Fumagalli, Belloni, Bernardi, Rudersdorff; Signors Badiali, De Giorgi, and Kinni; and Messrs. Perren and Charles Brahma.

Mr. H. J. TRUST'S MATINÉES.—The second of Mr. Trust's harp performances, took place at his private residence. The rooms were full, and the company select. The instrumental pieces were—Overture for piano, violin, horn, and harp, by Nademan, played by Miss Marie Salzmann, Messrs. Day, Mann, and Trust; Grand Trio, "L'Alliance," for pianoforte, flute, and harp, by Bochsa—executants, Miss Marie Salzmann, Messrs. Sidney Pratten and Trust; Oberthür's Trio, for two horns and harp, by Messrs. H. and F. Jarrett and Trust; Grand Duo, for two harps, by the same composer, performed by himself and Mr. Trust; Duo for flute and harp, *L'Italie et Irlande*, by Tulon and Bochsa, admirably played by Messrs. Pratten and Trust, and loudly applauded, besides solos by Miss Marie Salzmann and Mr. Trust. All these performances gave the utmost satisfaction, and Miss Marie Salzmann, niece and pupil of Mr. Trust, exhibited decided talent for the pianoforte, and was much applauded, especially in Mendelssohn's Fantasia. Mr. Trust's performance of Parish Alvars' "Barcarole," was greatly admired. The vocalists were, Miss Marian Prescott and Mr. Lyall. These *matinées* are first-rate of their kind.

BARNSBURY.—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Lawler, sung in a vocal performance of Handel's *Messiah*, on Monday evening last, at Barnsbury Hall, Islington. Mr. J. F. Cooper was the conductor, and accompanied the voices in a clever manner. An efficient chorus, about fifty in number, did themselves and their conductor much credit by their energetic and careful performance. The principal singers fully sustained their high reputation.

LEEDS—(From our Correspondent).—On Monday last, Mr. Burton gave a concert in the Music Hall, when Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* were performed. The band and chorus numbered about eighty; and the principal singers were Miss Whitham, Miss Freeman, Mr. Westmoreland, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. Considering the shortcomings naturally expected from the local soloists who undertook such difficult music, both works were performed in a very creditable manner. The attendance was thin.—The Brousil Family have given several concerts during the week, in the Music Hall.—*On dit*, that the Festival will take place on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th September, a fortnight before the meetings of the British Association. The morning performances will, in all probability, consist of *The Messiah*, *Mount of Olives*, *Elijah*, and Haydn's *Seasons*. The guarantee fund now amounts to about £2,500.

BELLS AND SINGERS.—Four o'clock in the morning. The deep bass voice of Paul's, the Staudigl of bells, has growlingly proclaimed the fact. Bow Church confirms the information in a respectable baritone. St. Clement's Danes has sung forth acquiescence with the well-known chest-note of his tenor voice. St. Margaret's, Westminster, murmurs a confession of the soft impeachment in a contralto rich as Alboni's in "Stride la vampa;" and all around and about the pert bells of the new churches, from evangelical Hackney to Puseyite Pimlico, echo the announcement in their shrill treble and soprano.—*Welcome Guest.*

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Charles Dickens read his Christmas story, "The Chimes," on Thursday evening, to an audience that filled every part of St. Martin's Hall. So great was the crowd, indeed, that scores were turned away from the unreserved seats and the galleries. In several instances, Mr. Dickens could not proceed for the applause, and his greatest effects were certainly created in the serious parts of his story. In order to bring the "reading" within the compass of two hours a good deal of the text has to be omitted, but nothing materially to affect the story. On Thursday next Mr. Dickens will read his "Christmas Carol."

THE AMBROSIAN CHANT.

THE Ambrosian chant derives its name from its having been employed in the service of the church by Ambrose, chosen Bishop of Milan in 374, and canonised after his death. This prelate appears, however, neither to have originated the form of chanting, nor even to have first appropriated it to ecclesiastical purposes.

Some writers suppose that an antiphonal form of chanting prevailed among the Jews from the earliest times; this being inferred from the description of Miriam and her maidens answering Moses and the children of Israel in the song of thanksgiving after the passage of the Red Sea, from the construction of several of the Psalms of David, and from the description of the reciting or chanting (very possibly of some other of these, most likely of the 136th) at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Temple of Solomon, and again at the performance of the same ceremony for the second Temple; and they argue that such a manner of rehearsing the Psalms being in use among the Jews, it was continued, and the melodies they chanted were preserved by the early Christians. Others suppose that the music in use among the Greeks was at once adopted in the church service by the first pagan converts to Christianity, and they speculate that the narrative of the divine passion, being of a tragic character and of most deeply tragic interest, may, at its habitual public recital, have been intoned, or chanted, or sung, after the same manner and to the same melodic cadences as the tragedies of the Greek theatre. Others, again, pretend that the musical system was invented, if not by Ambrose himself, certainly by and for the express use of the members of the Christian church; and they advance in support of this view of the subject, that Ambrose distinguished the four modes which only he employed, simply by the numerical appellations of first, second, third, and fourth, and was followed in this principle by Gregory, who extended his system, with respect to the four modes he added to those of Ambrose, whereas the Greek titles were first applied to the ecclesiastical modes by Glareanus, who, so late as the sixteenth century, further extended their number to twelve, and thus, so it is pretended, gave rise to the confused idea of their origin that now prevails. One fact and one conjecture will, however, I think, entirely refute this pretension: namely, the four modes of Ambrose are identical with the Dorian, the Phrygian, the Lydian, and the Mixolydian modes of the Greek system, as are the added four of Gregory with those that are now known by the same names; and, since the succession of intervals that constitute these modes are all of them arbitrary, artificial arrangements, wholly unfounded upon any harmonic, any natural system, it is not for a moment to be believed that they could have been for a second time invented, especially at a period when they remained still in use for the purpose of reciting Greek poetry, for which they were originally designed. Such is the fact; and my conjecture is, that Ambrose dropped the Greek names, and preferred his numerical distinctions (and Gregory followed his example), if not merely for the sake of greater facility of reference, perhaps in order to dissociate them, so far as might be, from all ideas of heathenism; whereas, in the time of Glareanus, the idea of the heathenism of the Greeks having in some sort given place to that of their classicality, this last-named reformer of church music chose to restore their original Greek names to the ecclesiastical modes, and, we may naturally believe, thought he would give them dignity and respectability thereto. In further justification of this consideration of the origin of the ecclesiastical modes may well be urged, that the Latin hymns of Prudentius, written for the catholic church, are in Greek metres, the Alemanic, the Alcasic, the Sapphic, &c., and are thus shown to have been produced with the intention that they should be sung to the Greek music appropriate to such metres.

Whatever the origin of this system of music, Ambrose appears to have made himself master of it during his residence at Antioch, where, under the administration of Flavian, the bishop of that Greek city, it had been long in use in the church, and was in great esteem. Before Ambrose made use of it in Milan, Basil had transplanted it to his see of Cesarea, and Chrysostom to his of Constantinople, in which latter place it was employed as a counter-attraction of the orthodox church to the hymns of the Arians, which these heretics habitually chanted as they passed in procession through the public streets. Very shortly after, if not coincidently with the introduction of this system of chanting by Ambrose at Milan, it was also introduced by Pope Damasus at Rome, so that it is almost questionable whether Ambrose entirely deserves the credit of transplanting it from the eastern to the western church.

The object of Ambrose for instituting at Milan the musical system that bears his name, was the same as that of Chrysostom at Constantinople, to counteract the seductive influence of Arianism. It is stated by some writers, that when his orthodox flock took refuge in the churches against the persecution of Justina, the empress-mother, their

bishop taught them to intone the psalms antiphonically to certain melodic cadences (melodies, in our modern acceptation of the word, they can scarcely be called) constructed upon these modes. Others only state, but, I believe, all agree, that this system of responsive chanting to those special tones (or, as we should now say, tunes) being established, it had the great effect which is the aim of all music in divine service, nay, of every accessory to the act of devotion—even of the form of language employed in prayer—the effect of elevating the feelings of the supplicants, and kindling in their hearts such glowing emotions as we, in the present day, experience when we hear and, still more, when we participate in the competent performance of the masterpieces of the lyric art. They who have proved the exalting power of music, will instantly recognise the full extent of my meaning; they who have not, could never understand, from second-hand description, the more than human influence it possesses to bind a multitude together in one common emotion by one all-uniting chain of sympathy. *Augustinus Aurelius*, who had been converted to Christianity by the preaching of Ambrose, thus, in his *Confessions*, addresses his master as to the effect of this music upon him.

"How many tears I have shed during the performance of thy hymns and chants, keenly affected by the notes of thy melodious church! My ears drank up those sounds, and they distilled into my heart a sacred truth, and overflowed thence in pious emotion, and gushed forth into tears, and I was happy in them."

The same pious writer proves that it was especially the musical character of the performance which produced this powerful impression on his heart, by a comparison between the choral chanting instituted by Ambrose at Milan, and the monotonic recitation practised under the administration of Athanasius:

"Sometimes, from over jealousy, I would entirely put from me and from the church the melodies of the sweet chants which we use in the psalter, lest our ears seduce us; and the way of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, seems the safer; who, as I have often heard, made the reader chant with so slight a change of note, that it was more like speaking than singing. And yet, when I call to mind the tears I shed when I heard the chants of thy church in the infancy of my recovered faith, and reflect that at this time I am affected, not by the mere music, but by the subject brought out as it is, by clear voices and appropriate tunes, then, in turn, I confess how useful is the practice."

Exciting thus the participants in the performance, it may well be believed that this, the highest style of music then known, with the utmost perfection of execution then possible, resulting from the simplicity of the melodies, and the multitude and the genuine enthusiasm of the singers, had also a powerful effect upon the indifferent passers-by, and even the heretics, who casually heard it: an effect so powerful as to attract them to its daily repetition, and thus to induce them to listen to the sacred teaching, while itself prepared their minds and hearts for the reception of the lessons then promulgated.

We must now consider of what the music of the Ambrosian chant consisted. The diatonic genus, the simplest of the three comprised in the ancient Greek system, was the only one employed; and the reason of this is obvious in organising a system of music for the performance, not of a studied few, as in the Greek theatre, and in the solemnities of the pagan priesthood, but of the entire people. To define this in modern terminology, it must be said to have consisted of the natural notes belonging to our scale of C, wholly without inflection by sharps or flats, save that, under certain circumstances, B flat was used instead of B natural (but never chromatically, that is, next before or after it), according to the greater perfect system of the Greeks, instead of according to their lesser perfect system. The modes of the Greeks were distinguished from each other by their various dominant and final notes, the former of which was, not as in present acceptance, the fifth of the key, but the predominant note throughout the melody; and the latter being, of course, that upon which the melody closed. As any note in the octachord might be employed as a final, or, as we should now call it, tonic or key-note, it will be seen that the scale of each mode had a different distribution from the others, of the tones and semitones. These are the four modes chosen by Ambrose, which were identical with the first four of the Greeks:—

The *Dorian* of the Greeks (which was the protos or first of Ambrose) commenced upon our D, and so had its semitones between E and F, and between B and C.

The *Phrygian* of the Greeks (the deuterus or second of Ambrose), commencing upon our E, had its semitones still between E and F, and between B and C.

The *Lydian* of the Greeks (the tritos or third of Ambrose), commencing upon our F, had its semitones between B and C, and between E and F.

And the *Mixolydian* of the Greeks (the tetartos or fourth of Ambrose), commencing upon our G, and having its semitones between B and C, and between E and F.*

Writers differ as to the names of the Phrygian and the Lydian modes, some reversing the names of those which are here given, others calling the third the Eolian instead of the Lydian, but those here stated are, according to the majority of authorities, classical and ecclesiastical. Another uncertainty prevails as to the term *mode*, some writers using that of *tune* to signify the same thing, while others employ this latter word rather in our acceptation of *tune*—a melody, namely, written in either one of the modes. The description here given applies rather to the notation, and to the relative distance of one to another, than to the positive pitch of the notes, for there is every reason to believe that the tones or chants constructed upon either one of the four modes might be, and continually was, sung higher or lower, according to the compass of the voices that intoned them at one time or another; or, in modern terminology, were transposed into higher or lower keys.

* Under what circumstances the B flat of the greater perfect system was employed, I can trace no rule to define; but the fact that this note, and not B natural, is the original note of the German scale, and that of the almost universal prevalence of our keys of F and D minor in the first compositions that departed from the rigid severity of the ecclesiastical canon, considered with reference to the greater perfect system of the Greeks, which consisted of two octaves, commencing upon our A in the first space of the bass clef, and had B flat for its second and ninth notes, suggests that there may be some inaccuracy in this generally accepted description of the scales which I have given, and that B flat was the received note, and thus B natural, if used at all, was entirely exceptional in its employment. If this conjecture be true, the situation of the semitones in all the modes will differ accordingly.

(To be continued.)

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OFFICE HOURS FROM ELEVEN TO FOUR.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a Matinée Musicale at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May 24. Vocalists:—Miss Lindo (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public) and Signor Marras. Instrumentalists:—Herr Janke, M. C. M. Herr Goffrie, M. Paque, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar. Among other pieces will be performed J. S. Bach's Piano-forte Concerto in D minor. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s., to be had at all the principal music-sellers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

MADILLE. D'HERBIL, the Juvenile Pianiste, begs to announce that she is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, 14, Berners-street, Oxford-street; or Mapleson and Co., 12, Haymarket.

V.

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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 15, 17, and 18, at Peterborough, Lincolnshire.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 19 and 20, at Boston, Lincolnshire.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 21 and 22, at Southwark.

HERR BOHRER'S Third and Last SOIREE will take place at his residence, 24, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, on Wednesday next, to commence at half-past eight o'clock. Tickets may be had of Herr Bohrer, and Robert W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL. — Mozart's REQUIEM and Beethoven's CHORAL SYMPHONY, on Wednesday, May 19, under the direction of Mr. John Hullian. Principal vocalists:—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Mouton Smith, Mr. Santley. Tickets, 1s., 2s. 6d., stalls, 5s. Commence at Eight o'clock.

HERR BERNHARD MOLIQUE begs to announce that he will give a GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, May 26th. Reserved Seats, 15s.; Ticket, 10s. 6d., to be had of Herr Molique, 30, Harrington-square, and at the principal music-sellers.

M. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday evening, May 20th, at 8 exactly, his "CRICKET ON THE HEARTH." On Wednesday afternoon, May 26, at 3 exactly, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL." Each Reading will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; area and galleries, 2s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MISS LAURA BAXTER has the honour to announce that she will give a VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday evening, June 17th. Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists will appear. Further particulars will be duly announced. Reserved seats, 15s. each; Unreserved, half-a-guinea, to be obtained of the principal music-sellers and libraries, or of Miss Laura Baxter, 74, Milton-street, Dorset-square.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS. — **ST. JAMES'S HALL**, Regent-street and Piccadilly. For this occasion only. Thursday morning, May 27. By desire, the Christy's Minstrels will have the honour of giving a GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE at the above magnificent Hall, on Thursday, May 27, to commence at three o'clock precisely. Programme and full particulars will be duly announced. Balcony and Stalls (numbered and strictly reserved), 5s.; Reserved Seats, 8s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Galleries, 1s. To be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street; at all the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; and at the St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. — **THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION**, Conductor M. Benedict. On Friday evening, May 21. Artiste:—Madame Borchardt, Madame Liza Haynes, Madame Amadel; Herr Pischek, Herr Deck, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and the Orpheus Glee Union. Pianoforte:—Miss Susan Goddard and M. Benedict. Violoncello:—M. Payne and Mr. Horatio Chipp. Violin:—Herr Joachim. The association of 300 voices will perform several popular Part-songs and Madrigals. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s. Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d. Box-seats, 10s. 6d. To be had of all the principal music-sellers.

HERR JOACHIM. — **ST. JAMES'S HALL.** — **THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION**, Conductor, M. Benedict. Herr Joachim. This celebrated artist will perform Bach's Chaconne for the Violin at the performance on Friday evening next, May 21st.

HERR PISCHEK will make his first appearance these three years on this occasion.

M. CHARLES CHAPLE has the honour to announce that his GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday, May 29th. Madames Clara Novello, Dolby, Bassano, Augusta Manning, Henriette Boile; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Frank Bodda, Chaple, J. Balcar, Chatterton, Paque, B. Wells, Harrison, and Land. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. 2, Nottingham-terrace, York-gate, Regent's-park.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — **THE FIRST GREAT FLOWER SHOW** will be held on Saturday next, the 22nd May, in the Central Transept and the North and South Naves, which will be specially arranged for the occasion. Doors open at twelve. Admission by Season Ticket, one guinea; or by Day Ticket, 7s. 6d. To prevent delay at the doors, visitors are respectfully recommended to provide themselves with tickets beforehand.

WILHELMINA CLAUSS (Madame Szarvady) will have the honour of giving a SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE, on Monday, May 24, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, assisted by Herr Molique, violin; Mr. Henry Blagrove, viola; and Signor Piatti, violoncello. To commence at Three o'clock precisely.—Reserved and numbered seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved seats, 7s. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street; and the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

MONS. PAQUE begs to announce that his SOIREE MUSICALE will take place on Friday, 28th of May, at half-past Eight o'clock, at 65, Russell-square, with the kind permission of Mrs. Oxford-Vocalists:—Madame Borchardt, Mons. Depret, and Herr Deck. Instrumentalists:—Mrs. Oxford (who kindly consented to give her assistance for this occasion), Herrn Molique and Ries, Mr. Wobb, Mons. Paque. Conductor:—Herr Schloesser. Tickets, at half-a-guinea, maybe had at Messrs. Schott and Co., 159, Regent-street; and at Mons. Paque's, 35, Fitzroy-square.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD (pupil of Professor Stern-dale Bennett) will give a Concert of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC on Friday evening, May 21, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street. Vocalists:—Mrs. Bertha Street and Mrs. Lenhard Lewis. Violin, M. Saiton; violoncello, M. Paque; pianoforte, Professor Stern-dale Bennett and Miss F. Corfield. Tickets, 7s. each, to be had of Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street; and of Miss F. Corfield, 29, Burton-street, Eton-square.

M. R. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to announce to his friends and the public that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Monday, May 24th, supported by the following eminent artists:—Misses Louisa Vining (her first appearance since her provincial tour), Lascelles, Poole, Lizzy Stuart, Julia Blenden, McAlpine, C. Moore, and Wortley. Messrs. Geo. Perren, Montem Smith, Wilby Cooper, Thomas, Frank Bodda, Viotti Collins, J. Cheshire, Wilhelm Ganz, F. Braine, Avant, and Geo. Case.

MISS DOLBY and **MR. LINDSAY SLOPER** beg to announce THREE CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms on Monday afternoons, May 17 and 31, and Monday evening, June 14. During the series, they will be assisted by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Saiton, Blagrove, Piatti, Paque, Benedict, G. Russell, and Cusina. Subscription to the series, one guinea; admission to a single concert, half-a-guinea. Tickets for reserved seats may be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 70, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL, 10, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.

L AURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND. — New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

M. R. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (orchestral and solo) from the Conservatorium of Music, and Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Leicester-square.

M. R. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 18, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

M. R. THORPE PEED, Assistant Professor with the late Signor Crivelli, begs to announce that he is in town for the season. Applications for lessons and engagements are requested to be addressed to Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street, where testimonials from the late great master, may be seen.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL. — **Mr. John Weippert** had the unspeakable delight of receiving Her Majesty's commands to attend and conduct his unrivalled orchestra at the Grand Ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Princess Frederick William's marriage. Address, 21, Soho-square.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

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CRYSTAL PALACE. — **J. DISTIN'S FAREWELL CONCERT.**

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MADAME SZARVADY'S MATINEES MUSICALES.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

MADAME SZARVADY, the celebrated pianist, better known in this country under her maiden name of Wilhelmina Clauss, gave the first of an announced series of pianoforte concerts on Monday morning at Willis's Rooms, which were densely crowded on the occasion by an audience which included many notabilities of the artistic and fashionable world. Madame Szarvady was assisted by MM. Sainton and Piatti, who played the violin and violoncello parts in Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in C minor in the best possible manner; but her dependence was, notwithstanding, chiefly upon herself; indeed, the rest of the programme consisted wholly of solo pianoforte performances. The pieces were Sebastian's Bach's "Fantaisie Chromatique" and fugue in D minor, selections from the "Feuilles d'Album" and "Promenades d'un Solitaire" of Stephen Heller, the "Fantaisie Impromptu" and étude in C sharp minor of Chopin, Beethoven's sonata in G, op. 31, and a march by Alkan.

The fame which Madame Szarvady has long enjoyed as a pianist of deep sentiment and great mechanical skill was fully sustained on this occasion, when she executed so large a number of compositions belonging to different schools and periods of art. Her playing in every instance indeed was of the highest order, and in certain passages she reached the "perfect perfection" of executive art. We need scarcely add that Madame Szarvady's success was very great, or that she may be regarded as one of the most remarkable *ladies* of our present musical season.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRES.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

The last of these truly classical entertainments took place yesterday evening at Willis's Rooms, before a brilliant assembly of *connaisseurs*, professors of eminence, and fashionable amateurs. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Air varié, pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 17), Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Horatio Chipp	...	Mendelssohn.
Grand sonata in E minor (the last sonata composed by Weber), Op. 70, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	...	Weber.
Fugue in G minor (generally known as "The Cat's Fugue")	...	Scarlatti.
Prelude and Fugue in G major—"Clavier bien tempéré"	...	J. S. Bach.
Fugue in D major—"Kräftig und Feurig"—(Seven Characteristic pieces) pianoforte, Miss A. Goddard	...	Mendelssohn.
Sonatas in B flat, pianoforte and violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton	...	—

PART II.

Grand sonata in B flat (Op. 106), pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	Beethoven.
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The crowded state of our columns does not permit of our entering into very long details respecting this rich and varied selection of masterpieces, upon which a whole page of comment might be written. A word of praise to Mr. Horatio Chipp, the most promising of our young violoncellists, who played his part in Mendelssohn's duet in a highly effective manner; and an acknowledgment of the finished and admirable performance of M. Sainton, the great French violinist (the actual representative, indeed, of the French school of violin-playing), in the beautiful sonata of Mozart, must suffice, with the addition that this last is another of those long-forgotten works of the author of "Don Giovanni," which Miss Arabella Goddard has rescued from neglect. How this young and accomplished lady plays the preludes and fugues of Bach we need not remind our readers. Last night she showed herself quite as conversant with Scarlatti, whose famous "Cat-fugue" she executed with the highest finish and perfection. The rendering of the more brilliant, impetuous, and exacting fugue of Mendelssohn (taken at the legitimate Mendelssohnian speed) was a *tour-de-force* which, in the majority of pianists, native or foreign, would have been pronounced ex-

traordinary; but Miss Goddard has so accustomed us to these prodigious feats that whilst it enchanted every one it surprised no one.

Bach's fine prelude and fugue in G major (one of the most melodious of the immortal "48") contrasted charmingly with the fugues of Scarlatti and Mendelssohn. Never was the severest form of contrapuntal writing rendered more engaging than by the graceful and exquisite performances of Miss Goddard. The sonata of Weber, the last of the four grand solo pieces which this gifted composer wrote for the pianoforte, was introduced for the first time to the London public on this occasion, and its success was fully equal to that won by Miss Goddard for its companion works in C and A flat major at previous *soirées*. Though unequal in merit, this sonata is thoroughly original, and bears the stamp of Weber from first to last. Miss Goddard enters into the spirit of Weber's music with the same ardour that endows her performances of Beethoven with an irresistible and abiding charm, and the result is that she forces her hearers to share her enthusiasm. Of Miss Goddard's final performance last night, which brought the second series of concerts to a triumphant close, we are at a loss to speak in befitting terms of admiration. The sonata in B flat, Op. 106, the longest, most profound, and most difficult piece of music ever written for the pianoforte, is the second of the five infinitely grand and beautiful works which terminate in imperial magnificence the vast labours of Beethoven in this particular branch of composition. This extraordinary and almost impracticable sonata, which every pianist regards with fear as well as wonder, has now been played no less than four times in public by Miss Arabella Goddard. When she first attempted it at one of the admirable concerts of the Quartet Association, in 1853, she was scarcely 17! Of that memorable event we wrote as follows:—"Equally irreproachable, and much more remarkable, considering the tender age of the performer and the immense difficulties of the task, was Miss Arabella Goddard's execution of Beethoven's great pianoforte sonata in B flat, Op. 106. It was quite extraordinary to find this complicated emanation from the large heart and brain of Beethoven—this wondrous expression of all his deepest feelings, metaphysical dreamings, and mystic sympathies with the spirit world, which alone would have sufficed to give immortality to his name, so clearly and beautifully rendered by a young creature not yet out of her teens. We know not whether Miss Goddard had bathed in the waters of Castalia, duly shaken the laurel tree, and inhaled sulphurous vapours before commencing her marvellous performance; but certain are we that she appeared a genuine Pythia, full of her god, darting his rays into our mind with all the irresistible force of inspiration." The five years that have elapsed since these words were written have transformed the "young creature not yet out of her teens" into a woman. During their progress, Miss Goddard has not been content to stand still in her art; but, with unremitting perseverance and constant enthusiasm, has made herself mistress of all that the greatest musicians have written for the instrument of her predilection. She is now, at the age of 22, not only the greatest female pianist of her own country, but the richest in knowledge, and the most variously accomplished, now before the tribunal of European opinion. To certify this we need only point to what Miss Goddard has done, and ask what other contemporary public player at home or abroad has accomplished as much. We have reason to be proud of such a countrywoman; and it would not merely be injustice to her personally, but also to ourselves as a musical nation, not to render her the full homage to which she is entitled.

To conclude, Miss Goddard's fourth performance of Beethoven's sublime and beautiful sonata was magnificent from beginning to end, and completely vindicated her right to the title so often given to her of "Queen of the Piano."

TRINITY CHURCH, BAYSWATER.—Last Sunday a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Bellew, and a collection in aid of the funds of the church realised more than £30. Mr. Edmund Chipp, organist of Trinity Church, wrote a new psalm for the occasion, which was performed by an effective choir, assisted by the most influential patronesses of the church.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE third concert, on Monday evening, was again attended by a brilliant and crowded audience. The following was the programme :—

PART I.

Sinfonia Eroica	...	Beethoven.
Scena, "Infelice," Madame Clara Novello	...	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Paga fui," Miss Lascelle	...	Winter.
Concerto in E flat, Pianoforte, M. Hallé	...	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia, No. 11	...	Haydn.
Romance, "Sombre Forêt," Madame Clara Novello	...	Rossini.
Concerto, Violin, Herr Bott	...	Spohr.
Overture, Oberon	...	Weber.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

We have very seldom heard the first, second, and fourth movements of the *Eroica* symphony more admirably played. The times were indicated to the nicest shade of exactness by Professor Bennett, whose classical taste and strong musical instincts are invaluable in this very important duty connected with the office of orchestral conductor. The *Eroica* being placed first in the programme, was, of course, very detrimental to the effect of Haydn's 11th Symphony. The following apology for this innovation was inserted in the bills :—

"The score of this symphony, published by Simrock of Bonn, contains the following directions of the composer for its performance :—'This symphony, being beyond the usual length, ought to be placed nearer the beginning than the end of a concert, so that it may not, by being heard too late, and by an audience already fatigued with previous pieces, lose its own proper effect.'"

The directors seem to have overlooked the fact that in Germany there is never more than one symphony at a concert, and that Beethoven did not contemplate such lengthy performances as those of the Philharmonic Society. This arrangement would suit the new Philharmonic Concerts very well, and, perhaps, may have influenced the arrangement invariably adopted by Dr. Wylde, who only gives one symphony, and assigns it the place of honour—at the end of the first part. Haydn's symphony, though very finely performed, was sacrificed; and not only the *Eroica*, but the pianoforte concerto, superbly executed by M. Hallé, had a hand in this catastrophe. Who could go back with patience to "Papa Haydn" after two such astounding manifestations of the genius of Beethoven, in the very fulness of its power?

Poor Herr Bott—Spohr's favourite pupil—was still worse treated. Such a composition as Spohr's 11th Concerto could hardly give satisfaction at so late an hour, and after so many pieces of a higher and more imaginative character. Nevertheless, Herr Bott's playing was very masterly, and it says not a little in his favour, that with such obstacles before him, he should have been entirely successful. The concerto is not one of Spohr's best; but the execution (a little cold, perhaps) was so finished and spirited, that the audience bestowed applause on the *virtuoso* which in other circumstances they might have withheld from the work.

Madame Novello sang the splendid *scena* of Mendelssohn very finely, and produced the first *vocal* effect of the season. Miss Lascelles, too, gave the air from Winter's opera with considerable taste.

The concert was decidedly too long, but otherwise of first class interest. It was, we think, a mistake to include a very long symphony, and a very long pianoforte concerto, by the same composer, (both in E flat, too) in one part. Beethoven was thus allowed to declare his supremacy in the orchestra twice over. The *Eroica* was enough to establish that, without the concerto. Nevertheless, the audience, who received M. Hallé with great enthusiasm, would not willingly have lost such a treat as was afforded by that gentleman's finished and artistic playing.

At the fourth concert, Herr Joseph Joachim is re-engaged. He is to play Mendelssohn's concerto, and a sonata by Bach.

SIG. TAMBERLIK is gone to Rome. He will return in June to fulfil his engagement with the Royal Italian Opera.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE fifth season was inaugurated on Saturday, the 8th inst., with a grand concert given in the central transept, a new orchestra being erected opposite the great Handel Festival orchestra. The band, under the direction of Mr. Manns, was augmented in number, but to little purpose, the instrumental performances not being distinctly heard, and produced no impression. The vocal performers were even better situated, the front of the orchestra was brought forward, and the singers thus came into close proximity with the audience. The following was the programme :—

PART I.—1. Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; 2. Cantata, "May Day," Mdme. Sherrington and chorus, Macfarren; 3. Recitative and Aria, "Rage thou angry Storm," Mr. Weiss, Benedict; 4. Solo for Violin, Mr. Sainton, Sainton; 5. Aria, "Mille volte sul campo d'onor," Miss Dolby, Donizetti; 6. Air and Chorus, "Come if you dare," Mr. Sims Reeves and Chorus, Purcell.

PART II.—1. Overture, "Semiramide," Rossini; 2. Part Song, "The Nightingale," Mendelssohn; 3. Duet, "Ah! se de mali miei," Miss Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves, Rossini; 4. Aria, Mdme. Sherrington, Donizetti; 5. Song, "The Wanderer," Mr. Weiss, Schubert; 6. Invitation à la Valse, Weber—Berlioz; 7. Madrigal, "Now is the month of Maying," Morley; 8. Grand Selection from "Preciosa," Mdme. Sherrington, Chorus and Orchestra, Weber. Conductor—Mr. A. Manns.

Mr. Macfarren's Cantata was as good as a novelty, being given for the first time out of the provinces. *May Day* was first produced at the last Bradford Festival, and achieved an eminent success. Since then it has been performed at some of the provincial towns, and has always proved attractive. Why such a work should have been so long ignored to the metropolis is a mystery. Mad. Sherrington sang the music of the May-Queen at Bradford, and we doubt much if anybody could sing it better. The lovely air with chorus, "Beautiful May, with thy lap full of flowers," went exceedingly well, and the whole performance, indeed, was creditable to all concerned. Neither the air from *Pisa di Tolomei*, nor Purcell's song and chorus, created much effect, although Miss Dolby sang the first perfectly, and the voice of Mr. Sims Reeves rang like a trumpet in the second. The duet from *Tancredi* was one of the most effective vocal performances. The overtures were lost in reverberations. The orchestra, as at present constructed, will not do.

On Saturday last the National School Choral Festival took place, and attracted nearly twenty thousand people. The chorus consisted of between four and five thousand voices selected from the children and teachers of the national and endowed schools of London and its vicinity, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The following programme was given :—

PART I.—Organ, March from Eli—Costa; the Old Hundredth Psalm; Chorale, "We praise Thy name, O God," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" the Hymn of Eve, arranged from a song by Dr. Arne; Part song, "Sweetly the Sabbath bell;" Psalm cxix., v. 9, 10, 11—Dundee tune; Chorus, "O Thou that teilest"—Messiah; Anthem, "Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake"—Farrant; Chant, "Praise the Lord, O my soul," Psalm cxvi.; Anthem, "O sing unto God"—Martin.

PART II.—Rule Britannia—Arne; Part song, "When the evening sun is shining," arranged from a glee—C. J. Stafford Smith; Part song, "The crocus"—J. Braham; Four-part song, "Come let us all a-maying go"—Martin; Four-part song, "The blue-bells of Scotland;" Four-part song, "See our oars"—Stevenson; Four-part glee, "Hail! smiling morn"—Spofforth; National Anthem, "God save the Queen."

Considering the numbers and years of the vocalists, the singing was really admirable. Mr. Martin appeared to have the whole force under the most perfect control. Encores were awarded to the four-part song, "Sweetly the Sabbath bells," "Rule, Britannia," the glee, "When the evening sun is shining," and "The blue bells of Scotland." The interest taken by all present in the performance, was intense.

Her Majesty and the Queen of Portugal were present during the rehearsal in the morning. Want of space alone prevents us from entering at greater length into this truly interesting commemoration.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE second concert "for the exhibition of the students," took place on Wednesday afternoon, at the Hanover-square Rooms, instead of at the Academy in Tenterden-street—a decided improvement. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture, (*Oberon*)—Weber; Chorus, "Come gentle Spring," (*Seasons*)—Haydn; Aria, "Ma negli estremi istanti," (*Il Giuramento*), Miss Lucia Fosbrooke, Harp obligato, Miss Fanny Bulkeley—*Mercadante*; Duetto, "E ben per mia memoria," (*La Gazza Ladra*), Miss Louisa Van Noorden, and Miss Lucy Glover—*Rossini*; Serenade, Pianoforte, Miss Caroline Wallace—*Mendelssohn*; Aria, "Caro luoghi," (*Linda di Chamounix*), Miss Kate Shepherd—*Donizetti*; Finale and Chorus, (*Euryanthe*), solo parts by Mrs. Street, Miss Whyte, Mr. Thorpe Peed, and Mr. E. Seguin.

PART II.—Terzetto è Coro, "Ecco alfin, la villa santa," Miss Whyte, Miss Kate Shepherd, and Mr. E. Seguin, Harp obligato, Miss Fanny Bulkeley—*Lovell Phillips*; Polacca, "Più non si parli d'odio," (*Lo Scampiglio Teatrale*), Miss Whyte—Earl of Westmoreland; Terzetto, "Colpita dal fulmine," (*Fedra*), Mrs. Street, Miss Whyte, and Mr. E. Seguin; Harp obligato, Miss Fanny Bulkeley; Flute, Mr. J. Richardson; Clarionets, Mr. Lazarus and Mr. J. A. Owen; Bassoon, Mr. J. G. Waetzig; Horns, Mr. C. Harper, and Mr. J. Standen—Earl of Westmoreland; Part-song (for female voices), "Farewell to the flowers,"—Ciro Pinsuti; Aria, "Io l'udio," (*Torquato Tasso*), Miss Louisa Van Noorden—*Donizetti*; Grand Finale and Chorus (*Fidelio*), solo parts by Mrs. Street, Miss Whyte, Mr. Thorpe Peed, and Mr. Mattacks—*Beethoven*. Director of the Orchestra, Mr. Lovell Phillips.

Is the art of composition no longer taught in the Royal Academy of Music? The only work by a student in the above selection (unless the Earl of Westmoreland is to be regarded as an Academician) is the graceful trio of Mr. W. L. Phillips, who has for very many years abandoned the position of a student for that of a professor.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S MATINÉES.

SUCH masterly playing as that to which Mr. Hallé treated his fashionable patrons at his residence, on Thursday afternoon, deserves a longer notice than the crowded state of our columns will allow us to devote. His programme was rich in interest and variety. The two sonatas of Beethoven, in D major and C minor (Ops. 10 and 111.), showing the powerful imagination of the master in two widely different periods of his life, were both performed with such vigour of style and finish of detail that it would seem hypercritical to object, that the *rondo* of the first would have satisfied us better if delivered with a little less of the caprice which its character no doubt suggested, and that we should have preferred both the *allegro* and the variations of the last, admirably and intellectually as they were delivered, a shade faster. Mozart's charming variations on one of his simplest and loveliest melodies (in A) were faultlessly played; while the deep and grand *chromatic fantasia* with fugue (in D minor) of John Sebastian Bach, could not have been executed with more irreproachable neatness of finger or greater breadth of colouring. But, best of all, was Clementi's very fine and very little known sonata in G. minor, Op. 92 (not the *Didone Abandonata*), which, as an example of legitimate pianoforte playing, could not have been surpassed. On no occasion have we heard M. Hallé to greater advantage. His consummate talent as a pianist, united to the rare excellency of his programme (which terminated with some pieces from M. Stephen Heller and Chopin), left such an impression that the next *Matinée* will be looked forward to with the utmost interest by all who were present at the first. The rooms were so crowded that even the staircases were thronged from top to bottom.

TONBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The programme at the fifth annual concert of this establishment, contained many well known compositions by the best writers, in addition to selections from Mr. Gilbert's oratorio, *St. John*, which were performed to the evident interest of the crowded audience, who repeatedly testified their appreciation. After the concert the company adjourned to an elegant supper provided by the head master.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.

If Drury Lane were capable of holding three times the number of persons it does, it would have been crammed on Wednesday morning, when Mr. Howard Glover gave what he justly entitled a "Gigantic Concert"—"gigantic" not merely from its length, but the list of eminent names comprised in the programme. Who would not pay double the price of admission—whatever that might be—to hear and see such renowned artists as are included in the following list?—Mesdames Gassier, Dolby, Rudersdorff, Castellan, Weiss, Palmer, Lemmens Sherrington, Messent, M. Prescott, Susan Pyne, Sedlatzek, Stabbach, T. Jefferys, Rowcroft, Miss J. Rowcroft, Marian Moss, Amy Dolby, and Louisa Pyne; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Reichardt, Thomas, W. Harrison, Charles Braham, and Weiss; Miss Arabella Goddard; M. Sainton and Mr. H. Blagrove. The Band of the "Garde Nationale" of Paris, also assisted. There were forty-seven pieces, vocal and instrumental. Every piece in the programme was given, and in the place allotted to it—an unprecedented fact in a concert of such magnitude. The concert commenced at half-past one, and did not terminate till near seven. The majority, notwithstanding, waited until the end—a proof that the entertainment was of the best. The conductors and accompanists were Messrs. Benedict, Alfred Mellon, Randegger, F. Berger, and Howard Glover.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Two concerts were given on Monday and Wednesday evenings, for the purpose, it would appear, of introducing the band of the Paris Garde Nationale to the London public; but the playing of the French musicians is too obstreporous for any place except the open air. The principal interest of the concert was centred in Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Arabella Goddard. When Mr. Reeves came on to sing "Adelaide," with Miss Goddard to accompany him, the audience broke forth into a regular shout of recognition. Mr. Reeves was encored in a new ballad by Mr. Frank Mori, called "Rose of the morn," and Miss Goddard in Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," both rapturously. Miss Goddard also executed M. Silas's "Gavotte, Passe-fried, and Courante"—a capital imitation of the old masters, besides being a most ingenious composition—with inimitable finish. There were also part-songs by the Royal Surrey Choral Society, songs by Madame Gassier, Miss Poole, Miss Eyles, Mdlle. Sedlatzek, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Winn.

The most noticeable points of the second concert were the grand scena from *Oberon*, "Oh! tis a glorious sight," by Mr. Sims Reeves; a fantasia on Irish airs, arranged by Mr. Benedict for the voice, sung by Madame Gassier; Howard Glover's charming song, "I arise from dreams of thee," by Mr. Sims Reeves; and the performances of the Surrey Choral Society. Misses Messent, Stabbach, Dolby, Poole, and Gerard, Messrs. Winn and Frank Bodda contributed vocal pieces; Mr. Brinley Richards executed a fantasia of his own composition on the piano, in a brilliant manner; and Signor Cavalli played a solo on the horn. The second performance of the National Guards' Band only confirmed our first impressions.

BARNSBURY HALL—(*From a Correspondent*).—An excellent concert was given here on Saturday last by Miss Galloway. The programme included the names of Mesdames Medora Collins, Sedlatzek, Paget, and the fair concert-giver; also MM. Gollmick, Goffrie, Willbye Cooper, Cottle, Dance and Palmerini. Miss Collins was encored in Mr. Pratten's song "Too late," and Mr. Cooper in "Dear Kitty." Herr Goffrie's performance of "Il tremolo" on the violin was much applauded, as also Herr Gollmick's pianoforte solo. Miss Galloway's voice is a pure soprano of power and good compass. She has evidently profited by the tuition of Herr Goffrie, and bids fair to take a position among metropolitan singers; she was encored in a song by Mr. S. Glover. The Hall was crowded with the *élite* of Highbury and Islington, so much so that many had to stand during the greater part of the evening.—H. L.

CARL VAN BEETHOVEN, nephew and heir of the celebrated master, Ludwig van Beethoven, died lately at Vienna, aged 51.

POEM FOUND AT WILLIS'S ROOMS *

COMPREHENSIBLE BY MUSICAL FOLKS ONLY.
(From *Punch*.)

VAINLY with feats for wrist and finger-joint
These German quacks test ARABELLA's rôûs,
"Plus Ultra" is the lady's starting point,
And "Ne Plus Ultra," perhaps, her Half-Way House.

(Done into German by a Subscriber to the —l —n.)

Genug, Ihr Deutschen, dieses eitlen Strebens ;
Denn Arabella prüft Ihr vergebens.
Mit was Ihr nennt "Plus Ultra" fängt sie an,
Und "Ne Plus Ultra" übersteigen kann.

(French'd by a Transcriber from M. Scribe.)

Marchands de not's allemand's, la bell' Goddard
D'entortiller vous essayez en vain ;
De "Plus Ultra" ell' fait son point d' départ,
Et "Ne Plus Ultra" laisse à mi-chemin.

* At Miss Arabella Goddard's last soirée.

HERR OBERTHUR'S morning concert on Saturday was very fully attended. The vocalists were Madame Ferrari, Miss Stabbach, and Signor Ferrari; the instrumentalists, Miss Freeth, pianoforte; Signor Regondi, concertina; Herr Jansa, violin; Herr Lidel, violoncello; Miss Chatterton, Miss Rosetta Vinning, Miss Freeth, and Herr Oberthür, harps. Herr Oberthür, one of the most fashionable professors of the harp, introduced, on the present occasion, a nocturne for three harps, a duet for harp and piano, and a trio for harp and violoncello, of his own composition, in all of which he was heard, both as a player and a composer, to great advantage. Among the most successful vocal efforts we may name that of Madame Ferrari, in the cavatina from Rossini's *Otello*, Miss Stabbach in a song by Schloesser, and Signor and Madame Ferrari in Rossini's duet "La Peaca." Herr Lidel was deservedly applauded for his performance on the violoncello, and Herr Jansa for his solo on the violin. Signor Regondi's concertina playing was perfect; and Miss Freeth, a pupil of M. Alexandre Billet, in a prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn, showed herself a worthy disciple of an excellent master. The accompanists at the pianoforte were Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Herr Pirschner.

LEEDS.—On Monday, the 3rd inst., Professor Sterndale Bennett had an interview with the festival committee, at Falkner's-rooms, in Greek-street, when several important matters were discussed and decided upon with respect to the musical festival. Mr. Henry Smart, of London, and Mr. Spark, of Leeds, were appointed organists; and Mr. R. S. Burton, organist of Leeds Parish Church, was selected as chorus-master. Professor Bennett visited the Town-hall during the day, accompanied by several members of the orchestral committee. We understand that the Leeds festival conductor expressed great delight with the appearance of the hall; and although no actual test of its acoustical properties was made, the general opinion seemed to be that it was admirably adapted for musical purposes.

LEEDS TOWN HALL—(From our Correspondent).—The following sums were granted by the Town Council at a quarterly meeting last Wednesday, for Town Hall purposes:—For a clock and bell for the tower, £800; for laying out the exterior of the building, £2,000; for gas chandeliers and fittings for the large hall and other parts of the building, in addition to £600 previously granted by the Council, £1,650. A contract was also signed with Messrs. Thorpe and Atkinson for making and fixing a case for the organ, at a cost of £774. A short discussion arose as to the progress of the organ, during which, Mr. Alderman Kitson said, that he had heard the organ played recently, and he was happy to say that the work was making satisfactory progress. Its mechanical arrangements were superior to anything of the kind he had ever seen. In reply to the Mayor, Mr. Kitson said, that he had been assured, on inquiry, that the organ would

be finished early in September, and there was no doubt they could have a very good organ by the end of August. The Mayor said that he asked the question, because, if the Queen visited Leeds, it would be on the 30th or 31st of August. The Town Hall tower will not be completed until next spring, and it is reported that some part of it has cracked. The architect, however, denies this. Nothing farther has been done with regard to the Festival since my last communication.

DUBLIN.—At the last of the Ancient Concerts, Herr Joseph Joachim was the "lion." His success was immense, as may be easily believed. *Saunders' News Letter* thus alludes to his performance:—

"The event of the evening was unquestionably the exquisitely finished and masterly performance of Herr Joachim on the violin, and none could hear him without being convinced that he is an accomplished artist in the truest acceptation of the term. His reading of the music allotted to him was beautifully classical—it was, in fact, a perfect study, and his playing throughout was characterised by purity of taste, great discretion, and a marvellous and faultless execution." Herr Joachim played Mendelssohn's second trio (with Mrs. Joseph Robinson at the piano, and Herr Elsner at the violoncello); Tartini's sonata; the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven (with Mrs. Robinson); and two of Paganini's caprices. The audience were enraptured with everything. The most enthusiastic praises are lavished by the press; nor is the admirable talent of Mrs. Robinson forgotten in the unbounded eulogies of the critics. Several part-songs, and some solos by Mad. Lemmens Sherrington (who pleased very much), were also introduced.

TWICKENHAM—(From a Correspondent).—A number of gentlemen, amongst whom we may mention more particularly — Brown, Esq., and Edward Gillman, Esq., enthusiastic admirers of Mozart, Handel, Mendelssohn, and the other great classical masters, having long held the opinions enounced in the first leading article of the *Musical World* last week, and believing that England, despite what the French may say to the contrary, is musical, determined to test the validity of their belief. They began by getting up a series of lessons in vocal music, on the Hullah system, and from the success of their first concert on Wednesday, the 12th inst., have every reason to be proud of what they have achieved. The concert was held in the Independent School Room, and under the direction of Mr. W. Evans. The first part, which was entirely of a sacred character, contained among other compositions, selections from the works of Handel and Mendelssohn, which were exceedingly well given, and listened to with the greatest delight. In the second part, we may mention "Oh, who will o'er the downs," by Pearsall, "When evening's twilight," by Hatton, two gées "See the chariot at hand," by Horsley, "Here in cool grot," by Lord Mornington, and "Soon as I carelessly strayed," by Testa. Mr. H. Baumer, R.A.M., performed the "Andante e Rondo capriccioso," of Mendelssohn, and a "Tarantella" in a manner that deserved the hearty applause with which he was rewarded. The thanks of all the friends of good music are due to the gentlemen who have set the scheme afloat, and also to Mr. W. Evans, the very able conductor. One would suppose that so rational and, at the same time, so intellectual a source of amusement would meet with no opponents, especially among the educated classes; we are sorry to state, however, that a very influential individual in the parish has refused to allow the girls belonging to the parish schools to join the association, on the pretext that it would enable them "to sing bad songs at the corners of the streets." This appears strange reasoning. It will be seen from the pieces we have named above that the girls could not learn "bad songs" at the association, the programme of which gives evidence of great judgment and good taste, and would certainly tend, in our opinion, to inspire them with a love of what is elevated and pure; at any rate, if they will sing "bad songs," they would do so more correctly than at present, and that would be something gained. We sincerely trust that the individual in question will see the error of his ways, and withdraw his futile and absurd objection.

VERDI'S NEW OPERA.—We learn, from the Italian papers, that all Signor Verdi's disputes are definitely arranged. *La Vendetta in Domino* will first be produced at Rome, and then, very probably, at Florence. *Simon Boccanegra* will be given at Naples. The subject of *La Vendetta* is the same as that of Auber's *Gustave III.*

AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA BY DONIZETTI.

(From *Figaro*.)

M. NESTOR ROQUEPLAN, when manager of the Opera, determined to send M. Dietach,—one of the principal officers of the theatre, an artist of the first class, and a great authority in musical matters,—to Bergamo, the birthplace of Donizetti, to see whether the complete score of the *Duc d'Albe* was amongst the papers left by the *maestro*.

All the unpublished papers and manuscripts of Donizetti were still under seal; but the Austrian Government allowed the seals to be temporarily removed, so that the representative of the Opera might make the required search. I do not know, or, rather, I do not think the time has come for me to say, what was the result of this search for the *Duc d'Albe*, the object of the journey. But, on his return, M. Dietach informed M. Roqueplan that he had discovered among Donizetti's paper the *unpublished score of a little "Opera buffo,"* composed to a French text—a score entirely terminated and arranged for a full orchestra.

This little Opera is the same which we mentioned, a short time since, in the list of works accepted at the Opéra-Comique. The following details render the master's posthumous work a perfect *Odysssey*.

Donizetti could not live without working. One day, happening not to have any copy, not even the smallest possible duet to sustain him, he applied to M. Gustave Vaëz, his friend and usual *collaborateur*, and requested him to write as quickly as he could a little one-act *Opera buffo*.

The subject was agreed on in the course of a walk. More than this, Donizetti asked M. Vaëz, before leaving him, to extemporise the words for the introductory air. The next day, he brought the air scored for a full band, taking away a second piece which he sung to M. Vaëz, the day after. In this manner the score was composed to the finale, and I have even been assured that, on two occasions, the *maestro*, overcome by his inspirations, took the manuscript from the librettist as every leaf was finished, and extemporised the melody to it, while M. Vaëz wrote off another scene.

M. Crozier, then manager of the Opéra-Comique, welcomed the offer of the score as a piece of good fortune. He was already in frequent correspondence with Donizetti, who was terminating for him a grand work in three acts. But, in consequence of certain difficulties which arose with regard to the epoch stipulated in the agreement for the putting it in rehearsal, and believing, whether right or wrong, that he was being sacrificed to M. Auher, Donizetti freed M. Crozier, although bound in a considerable penalty, from his engagements, observing, with that just pride which never left him, that he was not accustomed to compose music at the dictates of the law.

The loss of the great work involved that of the smaller one, for Donizetti would not send in his *opera buffo*. Shortly afterwards he was attacked by a terrible malady, by that death of the mind to which genius is too often subject, and then died altogether.

How can we pass from this sad story to the *indivisibility of inheritances?* Throughout this story we find points that are sufficiently sad, and a system of hucksterage not very pleasant to relate.

Let us shortly state the fact that, for trivial pecuniary motives, the public has been long deprived of Donizetti's posthumous work, and that matters remained in this state till last year. It was not till then that the master's nephew, M. André Donizetti, came into possession of the little *opera buffo*. M. Gustave Vaëz had an interview with M. Perrin, who, being perfectly convinced of the authenticity of the work, by the word of Donizetti's friend and *collaborateur*, determined to take such precautionary measures as would render it impossible for the work to be considered spurious.

A committee, consisting of a few experienced musicians, was appointed. They were asked to say whether the score laid before them was really by the author of *Don Pasquale*. The gentlemen selected were, M.M. Duprez, Dietrich, Vauthrot, Leborne and Robin, M. Perrin himself being their chairman. Achille Denis

drew up the report, and the declaration of this musical jury was that they *unanimously* considered the little one-act "*Opera Buffo*" submitted to them was undoubtedly by Donizetti; that the score was written and signed by his own hand; that no portion of it had ever been published; that it was composed to and expressly for the words written beneath the music; that it was completely terminated and arranged for a full band, and that it might be delivered immediately into the hands of the copyist.

The temporary title of this unpublished work by Donizetti is *Rita*, the name of the principal personage in it.

ADOLPHE DUPRETY.

HÉROLD'S "MULETIER."

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

THE firmament of the Opéra-Comique is studded with stars, small and great, which appear and disappear, to reappear, like comets, at some undetermined epoch. The *Muletier* is one of these privileged planets which thus depart, but always return, a privilege it owes to the charming score composed by Hérold to a rather common and worn subject. The last time we saw it resume its place in the repertory, was in 1848, during the month of September, a month in which the Parisian managers exerted themselves fruitlessly to attract the public, busied and immersed in all kinds of interests, passions, and fears. We ought not, therefore, to be astonished that the revival did not produce a greater sensation, although the part of Inezia was sustained by Madlle. Darcier with that intellectual ingenuousness which rendered her a little Mdille. Mars at the Opéra-Comique, just as Gavaudan was formerly said to be its Talma.

Of all the artists who, on this occasion, figured in the *Muletier*, the only one remaining is Sainte-Foy, the worthy successor of Férol, in the character of Flandrinos. Riquier-Delannay has succeeded Audran (who had previously succeeded Lemonnier) in that of Henriquez; and Lemaire, the elder Riquier, in that of Rodrique, the disproportionately old husband of the charming Inezia, who has now assumed the features of Madlle. Lefebre; and we must confess she could not have selected a better representative. As a clever and delicate actress, Madlle. Lefebre is in no whit inferior to Mdille. Darcier; while, as a singer, she is superior to her. But, unfortunately, there is so little, so very little, singing in the part of Inezia, written for Mdme. Pradher, that it is really not worth while talking about it. That of Zerbine, betrothed to Henriquez, is more musical, and Mdille. Henrion plays rather than sings it; this is one of the mistakes in the present cast. That excellent artist, Lemaire, also, has not voice enough to accompany properly the entrancing harmonies of the *morceau*, in which *staccato* notes of the horn imitate the beatings of the heart. What a pure diamond is this piece of really ideal inspiration, which would not disfigure the jewel-case of the divine Mozart himself!

Hérold's score has not grown old, save in a few parts where the ardour of Rossinian imitation is rather too apparent; as a whole, it bears the stamp of a composer who was about to give us some master pieces. *Le Muletier*, *Maria*, *Zampa*, and *Le Psg aux Clercs*, form an aureola which will henceforth surround Hérold's head. And yet *Le Muletier* had to surmount a very vigorous opposition before it succeeded. "It was only after twenty representations," says Adolphe Adam, in his notice of his illustrious colleague, "that the public, who had manifested great severity on all the points of morals, excused the samples of grossness the piece contained, in favour of the music." Hérold was even obliged to have the score engraved at his own expense. The fact is, that M. Paul de Kock borrowed the idea of his piece from Boccaccio and *La Fontaine*, and imitated the former too much in the crudity of his language, while he did not imitate the latter sufficiently in delicacy and grace of thought.

HERR JOACHIM will play Bach's Chaconne for the violin, at the concert of the Vocal Association, at St. James's Hall, on Friday evening next, May 21st. The Vocal Association, of 300 voices, will also perform some of their most popular part-songs and madrigals.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

RROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, May 15, the performance will commence with the new comedietta, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, May 15, the performance will commence with GUY MANNERING. To conclude with the farce of THAT BLESSED BABY.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Re-engagement of Mr. G. K. DICKINSON and Miss REBECCA ISAACS.—Great success of OUR NELLY.—On Monday, ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. G. K. Dickinson. On Tuesday, VENICE PRESERVED. Jaffier, Mr. H. Marston. On Wednesday, THE IRON CHEST. Sir Edward, Mr. G. K. Dickinson. On Thursday and Friday, for the first time at this theatre, THE MOUNTAINEERS. Octavian, Mr. G. K. Dickinson. To conclude every evening, Tuesday excepted, with OUR NELLY, in which Miss Rebecca Isaacs and the whole strength of the company will appear.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 15TH, 1858.

We do not often bore our readers intentionally, but now with full consciousness of the wrong we are doing, we venture to inflict upon them the dullest paragraph that ever found its way into our columns :—

"Among the guests were—his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, his Excellency Baron de Cetto, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Stanley, Lord J. Manners, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Walpole, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Lord Cranworth, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Palmerston, the Master of the Rolls, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Carlisle, Earl Granville, Lord St. Leonard's, Lord J. Russell, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Earl Grey, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Sir C. Wood, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Goderich, Mr. Robert Lowe, Sir R. W. Carden, the Governor of the Bank of England, Sir R. Murchison, Mr. Hope, M.P., Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P., Sir W. F. Williams of Cars, Mr. M. Milnes, M.P., Mr. H. Drummond, M.P., Professor Faraday, Mr. Alderman Selomons, the President of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Mr. C. Dickens, and Mr. Thackeray."

The list thus ducally commenced and intellectually terminated, records the persons of distinction who were present at a certain anniversary dinner.

What the particular dinner was we do not as yet declare. Let the most imaginative of our readers simply conceive in his own mind the assemblage of the personages above mentioned round a festive board, at the head of which he himself sits as president.

Good—our most imaginative reader has done all this—with an effort he confesses—but he has done it nevertheless. Let him now carry his work a little further, and fancy that in his capacity of President he has to toast the literary celebrities of the day, coupling the toast, according to immemorial precedent, with some distinguished name.

We now ask, which is the particular name that he would select under the circumstances. He runs his finger down to the bottom of the list, without the slightest hesitation, but, when he comes to the last line, he perceives a difficulty. Dickens and Thackeray are both present—the Fielding and

Smollett of the age (which is the Fielding and which is the Smollett we no more undertake to decide, than did Mr. Buckstone at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner)—and it will be hard to name the one, without passing an undeserved slight on the other.

After a pause commensurate with the magnitude of the difficulty, our imaginative reader, if he be likewise a man of practical views, will hit upon the device of introducing *both* names into the toast. Let Dickens and Thackeray be mentioned together as representatives of literature, and nobody can possibly be offended.

Stop a bit—not so fast. We now request our imaginative reader to perform the hardest task he has performed yet, and to conceive the possibility of a single individual being offended when before the guests above-named, Sir Charles Eastlake, as Chairman of the Royal Academy Dinner, held on the 1st inst., stated, that among the persons who honoured the festival with their presence, were some of those distinguished "men of letters," to whom the professors of the sister arts were indebted sometimes for the poetic character, sometimes for the touching truth of their representations, and concluded these remarks by proposing the health of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray.

Imaginative as he is, our vivacious friend is posed at last ; he does not greatly admire Sir Charles Eastlake, as a painter, but in the association of these two names, he considers his conduct not only to have been unexceptionable, but beyond the reach of objection. The only possible difficulty contingent to his position he solved triumphantly.

Now comes our *coup*, our grand effect, for the reception of which we have been artfully preparing our imaginative reader's mind, and which is so startling that it will even reach the sensorium of our dullest subscriber. The revelation that we are about to make is so very appalling, that the first shock felt at Lisbon in 1755, and so well imitated at the Colosseum, was but the maternal rock of a cradle in comparison.

Here goes ! There are English writers now in London who think that neither Mr. Charles Dickens, nor Mr. Thackeray, should have been selected to represent the literature of the day.

We are afraid the rest of this article will remain unread. We are afraid that by the statement of a fact so utterly incredible, we have so completely forfeited our character for veracity in the minds of our readers, that every one of them has committed his copy of the *Musical World* to the flames, thereby sacrificing an inestimable quantity of amusement and instruction.

Nevertheless we proceed, on the hypothesis that one reader may perchance be less impetuous than the rest, and we cite the following passage from the *Saturday Review* :—

"The representative men of English literature are not our Hallams, and Macaulays, and Milmaxes, and Scotts, and Mrs., but those lively comic writers and lecturers, Messrs. Dickens and Thackeray. We have the greatest respect for these clever writers in their walk. They have contributed more than any other living authors to the amusement of the world ; but when it comes to an impersonation of the extant letters of England, Jan Stein and Teniers might as reasonably be put forward as the masters of painting. To do these gentlemen justice, they evidently felt the false position in which the bad judgment of their friends had placed them ; and the boldness of their difficult chat was happily atoned for by its brevity."

The *Saturday Review* is the great inconceivable ! Indeed, what journal but the *Saturday Review* could spit venom on any society for associating the names of Dickens and Thackeray with the present literature of England ? What journal but the *Saturday Review* could so totally ignore the

value of public opinion, as to say that two such men felt themselves in a false position, because Sir Charles Eastlake had proposed their health? What journal but the *Saturday Review* could so ostentatiously put on a mask of ignorance, as to bestow the name of "comic writers" upon two men who put pen to paper with as serious a purpose as any reformer of abuses that ever used the printing-machine for the great end of public enlightenment? As for the toadyism of Macaulay, &c., it is all stuff. Surely, among a society of artists, a man of creative imagination must rank higher than an ingenious compiler; one Thackeray and one Dickens above fifty Macaulay's.

The old story over again. The *Saturday Review* hates Dickens and Thackeray because they are popular. If their works had passed immediately from the publisher to the trunkmaker and the cheesemonger, not a word would have been penned against Sir Charles Eastlake's toast.

OUR readers have had an opportunity of learning, through our columns, the opinions of M. Fétis on the present state of the musical art. The long experience of the veteran professor, and his wide knowledge of the history of his subject, would naturally kindle the expectation of some doughty championship of time-honoured and established principles, against the revolutionary tendencies which signalise the times in musical as in many other matters. If, on this head, those who have followed M. Fétis through his series of articles have experienced considerable disappointment, their pains will not have been all lost, for assuredly to meet with plain straightforward opinions, however old-fashioned, clothed in impressive and clear language, is not unfortunately so common a case but it may be regarded as a refreshing alternation amidst the productions of foreign musical critics, though without any special novelty of view or illustration. M. Fétis seems to have altered his intentions indeed in the course of carrying them out, and though he began evidently with the intention of breaking a lance against the modern mystagogues and anarchists of music, he subsequently turns off disdainfully from any serious encounter with such questionable shapes, and addresses him rather to tracing out a plan from the execution of which he is sanguine enough to look for the regeneration of music in its several acknowledged styles.

Of the ideas and views embodied in the system thus put forward we would say a few words, for, although they almost entirely apply to, as they spring out of, musical institutions in France, some general remarks as to art and its encouragement may be based on them. M. Fétis acknowledges and deplores a general decadence of all the arts in France, and chiefly of that of music, yet he is not ready to prophesy total destruction and a reign of vandalism, but hopefully believes that, by proper efforts, the *facilis descensus* may be arrested, and the art may again *superas evadere auras*. As usual, however, with our neighbours, the wings by aid of which this upward flight into the regions of classical purity is to be performed are to be manufactured by the Government. Such wings, however, as all experience has shown, melt in the ardent atmosphere to which genius alone can soar, and leave the wearer, Icarus-like, to gravitate downwards with an unpleasant precipitancy proportionate to his artificial elevation. Had M. Fétis consulted the plain effects of Government fostering as a means of producing works of merit from his own observation rather than the hopes of a very creditable enthusiasm, he would have been the first to see that though he widened and improved

the old road, its terminus would still be the same. What does one of the acutest and most accurate observers of French society, and one of the most sagacious thinkers (making allowance for the national love of paradox) the world over produced—Balzac—say of the national training system? In *Cousin Pons* occurs the following passage:—

"He exhibited, in his own person, *gratis*, one of the numerous victims of the fatal and pernicious systems called competition, which still reigns in France, after a hundred years of fruitless practice. This engine-press of the mind was invented by Poisson de Marigny, brother of Madame de Pompadour, appointed director of the *Besaux Arts*, about the year 1746. Let any man try now to reckon on his fingers the men of genius furnished within the last half century by the body of *laureates*. In the first place no administrative or scholastic effort can stand in the place of those miraculous chances to which we owe the existence of great men. It is of all the mysteries of generation the most inaccessible to our modern and ambitious analysis. Moreover, what would be thought of the Egyptians, said to have invented ovens for hatching chickens, had they not immediately thrust food into the beaks of these chickens? Thus does France act in endeavouring to produce artists by the hot house of competition, and when once the sculptor, painter, engraver, or musician, is obtained by this mechanical process, she troubles herself as little about him as the dandy is preoccupied with the fate of the flowers he has once worn in his button-hole. The men of talent turn out to be the Greuzes, the Watteaux, the Felicien Davids, the Pagnets, the Geireaults, or Decamps, the Aubers or Davids d'Angers, Eugène Delacroix, or Meissonier—men who took little thought of *grand prizes*, and shot up from the open soil under the beams of that invisible sun called vocation."

It is strange that M. Fétis, whose years, it might be imagined, would have cooled down all over-sanguine and Utopian aspirations, should believe that any, the most sedulous tillage, the most elaborate machinery of instruction, encouragement, and protection, can rear a true and healthy growth of art, which, to exist naturally, must depend on the natural and free spirit of the nation. If in a nation there exist not a large class of enlightened patrons, who are ready to part willingly with their money for the gratification of a refined taste, it is worse than useless, it is an absolute cruelty and wrong to form a body of artists, trained and disciplined to produce, nurtured to love and admire, that which finds no sympathy or effective encouragement without. We prepare individuals to suffer a long life of agony and bitterness, moral and physical, luring them by a false prospect built up with elaborate artifice, and destined to vanish at the first attempt to grasp it. Unless a government be prepared to find a market for the works which it trains workmen to perform, it is not justified in such proceeding. All that it can justly do, even in France, where it is a recognised department of government to foster art, is to produce as many artists as it can legitimately employ in its own sphere of actions, and even were it to provide employment for as large a number of artists as the widest organisation of art-schools might rear, it would not have raised a national art, but some grotesque and misbegotten offspring of red-tape and *dilettantism*. Where there is wealth, without moral and intellectual refinement, false art will flourish and will be the national art, though academies and conservatories were as plenty as guard-houses. In a money-making age it will ever be difficult for high art to find a place unless in the shape of an asylum. A few giants may spring up with volcanic might and make great hearts beat and fat purses open, but such regular strata of eminent artists, tapering from the highest excellence to mediocrity, as we see in great art-epochs and art-countries, can never be formed, except under the invocation of a kindlier and more soaring spirit than the mammon which governs the destinies of modern civilisation.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE *Huguenots* was repeated on Saturday by desire of Her Majesty, who witnessed Madlle. Titiens' performance in Valentine for the third time—a compliment few artists have ever received from royalty. The house was hardly so crowded as at the two first performances of the *Trovatore*, but the company was more distinguished.

On Tuesday, the first night of *Don Giovanni*, the greatest curiosity prevailed about the Donna Anna of Madlle. Titiens. To be brief, the new singer surpassed her previous efforts. Her Donna Anna must be placed higher, both as a histrionic and vocal achievement, than either Valentine or Leonora. It is as much superior to her Valentine as her Valentine to her Leonora. We may, in a word, say Madlle. Titiens' Donna Anna is one of the finest impersonations of that great and trying part we have ever witnessed on the stage.

In the scene after the death of the Commandant, Madlle. Titiens exhibited a world of conflicting emotions. The grand recitative and air, "Or sai che l'onore," sung in the original key, was magnificent, the acting being as intensely passionate as the singing was artistic. "Non mi dir" was equally fine in more than one respect. The slow movement was given with genuine expression, and the *allegro* with equal brilliancy and force, being unanimously encored. Madlle. Titiens repeated half of the *allegro* (*Fi donc!*) In the language of a morning contemporary, we may say, to conclude, "that Madlle. Titiens' Donna Anna was worthy of Mozart"—beyond which commendation cannot go.

Mdle. Piccolomini's Zerlina is as lively and bustling, and as unlike Zerlina as ever. Madlle. Ortolani looks the part of the love-lorn Elvira to the life, and sings the music cleverly. Signor Beneventano's Don Giovanni does not improve; Signor Belletti's Leporello is far better sung than acted; and Signor Aldighieri, who replaces Signor Corsi, in Masetto, only gives us cause to regret the absence of his predecessor. Signor Giuglini, as Ottavio, sang the air, "Della sua pace," perfectly, and some parts of the duet, "Fuggi, crudele," in his best manner; but the liberties he takes with "Il mio tesoro" cannot be defended.

The encores, in addition to "Non mi dir," were the duet "La ci darem;" the trio, "Protegga il giusto cielo;" and "Viva la libertà," in the first finale. The prominence given to this last is an absurdity.

What chance had Madlle. Pochini, coming after the excitement invariably attendant on the first performance of *Don Giovanni*, and what a farce to bring her forward close on midnight! The attraction of the opera would have been greatly increased, if Madlle. Pochini had danced the minuet in the ball.

Her Majesty again attended, and the theatre was crowded from the floor to the ceiling.

On Thursday, an extra night, *Il Trovatore* was repeated, followed by *Fleur-des-Champs*. Last night, another extra night, *Don Giovanni* was given for the second time; after which, *Fleur-des-Champs*.

Next week being Epsom week, when an unusual influx of visitors may be reckoned upon, three extra performances will be given. On Wednesday the *Barbiere* will be performed, with Alboni in one of her greatest parts; and Signor Belart will appear for the first time in England, as Count Almaviva.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER'S CONCERT.—A very model of a concert was presented by Herr Adolph Schloesser, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday evening. Every name in the programme was classical, and every *morceau* good. The concert commenced with Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, finely played by an excellent, if small, band, under the able direction of M. Benedict. The band also gave the overture to *Fidelio*, and the *Nozze di Figaro*. Herr Schloesser performed Beethoven's Concert in C minor, and Hummel's Rondo Brillant. Both were well rendered, but the last, we think, most effectively. Madame Clara Novello sang Beethoven's "Ah! perfido," and the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*. We preferred the first. Mr. Santley sang an air from Handel's *Resurrezione*, "Non piu andrai." To the song from *Figaro*, Mr. Santley's voice is well suited, but he should practise it with diligence.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

THE series of Italian operas at play-house prices commenced at Drury Lane on Monday evening, with the everlasting *Trovatore*. The cast comprised Madlle. Salvini Donatelli, as Leonora; Madame Bernardi, as Azucena; Mr. Charles Braham, Manrico; Signor Badiali, Count di Luna. Mr. E. T. Smith is no less an admirable Englishman than an Italian caterer. He must have searched far and wide to find his new company. Madlle. Donatelli is a real Italian vocalist, and acts with earnestness and power. Signor Badiali has been a good singer, and is still an energetic actor. With the merits of Mr. Charles Braham, our readers are well acquainted. Of the remaining artists who appeared in the *Trovatore*, we cannot speak in the highest terms. Signor Vianesi, the conductor, is evidently a practised hand, and the orchestra, we are inclined to think better than Mr. Tully's.

The best points in the performance on Monday night were Madlle. Donatelli's first air "Tacea la notet;" Mr. Charles Braham's *romanza* "Ah, si ben mio;" Signor Badiali's "Il balen;" and the "Miserere." The audience were too enraptured to discriminate, and encored nearly every piece in the opera.

Madame Gassier has appeared during the week in *La Sonnambula*, with Mr. George Perren as Elvino. The fair artist was received with great applause, and sang with her accustomed brilliancy.

The *Traviata* and *Rigoletto* are in preparation.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT PRAGUE.

THE Committee of the 50th anniversary of the Conservatory at Prague have addressed the following letter to Herr Bernhard Molique:—

(TRANSLATION.)

"SIR,—The Conservatory of Prague, established in the year 1808, by a number of patriotic lovers of art, will, in the course of the present year, have the gratification of celebrating its fiftieth anniversary.

"As it considers itself justified in contemplating with satisfaction the results of its labours, embracing nearly half a century, and has, in consequence of them, succeeded in forming a large number of excellent artists, who have found a fitting field for their talent in the first orchestras in Europe, it is naturally its desire that the approaching festival should be graced and honoured by the presence of the most distinguished musicians of the age.

"The Conservatory is, already, fortunate enough to include in its list of honorary members your own name, so esteemed in the artistic world.

"The committee appointed to carry out the festival have, therefore, the agreeable duty of inviting you to honour with your presence the above festival, which the committee hopes will afford an opportunity of bringing together the representatives of musical art, so that they may become mutually and cordially acquainted.

"For the present, the members of the committee beg to inform you that it has been decided the festival shall last four days, two of which will be devoted to appropriate musical works.

"The committee will esteem it a pleasant duty to provide suitable and cheap lodgings for their respected guests, and, generally to do all in its power to render their visit as agreeable as circumstances will permit.

"The committee will, at some future period, forward you more detailed information with respect to the programme, and the days selected for the festival, which, for the present, it is intended shall be in the first half of June, as well as any other facts with which it may be necessary to acquaint you.

"THE COMMITTEE OF THE 50th ANNIVERSARY OF THE
CONSERVATORY OF PRAGUE.

"March, 1858."

(Here follow the names of the president and another member of the committee.)

HERR MOLIQUE, who is one of the three first elected honorary members of the Conservatory at Prague (Spohr and Berlioz being the other two), has been invited by a letter from Count Nostily, President, to attend the great festival to be held at that city, in the month of June.

JULLIEN IN DUBLIN.

(From the *Dublin Daily Express*.)

A visit from Jullien, no matter how numerous or interesting the other sources of recreation available to the public, is ever eagerly welcomed in Dublin; and when, as on the present occasion, the visit happens to admit of a single performance only, the result is invariably an overflowing audience. Such was the case last evening, every part of the Round Room being thronged before the commencement of the concert, and numbers of ladies and gentlemen, unable to obtain places in the reserved seats, were obliged to take refuge in the orchestra. The special attractions presented by Jullien in the concert of last night were—Miss Louisa Vinning, not heard in Dublin since her childhood, when she was known as the “Infant Sappho”; Miss Kate Rance, (her first appearance); M. Remenyi, the violinist; Herr Reichart, the flautist, an established favourite in Dublin. The concert opened with the overture to “Leonora,” which was given in exquisite style by the orchestra. The quadrille “Jetty Treffz” followed, a light and sparkling composition in Jullien’s happiest style—“Trab-trab” being interwoven with the greatest skill, and enhancing the general effect of the piece most strikingly. In “Tacea la notte,” Miss Vinning was warmly received. She sang this trying air with an ease and grace, a strength and purity of tone which fully justified its enthusiastic *encore*. She then gave “Where the bee sucks,” &c., with delightful effect. Miss Rance sang the aria “L’addio” (Mozart), and narrowly escaped an *encore*, and “I would that my love” (Mendelssohn), with Miss Vinning. M. Remenyi, in Ernst’s *Pirata*, being rapturously encored, performed some variations on an air from “La Favorita.”

The selections from *Traviata*, by the orchestra, were finely given, as was the andante from the *Surprise Symphony* of Haydn. Miss Vinning sang a ballad by Frank Mori, “The May Time is coming” very charmingly, and on being encored, gave “Coming through the rye” with so much archness, that a double *encore* was insisted upon and acceded to. The flute solo of Herr Reichart was one of the greatest instrumental treats, which was amply testified by the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. The concert concluded with one of Jullien’s favourite polkas.

JULLIEN IN CORK.

(From the *Cork Examiner*.)

The great artistic treat afforded by a concert of Jullien’s attracted a numerous and fashionable assembly to the Atheneum on Wednesday evening, and never since that distinguished conductor made his first appearance in Cork, has he provided the public with a more agreeable programme. The opening piece was Beethoven’s overture to *Leonora*, in which, as in the *andante* from Mendelssohn’s Italian symphony, the audience had an opportunity of appreciating the quality of the band. Miss Vinning, in “Tacea la notte,” afforded a test of her capabilities, the pathetic expression with which she delivered the recitative, and her brilliant execution of the air, showing her in the light of a most accomplished artist. In answer to a loud *encore* she gave “Where the bee sucks,” which was received with the warmest approbation. Later in the night she sang “Home, sweet home,” with great success, and obtained a complete triumph in “Comin’ thro’ the rye,” which she sang with a piquant archness that fascinated the audience. Miss Rance, who possesses a *contralto* of good quality, sang “L’addio” of Mozart. Miss W. M. McCarty, a young pianist (pupil of Miss Arabella Goddard), played the *Andante et Rondo capriccioso* of Mendelssohn, and a fantasia on Irish melodies. The applause which greeted her efforts seemed to be sympathised in by the artists who surrounded her and heard Miss McCarty’s performance for the first time. There were also solos by M. Remenyi and Herr Reichart, on the violin and flute. Herr Reichart’s solo on the flute, founded on the German melody, “Du, Du,” fully vindicated the high reputation that gentleman has attained. On the whole we believe no concert has ever been listened to in this city which so deeply impressed the listener with a sense of general excellence, and so completely satisfied the most fastidious taste.

THE AMBROSIAN CHANT.

(Continued from page 301.)

All that has been said applies moreover to the system of chanting employed by Ambrose, and continued in the Roman church until it was superseded by that of Gregory. With regard to the chants or tones or tunes constructed upon this system, I can place little reliance upon the pretended preservation of any, out of a period before the invention of our musical notation, for the very long term of fourteen centuries and a half. Certainly, the Ambrosian system of chanting, with, possibly, some traditional versions of the chants Ambrose employed, was in use in Milan to the exclusion of the Gregorian system, with its four additional modes, until the introduction of this by Carlo Borromeo, in the sixteenth century; and even the chants on this system that are sung there, differ materially both in their intonations and their endings from the versions preserved in every other establishment; but the single piece which is pretended to be purely Ambrosian, that is now in use, or even in existence, is an *introit*, which is introduced by Byrd in one of his “Canticiones Sacrae,” familiar with the English words that have been adapted to it as the anthem “Bow thine ear;” this probably may be the Ambrosian hymn appropriated by Luther, said to be the oldest hymn in the protestant church. The ecclesiastical authorities of Milan set such value upon the sacred character of the supposed Ambrosian tradition preserved exclusively in their cathedral, that to secure their exclusive right in them they compelled their organist to take a solemn oath that he will allow no one to see the music confided to him, and will in no way whatever divulge its peculiarities.

Besides the system of chanting, the composition of the “Te Deum” has been ascribed to Ambrose, in conjunction with his proselyte, Augustinus Aurelius, and said to have been written for the occasion of the baptism of the latter; but this account of the composition must have had reference to the text, and not to the music; and even this has been proved to have come into existence a century after the death of Ambrose.

Such is the principle of the Ambrosian chant; is it necessary to say that the effect of any melody constructed upon this crude barbarous system, must be repugnant to every modern ear? Well might Milton write—

“Softly sweet in Lydian measure,”

since the Lydian or the third mode, that commencing upon our F, is the single one that admits of the progression, satisfactory above all others to a modern ear, of the leading note rising to the key note by the step of a semitone, and so is the only one that bears any analogy with the harmonic system of nature (a discovery of modern times), and the only one that can have any character whatever of softness or sweetness. Yet this was the highest class of music the time of Ambrose afforded, and it fulfilled its solemn purpose of stimulating the devotional feelings of the pious Christians of the age, and attracting the indifferent to participate in their prayers, as did afterwards, when the effect of this became insufficient for such purpose, the further developed system of Gregory; and again, later, when that also had lost its power, the still further extended system of Glareanus, which failing more rapidly as the art of music more rapidly advanced, or rather as it became a living liberal art instead of a cold arbitrary abstraction; and though the Gregorian system is now preserved in the service of the Roman church, the object for which it supplanted the system of Ambrose is, in our time, fulfilled by the compositions of modern musicians, constructed upon the system with which every ear is familiar, and capable, therefore, of exciting the sympathy of a modern listener.

G. A. M.

A RIVALRY WORTHY OF BEING NOTED.—Two cheap tailors are emulating the musical rivalries of Duasek and Woelfl. Their rivalry runs upon servants’ liveries. One has announced his *Knee Plush Ultra*, while the other goes beyond him by bringing out his *Plush Ultra!* The first leaves off merely at the knee—whilst the second goes down to your very sole, and all for the same money! The various servants’ halls of this large metropolis, so rich in funkeydom, are ringing loud with the praises of the two compositions, and the richness and softness of both are loudly extolled by the numerous Jeameses and Jenkinses who have tried them on.—*Punch*.

Louis MAURER.—This well-known violinist and composer for the violin, at present at St. Petersburgh, has communicated to friends in London his intention of visiting this metropolis in the course of the season, accompanied by his son Alexander, said to be an excellent violoncellist.

SARRETTE, THE FOUNDER OF THE CONSERVATOIRE OF PARIS.

The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* lately published an account of the funeral of a most venerable and distinguished member of the musical profession in Paris, M. Sarrette, the founder and earliest director of the Conservatoire. The veteran professor considerably outlived the allotted span, and had completed his ninety-second year ere he expired. Most of the present professors of the institution of which he was the founder, among whom were Auber, Halevy, and Ambroise Thomas, attended the mournful ceremony, which took place in the Church of Bonne Nouvelle. During the service the orchestra of the opera, directed by M. Girard, executed a number of pieces by Cherubini and Beethoven; a *Pius Jesus*, by M. Panseron, was also sung. The funeral procession then set out for the cemetery of Montmartre, where M. Edouard Monnais, Imperial Commissary, delivered the following oration:—

"It is in the name of the Conservatorium that I am come to bid a last farewell to the eminent man who was its creator, and who, for a space of twenty years, governed it with so firm and so skilful a hand.

"I shall not attempt to trace a biography; neither the time nor the place will allow it. I will only recall to mind that Bernard Sarrette was born at Bordeaux, on the 27th of November, 1765, and that to him was granted the privilege of growing old without any sensible deterioration of his uncommon qualities.

"The man who distinguished himself by rendering a great service to musical art in France was not himself a musician; but his mind was endowed with those natural gifts which in the application of a happy idea, are often of greater value than a special education. Entrusted, in the first instance, with the organisation of the music of the Garde Nationale of Paris, associated subsequently with our celebrated Gossec for the formation of that school of military music which sent musicians to the fourteen armies of the republic, he discovered in that very school the germ of a much vaster and more important institution.

One day, in 1794, a petition was addressed to the National Convention advocating the interests of the musical art, then threatened with destruction, if the State did not rescue it by throwing open to it a public asylum, an ark in the universal deluge; and the Conservatorium was created under the tutelage of five inspectors, and five great artists, Gossec, Grétry, Mehul, Lesueur, and Cherubini. Sarrette was associated with them in the capacity of a demonstrator. The title of director was conferred on him shortly afterwards.

"Up to that time France had no doubt possessed both a music and musicians of her own; she had engendered master pieces, but she was without a school. From the foundation of the Conservatorium dates in reality the French school, for from that moment there arose a fixed doctrine, a regular system of instruction, a set of methods composed by the most renowned masters. In a word, there was a French art, long disputed but eventually recognised by rival nations, who in the present day pay homage to our composers by borrowing their works; to our professors by coming to seek instruction from them; to our artists by receiving them with favour, often even by conferring on them signal triumphs.

"In forming the Conservatorium, Sarrette had met with support from the sympathy of influential men of his time, from the community of opinion which united a great number of them.

"The empire discerned all that was generous and fruitful in the thought and in the work. It adopted the institution, still in its infancy, extended, raised, enriched it as an establishment destined to confer honour on the country.

"By a fatal transition in another epoch and under another *regime*, what had been a protection was become a peril. Sarrette was banished from the school of which he had been the father; the very existence of the school was seriously compromised and its title abolished, soon to reappear, it is true, and inaugurate a new era.

"Subsequently to 1815, Sarrette ceased to have any connection with the Conservatorium, and remained a mere spectator of its divers fortunes. What, nevertheless, must have been his secret

joy—I am bold to say his legitimate pride—at seeing his creation survive him in some sort, and grown to sufficient strength to dispense with his help! What was his consolation when, among his successors in the direction of the Conservatorium, he could reckon Cherubini, one of the five inspectors designated by himself, and M. Auber, the pupil of the great master, the illustrious chief of the French school.

"Let us congratulate ourselves that his excellency the Minister of State has recently ordered, in a decree of a sort he has made us familiar with, that a marble bust of Sarrette shall be placed in one of the principal apartments of the school.

"This decision coming, at so opportune a moment, must have offered to the old man, just reaching the term of his noble life, the most touching of rewards, and at the same time the pledge of an immortal remembrance, which commences this day, and will henceforward hover over this tomb."

To these words, which did justice only to the public man, M. Samson added a few more, rendering homage to the qualities of the private citizen. M. Samson was a pupil of the Conservatoire at the time Sarrette was its director, as were M. M. Tulou, Vogt, Panseron, Halevy, Leboure, Prunnier, Guérin, the two Duvernoys, Moreau-Sainti, Benoist, Vaslin, and Kokken, who were also present at the funeral.

He and all these had continued on terms of friendship with their former chief, and he, better than any other, could speak of the difficulties which Sarrette had encountered in seeking to unite into one school the teaching of declamation and of music. Political events might despoil Sarrette of the title so justly due to him, but could not touch the attachment and gratitude of those who had shared his labours. Catel, the celebrated composer, bequeathed his little fortune to him. This trait aptly completes his eulogium, and should not be forgotten by his biographers.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—We are requested by a circular from the committee of management of the Royal Academy of Music, to insert the following paragraph,—which we presume, is intended to go the round of the papers.—

Royal Academy of Music.—Her most gracious Majesty, wh^t takes the greatest interest in this valuable institution, has most kindly intimated to the Earl of Westmoreland her command that a grand evening concert be given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday the 23rd of June, at which the Queen and Prince Albert will be present. A committee will be formed to issue vouchers for the centre of the hall, which will be occupied by the Royal visitors. The organization of the programme, to render it worthy of such an occasion, will be carefully attended to. Not only will the past and present students, the former comprising the most eminent professors, vocal and instrumental, assist, but the co-operation of the leading *artistes*, native and foreign, will be called into play. Mr. Costa will be the conductor."

On this paragraph (by which our last week's notice is corrected as to date) we must offer a word of comment regarding "the value" of the institution so coolly assumed as a reason why, year after year, Royalty should give the solitary direct countenance to music, which, in England is afforded to the art by those in high station. Less "valuable" we must again and again repeat, an Academy of Music existing in London could not be than ours. It is null and void in its fruits, because radically defective in its organisation. A "valuable" institution would show something different from the list of professors which figures on the printed circular, forwarded to us with the above slip, and, as such, open to discussion. We could not, however, go through this list *seriatim* without giving pain to many persons who, let them be ever so inefficient, let them be ever so useful, as examples of what musical executants should not do,—merit private consideration. But without tithing the list severely,—without naming a name,—without saying in what department we conceive it strongest or weakest, we deliberately assert that a quarter of a hundred among the seventy-five teachers pompously announced to teach, are unworthy of such occupation; more, that a good proportion of the said five-and-twenty are utterly unknown to the public—most, that some are themselves in a state of pupilage!—and this, while some of the greatest European professors and performers residing here are

without any place or function in our "valuable" educational establishment. One total blank in the record may be specified without wounding the feelings of any one. We might forgive the absence in an English college of a German or a French professor, though the music of both countries is tolerably often allotted to English singers, but what can be said of an Academy of Music in England without "a professor of English declamation"? No wonder that for the last twenty years (we speak advisedly) our "valuable institution" has not sent forth a solitary pupil who can deliver a recitative by Handel, with a pure or even an audible pronunciation, apart from high poetical conception. We have singled out this point, because we can do so without personality; not because it is the solitary deficiency which makes the epithet "valuable," as applied to the Academy, too comical to pass without comment. When such puffs and programmes as the above are going round we cannot help again saying, that it would be wise and protecting were a commission convened to examine what the real results of our Academy of Music for the last quarter of a century have been, and to receive suggestions for its re-construction.—*Athenaeum*.

MDLLE. BIGOTINI, a celebrated dancer at the French Grand-Opéra, has just died, aged 74. She was a niece of Milon, and made her first appearance at the Opera in 1804. Above the middle size, and possessing a regular and serious, though not severe style of beauty, with the most expressive black eyes and hair as dark as jet, Mdlle. Bigotini was certainly one of the handsomest women on the stage at that period. Her whole person was remarkable for a certain charm of nobleness and sensibility which touched the entire audience immediately she appeared. As a dancer, she deserved to be distinguished among all the most distinguished dancers of the day; but, for the last ten years of her theatrical career, it was more especially in pantomime that Mdlle. Bigotini surpassed every one else. Nothing we now see at the Opera can give an idea of the effect true mimie art can produce, and which it actually did produce when Vestris, Goyon, Milon, Beaupré, Mesdames Chevigny, and Clotilde Gardel, rendered their flexibility of feature and their energy, naturalness, and grace of gesture subservient to the expression of sentiments and personages of every kind. After her retirement from the stage in 1825, Mdlle. Bigotini resided at Passy, where, as late as last summer, she was the intimate friend of M. and Mad. Rossini, Mad. Fodor, MM. and Mesdames Levasseur and Ponchard. A number of our great artists followed her to her last home.—*Mémoires*.

"The Paris obituary of last week," writes the *Athenaeum*, "contains the name of one famous in her day—'divine Bigotini,' who, as rival to 'sweet Fanny Bias,' was a dancer sparkling on the French Opera stage some forty years ago. Her name as a summer fly may live encased in the amber-verse of Moore's 'Fudge Family.' The world has not forgotten the enthusiasm of Miss Biddy."

"But when Bigotini in Psyche dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven,
Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils
That hold her, and hug her, and keep her from heaven."

"Ballet queens, in our time, it will be owned, have no such laureates as Moore."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR!

I beg to inform you that as the Duet of Semiramide was not performed in my first Soirée, I expect you will rectify this misstatement in your next number. I am, Sir, your's obedient,

E. PAUER.
May 10th, 1858, 3, Cranley Place, Onslow Sqre.

[We feel intense gratification in being able to comply with the very natural desire of our correspondent. The reporter who went to Herr Pauer's concert was, unfortunately, an amateur of very modest experience, and imagined that it was his duty to criticise the whole programme whether he heard the whole or not; then he mistook a song, by M. Santley, for a duet by that gentleman, and made Pauer, and, in common with several more knowing reporters for the press, as their reports testify, the

chaconne, by John Sebastian Bach, which was performed by Herr Joseph Joachim, for the *Devil-of-a-Shake*, by Tartini, which was not performed by Herr Joseph Joachim. We have, however, dispensed with his future services; at the same time we have some right to complain of a habit indulged in by concert-givers, of altering the items of their programmes without apprising the audience of the fact.—ED. *M. W.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS LOUISA VINNING will return to town from her provincial tour with M. Julien on the 24th May. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed 127, Albany-street, N.W.

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2. Pastoral Symphony, ditto.	27. Nottingham.	64. St Dunstan's.
3. He shall feed his Flock, ditto.	28. Mount Ephraim.	65. Newmarket.
4. The Lord gave the Word, ditto.	29. Shirland.	66. Illington.
[5. The marvellous Work, Creation.	30. St. George's.	67. Dundee.
6. With Verdure clad, ditto.	31. Dowland.	68. Nottingham.
7. In Native Worth, ditto.	32. German Hymn.	69. St. Olave's.
8. Agnus Dei.	33. Aaron.	70. Bath.
9. Al, St. Paul.	34. Sicilian.	71. Surrey.
10. Chorus, ditto.	35. St. Peter's.	72. Conviction.
11. Cujus animam, Stabat Mater.	36. Truro.	73. St. Petersburgh.
12. Pro peccatis, ditto.	37. Portuguese, or Adeste Fideles.	74. Crucifixion.
13. Eia Mater, ditto.	38. Evening Hymn.	75. Easter Hymn.
14. Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.	39. Abingdon.	76. Bouscan.
15. Ere Infancy's Bud, Joseph.	40. London New.	77. Ascension.
16. Angels ever bright and fair.	41. Old Hundreth.	78. Sabbath-day.
17. Holy Lord.	42. Devizes.	79. Sydenham.
18. Hail, Judea! happy land.	43. Milton.	80. Vesper Hymn.
19. Lord, for Thy tender mercy's sake.	44. Hanover.	81. Serenity.
20. Sound the loud timbrel.	45. Morning Hymn.	82. Gloucester.
21. Hark! the herald angels sing.	46. Falton Street.	83. Single Chant.
22. Hymn of eve.	47. York.	84. "
23. Savoy.	48. Westminster Abbey.	85. "
24. Bedford.	49. St. James.	86. "
25. Cambridge New.	50. Hasfield.	87. "
	51. Calvary.	88. "
	52. Vienna.	89. "
	53. Carlisle.	90. "
	54. St. Columba.	91. "
	55. St. Pancras.	92. "
	56. Luther's Hymn.	93. Double Chant.
	57. Eton.	94. "
	58. Miller's.	95. "
	59. Winchester New.	96. "
	60. Yarmouth.	97. "
	61. Weimar.	98. "
	62. Bryantone.	99. "
		100. "

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CONTENTS:

1. On yonder rock.	85. Questa o quella.	88. Ah si ben mio.
2. Yes, to-morrow.	86. Minuet.	89. Di quella pira.
3. Young Agnes.	87. Pergolino.	90. Miserere.
4. Proudly and widely.	88. Air de Ballet.	91. Ah che la morte.
5. Then since life glides.	89. Galop.	92. Si la stanchezza.
6. La danza invitaci.	90. Vergina o donna.	93. E' il sol dell'anima.
7. Nella Fatal di Rimini.	91. Addio speranza ed anima.	94. Tutte le feste.
8. Libiamo ne' lieti calici	92. Caro nome.	95. La donna è mobile.
9. Di Provenza il mar.	93. Si vendetta.	96. Un di se ben.
10. Sempre libera.	94. Ciascun lo dice.	97. Bella figlia dell'amore.
11. Ah per sempre.	95. Convien partir.	98. Invano il fato.
12. Sorgesi la notte folta.	96. De quel istante.	99. O fortuna, à ton caprice.
13. A quel suono.	97. Dal aura tua.	100. Quando te quittai.
14. Tacea la notte placida.	98. Meco all'altar di venere.	101. Ballabile.
15. Di tale amor che dirsi.	99. Sarta e la lupa.	102. Di pescatore ignobile.
16. Ablette Zingara.	100. Deserto sulla terra.	103. Ama tua madre.
17. Desertò sulla terra.	101. Di galoso amor.	104. Maffio Orsini.
18. Tempo o felice.	102. Sovra il sen.	105. Infelice il valeno.
19. Nobil Donna.	103. Prendi l'anel.	106. Casta Diva.
20. Nobil Signor.	104. Scritti nel ciel.	107. Soie furiva.
21. A ce mot tout s'anime.	105. Ah! vorrei trovar.	108. Ah si fa core.
22. Come rugiada.	106. Ah! forces à lui.	109. Oh non tremare.
23. O tu che l'alma adora.	107. E Piquillo.	110. Oh di qual sei tu vittima.
24. Ernani, involami.	108. Parigi o cara.	111. Clei piecto.
25. Tutto è spresso.	109. Addio del passato.	112. Clei, di stella orbato.
26. Torna, Torna.	110. Dite alla giovine.	113. Clei piecto, rendila.
27. Come vinti di stanchezza.	111. Oh quando peni.	114. Il Zeffiro legger.
28. La pietade in suo favore.	112. Stride la vampa.	115. Infelice i e tu credevi.
29. Verrano a te sul auro.	113. Mai reggendo.	116. La mia letizia.
30. La ci darem la mano.	114. Perigliarti ancor languente.	117. Non fu sogno.
31. Andiam, andiam.	115. Un momento più.	118. Quando le sera.
32. Il mio tesoro.	116. Il balen del suo.	119. Pieta, rispetto, onore.
33. Mi tradi.	117. Giorni poveri vivea.	120. Va pensiero.
34. Fin ch' han dal vino.		

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VOL. 36.—No. 23.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

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MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

HERR L. JANSA begs to announce that his SEVENTH ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, June 14, to commence at half-past Two o'clock. Tickets, 7s. 6d., Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., may be obtained at Herr Jansa's, 10, Mornington-crescent, Camden-town. Full particulars will be duly announced.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS: Director, Dr. Wydie.—The next Concert, on Monday evening, June 14, will be an extra Mozart night. Vocalist, Miss Louisa Pyne; Pianoforte, Herr Rubinstein. Tickets, 2s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.; and stalls 10s. 6d., at Cramer and Co., Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside. **W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS**, Hon. Secretary.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, will take place at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday, June 21st, on the same grand scale of former years. Particulars and tickets may be had at Mr. Benedict's residence, 2, Manchester-square, and at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses.

MADLEE CAROLINE VALENTIN has the honour to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday, June 10th, to commence at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:—Madille de Villar, M. Jules Lefort, and Herr Deck. Instrumentalists:—Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, M. Faqué; Harp, Herr Oberthür; Piano, Madille. Valentin. Conductors:—Herr Wilhelm Gauz and Herr Theodor Mauss. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved seats, 15s.; to be had of Madille. Valentin, 6, Duke-street, Hanover-square, and of Messrs. Weasell and Co., 18, Hanover-square.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss F. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Baile, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MR. CHAS. DICKENS will read his "CHRISTMAS CAROL" on Wednesday Afternoon, June 9, at 3 o'clock; and the Story of "LITTLE DOMBEY," on Thursday Evening, June 10th, at 8 o'clock, at St. Martin's Hall. Each Reading will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Acre and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MR. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Monday next, June 7, to commence at 3 o'clock, by kind permission of the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Downshire, at 24, Belgrave-square. The programmes and tickets are now ready, and may be had at Cramer's, Mitchell's, Chappell's, and Ollivier's, and of Mr. Blumenthal, 4, Ovington-square, Brompton, S.W.

MADAME DOTTI, the celebrated Prima Donna of the Scala and Paris Italian Operas, formerly student under Rossini and Donizetti, will sing at her Matinée, June 11, at Hanover-square Rooms, the as yet unheard LAST COMPOSITION OF DONIZETTI, written by the great maestro a few hours before his madness declared itself, and expressing in the most touching manner the feelings which induced it. "Pauvre Donizetti!" exclaimed Rossini, when he saw it, "c'est bien lui, mais c'est terrible." Full particulars shortly.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MISS LEFFLER, daughter of the late Mr. Adam Leffler, begs to announce that her first Grand Evening Concert will take place at the above Hall, Regent-street, on Monday evening next, June 7, to commence at Eight o'clock, when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists: Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabella Goddard. Other distinguished artists are already engaged. Tickets to be had at the Hall, principal music-sellers, and of Miss Leffler, 71, Oxford-street.

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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a performance of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, June 26, to commence at Three o'clock. Miss Goddard will be assisted by Herr Joseph Joachim and Signor Platti. Among other pieces, the programme will include: Dussek's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat; Schubert's Sonata (pianoforte solus) in A minor; Joachim's "Thème Varié," for pianoforte and violon; J. S. Bach's Fantasy con Fuga in C minor; and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreitzer, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim.

* * * Full particulars will be shortly announced.

MANCHESTER CONCERTS.—The Directors of the Manchester MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS are prepared to arrange for their forthcoming season, commencing in September next, with individual artists, or parties forming for provincial tours. Terms and dates may be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Bryce, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS, Established 1839, for the relief of its distressed Members. Patroness, HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—On Friday evening, June 11, at the Hanover-square Rooms, will be performed, for the benefit of this Institution, a Miscellaneous Concert of vocal and instrumental music. Vocal Performers: Madame Persiani, Madame Blader, and Madame Clara Novello; Miss Louise Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Messent, Miss Kemble, Miss Eliza Hughes, and Miss Dolby, Herr Plischke, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Santoy, Mr. W. Harrison, and the Gentlemen of the Orpheus Glee Union; Instrumentalists: Violin, Herr Joachim, Piano Orgue, Herr Engel, and Pianoforte, Herr Rubinstein. The orchestra will be numerous and complete; Leader, Mr. Henry Blagrove. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Miss. Doc. The Concert will commence at eight precisely. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, Reserved Seats, one guinea each.

J. W. HOLLAND, Secretary, 13, Macclesfield-street, Soho.

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Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 5 and 7, at Shrewsbury, staying there Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 8, at the Public Buildings, Ludlow.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 9, at the Corn Exchange Hall, Tenbury, under the patronage of the Rev. Sir Frederick Goro Osney, Bart., M.A., Doc. Mus. and Professor of Music at the University at Oxford.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 10, at the Swan Inn, Hereford.

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MADLLE JENNY BAUR has arrived in town for the season. All letters to be addressed to 20, Blenheim-road, St. John's-wood.

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TO LET, Exhibition Galleries of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, East. To let, early in October, after the close of the Society's Exhibition, until the end of February next, the extensive galleries in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, comprising five rooms, and council room, &c. The principal room is 60 feet, by 40 feet, and about 30 feet high, and is considered the best lighted room in London, either by day or night, for exhibitions of art, lectures, or the soirées of literary, scientific, or musical societies. The extent of the gallery is 120 feet, by 40 feet. For particulars, apply by letter to Mr. Chilcoote, Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Miss Macirone has the honour to announce that her Soirée Musicale will take place, Saturday, June 10th, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Herr Pischeck, Miss Maria Moss, Mr. Foster, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Wynn, of the Vocal Union; Instrumentalists: Miss Macirone, and M. Paqué. The members of the Vocal Union will perform part-songs, and Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Herr Pischeck, other new compositions by Miss Macirone, Conductor, Mr. George Loder. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Single Tickets, Seven Shillings; Family Tickets, to admit four, £1. 4s. May be had of the principal Music-sellers; and of Miss Macirone, 5, Park Village West, Regent's-park.

HERR ERNST PAUER'S THIRD and LAST SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on WEDNESDAY next, June 9, to commence at half-past 8 o'clock, when he will perform (with Barrett, Papé, Steglich, and Hauser) Beethoven's Quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon; with Miss Richardson, duet of Mendelssohn (*Andante in B flat*); with Sainton, Joachim, and Paqué, Schumann's Quartet, Op. 47, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; with Sainton, Spohr's Pièce de Salon for piano and violin; and Tarantella, Pauer.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s.; may be had of the principal music-sellers; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street; and Herr Pauer, 8, Cranley-place, Onslow-square, Brompton.

MADLLE SPEYER begs to announce that she will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL this morning, Saturday, June 5th, at Willis's Rooms, to commence at three o'clock, on which occasion she will have the honour of performing Beethoven's Sonatas in C sharp minor, Op. 27, and C major, Op. 53; Bach's Grand Preludium and Fugue for the Organ in A minor; Mendelssohn's Preludium in E minor, Op. 35, and Capriccio in E major, Op. 33; Chopin's Nocturne in E minor, and Impromptu in A flat. To commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists: Miss Kemble, Herr Deck. Accompanateur, Mr. Harold Thomas. Reserved and numbered seats, half-a-guinea. Tickets, 7s., to be obtained at R. W. Ollivier's 19, Old Bond-street; at the principal music warehouses; and of Madlile Speyer, 8, Upper Ranelagh-street, Eaton-square.

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REVIEWS.

"SILVER SPRAY;" "MABEL," Mazurka; "MOONBEAM," Romance; and "GRANDE MARCHE MILITAIRE," for the pianoforte, by Charles McKorkell.

The "Marche Militaire," which has the peculiarity of beginning on the 6-5-4, is a short and effective *morceau*, with a rhythm so strongly marked, and a melody so military in its character, as entirely to bear out its title. Though short, it is by no means trifling, and, while carefully written, requires, in an equal measure, care on the part of the executant, who otherwise is likely to "come to grief," especially in the octave passages, which demand a supple wrist and vigorous attack. The episode, or second subject, in F (the "Marche" is in C) is extremely effective, and contrasts well with the principal. The pedal point on the tonic, which follows the passages of triplets at the end of the first theme, is striking; and the whole is brought to a conclusion by a brilliant *coda*.

"Silver Spray" is much easier, and will probably find a greater number of players, although the first part in dotted notes—*tempo vivace*—exacts both neatness and agility of finger. The episode, in the subdominant of the original key, is both intrinsically graceful and a happy relief to what precedes and follows it.

The "Moonbeam," in D, 6-8 measure, is perhaps the most elegant of the four pieces. Here and there occurs a point both of melody and harmony which shows that Mr. McKorkell, without being a plagiarist, is at least an admirer of the pianoforte music of Carl Maria von Weber, for which the lovers of real art will by no means be likely to owe him a grudge. The episode in B major, beginning at the foot of page 4, is both melodious and well harmonised.

"Mabel" is a sprightly mazurka, which, with less pretensions than any of its companion pieces, is quite as successful in attaining the point at which it aims.

"THREE LIEDER OHNE WORTE," for the pianoforte, by Charles Hargitt.

Mr. Hargitt is evidently clever, evidently an enthusiast, evidently a worshipper of Mendelssohn, and evidently an admirer of Sterndale Bennett. We want no further proof of the above than the three little sketches before us, which bear the strong and indelible imprint of having proceeded from an ardent and inexperienced disciple, if not from an aspiring *schülerinn*, of one or both those eminent masters. Of the qualities enumerated in the former of the above paragraphs, the first (cleverness) is desirable and not dangerous; the second (enthusiasm) desirable, but dangerous; the third and fourth natural, and even to one possessed of the first and second, almost inevitable in the present time, but very dangerous. Mr. Hargitt should for a period shut up his book of Mendelssohn, lock up his volume of Bennett, and study with great assiduity Bach and Handel, Mozart and Clementi, Hummel and the art of composition. A year and a day thus devoted—like the interval of restraint from bearing arms, imposed upon the vanquished knights-errant, in the days of chivalry—would leave Mr. Hargitt a more vigorous and self-supporting man, and the next three sketches he sent us for review would, if not more interesting, be at least more his own, and bear some other title than "Lieder ohne Worte," which, by the middle of the year, 1859, will have become a little worn.

"TO-MORROW." Words by R. Scott Gowenlock. Music by Charles J. Hargitt.

Mutatis mutandis—the composer of "To-morrow" may read with some advantage the advice given in a preceding notice to the composer of "Three Lieder ohne Worte" for the pianoforte—which latter, by-the-way, instead of being dedicated to "his master," Charles Hallé, should have been dedicated to his "model," Sterndale Bennett.

"TWENTY INTERLUDES," for the Organ or Seraphine.—"TWELVE SONATINAS," for the Pianoforte, with an accompaniment for the Flute or Violin.—"SIX HYMN TUNES, TWO CHANTS, AND A DOXOLOGY," for Four Voices.

The first series of pieces consists, as the title-page veraciously records, of "Twenty Interludes," which we have no doubt would suit the organ and seraphine equally well. The next series is described, with less exactitude, as "Twelve Sonatinas." We say with less exactitude, since we have always been led to understand that the word sonatina signified a diminutive sonata; but as these sonatinas by no means bear the same relation in form and development to sonatas proper that even a Lilliputian may be supposed to bear to a Brobdignag, we cannot help thinking that the name "sonatina" is usurped. Nevertheless, in revenge, "Sonatina" No. 7 is in the key of six sharps major; while "Sonatina" No. 8 is not only in the key of seven sharps major, but contains a canon on the nether octave, which is pursued with great determination for four bars, and then abandoned with equal firmness. As an extenuation to the eager contrapuntist, we are ready to admit that, supposing a canon is intended *ad perpetuum*, the further you get on "with it" the more difficult it becomes.

The six hymn tunes, two chants, and doxology for four voices, with an accompaniment for organ or pianoforte, consist of six hymn tunes, two chants and doxology for four voices, with an accompaniment for organ or pianoforte.

"THE RED KING'S STONE." Written by Mrs. Richard Valentine. Music by Charles McKorkell.

The words of this song are apparently founded on a legend, or if not, they embody a very vigorous imitation of those early English metrical ballads which have legends for their themes. The "Red King's Stone" is a memento of the death of an irreligious warrior king, who despising the church bell and the monk's warning, will hunt the red deer on a Sunday. The Red King is killed in the hunt, and a stone lies in the forest to commemorate it. This little story is embodied by Mrs. Valentine in forcible and strongly rhymed metre, and has been set to music in a kindred spirit, by Mr. McKorkell, whose bold and well-harmonised melody is equally suited to a bass or contralto voice.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth concert, and last but one, was less like a Philharmonic concert, old or new, than any of its predecessors. Instead of one symphony we had none. In revenge, however, there was the ottet for wind instruments, capitally performed by Messrs. Barret and Crozier (oboes), Lazarus and Maycock (clarionets), Hausser and Anderson (bassoons), C. Harper and Standon (horns)—one of Mozart's least elaborate but most genuine compositions. The programme informs us of a well-known fact, namely, that the ottet was afterwards arranged as a quintet for strings. It also reveals a fact, by no means so well known, and the authenticity of which we are even disposed to doubt—viz., that in its original form it has been rarely heard in England. We believe, on the contrary, that few of Mozart's instrumental works are better known in this country than the ottet in question, whether in its first shape, or in that of a stringed quintet, or in that of a pianoforte duet. The programme further tells us that "The *finale* called an *allegro* might more properly be named an air with variations." That it is an air with variations there can be no doubt, but why an air with variations should not be marked *allegro* we leave it to the editor of the New Philharmonic programmes to decide.

The first part of the concert was wholly engrossed by Mozart; and a nobler specimen of his dramatic orchestral preludes could hardly have been presented than the overture to *Idomeneo*, which was executed by the band (diminished by some 30 !) under Dr. Wylde, with point and vigour. The first part terminated as strangely as it began auspiciously. The finest of all Mozart's pianoforte concertos, and one of the finest ever composed, was allotted to Herr Rubenstein, who executed the solo part in such a manner as to surprise the initiated and to bewilder the laity. Herr Rubenstein attacked the concerto much in the same manner, "*mutatis mutandis*," as the furious Pélissier, in the Crimean war, may have rushed with his hosts upon that devoted Malakoff of which he is now the titular Duke. The Concerto of Mozart was the Malakoff of Marshal Eu-

binstein, and his furious hosts were his ten fingers—ten “divisions” as irresistible in their strength as in their impetuosity. Herr Rubinstein rushed at the concerto, and “took” it even quicker than the French general took the Muscovite strong-hold. Possibly Herr Rubinstein, being Russian born, and considering the task he had in hand was that of overwhelming a foe, rather than of caressing a friend, was determined to profit by the example of the Crimean campaign. Comparing the very opposite results that ensued from the stealthy approach, the deliberate groping, of his compatriots, up the sides of Inkerman Hill, with the fierce charge of the Gallic “Coo,” at the Malakoff tower, he perhaps determined to adopt the tactics of his country’s enemies instead of those of her gallant defenders. Thus he besieged and “carried” Mozart’s concerto in D minor, to the evident amazement of Field Marshal Wynde and Brigadier-General Willy, who were about manoeuvring, with military regularity, but at a snail’s pace, the orchestral army which, “à leur insu,” Herr Rubinstein led to the assault. In the course of capturing the concerto, moreover, Herr Rubinstein, doubtless to perplex and deceive the enemy, let off a series of fierce canonades in the form of “cadenzas,” which were wholly irrelevant, both to the concerto and the capture thereof. Had Mozart been alive to hear these “cadenzas” he would ————— n’importe. At the end of the concerto, thus bombarded and sacked, the conqueror, flushed with victory and intoxicated with the success of his arms, was born in triumph on the shoulders of Dr. Wynde’s very (un) classical patrons (already stimulated by the inebriating strains of the *Danse des Sylphes*), and hailed “Duke”—not of Malakoff, but of “Thunder.”

The rest of the first part consisted of vocal music, sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Messent, and Herr Pischek, of which we have not breath enough left to speak.

In the second part there were some more vocal pieces, by the first and last named singers, among which may be mentioned especially a melodious and expressive air, “For spirits when they please,” from Dr. Wynde’s *Paradise Lost*, given with the utmost feeling and correctness by Miss Louisa Pyne. There was also a very long and very dreary violoncello *concertino* by Kummer, the prolixity of which even the admirable execution, fine quality of tone, and thoroughly legitimate style, of Mr. Horatio Chipp could not conceal. Moreover, Herr Rubinstein appeared a second time, and performed a prelude and fugue of his own composition, the chief object of which appeared to us to prove that John Sebastian Bach’s idea of fugue was much more *severe* (and much more musical) than that of Herr Rubinstein.

This decidedly original, but scarcely more than semi-interesting, concert terminated with Beethoven’s overture to *Prometheus*, to listen to which, after the prelude and fugue just mentioned, was like issuing forth into the open air and beholding the sun in the heavens after a week’s detention in the black hole of Calcutta.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

CONTRARY to general expectation, another series of vocal and instrumental concerts by the company of the Royal Italian Opera was announced to take place in the Crystal Palace, and to the great satisfaction of a vast number of persons the first was actually given on Friday, the 28th ult. There was not so great a crowd as might have been expected; and this we attribute to the arrangements for the performances being much less favourably adapted to the effect of music than were those of Mr. Gye last year, and still more remarkably the year previous.

The concert began with the overture to *Fidelio* (in E), admirably played by the band. Then the mellow barytone of Sig. Graziani was heard in “Bella siccome,” from *Don Pasquale*. To Sig. Graziani succeeded Mdlle. Marai and Mad. Nantier Didiée, with the duet, “Quis est homo,” the weakest number in Rossini’s *Stabat Mater*. The trio “Ti parli l’amore,” for Rodrigo, Elmira, and Desdemona, from the same master’s *Otello* was afterwards sung by Mad. Grisi, M. Tagliafico and Sig. Mario; but even these practised artists were unable to make it effective in such a place as the, “central transept.” Pearsall’s madrigal, “Who

shall win my lady fair?” which ensued, is not one of his best. But who could put good music to such silly words?

“Who shall win my lady fair,
When the leaves are green?
Who but I should win my lady fair,
When the leaves are green?
Say who? Not you. Why so? No, no,
The bravest man, that best love can,
Shall win my lady fair.
Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly, Dan,
He shall marry her, he’s the man;
He shall marry my lady fair,
When the leaves are green.”

The old English lyric poetry offers but few instances of such feeble trash as this. “Dandirly Dan,” by the way, was somewhat “gingerly” sung by the chorus. Of “Bella adorata,” from Mercadante’s much-neglected *Giuramento*, the eternal “Tacea la notte,” from *Il Trovatore* (by Mad. Grisi), and the oft-repeated “Blessing of the Swords” from the *Huguenots* (solos by Signors Rossi, Pierini, Smythson, Soldi, and Polonini) we have not a word to say that would not be denounced as flat, stale, and unprofitable. By the way, Sig. Soldi’s voice, in the last named concerted *morceau*, pierced from one end of the transept to the other, and could be heard distinctly (like Clara Novello’s B flat), by all but deaf persons, at the further extremity of the gardens, close to the mammoths and *pachydermati*.

The second part opened chivalrously with Weber’s overture to *Oberon*, famously played by the band. Then came the fascinating Mario, with his favorite “Angiol d’amore,” which, sung to the highest degree of perfection, carried all before it, and was repeated at the urgent and unanimous desire of the audience. Madame Didiée, with her favorite “Nobil Signor” (which she sings so often that, “à maintes reprises,” we feel inclined to ejaculate “No—no no no no—no”—which is simply the name of the other song of Urbano in the *Huguenots*), was received with infinite favour, and had the singer felt inclined the audience would have been nothing loth to hear it again. The “trio of masks” from *Don Giovanni* (Madame Grisi, Mdlle. Marai, and Signor Mario); “Ernani involami”—another “eternal” (bore), sung with remarkable spirit by Mdlle. Parepa; the duet from *L’Élixir d’Amore*, “Venti scudi” (by Signors Neri-Baraldi and Graziani); and the *preghiera* (one more “eternal”) from *Mosè in Egitto*, in which all the “principals” were supposed to take part, concluded this first concert, which cannot be greatly lauded for the novelties contained in the programme, whatever its other claims to consideration.

Unqualified praise must be awarded to M. Sainton for the great ability with which he undertook the place of Mr. Costa, as conductor of the orchestra.

Yesterday afternoon there was a grand concert, in which Mad. Viardot Garcia, Herr Pischek, Madame Sherrington, Herr Reichardt, and the Vocal Association took part. A full account will be given in our next.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE last concert of the season was given on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, to a very large and fashionable audience. The programme was as follows:

PAET I.—Symphony, No. 11—Haydn. Song, “Adelaida,” Mr. E. Gordon Cleather—Beethoven. Selection (*Les Huguenots*), solos for oboe and cornet-à-piston, Mr. A. Pollock and Mr. H. E. Tatham—Meyerbeer. Lied, “Grüner Frühling Kehr’cin,” Mr. E. Gordon Cleather—H. Esser.

PAET II.—Concerto, in G. minor, pianoforte, Angelina—Mendelssohn. Recit., “Fier Teatro di Morte;” aria, “Ritorno alle ritore;” Miss Palmer—Handel. Overture (*Don Giovanni*)—Mozart. Song, “The Three Fishers,” Miss Palmer—Hullah. Overture (*Der Freischütz*)—Weber.

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony was excellently played, clearly showing that the music of Haydn is that which is best suited to the amateur orchestra. The selection was remarkable for the taste displayed by Mr. Graham Brown, Mr. Alfred Pollock, and Mr. H. E. Tatham in their execution of the several solos allotted to their

respective instruments. Mr. Pollock, in particular, merits more than ordinary notice for the great feeling and expression with which he played.

The vocalists were Miss Palmer, and Mr. Gordon Cleather. The lady sang Handel's song very finely, and was warmly applauded. She also gave Mr. Hullah's "Three Fishers" with much feeling. Mr. Cleather possesses a fine natural tenor voice, which appears to us to have received rather rough treatment from its possessor. With a little care, very much might be made of it, more especially as, in the singing of "Adelaida" and the *Lied* of Esser, he displayed musicianship such as many professional gentlemen we could name would be glad to have.

The star of the evening was the far-famed pianist, Angelina, who, in her performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, proved her right to be styled something more than "Queen of Amateurs." It was, indeed, a very fine reading of the work, showing that mind as well as fingers had been employed in its study. Moreover, she was admirably accompanied by the band, who certainly, by their exceedingly great care and attention, added very much to the interest of the performance, and paid to the young lady the greatest compliment that lay in their power.

The overtures went well, though in *Der Freischütz* the violoncello deserved a rebuke.

Thus ended the twelfth season of the Amateur Musical Society. Let us now express our earnest hope, in offering our sincere congratulations, that every endeavour will be made by a Society possessing so much social influence, to improve its performances. "Advancement" must be the watchword for the coming season. That can only be achieved by great care and constant attendance at rehearsals.

The annual general meeting of the Society will be held at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, July 5th, at five o'clock, at which members are requested to attend.

CONCERT OF MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.—The second performance took place on Monday afternoon in Willis's Rooms. The first piece in the programme was Haydn's trio in G, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (recently revived by Herr Pauer), performed in very effective style by Mr. Sloper, Mr. Blagrove, and Sig. Piatti. Purcell's "Mad Bess" came next, and was well declaimed by Miss Dolby. This *cantata* has the merit of being quite as long and quite as dull as "Mad Tom," its companion. The prelude and fugue of Mendelssohn in E minor, Op. 35, for piano alone, and a *presto* from the same composer's *Seven Characteristic Pieces*, followed. The first, though wonderfully clever, is not one of Mendelssohn's most spontaneous productions; the second is just as much more genial as it is less elaborate. Both were perfectly executed by Mr. Sloper. A manuscript song for contralto, with violoncello *obbligato*, composed by Sig. Piatti, who accompanied Miss Dolby, and the *Deuxième Morceau de Salon* of M. Vieuxtemps, for violin, admirably given by Mr. Blagrove, ended the first part of the concert. The second part began with one of Beethoven's sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello—No. 1, Op. 102—which, performed with irreproachable excellence by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Signor Piatti, was the greatest musical treat of the morning. These violoncello sonatas—we allude to Op. 102, Op. 5 being much more familiar—are too rarely brought forward in public. There was not much applause at the conclusion, but the unqualified satisfaction of the few connoisseurs present must have been a sufficient reward to the two performers. If not, they are at liberty to add the entire approval of the *Musical World*. Mendelssohn's *Frißlingsdied*, though MS. in "Miss Dolby's album," has long been included in the number of his printed songs. It was sung with Miss Dolby's accustomed taste. The pianoforte solos of Mr. Sloper—a *notturno* and an *allegro scherzando* entitled "Ariel"—are extremely pretty, and written with a degree of finish only attainable by thorough musicianship. They were of course well played by the composer. A new but not very striking ballad, sung by Miss Dolby, and a violoncello solo—*Tarantella*—composed and performed by Signor Piatti, brought the concert to a termination. The accompanist at the pianoforte was Mr. George Russell.

MR. H. BLAGROVE'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The fourth and last of these excellent performances took place on Tuesday evening. The concert began with a quartet in C minor of Mr. J. L. Ellerton (Op. 124), a work of very considerable merit. It was admirably executed by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, R. Blagrove and Aylward. The other quartet was the magnificent one in E minor of Beethoven, from the "Rasumowsky" set, the performance of which was such as to confer the very highest distinction upon Mr. Blagrove and his colleagues. Two movements from a *concertante* duet by Rolla, for violin and viola, though very inferior to similar compositions of Spohr, were played in so finished a manner by Mr. Isaac (Mr. Blagrove's favourite pupil) and Mr. R. Blagrove as to afford unanimous satisfaction. The music of Bach is now becoming indispensable at every classical concert; and few of his works better deserve reviving than his sonatas for pianoforte and violin. One of these (in A—No. 2 of book 10) was introduced on the present occasion and played to such perfection, by Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Blagrove, that we would willingly have listened to it again, from one end to the other. It was warmly appreciated by the audience. Miss Goddard also gave Mr. Thalberg's *Masaniello* with unsurpassable taste and brilliancy, but prudently declined to comply with the demand for its repetition. Some well-selected vocal pieces—as well sung, too, as selected—were contributed by Miss Messent and Mr. Wilbye Cooper (accompanied by Mr. J. F. Goodban); and the concert terminated effectively with an *Introduction and Rondo* for the violin, composed and performed by Mr. Blagrove himself.

MR. AND MRS. T. G. REED.

The new act which Mr. Edmund Yates has contributed to the "Popular Illustrations" of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed upholds in its high position one of the most elegant "entertainments" offered to the patronage of the public. Few "entertainers" bring with them such a perfect combination of the qualities requisite for the practice of their art as the lady whom the world will always continue to call Miss P. Horton. Versatility in her case does not imply a mere mechanical dexterity in passing from one character to another, but a penetration into various idiosyncrasies, and an ability to reproduce them, that can belong alone to an histrionic artist of the greatest refinement. Her vocal talent is not confined to a mere facility in the execution of a popular song, in which the words are more important than the music, but the choicest *morceaux* from the Italian repertory are introduced as embellishments, and the gems are not the less choice, because they are encased in a comic frame-work. Where people simply expected to laugh, they sincerely admired. A third justification is a familiarity with the usages of the best society. Mrs. T. G. Reed floats gracefully through a "Drawing-room Entertainment" like one who is accustomed to inhale the atmosphere of real drawing-rooms, when the imitation has ceased. Elegance is the very purpose of the "Gallery of Illustration," and this purpose has been well consulted by Mr. Edward Yates. His scene of action is the saloon devoted to a fashionable ball, and the personages depicted, much as they vary from each other, are all in the best taste and best costume.

M. CHAMLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.—The second took place on Wednesday afternoon (the 27th ult.) at M. Hallé's residence, and the rooms were just as inconveniently crowded as at the first. The programme was again one of the highest interest, commencing, as before, with an early sonata of Beethoven—the second in Op. 2, dedicated to Haydn at a time when the young and vigorous giant was already restive under the prim conservatism of his master, the greatest of musical tories. This sonata (in A major) is much too seldom heard. All the movements were finely executed by M. Hallé—the *scherzo*, especially, being one of the neatest and most sparkling performances we can call to mind. Not less eminently successful was Bach's very interesting *Partita* in G, which followed. M. Hallé has studied the works of this great master profoundly, and always interpret him in the right spirit. Haydn's delicious little sonata in E minor

was a rare treat, and the more welcome since it has never before been publicly given in our time. The great and poetical Op. 109 of Beethoven cannot be played too often. New beauties reveal themselves at each new hearing. We entirely coincide with M. Hallé's conception of the *scherzo*; but we cannot help thinking that the variations of the *andante* should be taken a little faster. This, of course, is deferentially suggested, M. Hallé being doubtless able to defend his reading on classical grounds. Nos. 11, 14, and 18 from M. Stephen Heller's *Nuits Blanches*, the second of Mendelssohn's caprices Op. 33 (dedicated to M. Klingemann), the *Nocturne* in F minor, and the *Berceuse*, of Chopin, were the last things in the programme. Mendelssohn's *Caprice*, a graceful and exquisite composition, we prefer a little slower. The pieces of Heller and Chopin were rendered to perfection. The amateurs of classical pianoforte music (and classical pianoforte *playing*) will be pleased to know that M. Hallé has announced a series of chamber-concerts in Willis's Rooms, assisted by Herr Joachim, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti.

THE NIEDERRHEINISCHES MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT COLOGNE.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.)

The 36th Niederrheinisches Musical Festival was celebrated with great splendour in Whitsun week, on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th May, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. The various works were more imposingly and admirably successful, on account of the number and excellence of the members of the choruses and orchestra (amounting to 682 persons) than they had ever been on any previous occasion, a result in a great measure attributable to the place in which the Festival was held, and which affords a depth and breadth for the arrangement of the artists, such as is to be met with nowhere else, besides leaving nothing to be desired in an acoustical point of view. All present were, moreover, unanimous in the opinion that it would be impossible to find such a chorus anywhere else; in fact, it worked so steadily and with such magnificent power in Hiller's *Saul*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*, and, more especially, in the "Credo" from J. S. Bach's *High Mass* in B minor, that the entire audience was seized with a feeling of delight and astonishment, particularly when the sopranos took up the theme and soared into the regions of the two-lined *f* sharp, *g*, and *a*. The choruses, therefore, obtained the loudest and most protracted applause. The next place is due to the orchestra, for its magnificent performance of Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*, every movement of which was received with tumultuous applause; nay, persons were not wanting who declared that the execution of the symphony was the most perfect musical treat of all the three evenings.

The solo singers, Fräulein Krall (soprano), from Dresden; Fräulein Jenny Meyer (mezzo-soprano), from Berlin; Herr Schneider (tenor), from Frankfort-on-the-Maine; Herr Stepan (bass), from Mannheim; and Herr Abiger (bass), from the Stadtheater, Cologne, were, on the whole, satisfactory, and, in certain points, very deserving of applause, but in no wise distinguished for virtuosity or European celebrity. Nay, it is not to be denied, that we possess in our immediate neighbourhood artists, who, for instance, would, in Hiller's *Saul*, have sung the principal parts of *Saul* and *Michael* not only quite as well, but incomparably better, as they did in the month of December last year.

Thus this Festival, at which no prominent and great vocal artist, such as Jenny Lind, Jenny Ney, Roger, Formes, &c., shone, proved—by the enthusiasm of the public, which went on increasing every evening, and, indeed, each succeeding day, from the commencement to the end of the entertainment, and the unanimous opinion of the musicians and directors present, concerning the excellence of the execution—that the artistic performance of the masses is the principal thing at a musical festival, and not the great names of the solo singers, for the results do not always correspond to these names, especially in oratorios. It is to be hoped that the success of this festival will open the eyes of the committees of the Rhenish towns as to the advisability of hunting after celebrities.

MR. TRUST'S HARP MATINÉES.

The last performance of the series took place on Wednesday, as before, at Mr. Trust's private residence. The company was numerous and fashionable. The first piece in the programme was Kalkbrenner's duo for pianoforte and harp, with accompaniment for flute, violin, and violoncello. The players were Miss L. Viola Trust, Mr. Trust, Herr Schmidt, Mr. Webb, and Master H. T. Trust. The young *pianiste*, Miss L. Viola Trust, gave indications of a refined talent, not only in her performance in Kalkbrenner's duo, but in a duet for two harps she subsequently performed with her father. We would advise Miss Viola Trust, however, to make a selection between the two instruments, and lay aside the other altogether. There is an old saying, "Between two stools," &c., and no one yet, save extraordinarily endowed, ever achieved renown following two distinct paths. The part of the pianist is not that of the harpist.

Parish Alvars' Grand Concerto (dedicated to Molique), for harp, two violins, tenor, violoncello, double bass, flute, and oboe, was finely executed by Messrs. Trust, Zerbini, Webb, jun., Pettit, Severn, Schmidt, and Nicholson. Among other noticeable points in the performance we may mention Bochsa's Nocturne for oboe and harp, by Messrs. Nicholson and Trust, and Oberthur's Duo for pianoforte and harp, by Miss Marie Salzmann, and Mr. Trust. A solo on the violoncello, by Signor Piatti, as may be imagined, was one of the features of the concert.

The vocal music was not in excess. Mr. Montem Smith sang Meyerbeer's "Near to thee," with violoncello *obligato* by Mr. Walter Pettit; Miss Marian Prescott gave Wallace's "Scenes that are brightest"; Miss Emily Gresham introduced the romanza, "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freischütz*; Mr. Pettit again playing, and admirably, the violoncello *obligato*. The beautiful song from Weber's opera was charmingly sung, and produced even greater effect than when sung by the same lady recently at the Surrey Music Hall. The romanza is well suited to Miss Gresham's clear high voice and very expressive style.

HEREFORD.—A glance at the outline of an incomplete programme has put us in possession of some of the leading arrangements for the sacred musical performances at our Cathedral in August next. For the opening performance, on Tuesday morning, the scale of prices of admission has been graduated to so low a point as one shilling for the aisles, and half-a-crown for the western gallery, to afford a "popular" opportunity of hearing classical sacred music performed with all the powerful adjuncts of the special occasion. The service will include the overture to Spohr's *Last Judgment*; the *Dettingen Te Deum* (Handel); Festival "Jubilate" (Townshend Smith); the 42nd Psalm (Mendelssohn); and an Anthem by Sir A. G. Ouseley.—For Wednesday morning the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn is selected; and for Thursday, the work less known, of the same composer, called *Athalie*, will be drawn upon, in conjunction with an English version of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and parts one and two of Haydn's *Creation*.—Friday morning's performance will be devoted to the *Messian*.—The arrangements of the evening concerts must depend upon the engagements—not yet, we believe, quite completed—with the vocalists who will have to take part in them. We have been shown a list of the names of twenty-five gentlemen, of position and influence in this and the neighbouring county of Salop, who have accepted the office of stewards, for what may now be definitely announced as the forthcoming Musical Festival. The names are as follow:—The Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis-Bart, M.P., the Hon. and Rev. G. Herbert, the Hon. and Rev. A. Hanbury, Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart., George Clive, Esq., M.P., the Venerable Archdeacon Waring, Rev. John Hopton, John Hungerford Arkwright, Esq., Wm. Herrick, Esq., A. R. B. Knight, Esq., Rev. T. King, Rev. B. Stanhope, Richard Barton, Esq., Rev. T. Powell, Rev. H. Blissett, Rev. O. Ormerod, Rev. Jas. Bullock, the Mayor of Hereford, Thomas Dunne, Esq., Edward Griffiths, Esq., Stephen Allaway, Esq., Rev. Dr. Sier, Reynolds Peyton, Esq., J. M. Herbert, Esq.—*Hereford Journal*.

MUSIC AT MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MILAN, 29th May, 1858.—Pending the resumption of my observations upon the theatres of Italy, I send you a few lines on present and past events.

I have first to notice the great success of the tenor, Mongini, in *La Sonnambula*, during the short season of the Cannobiana. When he sang at the Scala for a few nights, at the end of the Carnival season, his voice had evidently suffered through his hasty journey from St. Petersburg during such an inclement period as the last severe winter. He had also to contend with the friends of the rival tenor, Negrini. Italians are not only jealous of foreigners, but of each other.

"These fleas have other fleas that bite them."

But Mongini has recovered from his temporary illness, and his Elvino was enthusiastically applauded from beginning to end; his voice and style, it is said, recalling Rubini in his best days.

The English artists here are also obtaining "ovations," and they owe it jointly to their talent and indomitable perseverance. The Italians would crush them if they could. The English tenor, Swift, is rapidly establishing a high Italian fame. After creating a *furore* in *Poliuto* at Turin, he has been equally successful at Rovereto, where, on the occasion of a visit from the Archduke Ludovich, the theatre was opened with a *cartel* first-class company. I hear that Swift is engaged by the impresario Merelli, to sing leading tenor parts at a series of first-class theatres during the next six months. Albert Lawrence, an English baritone, had courageously resolved to face a Milanese audience, and was announced for the part of Filippo in Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, at the Radegonda Theatre. As he was known to possess a magnificent voice, to be a zealous student of the Italian school, and quite an enthusiast, his appearance excited much curiosity. As a matter of course the "clique" mustered in great force against him, on the first night occupying nearly the whole theatre. The greater the talent he displayed, the more they seemed determined to run him down; and so it continued for several evenings, while the unprejudiced few perceived in him all the elements to qualify as one of the finest baritone singers of the day. In fine—Lawrence has gained the victory. The fair-judging part of the public took up his cause, and he has only to "work" at other Italian theatres as Swift has done, and a like favourable result must follow.

Before I conclude, I must not fail to pay homage to the "liberals" of the Italian press, whose talent is at all times the especial object of my admiration. Thank you, gentlemen, for your useful hints, no doubt meant in the greatest kindness to English artists. Thank you for your kind information, that Albertini, the English artist, does not sing "Italian"—she sings "Chinese"—and that Lawrence, the new (and I venture to add, successful) English baritone sings "Turkish." How witty! Doctor! doctor! Doctor Lampugnani! you will be the death of us! Oh this "lingua"—this "bella-lingua"—(and beautiful it undoubtedly is) what a pity, while it seems imperatively a part and parcel of the art of singing, in the opinion of Italians, it should be so inadequate to teach Italian artists and Italian critics the difference between fair play and injustice!

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—(From a Correspondent).—A performance took place at the above establishment on Monday evening, the 31st ult., when the opera, *Guy Mannering*, and the farce of *Our Clerks* were performed by a company of gentlemen principally composed of the employés of the Bank of England, to a crowded and highly fashionable audience. The music was efficiently performed; and we cannot pass over the artistic manner in which Miss Isaacson rendered some of the well-known airs of the opera. *Our Clerks* was undoubtedly the feature of the evening, and the reception accorded to the talented and well-known amateur, Mr. Charles Wilkinson, was of the most cordial description, while his acting, and that of Miss Ida Wilton throughout, created shouts of laughter.

MISS PAULINA CAHAN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having seen my daughter's name in the programme of a concert given at the St. James's Hall, on May 26th, and entitled in your pages "A Model Concert," I beg you will in common justice insert these lines, distinctly disclaiming all connection with the affair. Neither myself or daughter had any knowledge of the fact until reading your *just* "Leader" on the subject. Before concluding, I must strongly protest against such proceedings (and I have no doubt you will agree with me) that it is not only an insult and annoyance to a young lady to have her name brought before the public without any consent being given, but a decided imposition on the public, who are very tenacious as to what they consider their rights.

I remain, your obedient servant,
Alhambra House, 24, Leicester-square. E. CAHAN.

LA PRESSE DE LONDRES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

9A, Warwick-street, Regent-street, London, June 8, 1858.

THE Editor of *La Presse De Londres* presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Musical World*, and begs leave to communicate the particulars about the Artistical Club he is going to establish, to the readers of the *Musical World*. At the same time, he begs to decline the responsibility for the programme of the concert he gave on the 26th of May last, and the management of which he entirely entrusted to Mr. St. Leger.

[About the "Artistical Club" we shall have something to say next week.—ED. M.W.]

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL—(From our Correspondent).—The arrangements for this great musical event are fast approaching completion, and the committee are working most harmoniously and assiduously for the accomplishment of one end and aim—that of securing a Musical Festival surpassing, if possible, everything that has taken place hitherto in the West Riding. In Professor Sterndale Bennett as conductor, Leeds has secured an accomplished English musician—one whose life and soul will be freely devoted to the cause he has undertaken; and whose gentlemanly deportment, combined with rigid principles, renders him a welcome master wherever he goes. The list of patrons to the Festival is full of the nobility, and as a proof of the sanguine feeling existing as to the success of the Festival, I may state that the guarantee fund already amounts to near £5,000. You will be aware, ere this, that Her Majesty has graciously consented to honour Leeds with a visit at the end of August. Many persons are of opinion that the stirring event will detract from the *prestige* of the Festival which commences on the 7th Sept., but the committee are of a different opinion. They intend, I am given to understand, that the inauguration of the Town Hall by the Queen shall form part and parcel of the Festival. This is an excellent scheme, and likely to prove successful. A stranger entering Leeds at the present time cannot but see that preparations are making for some grand occurrence. Tradesmen are painting and decorating their shops—housekeepers are refurbishing and cleaning their residences—numerous streets are in process of being flagged and paved—public buildings are being "touched up," and the names of streets are now made plain. Excitement has commenced, and until the Festival is over, it will gradually increase. At a general committee-meeting held on Wednesday last, Mr. Fred. Spark, of Leeds, was appointed secretary.

Mr. R. S. Burton gave his fifth and last Choral and Orchestral Concert on Monday. Amongst the pieces performed were Beethoven's symphony in C minor (No. 5), overtures to *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Guillaume Tell*, finale to *Fidelio*, &c. The performance, in many instances, was excellent. At the close of the concert about fifty members of the orchestra adjourned to the Griffin Hotel, where they presented Mr. Burton with a handsome time-piece, as a mark of esteem. Mr. G. Alderson Smith, amateur bass at the parish church, occupied the chair, and in appropriate terms, on behalf of the subscribers, presented the testimonial.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni, Ortolan, Piccolomini; Giuglini, Beneventano, Vialetti, Aldighieri, and Bellotti.

To-morrow, Monday, June 7, GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE. DON GIOVANNI; and LA REINE DES SONGES, with Madile, Marie Taglioni. The doors open at One, and the Opera commences at half-past One o'clock. Boxes, from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Pit Stalls, 2ls.; Pit and Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Morning dress only is necessary.

Tuesday, June 8, will be produced, for the first time, Verdi's Opera LUISA MILLER, by Madile, Piccolomini and Madame Alboni; Signor Giuglini, Vialetti, Castelli, and Beneventano.

Thursday, June 10, will be repeated LUISA MILLER, for the BENEFIT of MADILLE PICCOLOMINI. Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, MUSIC HATH CHARMED, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, and (last time) FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Friday the theatre will be closed, in consequence of a night rehearsal of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Saturday (for the BENEFIT of MR. and MRS. CHARLES KEAN) Shakspere's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced, preceded by SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

RROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY next, JUNE 12th, upon which occasion Shakspere's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals at this theatre. In consequence of this arrangement KING LEAR will be repeated THREE NIGHTS more, and then withdrawn, to make room for THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. On Tuesday next (last time), FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

RROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, June 5, the performance will commence with the new comedietta, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which DADDY HARDACRE. To conclude with a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAIS. Return of Mr. Phelps for SEVEN NIGHTS, with Mr. Henry Marston and Miss Atkinson. On Monday, MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Phelps; Lady Macbeth, Miss Atkinson. On Tuesday, THE MAN OF THE WORLD. Sir Pertinax, Mr. Phelps. Wednesday and Saturday, KING LEAR. King Lear, Mr. Phelps; Edgar, Mr. Henry Marston. On Thursday, THE STRANGER. The Stranger, Mr. Phelps. On Friday, OTHELLO. Othello, Mr. Phelps; Iago, Mr. Henry Marston; Desdemona, Mrs. R. Horner; Amelia, Miss Atkinson. Concluding every evening with THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN. No advance in the prices.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5TH, 1858.

THERE is an evident and we believe insuperable antagonism between the modern style of pianoforte-playing, inculcated by the so-called "virtuosi" (who might be more appropriately denominated "viziose"), and that which still enjoys the very modest title of "legitimate." The difference between the two is so marked that no one can possibly overlook it. It is the difference between the Ambigu-Comique and the Théâtre-Français, the *Trovatore* and *Don Giovanni*, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Macready. It is the difference between tragedy and melodrama, common sense and bombast, poetry and rhodomontade. The question, however, is, can the two be reconciled? Can the professor of the one style either stoop or raise himself to the level of the other? In one respect we think not. We are quite sure that Mr. Disraeli is utterly incapable of writing a book like *The Newcomes*, and that Mr. Hicks could never have made even a tolerable Hamlet; but we are almost as certain that Mr. Macready, if inclined to amuse himself that way, could out-Hicks Hicks; while that Mr. Thackeray, when in the vein, can beat Mr. Disraeli on his own ground, is triumphantly shown in his *Cod-*

lingsby, which we have always regarded as the literary masterpiece of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The same argument applies to the opposite schools of pianoforte-playing. The works of the fantasia-mongers are by no means impracticable to the fingers (the mind having nothing to say in the matter) of a pianist well "up" in the compositions of the classical masters. But *vice versa* does not follow, as a matter of course. There have been numberless proofs to the contrary.

"*Cette musique naïve*"—exclaimed M. ———t, fumbling over a prelude of Mendelssohn's—"cette musique naïve, après tout, n'est pas trop facile. Fichtre!" M. ———t spoke from his heart, and very soon suiting the action to the word, abandoned the prelude, together with his intention of astonishing the English public after the special manner of "*virtuoso*" generally. He returned to his fantasias, and commended "*cette musique naïve*" to the prince of darkness. M. ———d de ———r, a very fire-eater among "*virtuosi*," being invited to a musical party at the house of a distinguished amateur, since deceased, was assigned, for his share in the programme, one of the sonatas of Dussek.* Nevertheless, having laboured hard for more than a week, he gave it up in despair. "This is not pianoforte music" ("Celle-ci n'est pas écrite pour le piano")—he insisted; and shutting up the book, was speedily lost in arpeggios, chromatic scales ascending and descending, showers of octaves, and crossings of hands, thumbing the while some unhappy opera-tune, which had to make itself heard amidst all this smothering, smashing, and belabouring.† "Voilà un morceau véritablement écrit pour piano!"—said the *virtuoso*, after a last sweep from one extremity of the key-board to the other, with both hands in contrary directions. The "distinguished amateur," however, was of a different opinion. He resided in Queen's-square, and preferred Bach's *perruque* to M. Liszt's *chevelure*—the head-dress of modern *virtuosity*, the first duty of which is to ape the highly gifted man from the least healthy part of whose idiosyncrasies it sprang. The "distinguished" amateur would not hear of anything being substituted for Dussek's sonata; and Sterndale Bennett, or some other *non-virtuoso*, played it at sight.

There are those, however, among the "*virtuosi*" who are more capable, if not more willing to play legitimate music as it should be played. Somebody asked Herr Castle—a devoted worshipper of Staudigl the singer—whether Staudigl could speak Italian. "I don't know, exactly"—replied Herr Castle—"but he could if he would." So the "*virtuosi*," to whom we are now alluding, "could" if they "would." But, alas! they won't. When they come across real music they are puzzled how to handle it. To bestow any amount of study upon it would be to step from a pedestal of their own imagining down to the standing point of their (presumed) inferiors. At first, it appears so easy, that they feel inclined to spread out the close harmonies into vaporous arpeggios, to double the passages in the bass, and to introduce subjects of their own—one for each thumb—with an eye (or rather a thumb) to richness and variety. A genuine "*virtuoso*" (a "*lion*" proper) cannot (or will

* Op. 61. *The Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand.*

† The drawing-room window was open. Mr. Thackeray was most likely passing near the house. At any rate, not long after, we read the famous description of "Such a getting upstairs," with variations.

‡ Let it not be supposed that we include Friar Liszt among the "*virtuosi*" proper. Heaven forbid we should hold him in such light esteem.

not) understand twenty-four bars of pianoforte music in which the entire key-board has not been once or twice galloped over. The "*jeu serré*"—where all the fingers are constantly employed (as in the fugues of Bach)—is as unwelcome to them as "*terre à terre*" dancing to the choregraph whose vocation is to cut capers half-way between floor and ceiling. They cannot (or will not) keep their fingers quiet. To "*virtuosi*" repose is nauseous—unless it be the repose indispensable to a winded acrobat. Thus they do injustice to their own executive powers and to the music set before them—by obtruding the former and caricaturing the latter.

A remarkable instance in illustration of the point in hand occurred the other night, when a "*virtuoso*" of the first water had to do with a concerto of Mozart. We do not mean Sig. Andreoli, but a "*virtuoso*" of such water that it is unnecessary to designate him by name. A "lion" in the most leonine sense of the term, he treated the concerto of Mozart just as the monarch of the forest, hungry and truculent, is in the habit of treating the unlucky beast that falls to his prey. He seized it, shook it, worried it, tore it in pieces, and then devoured it, limb by limb. Long intervals of roaring diversified his repast. These roarings were "*cadenzas*." After having swallowed as much of the concerto as extended to the *point d'orgue* of the first movement, his appetite being in some measure assuaged, the lion roared vociferously, and so long, that many adverse to Mr. Owen Jones's idea of acoustics, admitted that, at all events, a "lion" could be heard from the "recess" in St. James's Hall. Having thus roared, our "lion's" appetite revived, and he ate up the slow movement as if it had been the wing of a partridge. (Never did slow movement so suddenly vanish.) Still ravenous, however, he pounced upon the finale—which having stripped to the *queue* ("coda"), he re-roared, as before. The *queue* was then disposed of, and nothing left of the concerto.

We remember, many years past, we used to go to Exeter Change, to see the lions fed, watching the movements of those noble and voracious quadrupeds, and listening to their roar with rapt attention. All our early impressions were revived on the present occasion; and we made a solemn vow to attend whenever and wherever the same "lion" should be advertised to devour another concerto. (He—the same "lion"—is to feed upon Weber's *Concertstück* on Monday, in the Hanover-square Rooms.—*Printer's Devil*.)

On the other hand this "lion," like Staudigl the singer, "could" speak Italian "if he would"—in other words, "roar you like any sucking-dove." But it goes against the grain with him; and we are sorry for it, since he is no ordinary "lion."

As a general rule, it may safely be asserted that French poetry is separated from all the descendants of the Teutonic stock, whether Germans or English, by a broad moat, which is not only impassable, but is moreover so repelling in its aspect, that the Teutons never so much as think of crossing it. When a land is of such a nature that nobody ever wants to invade it, the perfection of safety is attained, and in a position of comfort analogous to this is—with one exception—every volume of French poetry, the contents of which are not to be comprised under the head "*Chanson*." Proficiency in the French language, or even an enthusiastic love for French novels, no more implies a knowledge of French poetry, or a desire to acquire such knowledge, than the mere fact of uttering a line of English implies a wish to study the *Saturday Review*. At any

party he pleases, any Teuton may bawl out his hatred of French poetry, and no one will reproach him for his want of taste. He may, if he likes, add the confession that he never read two verses of French poetry in his life. No one will venture to tell him that his assertions are inconsistent with each other, and that he is unreasonable in hating what he knows nothing about. The bird that flies away from the first cat it has ever seen in its life, is not accused of absurd prejudice, because it does not wait for the experience of a scratch, but is supposed to obey the dictates of a natural instinct; and, in like manner, the Teuton is allowed to stop his ears at the first twang of the Gallic lyre. When a literary Englishman learns German, it is chiefly for the sake of reading the poets; the fame of the poets lures us to the study of Italian grammar; if we penetrate into the mysteries of Gladwin's "*Persian Moonshee*" it is because we have heard of Hafiz. But so is it not with the French tongue, which everybody learns or hopes to learn, from every possible motive, save one. One thinks French is very useful for travelling; another adores Balzac and Georges Sand; a third smirks at the name of Paul de Kock; a fourth essays to make money by converting French vaudevilles into English farces; a fifth looks forward to some future re-opening of the St. James's Theatre by Mr. Mitchell, and hopes to have a stall; but as for French poetry, we should as soon think of French almanacs.

Sensitive as a Yankee in most respects, the Gaul is perfectly callous with regard to the non-appreciation of his poetry. He knows that it won't be liked on the other side of the Channel or the frontier;—that it is the very reverse of Port wine, having been composed without thought of a foreign market. He has even made a merit of his unpoetical character. "*La France*," says Michelet, "est le pays de la prose," and then he shows us how far superior is prose to poetry. "*La prose est la dernière forme de la pensée, ce qu'il y a de plus éloigné de la vague et inactive rêverie, ce qu'il y a plus près de l'action.* Le passage du symbolisme muet à la poésie, de la poésie à la prose, est un progrès vers l'égalité des lumières." And so on, and so on—M. Michelet infinitely delighting himself throughout the course of his observations.

But, nevertheless, apart from the vast multitude of the unread versifiers of France stands one man who can boast of British readers. We don't mean Béranger, whom everybody learns by heart; and we don't mean Pierre Dupont, to whom everybody ought to pay a similar compliment; because we have already made a general exception in the case of "*chansons*." But we mean Alfonse de Lamartine, whose *Méditations Poétiques*, published early in the present century, were read in every country, and translated into every language. Here was a sort of poetry with which even a Briton could sympathise, and when German critics write about him, they say that in spirit he is more a Briton than a Frenchman.

Now at this present moment Alfonse de Lamartine is in distress, and persons of the highest distinction are organising a subscription for him in this country. Our political contemporaries point to his deeds amid the storms of 1848, and the fascinations of his *Histoire des Girondins*, which, petrel-like, immediately preceded the tempest, must still be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. But there are other French politicians—there are other French historians—with whom Englishmen may sympathise—whereas there is only one French poet. Fellow-countrymen, don't look with cold indifference on the only French poet you ever read, or ever will.

"PERFUNCTORY."

"MADAME GRISI acquitted herself with consummate skill in a part in which she must have gained a thousand triumphs. Every artistic pose was perfect, every minute undulation of her still marvellous execution struck the tympanum of every ear in the house. In the 'Com' è bello,' in the first act, in the 'quai si ti sfuggi un moto,' in the finale she was the 'Diva,' the great and incomparable Giulietta Grisi; but we feel compelled to adhere to the opinion we advisedly expressed on the occasion of the opening night of Covent Garden Theatre. The voice of this whom great artiste is not what it was. There are notes in it yet beautiful. Madame Grisi's sostenuto is yet unparalleled; but the register of the voice is marred: one can no longer run over the keys of that astonishing gamut, and there is as much cant as cruelty in maintaining that this once deserving lady is qualified to form part of a troupe for whom excellence is loudly asserted."

[The above, from the *Daily Telegraph's* notice of *Lucrezia Borgia*, presents a curious example of what is conventionally termed "sub-editing." It is reported, we know not with what truth, that the editor of *Household Words* used to make alterations in the articles of Mr. G— S—, in order to accommodate them to the general tone of the periodical. Compare the sentences in the above which are printed in roman type with those we have ourselves italicised, and something "perfunctory" will be detected. The two halves of the paragraph flatly contradict each other. One of them at least should be prefabricated.—ED. M. W.]

PERFUNCTORY.

"The music of the part was sung by Madame Bosio, with unimpeachable grace of expression, and with a brilliancy and finish peculiarly her own. Some of her cadenzas were examples of bold vocalisation, and an increasing tendency in her voice to tremulousness in the upper notes mars the effect of all those passages requiring steadiness of intonation."

[Then, we presume, there are passages that do not require "steadiness of intonation." What sort of passages, friend *Observer*?—ED. M. W.]

PERFUNCTORY.

"The remark respecting the tremolo in Madame Bosio's voice applies with yet more force to Sig. Gardoni's. It is in his a radical defect, and proceeds, as indeed it does in every case, from overtaxing the vocal organ, which, under this severe pressure, is made to vibrate excessively. The effect is most unpleasing."

[As there is not a "tremolo" on any note in the whole range of Sig. Gardoni's voice, we must consider the above—also from the *Observer*—as coming under the head "perfunctory." We "thank thee, Jew, for teaching us that word."—ED. M. W.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MOZART's delightful *Nozze di Figaro* was produced on Saturday, and although the execution was very unequal, many parts deserved high praise. Our contemporary, the *Morning Advertiser* even goes so far as to declare that "in the whole performance there was nothing perfunctory."

The cast, except that neither Madame Alboni nor Signor Giuglini was included in it, was as strong as the resources of the establishment would allow. It might certainly have been made more powerful; but with the policy of the management we have nothing to do. To begin with the ladies, and first with the least of them (not least in talent but superficies)—Madlle. Piccolomini. Many things in her Susanna, in a histrionic sense, pleased us greatly—although we agree with the *Daily News* that "she is not the Susanna of Beaumarchais."^{*}

* "Piccolomini, on the other hand, is not the Susanna of Beaumarchais. The 'camariste' of the Countess is not an ordinary soubrette. 'Spirituelle, adroite, et rieuse,' as the dramatist describes her, she is the Countess's friend and confidante. Sprightly and laughter-loving as she is, she has elegant manners, and dignity of character; and her noble attachment to her mistress makes her, too, an object of serious interest. She belongs to the *haute comédie*; and in the days when *Figaro* did its part in hastening the fall of the Bourbons, the character Susanne was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mademoiselle Contet, the most accomplished actress of the age. But though the little *prima donna* of

On the other hand, some things, in a musical sense, pleased us almost in an equal degree—although we do not agree with the *Daily News* that "in this opera Madlle. Piccolomini appears to great advantage as a singer."[†]

To sum up—with a little more refinement, Madlle. Piccolomini, brief as she is, might fully realise the ideal of the French satirist; and with a great deal more study, if she could never, owing to certain defects in her physical means, approach the ideal of Mozart, she might, at least, materially improve on her present performance. For instance, she might render "Venite inghinocchiatevi" (which a contemporary prints "nigi nocchiatevi") nearly perfect, if she would try to get the notes completely in her head, since her acting of the situation is charming. Equally might she improve "Deh vieni non tardar," if she would refrain from transposing a certain passage an octave higher, and omit sundry changes further on which, although "ricercate," are not ornamental. Also, Madlle. Piccolomini should make herself more familiar with the concerted music, and finally endeavour to sing "Sull' aria" in the right time, taking the high B flat with less hesitation. There is so much else of really good and really intelligent in her Susanna, that it is worth while labouring to attain the rest. Madlle. Ortolani is a nice-looking page (that is if the audience may be allowed to suppose the page to be of the female gender), and displays a certain amount of *rêves* which might be made more of. But she must not sing the two airs of Cherubino ("Voi che sapete" especially—we doubt if she can give the other in the right *tempo*) so slowly.

Mdle. Titiens, as the Countess Almaviva, was not very far off perfection, and has it in her power to reach that goal. Her "Porgi amor," though a little too slow, was exquisite; while her "Dove sono," though a great deal too slow, was full of beauties of a high order. When she is encored again, however, in the last—which she doubtless will be on every repetition of the opera—she must either womanfully decline the honour, or manfully repeat the whole—at least of the second movement. *Proh pudor!*—a German artist, and treat Mozart with so little ceremony! We cannot abide "Sull' aria" in the time of an *adagio*; and here again is a point for the consideration of Madlle. Titiens.

Signor Belletti's Figaro is much better than his Figaro. In other words, the Figaro of Mozart is more suited to him than the Figaro of Rossini. His execution of the music is masterly—"Non piu andrai," the other two airs, concerted music and all. He has to act less than in the *Barbiere*; and, as he is little of an actor, the less he acts the better. We were more than satisfied with his entire performance. Signor Belart sings Basilio's air admirably; and the subordinate parts of Marcellina, Barbarina, Don Curzio, Antonio, and Bartolo, are all carefully done by their respective representatives, Mdlles Ghioni and Sondina, Signors Mercuriali, Castelli, and Rossi. Signor Rossi, it is true, is beneath "La vendetta," but he does his best to get up to it. Some of the concerted music went well—some indifferently—some ill. The first finale (the finale of finales) went best of all—which, since it is the most difficult, shows that still more might be done with the resources at hand than is always effected at Her Majesty's Theatre. Sig. Ardiati conducted—a fact giving additional significance to the following panegyric, which appeared (somewhat perfunctorily?) in the *Morning Advertiser*:

"A word of passing compliment to Signor Bonetti, the conductor, may be allowed; his great gravity not degenerating into dulness, his unwinking vigilance, his control, and the obedience which instantly follows the movement of his *bâton*, were obvious on Saturday night."

After the opera, Madlle. Marie Taglioni made her first appearance in a *ballet divertissement*, contrived by M. Massot, and set to music by M. Nadaud. The title of this *pièce d'occasion* is *La Reine des Songes*; and Madlle. Taglioni is the Reine des Songes. The following account of the plot is recorded by one contemporary:

the Haymarket is not the Susanna of the play (her being little if of itself in some degree a disqualification), yet she makes the part, in her own way, exceedingly pleasant, looking very pretty, and acting with vivacity and archness."—*Daily News*, May 31.

[†] "She has evidently studied the music of Susanna, as well as that of Zerlina, with great care, and sings it with the purity and chasteness which Mozart himself would have desired."—*Ibid.*

"The Queen of Dreams has haunted an unhappy knight, named Fernand, and inspired him with an ideal passion which he is never destined to gratify. Being a coquette, her shadowy majesty causes Fernand to be conveyed to the realm she inhabits, and after a series of temptations, just as he imagines himself about to enter on possession, twits him with his mortality, and insinuates that the perfection he seeks is not to be found on earth but in the skies;"

and the following by another :—

"La Reine des Songes"—such is its title—has the advantage of telling its story with a degree of clearness not very common with entertainments of the same class. The scene on which the curtain rises is the realm of dreams, and the Queen who sways the visions of sleeping mortals is discovered with her attendant spirits, the chief of whom are Fortune, Plaisir, and Les Amours. To these imaginative regions, under the influence of the Queen of Dreams, a number of mortals are introduced, and each is gratified with the special object of his desires. The miser has his coffers filled with the fascinating metal, the peasant girl is made happy in the assurance of her lover's fidelity, &c. Finally a young nobleman, of aspiring imagination and sensitive temperament, is ushered into the same region of hope and fancy. He is possessed with a passion for some vague ideal being, and after running the gauntlet through the various beauties who present themselves to his gaze, finds his "mistress and his fancy's queen" in the *Reine des Songes* herself."

The reader must reconcile the two. Meanwhile, Madlle Taglioni was received with great warmth, and danced and mimed her very best. We have lost the talent (if we ever had it) of describing the manifestations of the terpsichorean art, and are therefore tempted to quote the words of a fourth contemporary of the fourth estate—more especially since in the entire paragraph "there is nothing perfunctory"—nothing that stands in need of perfuncting :—

Mdlle. Taglioni's appearance on the stage was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause. From the youthful creature, whose charm was almost all due to the unadorned freshness and *naturalité* of girlhood, she has grown into the graceful and fully-developed woman and the accomplished mistress of her art. To an extraordinary degree of agility, which gives her an easy mastery over the most arduous feats of mere strength and dexterity, she unites an amount of graceful *abandon* which calls to mind her renowned relative, and a peculiar finish and neatness of execution never deserting her for an instant, and which is peculiarly her own. Through all the phases of her elaborate evolutions in her various *pas*, whether alone or accompanied by M. Durand, never for an instant did her limbs assume an attitude otherwise than graceful. Poised in the arms of her lover, or bounding through the air to alight on the extremest point of her feet, a photographic instrument might have seized her image at any moment, and a thoroughly graceful figure perfectly and artistically balanced would have been the result."

Bref—Mdlle. Taglioni is as clever as engaging, and as great a favourite with the audience as ever—and this, notwithstanding "property"-wreaths and bouquets from the pigeon-holes.

On Tuesday the *Huguenots* was given with the *Reine des Songes*, for Madlle. Marie Taglioni's second appearance ; and on Thursday, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with *Calisto*, for Madlle. Poccini. The second performance of Mozart's opera would have been a decided improvement on the first, but that Sig. Beneventano was labouring under the effects of a cold, and some of the music had to be omitted. Encores were awarded to Madlle. Ortolani in "Non so più cosa ;" to Sig. Belletti in "Non più andrai ;" and to Madlles. Titiens and Piccolomini in "Sull'aria," which was taken faster than on the first night, but still too slow. In the ballet, Madlle. Poccini created the most enthusiastic sensation she has yet done, in one of her *pas*. The most tumultuous applauses assailed her from all parts of the theatre, and a repetition of the dance was inevitable. The second performance was received with even more vociferous cheers than the first, and the absence of all floral presentations incontestably proved the legitimacy of Madlle. Poccini's success.

On Tuesday Verdi's *Luisa Miller* will be presented for the first time in this country, with the following cast :—Luisa—Mdlle. Piccolomini; the Duchess—Mad. Alboni; Count de Walter—Sig. Beneventano; Rodolfo—Sig. Giuglini; and Miller—Sig. Vialetti.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first night of *Lucrezia Borgia* is always an event at the Royal Italian Opera. The appearance of Grisi and Mario, as Lucrezia and Gennaro, with Tamburini or Ronconi as Duke, was alone enough to excite public interest. On Thursday, however, the opera was given without Mario, the part of Gennaro being assigned to Sig. Neri-Baraldi. If anything could reconcile us to the loss of Mario in this instance, it would be the fact that he is to resume the part of Conte Almaviva in the *Barbiere* on Saturday, his performance of which is one of the most consummate ever witnessed. Grisi, as usual, feeling she had to do double duty, sang and acted with a magnificence worthy her best days. In Lucrezia, indeed, we see little difference between the Grisi of 1848 and the Grisi of 1858. The actress is still in the zenith of her powers, while of the singer—all the force and much of the beauty of the voice being preserved—more than sufficient remains to render full justice to Donizetti's music. Of an impersonation so well known little need be said. It is *grand* in every sense of the word.

The Gennaro of the evening would have found greater favour, but for unavoidable reminiscences. Signor Neri-Baraldi has a very capable voice, sings like an artist, and acts with intelligence. The part of Gennaro, however, is too exacting for his means, whether vocal or histrionic.

Ronconi made his first appearance this season in *Don Alfonso*, and was welcomed with loud and long-continued applause. Alluding to the character of the Duke of Ferrara, the *Daily News* and *Daily Telegraph* have fallen into an error in stating that Lablache was the original representative of the part at Her Majesty's Theatre. Tamburini sustained the character from the first night of the production of *Lucrezia Borgia* until his secession, when Lablache assumed it. The performance of Tamburini was in every respect far superior to that of Lablache, who was by no means the "matchless tragedian" that one of our contemporaries proclaims him. Ronconi was not in good voice on Thursday night, while his tendency to sing out of tune at the commencement of the evening was more apparent than ever. His masterly acting in the scene in the ducal palace, however, was quite enough to disarm criticism. As a portrayal of concentrated passion and cool malignity, this could not probably be surpassed.

Mad. Nantier Didiée is admirable as Maffeo Orsini, the only objection we can make applying to the overstrained manner in which she terminates the *brindisi*. All else is excellent. Good looks, good singing, and good acting make up a most agreeable sum total. The *brindisi*, notwithstanding the little defect we have noted, obtained the only encore of the evening.

The minor characters—Gubetta, Astolfo, Rastighello, and Gazella—were carefully sustained by Signors Tagliafico, Soldi and Polonini, and M. Zelger. The scenery, painted by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin (not Mr. Beverley) was beautiful, and the dresses rich and appropriate.

After the opera, the *ballet divertissement*, *La Brésilienne*, originally produced at the Lyceum Theatre a season ago, introduced Madlle. Zina—more properly, Zina Richard—to the London public. This lady achieved her first great success last autumn at the Grand-Opéra of Paris, in Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*, when she supplied the place of Mad. Amalia Ferraris, and was at once admitted by the distinguished connoisseurs of the Académie Impériale into the first rank of choreographic artists. Madlle. Zina is a *danceuse* of eminent ability. She appears to belong to the school of Fanny Cerito, and has much of the bounding grace and joyancy of her accomplished predecessor.

The initiatory *pas* of Madlle. Zina passed off without a hand. In the second scene, however, the novelty of her steps and the beauty of her *poses* created a decided impression, and woke up the "Lords of the Creation" from their apathy. The *divertissement*, *La Brésilienne* is hardly important enough for a dancer of high pretensions. We are satisfied, nevertheless, that Madlle. Zina is no unworthy successor to Madlle. Cerito, whom, nevertheless, we are just as sorry to lose. There was also another new dancer, Madlle. Zilia Michelet (also from the Grand-Opéra), of whom we shall have something to say next week.

To-night the *Barbiere* will be given, with Mad. Bosio, Signors Mario, Ronconi and Tagliafico, and M. Zelger.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

MR. E. T. SMITH is alive to the necessity of procuring novelty for his patrons. Not satisfied with his two first tenors, Messrs. Charles Braham and G. Perren, who did him good service in the *Traviata* and *La Sonnambula*, he has engaged a real Italian *tenore robusto*—to use his own words, “from all the principal theatres of Italy”—who made his first appearance on Wednesday as the Duke in *Rigoletto*. We, who are accustomed to draw our notions of the character from Mario’s performance, may labour under some hallucination as to how the part should be acted and sung. Certainly a new light is thrown on the performance by Sig. Naudin, who takes quite a different view of the music and the acting, and displays undeniable originality in his conception of both. We prefer advising our readers to go and hear Mr. E. T. Smith’s new robust tenor, than endeavour to fulfil the task of portraying his peculiar eccentricities. Signor Naudin, to his Duke in *Rigoletto*, added the performance of Edgardo in *Lucia* last night. He was tumultuously received by the audience.

MR. BALFE’S BENEFIT.—A real English audience filled Drury-lane Theatre on Friday evening, the 28th inst., on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. Balfe. The performance consisted of *The Rose of Castille*, and the farce of *A Pair of Pigeons*. The opera was represented with the original cast, and Mr. Balfe conducted. The entertainment was greatly relished, by the audience.

THE LAST YEARS OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(From the *Biography of Wasilewsky*.)

THE symptoms of disease which had shown themselves already in the year 1852, were augmented by additional ones in 1853. Especially was it the so-called moving of the tables which put Schumann in real ecstasies, and in the full sense of the word *moved his senses*.* He wrote about it to Ferdinand Hiller, April 25th, 1853:—

“Yesterday, for the first time, we have been moving tables. A strange power! Imagine: I asked him, how the rhythm was of the two first measures of the Symphony in C minor (Beethoven’s?). He hesitated with the answer longer than usual; but at last he began:



but first a little slowly. But when I told him that the *tempo* was quicker, he hastened to beat the right time. I also asked him whether he could tell me the number of which I thought? He said, quite right, ‘Three!’ All of us were filled with astonishment.” And also, under April 29th: “We have repeated our experiments; nothing but wonders!”

At this time he suffered also occasionally from delusions of hearing, by saying that he heard a certain tone, which in reality nobody but he could hear. One of his acquaintances meeting him in a public place one night, at Dusseldorf, saw him putting down the newspaper, exclaiming—“I cannot read any longer; I hear continually, A.” However, as these symptoms went off again, no particular notice was taken of them.

That Schumann suffered constantly may be seen from a letter he wrote in July, 1853, in which he said; “I have not got back my full strength, and have to avoid all greater works of a fatiguing character.” It was for this reason that he could only partly share the conducting the musical festival at Dusseldorf, 1853, by leading only the first concert (in which he had once more a decided triumph with his Symphony in D minor) and two numbers on the third day.

The end of the year 1853 brought for Schumann two events

* When I visited him in May, 1853, I found him lying on the sofa, reading a book. Asking him what it was, he answered with emphasis: “Don’t you know about the spiritual manifestations?” “Well, well,” I said, smilingly. But then his eyes, usually half closed, became large and ghastly, and with a mysterious expression, he almost whispered, in a slow manner: “The tables know everything.” When I saw this fearful seriousness, I acquiesced in his strange opinion. Then he called in his second daughter, and commenced to experiment with her, upon a small table. The whole scene frightened me very much.—Author of the *Biography*.

of joy, the last he had in his life. The first refers to his acquaintance with Johannes Brahms, whom he introduced in the columns of his former newspaper, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, as the musical Messiah of the coming age; and the second was his journey with his wife through Holland, which according to all the statements in the papers, as well as of eye-witnesses, was like a “triumphal procession.”

At the end of December, Schumann returned from this journey to Dusseldorf, 1853, where that fearful event soon happened which took him for ever away from the world and from art. With exception of a short excursion to Hanover, Schumann lived very retired in the months of January and February, 1854, the last time which he spent with his family. Besides the inditing of the *Gesammelte Schriften*, which he prepared for publication, he occupied himself with a literary work, which he called “Garden of Poets.” The leading idea was to collect everything which had been said by the principal poets of all ages about music. He had contemplated this work in former years, and for this purpose also collected the sayings of Jean Paul and Shakspere. He was about to continue the work with regard to the Bible, and the Greek and Latin classics, when the old symptoms of his disease appeared with renewed vehemence, and rose to such a height as to darken his intellect for ever.

First the old delusions of hearing came back. Schumann thought a tone was pursuing him constantly, and which developed itself by and by into harmonies and entire compositions. At last he heard also voices of spirits, which spoke to him sometimes mildly, occasionally in a tone of reproach, and which, during the last fortnight of his stay at Dusseldorf, took every night’s rest from him. One night he suddenly left his bed, and asked for a light, saying that Schubert and Mendelssohn had sent him a theme, which he had to write down immediately; which he did, in spite of all the remonstrances of his wife. Upon this theme he even composed five variations for piano-forte, during his last sickness. Then suddenly he wanted to go to a medical asylum, to be entirely with a doctor; for “I cannot get cured at home,” he said, with full conviction. In such a moment he ordered a carriage, arranged his papers, his compositions, and made himself ready to leave. He saw quite clearly what was the matter with him; and especially when he felt approaching scenes of excitement, he begged to stay away from them.

His wife tried constantly to draw away his mind from the phantoms of his imagination; but as soon as she succeeded to do so with one, another made its appearance. He also repeatedly exclaimed that he was a sinner, and did not deserve the love of the people. And so it went on until at last the anguish of his soul drove him to despair.

It was February 27th, 1854, when about noon Schumann received the visit of his doctor, Mr. Hasenclever, and his brother artist Albert Dietrich. They sat down together. During the conversation Schumann left the room without saying a word. They thought he would return; but when a long time had elapsed, his wife went to look for him. He could not be found in the house. The friends hurried into the street to find him—in vain. He had quietly, without his hat, gone to the bridge of the Rhine, and tried, through a plunge into the river, to free himself from his life of torment. Some boatmen present rowed after him, and took him out of the water. They said afterwards, that Schumann begged them earnestly to let him die, and that he made a second trial to plunge into the water. His life was saved, but what a life! Passers-by recognised the master, and took care of his removal to his home. His wife, herself greatly suffering, was fortunately prevented from seeing him. A second medical attendant was called, for his case became so dangerous that he had to be constantly watched.

Then at last he was removed near Bonn, to the care of Dr. Richarz, at Enderick. Here he stayed until the latter part of July, 1856. During this time he received, with the consent of his doctor, the visits of Bettina, Arnim, Joachim, and Brahms, which, however, had to be avoided at last, because they were always followed by a state of great excitement. With his wife he was for some time in correspondence; she did not see him except just before his death, which was about four o’clock in the afternoon of July 29th, 1856.—*New York Musical Review*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 348.)

AFTER a month's heaving and tossing in a hot and greasy steamer, it quite gave you a feeling of home to wake calmly in the early morning, without having been tumbled out of your berth, and to find yourself in a comfortable bed with nice clean sheets, your window comfortably curtained, and with lots of water and clean towels. I did miss my baby's morning kiss, and the thousand and one little proofs of affection that should so endear one to home, but still the change was grateful, and I felt comparatively happy. And so this was California, this quiet well-ordered hotel, with its civil waiters, and gentlemanlike host, its nice breakfast-table, with happy-looking wives and husbands around, its delicious eggs and toast, and tea and coffee, I could scarcely believe that the scenes of the previous night could have existed in the same hemisphere with this abode of calm content ; and the appearance of the streets as we strolled to church after breakfast, gave us ample evidence that the beneficent presence of woman was exerting its humanising influence, for they were filled with well-dressed families all wending heavenward. The gambling had ceased, and in place of obscene oaths and drunken laughter was heard the toll of the church bells, while the extreme quiet was remarkable, all the streets being paved (to use an Hibernicism) with wood. We went to the Presbyterian church in Stockton-street, an unpretending building of wood, where H—— and I left our good Dominie (he being of that persuasion), and we proceeded farther to Grace Church, the Episcopal establishment then under the charge of Doctor Ver Mehr and his amiable wife (and be assured that a clever, active, clergyman's wife is of no small importance in a young community like this), where we assisted at our glorious old service. The choir was excellent, and the preacher unpretending and sensible, while the church (although built of wood) was extremely beautiful, the beams of the roof being left unceiled and varnished, and the pews well cushioned and carpeted. Leaving church to rejoin the Dominie, we heard the sound of a drum and bugle, and presently came across a cavalcade, headed by a Spanish clown who made idiotic grins, and imagined himself uncommonly funny. This was an invitation to a bull and bear fight (no allusion to stockbroking) at the Mission Dolores to which we went with a friend, being anxious to see all that was to be seen. The road to the Mission was planked, and well filled with carriages and their gaily dressed occupants, and the distance being but about four miles, and the road abounding in villas and cottages, our transit seemed rapid, while the effect of the old Mission snugly sheltered from the sea breeze by a fine mountain, was very beautiful. A few minutes brought us in front of the ecclesiastical buildings, and having an hour to spare we inspected the old church, which with a few dark rooms for the residence of the clergyman, a dilapidated court-yard, and the cemetery, are all that are left to this most deserving and self-sacrificing body of men, owing to the rapacity of the Mexican Government, and the no less criminal neglect of their present rulers. I speak with sincere feeling, and with perfect truth, when I declare that the world owes a deep debt of gratitude to those bold men whose "high emprise" was peaceably, and at their personal risk, to carry the humanising influence of the gospel among the wild tribes of this unknown coast, and while labouring for their spiritual welfare, to teach them the arts of civilisation, and from mere earth-grubbers, feeders upon acorns and grasshoppers, metamorphose them into practical farmers and decent citizens. All this good work is over, the poor natives are gradually disappearing before the white man's path, and nothing is left but the picturesque old church to tell of the labours of those good men who went forth without staff or scrip to do their master's bidding. All the buildings were of adobes or sun-dried bricks formed of the soil, well mixed, and laid and cemented by the same material. The walls consequently have to be very thick and the roofs to project considerably, in order to keep the material quite dry, or otherwise it would soon all dissolve like a lump of sugar. These roofs being formed of the crooked red tiles, and the beams being

tied together with strips of hide (to prevent the destroying effect of earthquakes) give a strange and primitive appearance to the whole. All the other buildings have been appropriated as drinking shops (one was kept by an English prize-fighter, named Bill Carpenter) and dirty little Spanish fiendas and panaderias, while the front of the church proper is ornamented with clumsy mud pillars, with two belfries, in which hung the blessed bells that years gone by had greeted the ears of the muleteers in the far off Calabrian mountains. We entered the church, and were at once struck with the wonderfully artistic beauty that these poor earnest creatures had produced. The whole church was simply a parallelogram of about two hundred feet in length, by sixty in breadth, and the walls hung with pictures of saints and odd votive offerings of the worshippers ; but the roof was exquisite, and Mr. Ruskin's heart would have leaped with delight to see it. And what made it beautiful ? The evidences of truthfulness, and a feeling of certainty that the workmen had expended every power of decoration that their limited means and knowledge permitted ; for the beams of wood were dressed simply by the hatchet, the joints were made of bands of hide, and the whole was covered with pigments made of the different coloured earths at their command, in a kind of Saracenic ornament of zigzag and geometrical figures. But then there was the great length compared with the breadth, and the gradual diminishing of the figures, and commingling of the colours as they approached the grand altar at the end, which with its mass of saintly figures, both full statues and *alio relivo*, and its profusion of gilding upon coloured marble, made a general effect that was most-beautiful, and far in advance of the apparent poverty of the materials, and want of scientific knowledge of the rules of art of the builders. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*—not our muttions, our beeves, or rather our bulls.

That gentleman who has been honestly earning his five dollars, in an attempt to break in the head of a drum, is becoming more and more frantic as the time for the *Gran Funcion* approaches ; and we reverently leave the quiet church, and press through the crowd of blackguards, male and female, to a seat in the amphitheatre, or bull-ring.

This edifice was composed of three tiers of seats, and capable of accommodating about three thousand people ; but I was happy to observe that, although formerly this *Funcion de Toros* was the great attraction of the week, it had so fallen into general disgrace that the place was not a quarter full, and of the spectators the majority were "Greasers" (*Anglice*, Mexicans). The women were all gaily dressed in flounced muslin dresses, and their heads were enveloped in a dingy, dark, grayish scarf, called a "Rebosó ;" which said scarf, although not so delicate as the coquettish lace mantilla, is used by the *femininos* with great grace and archness. They were all smoking cigarettes, and, *squatting on their hunkies* (as the regular Yankees call the position), they waited with exemplary patience the entrance of the light comedian Señor Toro, whose bellow from his pen hard by could ever and anon be heard as he was poked up by enthusiastic amateurs. The gentleman who did the "heavy business" was already (in theatrical parlance) discovered chained by the leg in the centre of the arena. It was the first time I had ever seen the real monarch of the Rocky Mountains—the grizzly bear ; and a most formidable beast he was, his weight being over eight hundred pounds. The colour of his skin was well denominated grizzly, being very thick of fur, and as he swayed his huge carcass to and fro, he looked with the most malignant expression upon the surrounding people, and when treated now and then with a gentle refresher in the shape of a bucket of water, resented the professed kindness in the most ungrateful manner. He had already killed three fine bulls who had been opposed to his prowess, and was evidently waiting with impatience an opportunity for a fresh meal of beefsteak, which opportunity was soon accorded him. A slide in the circle was lifted, and there bounded into the arena a magnificent bull, his horns enormously long, and his curly hair between them hanging in ringlets over his large wicked eyes. Shouts of "Bravo, Toro !" greeted his entrance, at which he snorted, bellowed, and began a series of saltatory exercises around the ring ; but approaching nearer to Mr. G. Bear, who growled a sound that was anything but a wel-

come, he tossed his head once in the air, and with the speed of lightning darted at his adversary and buried his horn in his breast. Poor Bruin was not quick enough for his agile foe, and it was pitiable to see the wounded wretch take up pawfuls of the wet earth, and try to staunch the blood which streamed in torrents from him. The bull again essayed another charge, not having received a scratch; but as he rushed upon the bear, poor Grizzly, with his enormous strength, broke his chain, and in an instant all was confusion; the women shrieked; the men ran away like monkeys; revolvers were pulled out; while Toro was dancing about the ring, and digging up the earth with his horns, in a seeming ecstasy of frantic delight. Poor Bruin had escaped to his den mortally wounded, and Mr. Toro was at last secured and wound up like a ball, by the employment of several lassos; and this was really an interesting sight, as the unerring certainty with which he was caught over the horns, by the legs, and gradually enveloped in a network of twisted or plaited hide, was really pleasant to witness, after the brutal exhibition of a few minutes previous. I am happy to say that this was the last of the bull and bear fights. Public opinion, that omnipotent personage, had set himself against them, and they died a natural death; and this is only one among the many instances I shall take occasion to notice in the course of these sketches of the adaptability of the people for self government. Thrown together, natives of all climes, all men of energy, and full of hope, what wonder that boy-like, released from the school trammels of the elder world, they for awhile revelled in a liberty that too often degenerated into license? Still it was but for a while, for soon the sober second thought, aided by the arrival of wives and families, metamorphosed this horde of unruly *gamins* into steady citizens; and even in the wildest times, if subscriptions were wanted for the erection of schools, hospitals, or churches, the projectors could always depend upon the most liberal gratuities from the professional gamblers. Those half demoniac donkeys who in 1849 danced a frantic round in honour of an old bonnet, and who put up a lady's shoe to auction, and gave the proceeds (about four hundred dollars) to a hospital, are now to be seen, either at their place of business, or with their families, as demure as any old buffer who goes out to his villa at Brixton or some such metropolitan paradise, to enjoy himself among tulips and ranunculus. Pardon this digression, I will try not to offend again. "I am not often thus jocose," and will endeavour for the future to emulate Dan in the comedy of *John Bull*, who, when Peregrine asks him "if he never deviates," replies, "Noa, but I sometimes whistles." So—Ph-e-ew—here we are back into the city again. It is evening, the church services are closed, and the theatres are open; there is never gambling on the Sabbath, and as a goodly number of the inhabitants patronise the drama, this night is always quiet and orderly, thanks to the players. Don't be shocked, my friend, in the sacerdotal garotte; it's a fact, and facts are stubborn things.

(To be continued.)

ST. JAMES'S HALL—(Communicated).—Herr Rubinstein and Herr Joachim will appear at the performance of the Vocal Association, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening next, June 9. The Vocal Association, of 300 voices, will also perform some part-songs, for the first time, composed expressly for the Society.

TICKLING THE BRITISH JACKASS'S EARS—(From *Punch*).—At the St. James's Hall, last week, was given a concert, a portion of which was a song, of nigger character, and the following was its burden:—"Flip up in de scidimadinck, jube up in de jubin jube." It was rapturously applauded. We only regret our inability to add that this was not one of the performances humanely got up to please the unfortunate patients of lunatic asylums, and in which concertsthe artists are also lunatics.

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JOACHIM, RUBINSTEIN, and other artists of celebrity, will perform at the next SOIREE of the REUNION DES ARTS, 76, Harley-street, on Wednesday evening next, June 16th. The Rooms will be open at Half-past Seven o'clock, and the performance will commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Subscriptions to be paid to Messrs. Cramer and Co., or Boosey and Sons, or to Mr. Goffe's Account, at the Union Bank, Regent-street Branch.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall.—Monday, June 21, Second Morning Concert, in consequence of the great success which attended their first performance at this new and magnificent building. Doors open at half-past Two. Tickets, programmes, and particulars at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, and at the Hall daily, from 11 till 4. Stalls and Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; and Galleries, One Shilling.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday Evening, June 17th, at Eight o'clock, "THE POOR TRAVELLER," "BOOTS AT THE HOLLY TREE INN," and "MRS. GAMP," on Wednesday afternoon, June 23rd, at Three o'clock, the Story of "LITTLE DOMBEY," and on Thursday Evening, June 24th, at Eight o'clock, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL." Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S THIRD AND LAST CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday Evening, June 14th, at half-past Eight o'clock, when they will be assisted by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Sainton, Paque, Francesco Berger and Benedict. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, may be had at the principal music warehouses; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 70, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park.

TITIENS, PICCOLOMINI, AND ALBONI; Louisa Pyne, Ortolani, Sherrington Lemmens, and Viardot Garcia; Giuglini, and Belart, Beneventano and Rossi, Vialetti, Aldighieri, and Bellotti; Herr Pischeck, Rubenstein, Molique, Maurer, Delichman, Blagrove, V. Collins, and Joachim will all appear at Mr. Benedict's Annual Grand Concert, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday morning, June 21. The full Programme is now ready. Early application for the few remaining Boxes and Stalls is respectfully solicited, at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; the Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre; and at Mr. Benedict's Residence, 2, Manchester-square.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a performance of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, June 26, to commence at Three o'clock. Miss Goddard will be assisted by Herr Joseph Joachim and Signor Piatti. Among other pieces, the programme will include: Dussek's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat; Schubert's Sonata (pianoforte solus) in A minor; Joachim's "Thème Varié" for pianoforte and viola; J. S. Bach's Fantasia con Fuga in C minor; and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreitzer, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim.

* Full particulars will be shortly announced.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Miss Macirone has the honour to announce that her Soirée Musicale will take place, Saturday, June 19th, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Herr Pischeck, Miss Marian Moss, Mr. Foster, Mr. Montau Smith, and Mr. Wynn, of the Vocal Union; Instrumentalists: Miss Macirone, and M. Paque. The members of the Vocal Union will perform part-songs, and Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Herr Pischeck, other new compositions by Miss Macirone, Conductor, Mr. George Loder. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Single Tickets, Seven Shillings; Family Tickets, to admit four, £1 4s. May be had of the principal Music-sellers; and of Miss Macirone, 5, Park Village West, Regent's-park.

24

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Registers are kept for the gratuitous inspection of Managers, containing entries of the names of vocal and instrumental artists wanting engagements, with all necessary particulars, &c.

MUSICAL REFEREE.—M. W. Balf, Esq., Cork-street, Burlington-gardens; Signor Schira, 17, Princes-street, Hanover-square; Jules Benedict, Esq., 2, Manchester-square.

MEDICAL REFEREE.—John Hastings, Esq., M.D., 14, Albemarle-street.

SOLICITOR.—Charles Maddock, Esq., 15, Serjeant's-inn, Temple.

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MANAGER.—J. H. Mapleton, Esq., 7, Gloucester-street, Regent's-park.

OFFICE HOURS FROM ELEVEN TO FOUR.

MR. CHARLES HALLE begs respectfully to announce that he will give a series of THREE CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Thursday, June 17th, 24th, and July 1st, commencing at Three o'clock, when he will be assisted by Herr Joachim, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, and other eminent artists. Subscription Tickets for the series, One Guinea each, and Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; R. Ollivier's, 19, Old Bond-street; at all the principal music-sellers; and from Mr. Hallé, 22, Cheam-place, Belgrave-square. Programme of First Concert, June 17th. Executants: Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Charles Hallé. Trio in E major, Haydn; Sonata, Pianoforte, in C minor, Op. 34, Clementi; Grand Sonata, Piano and Violin, in A minor, dedicated to Kreutzer, Beethoven; "Stücke im Volkstone," Piano and Violoncello, Schumann; Pracambulum, Loure and Gavotte in E, Violin, S. Bach; Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, Beethoven.

V.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Monday, June 14, at Hereford.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Tuesday, June 15, at Kington.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 16, at Wellington.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 17, at Coalbrookdale.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 18, at Madeley.

On Saturday, June 19, Dr. Mark and his Little Men will proceed to Gloucester, stay there over Sunday, and perform there on Monday.

SIGNOR SCHIRA begs to announce that he has REMOVED to No. 22, Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square.

LAURENTS ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (orchestral and solo) from the Conservatorium of Music, and Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Loiccster-square.

WANTED, at the Parish Church of Banbury, a CHOIR MASTER and ORGANIST. Further information may be obtained by application to the Rev. W. Wilson, the Vicarage.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—DR. HEYDEN, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, is desirous of replacing a few English Pupils as boarders at his own table. Sound education and liberal instruction. English divine service. Good references from parents. Terms moderate. Further particulars may be had by applying to C. Boosey, Esq. (114, Cambridge-street, Warwick-square), who has two sons in the establishment.

HERR JOSEPH DERFFEL'S MATINEE MUSICALE at the Hanover-square Rooms, Friday, June 18, at Three, when he will be assisted by Mlle. Mathilde Wildauer, Signor Lucchesi, Mr. Santley, Mlle. Finoli, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti. Conductor, M. Benedict. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s., Crumer, Beale, and Co.'s 20s, Regent-street; Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street; and of Herr Joseph Derffel, 23, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

HERR CARL DEICHMANN'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Monday, June 14, at 8 o'clock precisely, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary Adelaide. Artists—Clara Novello, Reichardt, Rubinstein, Deichmann, Ries, Webb, Faure, George Russell. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d. each; tickets, 7s. each, to be obtained of Herr Deichmann, 13, Dorchester-place, Blandford-square, N.W.; Messrs. Schott and Co., 159, Regent-street, and all the principal music-sellers.

HERR L. JANSA begs to announce that his SEVENTH ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, next Monday, June 14, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock, assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Borchardt, Miss Lascelles, and Miss Goddard; Herr Joachim, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, M. Remusat, M. Gaynor, and Herr Deck. Accompanists, Mr. Aguilar and Herr Ganz; Leader, Mr. Willy; Conductor, Mr. Mellon. Tickets, 7s. 6d. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d., may be obtained at Herr Jansa's, 19, Mornington-crescent, Camden-town.

MADAME BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUHE have the honour to announce that their GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Room, on Thursday, June 24th, 1858, to commence at Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Viardot, Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Madame Bassano; Herr Pischek, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Charles Chaplin, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Harmonium, Herr Engel; Pianoforte, Herr Kuhe. Conductors, M.M. Benedict and F. Berger. Numbered Stalls, 10s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Madame Bassano, 7, Old Quebec-street, Portman-square, W.; of Herr Kuhe, 12, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.; and of all the principal music-sellers.

MISS LAURA BAXTER will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Thursday, 17th June, 1858, under distinguished patronage. Part I.—Trio in E flat (1st) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (M. Benedict, Mr. H. G. Blagrove, and Sig. Piatti); Hummel; Duet—"Non Fuggir," (Il Campanella) (Madame and Mr. Weiss); Donizetti; Aria—"Voi che sapete," (Le Nozze de Figaro) (Miss Laura Baxter); Mozart; Solo—Pianoforte—March and Finale (Concert Stück) (Miss Matilda Baxter, of the Royal Academy of Music, her first appearance); Weber; Recit o Aria—"Dove Sono," (Madame Weiss); Mozart; Part Song—by the Gentlemen of the Vocal Association, comprising two hundred voices, conducted by M. Benedict; Aria—"Havvi un Dio," (Maria di Rohan) (Madame Persiani), Donizetti; Song—"Rose of the morn" (Mr. Sims Reeves); Mori; Solo—Violoncello—Andante e Variazione (Lucia di Lammermoor) (Signor Piatti), Piatti; New Song—"We were boys together" (Mr. Weiss), W. H. Weiss; Grand Duet—"Fiero incontro," (Il Tancredi) (Madame Persiani and Miss Laura Baxter); Rossini; Part Song—by the Gentlemen of the Vocal Association, conducted by M. Benedict.

Part II.—Quartet—"The vintager's evening song," (Madame Weiss, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss), F. Mori; Scotch Fantasy for the violin (Mr. Blagrove), Blagrove; Aria—"Nobil Signor," (Les Huguenots) (Miss Laura Baxter); Meyerbeer; Song—"Phoebe dearest" (Mr. Sims Reeves), Hatton; Solo—Pianoforte—"La Cracovienne" (Miss Matilda Baxter), W. V. Wallace; Ballad—"Crossing the Moor," (Madame Weiss), W. H. Weiss; Part Song—by the Gentlemen of the Vocal Association, conducted by M. Benedict; Solo—Flute—"In France" (Mr. J. Richardson), Richardson; Ballad—"Home, sweet home!" (Miss Laura Baxter), Bishop; Part Song—by the Gentlemen of the Vocal Association, conducted by M. Benedict. Conductors: M. Benedict, Mr. George Loder and Mr. George Lake. Reserved seats, Half-a-Guinea each; unreserved seats, Seven Shillings each, or four for One Guinea. To be had of Miss Laura Baxter, 7, Milton-court, Dorset-square, or of the principal Music Publishers and Libraries.

MANCHESTER CONCERTS.—The Directors of the Manchester MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS are prepared to arrange for their forthcoming season, commencing in September next, with individual artists, or parties forming provincial tours. Terms and dates may be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Bryce, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

HERR LOUIS RIES begs to announce that his EVENING CONCERT will take place at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Friday, June 18th, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Mlle. de Villar, Fraillein T. Krüger. Pianoforte, Herr E. Pauer; Violin, Messrs. Ries and Deichmann; Viola, Messrs. Webb and Günther; Violoncello, Herr A. Mauer (from Petersburg); Contrabasso, Mr. F. Pratten. Conductors, Messrs. F. Berger and C. Günther. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets to admit Three, One Guinea, to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Messrs. Schott and Co., Regent-street; Messrs. Ewer and Co., Oxford-street; and of Herr Louis Ries, 1, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, W.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT SUMMER SHOW OF FLOWERS AND FRUIT will be held on Wednesday next, the 16th June. The complete success which attended the new arrangements of the Show of the 22nd May, aided by the extra attraction of the unrivalled collection of orange trees, now in full blossom, will render Wednesday next the Great Fête of the Season. The first grand display for this season of the whole of the Great Fountains, Cascades, Water Temples, and Waterfalls, will take place at 4.30. The Thirteen Interior Fountains, with several additional fountains erected for the occasion, will be displayed. Varied Musical Performances will take place during the day, the Wind Band of the Company performing in the pleasantest localities in the grounds (now in the highest state of perfection) from six o'clock until dark, thus forming throughout the day an unequalled promenade of the most varied and agreeable character. Doors open at Twelve o'clock. Admission by Season Ticket, £1 1s.; or by Day Tickets, 7s. 6d.; children under twelve, 3s. 6d., which, to save inconvenience, should be secured beforehand at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter Hall; or of the usual Agents to the Company. The Show will be continued on Thursday, 17th June. Admission, 2s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The First Display this Season of the Great Fountains, will be on the occasion of the GREAT SUMMER FLOWER SHOW on Wednesday next. Doors open at 12; Fountains at 4.30.

TO LET, Exhibition Galleries of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, East. To let, early in October, after the close of the Society's Exhibition, until the end of February next, the extensive galleries in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East, comprising five rooms, and council room, &c. The principal room is 60 feet, by 40 feet, and about 30 feet high, and is considered the best lighted room in London, either by day or night, for exhibitions of art, lectures, or the soirees of literary, scientific, or musical societies. The extent of the gallery is 120 feet, by 40 feet. For particulars, apply by letter to Mr. Chilcott, Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

Just Published, Price 5s.
THE PEOPLE IN CHURCH: their rights and duties in connection with the Poetry and Music of the Book of Common Prayer, by JOSIAH PITTMAN, Chapel-master to the Hon. Soc. of Lincoln's Inn.—London: Bell and Dalby, 186, Fleet-street.

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REVIEWS.

1. "THE TROUBADOUR." Song. Words by H. S. K. Music by WALTER MAYNARD. 2. "THE HUGUENOT." Ditto, ditto. 3. "UPON THE MEADS OF ENGLAND." National Song. Ditto, ditto. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

There is intention in No. 1, and the opening is not without merit. Mr. Walter Maynard, however, should be more careful with his harmony, of which the following example, among others, demands revision:—



No. 2 has character, but is even more faulty than No. 1. Here are specimens:—

No. 3 has not a fault. The melody is vigorous, the harmony pure, and the absence of all pretence confers an additional charm. Mr. Maynard should always endeavour to write in this simple, natural, and thoroughly English style. It suits him better than laboured progressions and recondite harmony—of the latter of which he is not yet a master.

No. 1.—"THE PLANT OF BEAUTY—HOPE." Song. Dedicated to Mr. Mounsey Bartholomew. Composed by ELLEN AVERY. (R. W. Ollivier.)

The verses embody a graceful allegory; and the music to which they are set would, though wholly unpretending, be unimpeachable but for the way in which the opening prelude for the piano sets the laws of harmony at defiance:—



The manner in which the chord of the 6-4-3 is taken, at bar 3, and abandoned, at bar 4, is wholly objectionable. Equally uncanonical is the way in which the dominant seventh follows the harmony of the sub-dominant, in the last bar.

1. "CHARLIE'S LETTER." Scotch ballad. Written by John Ellison, Esq. Composed by M. ENDERSOHN. 2. "ONLY IN JEST." Ditto, ditto. Both sung by Mrs. Enderssohn. (Metzler and Co.)

These pretty, unaffected songs, are not only good examples of the ballad-style, but (in spite of an over-tendency to sevenths and their inversions) so correctly written that any connoisseur may take them up without disparagement to his musical taste. This is a merit not sufficiently recognised, and the more worthy recognition on account of its being rare among ballad-composers, who are, for the most part, extremely negligent in the matter of harmony—being either ambitiously incorrect, or correctly twaddling.

"NEW GRAND ANGLO-HIBERNIAN POLKA." By T. C. Cooper. (Cooper and Sons.)

THERE is nothing in this polka either to offend or otherwise.

- "CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR PRESENT CHRISTMAS." A canon discharged by C. E. (Scheurmann and Co.)

A canon for two voices, which reads the same way upright or upside-down. The device is old, and we think the amount of labour spent on it might have been used to better advantage. Moreover this canon is not remarkably ingenious, since the composer has taken liberal advantage of entire bars' rests. It should have been reviewed, by the way, last Christmas.

1. "OH! FOR A HUSBAND." Ballad. Words by John Oxenford. Music by Frank Mori. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.) 2. "A MAIDEN I LOVE DEARLY." Ballad. Words by John Oxenford. Music by G. A. Macfarren. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

Healthy words and healthy music are the distinguishing characteristics of both these ballads, either of which is worth all the sentimental drawing-room lucubrations that ever were perpetrated. Mr. Oxenford has few equals as a lyric poet at the present time, and can treat lofty and humble themes with the same felicity and ease. In both the instances before us, he has met with congenial music for his highly congenial poetry. Mr. Mori's melody is hearty and homely, that of Mr. Macfarren extremely graceful. Both are harmonised as might be expected from the men.

LEICESTER—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. W. T. Briggs (a promising young bass vocalist), having been appointed to a lay-clerkship in Worcester Cathedral, his musical associates and friends invited the public to a complimentary farewell concert, which took place in the New Music Hall on Monday evening. The audience was numerous. The first part of the programme consisted of a selection from the sacred works of Handel and Mendelssohn; the second part was miscellaneous. The choruses were well sung by Mr. Henry Nicholson's new choir, numbering about sixty voices. Especial mention may be made of "But as for his people" (*Israel in Egypt*), "He watching over Israel" (*Elijah*), and the ever welcome "Hallelujah," from *The Messiah*. The most noticeable features in the second part were Goss's quartet, "There is beauty on the mountain," the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, and a flute fantasia by Mr. Nicholson, which was redemanded. Songs were given during the evening by Miss Poyzer (of Birmingham), Messrs. Oldershaw, Sansome, and Briggs. The band was small, but efficient. Mr. Nicholson conducted.

PAROCHIAL ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—In your excellent journal you have often exposed the inadequate payment of parochial organists; permit me to offer a further illustration of the working of the system in this town. On my first entering on the duties of organist of the parish church, I received the miserable pittance of £12 per annum, which continued for about three or four years; I then, by remonstrance, got it raised to £20—a very inadequate sum for the responsibility of the situation,—and I organised an efficient choir. Last Sunday the half-yearly collection for the choir took place, on which occasion a full choral service was performed, with the "Hallelujah" chorus, and both morning and evening services realised £10 7s. 1d., by which I am about £2 out of pocket, as the responsibility of paying the choir rested on me—the churchwardens having shifted that burden on my shoulders. I am now informed that they have not sufficient funds, and they can only pay £10 per annum in future—not quite four shillings a Sunday! I have, therefore, sent in my resignation, and I expect the upshot will be, that a good choir will be discharged, and a few shouting national school boys will be selected in their place. Can we wonder at the falling off of members in our national places of worship?

I am your obedient servant,
Darlington, June 5. J. SECOND.

CATHEDRAL SERVICES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR.—As a lover of cathedral music, whenever I arrive at a cathedral town I make a point of attending the service on Sunday. I think Englishmen may be justly proud of the Gibsons and other great church writers of this country. When I hear "Rogers in D," I think of what Macaulay says of the Dutchman quaffing bumper to the honour of "Mynheer Rogers" of England, and have some agreeable mental association with the works of many of our early writers. It was my lot to pay three separate visits to Dublin in about three successive years; and having heard much of the way in which the cathedral service was sung there, I expected fully to hear one of these fine services well and reverentially performed. Instead of these anticipations having been realised, I have each time been doomed to listen to one of the most wretched hodge-podes of Handel's music to which mortal ears could be subjected. After three enforced hearings I can tell you a little about it. In the "Deus misereatur" the words "My soul doth magnify the Lord," &c., are stitched to the chorus from the *Messiah*, "The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of the preachers." "For he hath regarded" is "Lord, remember David;" "For he that is mighty" is "Shall I on Mamre's fertile plains," from *Joshua*. "He hath shown strength with his arm," is from the "Funeral Anthem," and all the rest to the "Gloria," which commences with a long symphony for organ. The first words of the "Gloria" are set to the chorus, "O Father, whose Almighty power," from *Judas Maccabeus*. "As it was in the beginning," to the *allegro* of the same chorus, "And grant a leader bold." The "Nunc dimittis" commences with the quartet from the "Funeral Anthem," "When the ear heard him," and goes through it. The "Gloria" as before.

It is quite sufficient to give you the names to prove what a miserable piece of patchwork this must be; how utterly inappropriate the music to the situations; how it must have been cut about to fit the words; how the music sliced to bring it in. Pray, Mr. Editor, do give the dean or precentor a hint to get rid of this abomination.—Yours faithfully,

June 9th, 1858.

AMATEUR.

WORCESTER.—The *Messiah* was given in the Music Hall by the "United Harmonic Society" on Monday week. The principal vocalists were Madame Rudersdorf, Mrs. Haward, Mr. Topham, and Mr. Briggs. Mr. J. H. D'Egville was the leader, and Mr. Jabez Jones the conductor.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

At the fifth concert, on Monday evening, the following was the programme:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia in C	Mozart.
Aria (Calvary), Madame Novello	Spoehr.
Overture (Melusina)	Mendelssohn.
Concertstück, Herr Rubinstein	Weber.

PART II.			
Sinfonia in C minor	Beethoven.
Recit. and Aria, "Deh vieni," Mad. Novello	Mozart.
Solos, Pianoforte, Herr Rubinstein.			
Overture (Anacreon)	Cherubini.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

The symphony of Mozart (the first of the "grand six") went beautifully. It was substituted, at the eleventh hour, for the "No. 9"—one of those minor orchestral works of the great composer which have lately been given to the public. The change was, no doubt, for the better. Nevertheless, we should by no means have objected to hear the "No. 9," if only by way of novelty.

An oratorio-song would have been quite out of place; but happily the air from Spohr's *Crucifixion* (*Calvary*, if you please) is as much an opera-air as anything in *Jessonda*. Mad. Novello sang it well, but in what language we are not prepared to say.

The overture to *Melusina* wanted half-a-dozen more rehearsals. Neither the stringed instruments nor the wind instruments played in time, although the indications of Professor Bennett's stick were intelligible enough. There can surely be nothing perplexing in this phrase—



which appears to us as plain and simple as the *allegro* in Boieldieu's *Caliph of Bagdad*—



And yet it evidently upsets the equanimity of the Philharmonic band. At all events the overture to *Melusina* has never been even decently performed by our far-famed orchestra; and this would seem to insinuate either that Mendelssohn did not know how to write for instruments, or that the Philharmonic players are careless and indifferent—not to go so far as the *Morning Advertiser*, who would at once, and without pity, arraign them as "perfunctory." Sooner than give in to the heresy of Mendelssohn being an ignoramus, we are forced to accept the alternative.

The first part terminated in quite as strange a manner as the first part of the fourth New Philharmonic Concert in St. James's Hall. The performance of Weber's *Concert-Stück* by Herr Rubinstein was just as much a burlesque of Weber as Mr. Robson's *Shylock*, or *Macbeth*, of Shakspere, but without those admirable qualities that place the impersonations of Mr. Robson among the achievements of genuine art. The burlesque of Herr Rubinstein was in no way amusing; on the contrary, it was flat and dull—without a spark of intelligence, without a single happy touch to relieve its intolerable insipidity. We remember no instance of such an amount of presumption, coupled with such an amount of impotence. First, Herr Rubinstein's reading of the *Concert-Stück* was ridiculously exaggerated; and, secondly, his mechanical powers did not enable him to realise what he had conceived. "What makes it" (said Herr Molique, on another occasion), "that he play quick, if he play not fine?" Now, Herr Rubinstein played quick—uncommonly quick—absurdly quick; but he "played not fine." On the contrary, he missed an abundance of notes, and struck a great many wrong ones in the bargain. "*Il frappait de côté*" with an energy worthy of a better cause. Not to be elaborate on so insignificant a business, however, we may conclude by asserting emphatically that the *Concert-Stück* of Weber in the hands of Herr Rubinstein

stein was a silly and unmeaning caricature; and that the execution was no less slovenly than the reading was overstrained. We can hardly view such a performance in any other light, indeed, than that of an intended parody, for the special amusement of Herr Rubinstein himself at the expense of his audience. It was unanimously condemned in the lobbies, when the professors and amateurs found occasion to exchange remarks. It was even suggested that the Russian "virtuoso" had been laughing in his sleeve at the English noodles for whose entertainment he provided such an *intellectual* feast. If so, we can only say that the minority who applauded and recalled him deserved what they got.

The C minor went famously, although a little more delicacy here and there would have improved the performance, and brought out in stronger relief those varied tints in which this extraordinary symphony is so rich.

Mad. Novello was encored in "Deh vieni non tardar," which she sang to perfection. The small pieces introduced by Herr Rubinstein were a *nocturne*, by John Field, which he played well; the *allegretto non troppo* in E (No. 6), from the sixth book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, which we doubt if the composer would have acknowledged, had he been there to hear it thus ill-treated; a *gigue* in G major, by Mozart, which to separate from the slow movement that precedes it is an act of vandalism; and the Turkish March from the *Ruins of Athens*, to which Herr Rubinstein (besides otherwise defacing it) added three bars of his own. The performance of the last by Herr Rubinstein has been lauded to the skies, but for what reason we are at a loss to guess, since a more commonplace exhibition was never listened to. "Bluebeard's March" would suit his purpose much better. The directors of the Philharmonic Society deserve the severest censure for allowing such a display of "clap-trap" as the union of four such wholly uncongenial pieces. Herr Rubinstein connected them together by short preludes in chords that did not say much for his talent as an *improvvisor*. Was he again amusing himself at the expense of the audience? If so, we reiterate, the minority who applauded and recalled him deserved what they got.

The brilliant overture to *Anacreon* brought this, on the whole, unclassical and *anti-philharmonic* concert to a close with spirit, and in some measure roused the "*dilettanti*" from the lethargy into which the grotesque perpetrations of the Russian pianist had thrown them.

PERFUNCTORY.

MR. PUNCH likens the Sounds Due to "the melodies that belong to the Music of the Future." Since, however, the composers of the *Zukunft* repudiate melody, this comparison of our far-sighted contemporary (and frequent contributor, *sub rosa*) must be set down as "perfunctory." Mr. Punch will pardon us. He is so seldom "perfunctory" that he may be challenged, without offence, for an occasional slip.

PERFUNCTORY.

"We have now to speak of Mrs. Anderson's execution of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*. It will be readily believed that the reception given to her was of the warmest kind. An artist who has so long held a leading position in her profession—who at one time was acknowledged as the greatest female pianist of her day, and who, by her surpassing talent as a teacher, has materially aided the progress of musical taste in this country—undoubtedly possessed claims of the strongest kind to the admiration and applause of the public. Mrs. Anderson's reading of the "Choral Fantasia" was all that it has ever been within our recollection; and those acquainted with her talent will easily understand the amount of praise conveyed in this statement."—*Morning Post*.

[We beg pardon of our fashionable contemporary, but we do not understand "the amount of praise conveyed in this statement." Nevertheless, we are fully acquainted with Mrs. Anderson's "talent"—an advantage which we owe to very nearly forty years' experience of musical life in London. Perhaps the *Morning Post* will explain more clearly? Our columns are open.—ED. M. W.]

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

MR. COSTA'S *Eli* was given for the first time this season on Friday night week. The Hall was crowded to inconvenience. *Eli* was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1855, with a success almost unparalleled, and brought out the same year by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Since then it has become a stock piece in the repertory.

The execution on Friday evening was as good as any we have heard of the same work by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Mr. Costa is naturally anxious that his oratorio should go as well in London as it did at Birmingham; but such a performance as that of *Eli* at the Birmingham Festival of 1855 is not likely to be heard again very soon. The zeal manifested by all engaged on this occasion was a proof of the universal esteem in which the composer was held by all who acted under his direction.

The principal solo vocalists on Friday night were Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Thomas. The soprano and tenor were in the original "cast;" but at the Birmingham Festival, Mad. Viardot Garcia was the contralto, and Herr Formes the first bass. Mad. Viardot is in London—her services were available; but Herr Formes in America, was too far off to be summoned at a day's notice. Miss Dolby and Mr. Weiss, nevertheless, made the best possible substitutes.

Mr. Costa was received with an uproar of applause on entering the orchestra. Everybody in the hall seemed to take part in the "demonstration," and the cheers were kept up for nearly two minutes. The choruses, without exception, went with remarkable precision, and left nothing open to criticism. In the solo vocal pieces, the greatest effect was produced by the war-song, "Philistines, hark," given with imitable force and energy by Mr. Sims Reeves, and enthusiastically redemanded. An encore was also awarded to the quartet, "We bless you in the name of the Lord," sung to perfection by Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. The morning prayer, "Lord, from my bed," and the evening prayer, "This night I lift my heart," were both rendered with fervour and devotional feeling by Miss Dolby.

Madame Clara Novello, who sang magnificently, was especially admirable in "Turn thee unto me," "I will extol thee," and "The Lord is thy keeper." Mr. Weiss did every justice to the principal bass part. Mr. Montem Smith, as second tenor, and Mr. Thomas, as second bass, had little to perform, but that little was accomplished most effectively.

Mr. Costa was again visited at the end of the performance with a salvo of plaudits that must have satisfied his utmost aspirations.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The second of the ordinary concerts was given on Friday week. The assembly was almost as large as that of the preceding Friday at the Royal Italian Opera Concert, owing, no doubt, as much to the splendour of the weather as to the musical attractions. Madame Viardot Garcia made her first appearance at these concerts, as did also Herr Pischek. Madame Viardot sang the air from the *Italiada in Algeri*, "Pensa alla Patria," with that largeness of style combined with extraordinary fluency, which makes the gifted lady so admirable an exponent of Rossini's music. She also sang with Herr Pischek the duet, "Dunque io son," from the *Barbiere*, which was equally brilliant on her part and equally successful. The German barytone introduced Marschner's air from *Hans Heiling*, "Ah! jedem da du mir," which he sang with great energy and vigour of expression. Not less deserving notice was Herr Reichardt's graceful and already popular, "Thou art so near and yet so far" (his own composition)—which he sang with touching sentiment, winning (and deserving) the unanimous encore that followed. The final *rondo* from the *Bohemian Girl* by Mad. Lemmens Sherrington, was also encored, and well merited the compliment. The Vocal Association, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, sang several pieces, and the band executed the splendid overtures to Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* and Mr. Benedict's *Crusaders* (the latter conducted by the composer), F. Ries's "Festival Overture," and Meyerbeer's second *Torch-Dance*. The last two were performed by the string and wind bands united.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The fifth concert (on Wednesday evening—at St. James's Hall), under the direction of Mr. Benedict, was of a very miscellaneous character, and the order of the programme was by no means strictly followed. A violin sonata by Bach was in the programme for Herren Joachim and Rubinstein; but in its place those gentlemen gave a very curious *rondo* by Schubert, which the audience did not seem to understand. In Tartini's *Songe du Diable*, Herr Joachim broke a string and was compelled to retire for a while to reaccommodate his fiddle. He returned, however, and concluded the piece to the great satisfaction of the audience, the interval having been filled up by another performance. Herr Rubinstein played on the pianoforte, solus, the 7th number from his *Kemenoi Ostrou*, and a *Valse de Concert*, both of which performances were evidently beyond the comprehension of the audience. Mad. Sherrington sang some "variations" by Hummel with remarkable fluency, Mad. Ruderendorff and Miss Dolby also contributing to the solo-vocal programme. The Vocal Association sang a great variety of pieces, and among the rest we were sorry to find some of the most trivial of those *bluettes* by which the Cologne *Männergesangverein* has lost so much in the estimation of connoisseurs. Surely, an English choir may spend its time more profitably than in studying the feeblest productions of the German school.

MISS LEFFLER'S EVENING CONCERT.—We were glad to see so large an attendance in St. James's Hall at the first concert of Miss Leffler, whose late father was one of the most respected members of the musical profession. The concert took place on Monday evening, and the programme was much too long to review in detail. In the first part, Miss Leffler, who was received with great warmth, sang "Eastward Ho!" composed for her by Mr. S. Lover, and a duet ("Bella immago") with Mr. Santley, in both exhibiting remarkable promise. In the same part the members of the Quartet Glee Union were encored in a part-song by Müller, called "Spring's delights," and Mr. G. Ferren was similarly complimented in "Ah si, ben mio," which, instead of repeating, however, he gave a very silly ballad; and Miss Arabella Goddard enchanted the audience by her brilliant, tasteful, and finished execution of Mr. Vincent Wallace's pianoforte fantasia on "Robin Adair," which, in her hands, seems likely to become quite as popular as the same composer's "Home, sweet Home." Miss Goddard was unanimously recalled; but with great good taste declined to prolong the concert by repeating the *fantasia*, an example which might have been imitated with advantage. Even Mr. Frank Mori's graceful ballad, "Rose of the morn," sung to perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves, might have been spared a second time; while the double dose of Blewitt's "Hazel Bower," with which Mr. T. Young favoured the audience, was a positive infliction. In the second part, Miss Leffler joined Mad. Weiss and Mr. Sims Reeves in Curschmann's trio, "L'Addio," and was set down for "Wapping old stairs," which would have come so late in the evening, that we were unable to stay for it. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in Mr. Hatton's pretty ballad, "Phoebe, dearest," and accepted, Miss Arabella Goddard in "Home, sweet home" (Wallace's?) and declined the honour. There was also an endless chapter of music, vocal and instrumental, which, it must suffice to add, was variously contributed by Mr. Bailden (we write down the names as they occur in the programme), Miss Louisa Van Noorden, Mr. Santley (with a new song by the prolific Mr. Sidney Pratten, entitled "The old willow tree"), Madame Weiss, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Weiss, Miss Dolby, the Hanover Glee Union (How many more of them?), Mr. Lawler, Miss Emily Spiller, Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), Miss Banks, Miss Messent, Miss Medora Collins, (who both sings, and plays on the concertina), Mr. Allan Irving, Miss St. Clair (her first appearance in public), Miss Harriett Rothschild, Sig. Annoni, Mr. Millard, Mr. George Genge, Miss Poole, and Mr. Fielding. The last thing in the programme was the "National Anthem." At her next concert we hope Miss Leffler, instead of giving her patrons a surfeit, will treat them to about half as many pieces, half as many performers, and a selection of better music. To begin a new career on the execrable "monster concert" system does not look promising.

MISS MESSENT AND MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' ANNUAL CONCERT.—This was a musical event far above the average of benefit concerts. The programme, if not unexceptionably good, was excellent, and the array of talent unusually strong. The solo vocalists were Mad. Viardot Garcia, Miss Messent, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Allan Irving; the instrumentalists, Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Brinley Richards, Herr Deichmann, and M. Paque. To these were joined two hundred singers from the Vocal Association, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The conductors of the other vocal music were Messrs. Cusins, Frank Mori, and Francesco Berger. Miss Messent sang "Qui la voce," a new song written expressly for her by Mr. Hullah, "The wind is fair—good-bye," and Mr. Brinley Richards' sacred song, "The Pilgrim's Rest," besides taking part in a duet from an opera of Verdi with Mr. Allan Irving. Mr. Hullah's new contribution, and Mr. Richards' sacred song—both given with unaffected sentiment and genuine expression—were most admired. Mr. Brinley Richards performed Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26; Mendelssohn's duet for pianoforte, "Allegro brillante," Op. 92, with Miss Arabella Goddard; some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and a duet by Chopin, for pianoforte and violoncello, with M. Paque. Mr. Richards exhibited his classical feeling and thorough experience in Beethoven's sonata, the performance of which was entirely appreciated by his distinguished auditory. Mendelssohn's duet was one of the most brilliant features of the concert, and was executed by Mr. Richards and Miss Arabella Goddard with marvellous spirit and *entrain*. Mr. Sims Reeves displayed his fine "absolute" singing in Mr. Frank Mori's ballad, "The Rose of the Morn," and his admirable expression and perfect phrasing in the air—"Di miei bollenti Spiriti" from *La Traviata*. Madame Viardot, in addition to a *scena* from Verdi's *Macbeth*, introduced two old French songs of the eighteenth century, called respectively "Brunette" and "Margoton," and sang with Mr. Santley and Mr. Allan Irving, the trio, "O nume benefico," from the *Gazza Ladra*. With what wonderful piquancy and point Madame Viardot interprets the melodies (people's songs) of bye-gone times, everybody knows. This artist always endeavours to introduce something new into the concert-room.

MADILLE. CAROLINE VALENTIN'S MATINÉE.—Madille. Caroline Valentin is a pianist of very considerable merit, as, indeed, had we not heard her previously, would have been suggested by the imposing array of fashionable names on the front page of her programme as "lady patronesses." The excellence of the selection was disputable, and the artists were not of the highest renown; we must, therefore, set down the attraction of Thursday's concert—seeing that the Hanover-square Rooms were completely filled—to the private reputation of Madille. Valentin, and to her large and fashionable connection. The classical pieces of the selection—Beethoven's trio, in D, for piano, violin, and violoncello, op. 70; and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"—would have spoiled, for classic ears, all that followed. Fortunately, the aristocratic hearers could willingly put up with meaner fare, and so were infinitely pleased with Madille. Valentin's performance of Prudent's "*Les Nymphes de la Mer*," and Chopin's "Impromptu, in A flat, op. 29," both of which she played admirably. There were three other solo performances—on the violoncello, by M. Paque; on the violin, by Herr Jansa; and on the harp, by Herr Oberthür, all attractive and well played. The vocal music was not important, M. Jules Lefort's singing alone being entitled to particular notice. This gentleman sang with great effect a very charming *chanson*, entitled "Le petit enfant," and two extremely melodious romances—"Comme a vingt ans," by E. Durand, and "Que je voudrais avoir vos ailes," by Paul Henrion. Mdille. Maria de Villar and Herr Deck also sang.

REUNION DES ARTS—(From a Correspondent).—The *soirée* on Wednesday last was well attended, and three continental artists made their first appearance in London. Madille. Pauline Colimache de Vanneroy, a soprano, created a good impression in two French romances; Herr A. Rempen sang the "Wanderer;" and Herr G. Alois Schmidt, a young pianist and composer, played Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, and a *morceau de salon* of his own composition, in a manner which proved him an

artist of the first rank. The programme included an overture and symphony by Beethoven, ably conducted by Herr Goffrie, an aria and romance, charmingly sang by Madlle. Finoli, and a clever violin solo performance by Madlle. von Wendheim.

DR. MARK'S NEW MUSICAL INSTITUTION.—Dr. Mark loses no opportunity of pushing forward what he terms his "great national enterprise." The energy and success of his efforts to imbue the rising generation with a love of music, and to initiate them into its sweet mysteries, have been seen and recognised through the length and breadth of the land, in the performances of his clever "Little Men." Without doubt, the juvenile population owe the Doctor a large measure of gratitude, for their benefit and enjoyment are his constant aim; and it is not less true that thousands upon thousands of adults—from royalty downwards—will heartily thank him for, at the least, a pleasant hour or two. The public of Manchester will be glad to hear that after his long professional wanderings Dr. Mark is about to take up his abode amongst them. He thinks the time has arrived when his plans may be usefully developed in the establishment of an institution on a national basis, wherein pupils shall have opportunity, on specially favourable terms, of studying his system of music, and where every facility will also be offered for acquiring a sound English education, founded on true Christian principles. The details of this novel scheme are well explained in an advertisement. From repeated visits, Dr. Mark has conceived so high an opinion of Manchester and its inhabitants that he has determined to inaugurate his great undertaking in this city; and, as if to show that he does not mean the project to stagnate, he tells us that he has already succeeded in obtaining for his purpose the premises in Bridge-street now known as the London Hotel. We sincerely hope that the result of his spirited and generous policy may fulfil his highest expectations.—*Manchester Examiner.*

MR. ALLAN IRVING'S CONCERT, which took place on Tuesday morning at the Hanover-square Rooms, in presence of a large and fashionable audience, calls for little remarks. There was nothing worthy of note beyond the statement that Sig. Andreoli was encored in a pianoforte solo by Fumagalli; that Mr. Sims Reeves obtained a similar compliment in the ballad, "Come into the garden, Maud," and gave, instead thereof, "The last good night;" and that Mr. Allan Irving was compelled to repeat the aria, "Ah non avea più lagrime," which would have been better if sung in Italian. The other artists were Miss Messent, Miss Louisa Vinning, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. De Bernardi, Mr. George Perren, vocalists, and Miss Chatterton and Madlle. D'Herbil, instrumentalists.

CANTERBURY HALL.—Mr. Morton, the enterprising proprietor of the splendid music-hall in the Westminster Road, spares no expense to provide his patrons with an attractive entertainment. Hence, every evening the hall is crowded by an attentive and discriminating audience. Selections from popular operas, and favourite vocal *morceaux*, sentimental and humorous, are given by competent soloists and an efficient chorus, under the direction of Herr Jonghman. The latest novelty has been a selection from Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*, with Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. Hime, and Miss Russell as the principal singers. The points in the performance are the opening chorus, "Hark, hark, the horns and pipes are sounding," the grand air, "Oh, what delight to be a soldier," the romanza of Jenny, "Behold yon fair and noble mansion," with chorus, and the *finale* to the last act. This fine music appears to be thoroughly appreciated, if we may judge from the applause with which every piece is greeted, and, no doubt, will lead to selections from other operas. The performances in Canterbury Hall cannot fail to exercise an influence on the progress of good music in a locality somewhat removed from the sphere of the opera and other legitimate homes of the art. Now especially, that the Surrey Theatre appears to depend less than formerly on its operatic attractions, music has become more than ever a necessity in transpontine London; and Mr. Morton has turned the want to good account, and supplied what was required. What has been achieved, and what purported, may be gathered from the current performances. The lovers of music are not the only class whose tastes are conciliated. The large and excellent collection of paintings of all schools in the lobbies and antechamber hold out considerable attractions, and repay a visit on their own account. Mr. Morton has expended a considerable sum on this collection, and a spacious gallery adjoining the hall is being built for their reception. Such enterprise is entitled to encouragement.

M. CHARLES HALLE'S RECITALS.—At the third and last, on Thursday afternoon, M. Halé introduced another very fine sonata of Clementi (in F major) his execution of which was beyond all praise. The last movement, a *presto*, is amazingly spirited, and peculiarly in the composer's marked and individual manner. There were also Mozart's lovely and passionate rondo in A minor and Mendelssohn's extremely difficult *Presto Scherzando*, besides an early and a late sonata of Beethoven, op. 7, in E flat, and op. 90, in E minor, with the exquisite *allegretto* in E major, to which Mendelssohn was so partial. The second of these sonatas was played by M. Halé last year at the Dudley Gallery. The first is not heard sufficiently often. It is perhaps the most beautiful as it is the most largely developed of the early pianoforte works of the "immeasurably rich master." Chopin's *Nocturne* in D flat (op. 27, No. 2), with two numbers from the *Promenades d'un Solitaire* and the *Tarantella* in A flat, capital specimens of M. Stephen Heller, completed the programme. These could hardly have been performed in a more finished manner. M. Halé commences his classical chamber music concerts at Willis's Rooms on the 17th inst. At the first he will repeat Clementi's sonata in G minor (not the *Didone*) which recently created so powerful an impression.

HERR PAUER'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—Among the novelties at the third and last *soirée* (Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday) was Schumann's pianoforte quartet, Op. 47, which was wonderfully well played by Herr Pauer, Herr Joachim, M. Sainton, and M. Paqué, but, nevertheless, made no impression. We confess our entire inability, either to understand such music or to accept it on trust. Music that is at once inharmonious and unmelodious is, to our thinking, not music at all. There was another welcome, because new, feature in the programme—viz.: the *Hebrew Melodies* ("Impressions of Byron's Poems") of Herr Joseph Joachim (Op. 9), for tenor and piano—a composition at once thoughtful and interesting, although as unlike Byron as one thing can be unlike another. Byron's *Hebrew Melodies* are essentially rhythmical and simple, while the "impressions" of Herr Joachim are in a totally opposite vein. It was a pleasure to hear them, nevertheless, and to find that their highly gifted composer was just as perfect on the viola as on the violin. Herr Joachim coupled with his own music Schumann's vague, fantastic, and ill-defined *Maichenbild* (Fairy Tale), Op. 113, which he played to perfection. Herr Pauer took part in Beethoven's quartet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon (Op. 16), a fresh and vigorous work, in which he was admirably seconded by M. Barret, Herr Paqué, Mr. C. Harper, and Herr Haussler. He also played Mendelssohn's duet-variations in B flat (Op. 83) with his young pupil, Miss Richardson, who appeared to be extremely nervous. Spohr's delicious *Barcarolle*, and his less perfect but still interesting *Sæters* for viola and piano, were executed with admirable taste and skill by M. Sainton (who, in the music of the *alt-meister* of Cassel, has no superior) and Herr Pauer. Some vocal pieces of Mendelssohn, Marcello, Schubert, and Dessauer contributed by Mad. Pauer and Madlle. Ida Kruger, and Herr Pauer's *Tarantella de Concert* for piano solo, completed the programme.

REIGATE.—(From a Correspondent).—We had an exceedingly good concert here on Friday evening last. Mr. H. Blagrove, his brother Richard, with about half-a-dozen amateurs, were the instrumentalists; and Miss Kemble, Mr. Winn, with the Reigate Choral Society, under the guidance of Mr. Thurnam, the vocalists. These played and sang many capital pieces in a first-rate manner. Of Mr. Blagrove's playing it would be superfluous to speak, were it not that there are many who, like ourselves, do not hear him frequently enough. With a devotion to the best music and a faith in the great masters, which no temptation can disturb, Mr. Blagrove pursues the path he has marked out for himself in a manner of which all his musical countrymen may be justly proud. Mr. R. Blagrove is one of our best violists, and his selection from the *Traviata* was a great treat. Mr. H. Blagrove's *fantasia* on *Lucia* was perfect. Herz and Lafont's duet, which all musicians know, was admirably given by Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Thurnam. Mozart's slow movement and *finale* from Symphony No. 5, were well played. The singing of the Choral Society was very creditable.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—First night of *LUCREZIA BORGIA*.—On Thursday next, June 17 (it being a subscription night, in lieu of Tuesday, July 20), will be revived Donizetti's admired opera *LUCREZIA BORGIA*, with the following powerful cast:—Lucrezia Borgia; Madlle. Tittens; Maffeo Orsini, Madame Alboni; the Duke; Alfonso, Sig. Belletti; Gennaro, Sig. Giuglini. To conclude with a favourite Ballet.

On Monday Morning, June 21, a GRAND DRAMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, supported by all the artistes of the establishment, and other available talent now in London.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented *Shakspeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Proceeded by MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, June 12, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled, GOING TO THE BAD. To conclude with A CABINET QUESTION. Commence at half-past 7.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—This evening, June 12, the ADELPHI COMPANY will perform THE GREEN BUSHES. To conclude with OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12TH, 1858.

WITH respect to the "Monster Concert" that was given at the St. James's Hall, by the editor of *La Presse de Londres*, our opinion was recorded in our number published on the 29th of May. In our number of the 5th instant appeared a short letter from the aforesaid editor, alleging that he did not hold himself responsible for the peculiarities of the concert, but considered that the responsibility of the merits and defects of that memorable exhibition lay with H. St. Leger, Esq., under whose superintendence it took place.

A longer letter has since been received from Mr. St. Leger himself, whose manner of carrying on a controversy is probably unprecedented in the history of journalism.

We will begin by putting ourselves in the right with Mr. St. Leger. His letter contains an answer to the remarks embodied in our leader, and if we do not insert it, we are threatened with an action at law. Very good. So be it. Let him have the advantage of uttering his opinion in opposition to our opinion. All that portion of his letter which is conducive to that end, we insert, and he is now therefore left without the slightest pretext for complaint:

"Instead of giving your ridiculous opinions about what did *not* take place at the concert, given under my superintendence, had you, as an honest and unprejudiced member of the press, chronicled (as you ought to have done) what actually *did* take place at the Concert, it would have been much more agreeable to many of your subscribers, who are my friends, and who would not have been compelled to discontinue their subscriptions to a paper which ceases to afford them proper information. They then would have known" * * * *

[Here follows a long "puff" on the concert, and the artists, vocal and instrumental, employed in it.]

"You, Mr. Sub-Editor, ask how many of the artists were remunerated? I distinctly and emphatically answer, NOT ONE, as they all willingly contributed their services and talents to oblige me personally—many offering to sing and play whose kindness I could not accept of, considering the sea-serpent-like length of the programme, which now being published in the *Musical World* will acquire an additional celebrity. There were several *encores* during the concert, which accounts for many of the pieces advertised in my programme not being performed. Besides, a person of the name of Arnold intruded himself on the platform, and, against my express wish and commands,

had the courage to place himself at the piano to play, when four pianoforte pieces had already been performed. This prevented the audience from hearing Madlle. Finoli, Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Medora Collins, Mr. Thorpe Peed, Mr. Winn, &c., &c. Regarding the length of my programme — Have I not a very good example lately in Mr. Howard Glover's excellent concert at Drury Lane Theatre? and Mr. Case's monster concert at Exeter Hall?"

So much of the controversy being disposed of, we will now state the manner in which the letter has been forwarded. Our readers have doubtless been struck already with the expression "Mr. Sub-Editor," as a manifest violation of all the laws by which a correspondence with the press of London is regulated. Who ever heard of a letter to the "Sub-Editor of the *Times*?" The only person who can be legitimately addressed is the "Editor"—not Mr. This or That, who may happen to be the editor, but the "Editor" called by his official title only.

This, however, is but the faint indication of a greater wrong. The letter, addressed to the "Sub-Editor," or "collaborateur" of the *Musical World*, is actually printed in the form of a circular, certain manuscript additions having been made in one particular copy, which has been sent to the gentleman gratuitously assumed to be the writer of the leader published on the 29th of May. The name of that gentleman is inserted, and at the bottom of the circular is a MS. postscript, requesting him to return a white pocket-handkerchief, which it appears Mr. St. Leger lent to him at St. James's Hall.

No comment on this case can be so strong as the plain statement of the case itself. If every person connected with a journal is to be held responsible for every article that appears in it, there is an end of journalism altogether.

An ill-advised thing may be done in a moment of anger; and we can imagine the superintendent of a concert, vexed by an unfavourable article, and the tardy return of a lost pocket-handkerchief, to confound one grief with another, and to indulge in a mingled style of complaint. A similar confusion furnished a theme to the author of the French farce, *Ma Femme et mon Parapluie*.

But the mistake once committed, a judicious person would have burned all the remaining copies of the circular, and consigned their very ashes to oblivion. Mr. St. Leger, however, wants his letter published; threatens an action to enforce its publication, though it terminates in a printed paragraph (not inserted above), which perhaps the friends of the alleged "Sub-Editor" may advise him to submit to his town solicitor.

In conclusion, we are instructed to state that the handkerchief has been washed and returned. In this handkerchief the Gordian knot was tied.

AN "Admirer of English Opera" writes to inquire why the Pyne and Harrison company do not continue their London performances in the summer. All the members, we are informed, are in the metropolis and free from engagements, so that nothing exists to prevent the "National Opera" from being continued in the regular season. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison to give a definite answer to our correspondent. We suspect, however, that good reasons are attached to the postponement of their operatic campaign until the autumn. No doubt this looks as though the managers of a national musical theatre could expect no patronage from the aristocracy, since the period of the departure of the "great world" from London is fixed on for

the commencement of their operations. The two Italian theatres, indeed, may be said to absorb all the fashionable *prestige*; so that English opera would stand but little chance. But why then, it may be urged, not appeal, as in the winter, to the middle classes? To this it may be answered, that the middle and humbler classes are allured by a variety of entertainments in the summer, which are unknown in the winter, and that numberless musical performances, sacred and secular, assail the public, morning and night. Let anybody consider the attractions in a musical form presented during the season, in London, and he will be inclined to agree that Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison have adopted the wisest course. In the first page of *The Times* we see advertisements of concerts innumerable from well-known, little-known, and unknown professors, vocalists and instrumentalists, native and foreign; entertainments at institutions, metropolitan, transpontine, and suburban; "recitals" at home, and *matinées* and *soirées* in borrowed drawing-rooms; benefits, occasional and annual; classical chamber concerts, associations, unions and reunions; Choral and Vocal Associations; amateur meetings; Crystal Palace Concerts, operatic and ordinary; and, to crown all, the Sacred Harmonic Society and the old and new "Philharmonics." In such an ocean of amusements, what chance would the frail bark of English opera stand of living? Italian opera at Drury Lane may be pointed to as suggestive of what might be expected from English opera in the legitimate season. But we are not at all sure of the success of Mr. E. T. Smith's last enterprise. Italian opera at reduced play-house prices may possibly be attractive with certain people who are anxious to see and know as much as their superiors; and at Drury Lane just now the multitude can hear the same operas which are given at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. Not being able to understand or appreciate either the music or the singing, the great majority do not burthen themselves with speculations as to the relative excellence of Piccolomini and Donatelli, of Bosio and Fumagalli. They do not trouble themselves whether the band and chorus be first or tenth-rate. To them it is of little account if the singer sings in tune, or the conductor beats in time. Having no knowledge of the operas presented they are innocent of alterations, interpolations, and omissions. In short, like Sterne's ideal critic, "They are pleased they know not why, and care they know not wherefore." They prefer Verdi to other composers, because he is more noisy. This is the history of whatever degree of success the Italian opera may have attained at Drury Lane Theatre. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison who, in their recent administration, presented English opera in a style that elicited almost unqualified approbation, profess wholly different views.

But perhaps the principal reason why Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison gave up all thoughts of a summer campaign was the impossibility of procuring in the season an efficient band, chorus, and conductor, to which, in the autumn, they were so much indebted for the popularity of their undertaking. Nearly all their choral and instrumental performers were members of the Royal Italian Opera; and Mr. Alfred Mellon as every one is aware, not only belongs to the orchestra of that great establishment, but is leader of the ballet. Even on the alternate nights of the Opera—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—the band could not have been made available, their engagements at the Philharmonic Concerts on the first day, and with the Sacred Harmonic Society on the last, precluding

their attendance. It will thus be seen, that a repetition of the performances of English Opera, on the same scale of efficiency and completeness as that which characterised them in the autumn, however well-disposed the managers might have been, was impracticable under existing circumstances.

THIS week the Adelphi Theatre, full of years and glory, has fairly died of old age. No calamity, physical or otherwise has befallen it. The devouring element which has proved the foe to so many dramatic establishments, has avoided the small odd-looking house in the Strand as a temple not to be profaned. It has, moreover, been fortunate to the last. The house at which *Tom and Jerry* was produced in 1821 might seem to have received such a large measure of luck on that occasion, as to run a risk of getting a blow from those jealous gods who delight in adjusting the accounts of mortal happiness and misery. When all London was *Tom and Jerry* mad, some grave-visaged Solon would have been perfectly justified in advising that bi-formed Croesus, Messrs. Rodwell and Jones, to look out for a reaction. But Solon would have been wrong, nevertheless. As far as the Adelphi is concerned, the goddess Fortune has forgotten her proverbial fickleness,—has exchanged her wheel for a throne of immovable adamant. Lucky themselves, Messrs. Rodwell and Martin have been the first of a series of happy managers, nearly every one of whom has immortalised himself by some monumental "hit." The pedestal of Messrs. Terry and Yates may be adorned with trophies indicative of nautical triumphs. Messrs. Yates and Mathews (the elder) may be depicted unrolling lists of wonderful successes in the deep domestic way. *Jack Sheppard* and a number of dramatised Dickensisms may form a halo round the bust of the firm of which Mr. Yates was a member. The shades of Mr. B. Webster and Mad. Celeste—may it be long ere they become shades—shall repose beneath eternal *Green Bushes*, every one of them a laurel.

Could not some honourable use be made of the bricks of the Adelphi, the "Fortune Theatre" of the nineteenth century—much more worthy of the name, we doubt not, than that which flourished in the sixteenth? Were we pious Pagans, we should suggest the erection of a little votive chapel, dedicated to Prosperity, placing the same in the front of the new theatre, with which Mr. Webster is to astonish us next September. But as we are simply pious—not Pagans—we cannot offer this suggestion. However, in accordance with a sneaking belief in Fetichism, we intend to steal a brick from the ruins of the lucky old building, and to treasure it as a talisman in the office of the *Musical World*. So if within the next few weeks our circulation is doubled, our readers will know the reason why.

One characteristic, we trust, will not be wanting in the new theatre, which, we understand, is to be as luxurious as its predecessor was uncomfortable. Let the panels of the boxes be adorned with the names of the old Adelphi successes (after the fashion once adopted at the Gymnase), and let us have a few busts of old Adelphi favourites. This mark of respect is due to the authors and actors who have contributed towards the maintenance of the marvellous Adelphi prosperity.

MR. BENEDICT'S Annual Concert will take place on Monday morning, the 21st instant, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when the whole of the popular artists connected with that establishment will appear, in addition to many other equally renowned performers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SIGNOR VERDI's *Luisa Miller* has at length been added to the London repertory, whether for good or for evil we are not in the humour to inquire. The first representation of this opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday night, brought out the histrionic talent of Mdlle. Piccolomini in a stronger light than usual. Her Violetta is all very well; but the part of the *Traviata* is within reach of ordinary intelligence and ordinary means. Not so that of Luisa Miller, which stands in about the same relation to Violetta as Schiller to Dumas the younger—a thoughtful Teuton to a flashy Gaul.

The *libretto* of *Luisa Miller* is founded on Schiller's horrible drama *Kabale und Liebe*, to which it adheres with tolerable closeness, as the following outline, drawn with considerable pains, will show:—

"Miller, a retired soldier, possesses an only daughter, who loves and is beloved by Carlo, a peasant. The father, to whom his daughter's suitor is a stranger, entertains misgivings, which are soon justified by the disclosure that Carlo is the son of Miller's lord paramount, Count Walter. The revelation is made to him by the seneschal Wurm, himself enamoured of Luisa. An explanation ensues between Miller and the counterfeit Carlo, who now appears in his real character, and declares himself Luisa's betrothed. But the Count, anxious that his son should marry a widow, a duchess of great wealth and influence, is enraged at Rodolfo's mean attachment. A quarrel takes place between father and son, in the midst of which the former is subdued by the intimation that the latter is aware of the manner in which the Count obtained his possessions—viz., by the murder of his predecessor. To counteract this state of things an intrigue is set on foot by Wurm. Luisa's father is thrown into a dungeon, charged with threats against the Count. To save her father, Luisa is induced by Wurm to write a letter to Rodolfo, confessing herself attached to Wurm, and that she had only appeared to yield to Rodolfo from motives of ambition. The Duchess hears the same tale from the lips of Luisa, and believes the obstacle to her marriage with Rodolfo removed. The machination, however, brings the Count's object—a match between his son and the Duchess—no nearer completion. Instead of consenting, though he firmly believes in Luisa's infidelity, Rodolfo determines to end his own life and her's by poison. Luisa has equally made up her mind to suicide, but her intentions are detected by Miller, through whose entreaties she is dissuaded, and father and daughter resolve to quit for ever the scene of their misfortunes. Rodolfo, at this juncture, finds Luisa alone, and his first act on entering is to pour poison into a cup of milk on the table. He then extorts an avowal of Luisa's guilt, and swooning from the mental agony it causes him, receives from her hand the poisoned cup which she innocently presents to him, making her drink in turn. Informed that she is on the brink of death, Luisa feels herself relieved of her oath to Wurm never to reveal the plot, and declares her innocence to Rodolfo. Death unites the lovers, but not before Rodolfo has done retribution on the peccant Wurm, whom he stabs at the last pinch, as Hamlet the king his uncle."

The music is in no respect to be counted among the very best of Signor Verdi's. Indeed, we are inclined to regard the first two acts as the weakest that ever came from his pen. The third act is a little better, and although it scarcely contains one developed movement—being mostly unaccompanied recitative ("philosophical music," as Signor Giuglini calls it)—it is in many places really dramatic and effective. We shall make no attempt at analysing the score, which, indeed, is not sufficiently important to warrant us in allotting the requisite space.

Luisa Miller was first produced at the San Carlo, in Naples, in 1849, the parts of Luisa, Rodolfo, and Miller, being written especially for Madame Gazzaniga, Signor Malvezzi, and Signor de Bassini. Signor Malvezzi, who had then one of the finest tenor voices in Italy, created a great sensation in Rodolfo, and Madame Gazzaniga, at that time in her zenith, sustained the character of the heroine with much effect. Signor de Bassini, who may be remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre some six or seven years ago, was the old soldier—not so good an old soldier as the father in *La Guza Ladra*. The success, in short, was due rather to the acting and singing than to the music. *Luisa Miller* was brought out in Paris, at the "Italiens," in the season of 1852-3, when Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli appeared as Luisa, and Signor Calzolari as Rodolfo. The opera was attractive for a few nights, but was not a "great hit." It had already been produced

at the Grand-Opéra for Madame Bosio, where its success was scarcely more remarkable than at the "Italiens." In its Italian shape, *Luisa Miller* first saw the light in this country at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday last. We say "Italian shape," an English version at Sadler's Wells—just now running an extraordinarily prosperous career for the unoperatic regions bordering on the New River—having anticipated its performance at Mr. Lumley's establishment.

The cast of *Luisa Miller* at Her Majesty's Theatre includes Mdlle. Piccolomini as Luisa; Mad. Alboni, the Duchess Frederica; Sig. Giuglini, Rodolfo; Sig. Beneventano, Miller; Sig. Vialetti, Count de Walter; Sig. Castelli, Wurm; and Mad. Gramaglia, Laura. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Alboni for undertaking a part so entirely beneath her talents. But so great an artist can condescend without stooping. The reception she obtained on Tuesday night, and the applause which followed her singing, must have convinced her that her reputation did not suffer even though the music was unworthy of her genius. The aria, "Nozze con altra donna," introduced sometime after the production of the opera, to give more prominence to the part for some favoured *contralto*, is better written and more essentially *vocal* than most of Sig. Verdi's airs, and, containing some brilliant passages, was on the whole well suited to Alboni, who sang it exquisitely and created the greatest enthusiasm. She was recalled at the end, and received with tumultuous applause; nor were *bouquets* wanting, which being thrown from a distance, proved that they were not administered officially.

The incidents of the first act are not striking, and the only point we can select for eulogy in the music is the opening chorus, which is rather pretty, and makes us wish that Sig. Verdi would descend from his stilts more frequently. The omission of the scene in which occurs the duet "Dall' aule raggianti" and the aria "Deh la parola," explanatory of the disclosure of Rodolfo's love for another and the Duchess's rage, is unaccountable, since it tends to the development of the story. Some of the business of the first *finale*, too, was left out, but that was of minor consequence.

The second act involves one of the most touching scenes in the whole piece, that wherein Wurm induces Luisa to write the letter repudiating Rodolfo. In this scene Mdlle. Piccolomini was most admirable, the conflicting emotions indicative of her anxiety to save her father and her honour and subscribing to her own infidelity, being portrayed with singular truthfulness.

The well-known and organ-ground air, "Quando le sere al placido"—the most popular piece of music in *Luisa Miller*—was so exquisitely sung by Signor Giuglini as to create a *furore*. It was rapturously encored and repeated. The first act terminated with a *cabaletta* for Signor Giuglini, not belonging to the original score, nor particularly attractive.

The third act is full of dramatic effect. The acting of Mdlle. Piccolomini transcended anything she had previously accomplished. Even the last scene of the *Traviata*—the intensity of which could never be disputed—was surpassed. At the commencement, Luisa has to bear the brunt of Rodolfo's accusations, and to endure his scorn and expressions of despair in silence. When, however, she learns that she has swallowed poison, the feeling takes an active turn; she shudders, and is horrified at the idea of approaching dissolution; but, suddenly, a holier feeling takes place of terror and fear. She is about to die with Rodolfo, and nothing can now prevent her from declaring her innocence. Throughout this trying scene Mdlle. Piccolomini exhibited the highest tragic power. Every mental phase of the situation was depicted with wonderful reality. We shall, however, return to Mdlle. Piccolomini's Luisa, and must, in the meanwhile, content ourselves with pronouncing it her most successful performance, both vocal and histrionic.

To Signor Giuglini no less praise is due. His singing throughout was magnificent, and his acting, especially in the last scene, admirable. Such a scene, so sung and acted, could not fail to create an immense sensation, and the curtain fell on a genuine triumph, not to be spoiled even by the familiar property-bouquets.

Signor Beneventano's Miller would have been better if less exaggerated. Signor Vialetti, though not exactly a Count in

looks, gave weight to the part of Walter ; and Signor Castelli, with a little less timidity, would have done all that was required for Wurm.

The first scene was beautiful, and the dresses were becoming and appropriate. The orchestra, under the careful guidance of Signor Bonetti, was equal to the music. The whole performance, indeed, for a first night was remarkably good.

The lovers of the ballet who remained to see Madlle. Pochini were enchanted beyond measure. This most gifted of contemporary daughters of Terpsichore grows nightly in the estimation of the public, and it rests with Mr. Lumley to achieve for her—what she is literally entitled to—the reputation of a Taglioni or a Carlotta Grisi.

Luisa Miller was repeated on Thursday, with the *divertissement*, *La Reine des Songes*, and will be given for the third time this evening.

On Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia* will be produced, Madlle. Titiens sustaining the part of Lucrezia for the first time in London. Signor Giuglini will also make his first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre as Gennaro. More than all, the public and subscribers will be delighted to learn that Alboni resumes her original part of Maffeo Orsini, and that the famous *brindisi*, "Il segreto"—made famous by her—will be heard once more in perfection.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first performance of *Il Barbiere* on Saturday night—with Bosio as Rosina, Mario as Count Almaviva, and Ronconi as Figaro—proved in the highest degree attractive; and the new theatre was crowded with the most brilliant audience of the season. Her Majesty was present for the first time since the opening, and remained till the end.

Although *a priori*, from the names attached to the three principal personages, an admirable performance of Rossini's masterpiece might have been calculated upon, it was in reality somewhat of a disappointment. The music of Rosina was written for a *mezzo-soprano*, and Mad. Bosio has, consequently, to make sundry alterations, which are hardly improvements. Rossini's *Barbiere* is as much a "classic" as Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, and should be respected as such. Mad. Bosio can appeal to illustrious precedents—Malibran and Viardot Garcia, to wit. But we cannot help preferring Rossini's original ideas to the embellishments of any singer or "*maestro*."

The air introduced in the lesson-scene was a mazurka by Sig. Pinsuti, which exhibited Madame Bosio's brilliant and finished vocalisation to perfection. The audience would, however, have preferred something more familiar—"Rode's Variations" for example.

Sig. Mario's Almaviva is imitable. Elegant, refined, and noble, every movement betrays the finished comedian, every vocal phrase the consummate singer. Such an Almaviva, indeed, we feel satisfied never before trod the boards.

Ronconi's Figaro is no less deservedly celebrated than Mario's Almaviva ; but, as to describe it would be to tell a thrice-told tale, we shall desist.

The other parts were tolerably filled. M. Zelger was Bartolo ; Tagliafico, Basilio ; and Madame Tagliafico, Bertha.

The overture, magnificently played by the band, was unanimously encored, and Mr. Costa resumed it from the commencement. The terzetto, "Zitti, zitti," was also redemanded and repeated.

On Tuesday the *Barbiere* was performed for the second time ; and on Thursday *Lucrezia Borgia*. The new dancer, Madlle. Zina Richard, progresses in the favour of the public. Her talent is of the first class.

MADAME HENRIE AND MISS STEVENSON'S CONCERT.—To some of our readers, doubtless, the above names will fail to recall any vivid recollections, and to others will be entirely unknown. Madame Henrie is a contralto singer and Miss Stevenson a pianoforte player, neither yet advanced to the rank of accredited artists. The joint concert of vocalist and pianist was given at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday evening. There was greater novelty than excellence involved in the programme, and the selection was made too long. A Madame Guertabella ex-

hibited much vocal ability and artistic feeling in "Il soave bel contento," and a Tyrolienne composed expressly for her by E. Michotte. Madlle. de Villar would have sung the *scena* from *Faust*, "Ja ich fühl es" well, had she infused sufficient warmth into it. The Misses McAlpine, Mr. Regaldi, and M. Schmelzer, contributed some vocal pieces, and two trios—Mozart's, in G, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and Oberthür's, in F minor, for violin, violoncello, and harp—were executed respectively by Miss Stevenson, Herr Louis Ries and Herr Lidel, and Herr Ries, Herr Lidel and Herr Oberthür. The first was most acceptable, as well as the best played. Mr. Benedict and Herr Wilhelm Ganz conducted.

ASYLUM FOR FEMALE ORPHANS.—A miscellaneous concert, in aid of the Centenary Fund of the Asylum for Female Orphans, was given on Saturday night, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The Vocal Association sang several pieces, and a variety of solos, of more or less interest, were contributed by Miss Kemble, Mad. Novello, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Thomas. Mr. Brownsmithe played two solos on the organ, and Miss Arabella Goddard performed Wallace's "Robin Adair" and "Home, sweet home" with her accustomed brilliancy and success. There was no orchestra.

VIVIER AT LISBON.—Ant'ontem deu o sr. conde de Farrobo um brilhantissimo sarão dramático e dançante no theatro do seu palacio das Larangeiras. SS. MM. e SS. A.A. o principe Leopoldo, e os srs. infantes D. Luiz e D. João honraram com as suas augustas presenças este sarão, acompanhados pelas suas comitivas. Representaram-se as duas comedias: em portuguez o *Tyrano doméstico*, e em francez *Les toilettes tapageuses*. No intervallo das duas comedias tocou o celebre trompista francez Vivier. A execução das peças foi esmerada como costuma ser no theatro do sr. conde de Farrobo. Vivier arrebatou o auditorio. Os jornaes estrangeiros chamam-lhe um prodigo musical, e a verdade custa a crer como n'um instrumento de tão limitados recursos, como é a trompa, se conseguem tão admiraveis efeitos. M. Vivier surprehendeu pela pureza e valentia do som, pela passmossa facilidade com que executa os meios tons, coisa admiravel na trompa. Às vezes o instrumento despede sons tão energicos, como um clarim de guerra, outras vezes tão suaves como os da flauta. O que porém mais maravilhou o auditorio foi, sustentar duas notas ao mesmo tempo. Por um artificio conhecido só do celebre artista consegue elle sustentar os dois sons simultaneamente, e além d'isso ainda entre elles emitir mais sons. Vivier não se subjeita a nenhuma lei, não reconhece nenhuma forma; o seu talento é caprichoso. Devaneia na trompa como um improvisador. Não sabemos se Vivier se deixará ouvir em público; ouvimos dizer que não tenciona dar nenhum concerto. Sentimo-lo deveras, se assim é, porque desejavamos que o público pudesse admirar tão raro talento, e que não tem rival.—*Jornal do Commercio*, May 27.

DUBLIN—(From a Correspondent).—The last of the concerts for the season 1857-8 was given in the dining-hall of the College, on Wednesday evening, the 9th instant, by the University Choral Society, an amateur association of the students of Trinity College. The programme included overture and incidental music from *The Ruins of Athens* (Beethoven); overture and incidental music from Weber's melodrama *Precioso*; quartet and chorus by Kreutzer; chorus by Weber; Macfarren's part-song, "Orpheus with his lute," and a few ballads, including one by "Angelina." The audience encored Balfe's romance from *I Quattro Fratelli*, "Pari a bella," and also J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's "Swifter far than summer's flight." The chorus acquitted themselves generally well, and especially in Macfarren's part-song, adhering to the pitch, singing in tune, and attending to the marks of expression. A numerous company was present, including His Excellency the Earl of Eglinton. The concert commenced at half-past eight, and terminated shortly after half-past ten. The University Choral Society has been in existence for upwards of twenty years, having been established in 1837.

The Christy's Minstrels have announced a second morning performance at St. James's Hall, on the 21st instant, in consequence of the success which attended their first appearance in that arena.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 366.)

As may be well imagined, I felt exceedingly anxious as to the result of my speculation ; and as travel was now over, I had seriously to go to work and prepare everything for our forthcoming concerts. Those unfortunate ladies and gentlemen "who live at home at ease," and give an annual sacrifice which is dignified by the title of concert, soirée, matinée, or the more aesthetic term "recital," at which their pupils take tickets (and pay for them), and their friends take tickets (and do not pay for them), and where the concert-givers display their talents, and a brand new dress, for the edification of said pupils and friends, and some wretched victims from the country, who buy a ticket under the impression that they are going to a circus or some such intellectual performance, sit and stare and applaud in the wrong places : those ladies and gentlemen, I repeat, little know the amount of tact that is necessary in projecting a lengthened series of concerts for an entirely strange community, where failure would be absolute ruin.

Previous to my arrival, very few concerts had been given in California. The first, a ballad affair, interspersed with comic serious, and serious comic recitations, was given by Mr. Stephen Massett with much success. Afterwards Henri Herz arrived, and gave many concerts in conjunction with Mr. Massett, and netted a considerable sum of money. But then there was an interregnum, and for more than a twelvemonth no music had been heard but that of the cafés, which, as I have before remarked, was very excellent of its kind. Society too was in a queer state. There were many families now resident in San Francisco, but there were also many ladies who bore the names of certain gentlemen without any particularly legal claim to the honour, and although these fair "Traviatas" went to the theatre with their pseudo lords, the married ladies did not ; so that I was for a time very much in the position of that patient and amiable quadruped whose mind was supposed to vacillate between two bundles of hay. Then there was another bother—there was no concert room ; and although my friends would willingly have built one, it would have taken too much time, and time was money, as I found to my cost when I was favoured with my hotel bill at the end of a month. So, in order to reconcile the conflicting opinions of the savagely-virtuous with the pleasant-but-wrong parties, I engaged the American Theatre, a handsome roomy building about the size of the Lyceum, which luckily for me happened to be empty at this juncture. Thus there would be ample space for all, to air their virtues and their vices. As a fortnight would elapse before the arrival of my colleagues, I had plenty of time to arrange all preliminaries ; made engagements with artists to assist us, and obtained the good-will and cordial co-operation of the press. I cannot, indeed, too strongly record the kindness I experienced from every member of the literary community throughout the State. At length the next steamer arrived, and I caught sight of the face of my little *prima donna* through a port-hole : she was looking the very picture of misery. Her husband, too, the Count (all Italian singers' husbands are Counts), looked sad and woe-begone, and even remarkably seedy. I could not make it out, till they informed me, with tears in their eyes, that by some mishap all their luggage had been left behind on the Isthmus, and they had absolutely sailed from Panama without a change of linen, except such necessaries as friends on board supplied. But worst of all, the music was left behind also, and all the gauds, the silks and satins—"Oh ! it was too provoking, and it was all your fault, Allessandro. You know it was ; you are always leaving something behind, you know you are." And I found out afterwards that it was true. He was a kind, good-natured, gentlemanlike man, but he possessed the peculiar faculty of losing his luggage—it amounted to positive genius, it was a marvellous inspiration ; and if Pythagoras's theory of the transmigration of souls be true, and my friend the Count became an elephant, I verily believe he would leave his trunk behind him. This is a very faint joke, reader ; but don't scold, I won't do it again.

As there was to be no steamer for a month, my friends were obliged to get a complete new rig ; and as the Signora Elisa was very pretty, and very fond of adorning her pretty person, my friend the Count had to pay a pretty penny for his trunk-leaving propensities, and the hotel was besieged from "morn till dewy eve," by a whole army of mantua-makers, silk-mercers, linendrapers, and manufacturers of the thousand-and-one mysteries of the female toilet called by the generic term of under-clothing. Now this sort of thing seldom displeases a lady, and the fair Elisa was no exception to so general a passion as that love for new dresses which seems to be inherent in the female bosom ; and she soon forgot her miseries in the wild revelry of

"Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,"

and I believe, at last, was glad of her deprivation.

But the loss of the music was not so easily repaired, for the many fires had burnt up all the stock, both in the shops, and belonging to amateurs, so that we had to depend, at first, a great deal upon our memories, and the kindness of some friends, who luckily had escaped the conflagrations. As the time for the first concert approached, a considerable degree of excitement prevailed among the San Franciscans as to what style of performance we were to give, and more important still, what was to be the costume of the audience ? "Full dress, of course," was my invariable reply, and they took me at my word with a vengeance ; for I never in my life saw such a profusion of jewellery and magnificent costumes as were collected together the night of our first concert, nor did I ever behold an audience of such beautiful women or handsome men as adorned the boxes and parquet, all, even before the concert, seeming pleased that at last an opportunity for centralising the scattered members of society had been provided. And now for the programme. I had collected an orchestra of all the available talent, numbering sixteen performers, at a salary of five guineas each, nightly ; a very charming contralto—a Miss Emily Coad (a very sweet girl, since happily married) ; a Madame Pauline Foubert, who sang native French ballads and romances ; and a good French tenor and baritone, Messrs. Laglaise and Coulon (now in Australia) ; added to which our *prima donna* (a fresh-voiced and dashing soprano), her husband (a violoncellist of much taste and expression), and your humble servant, as conductor and pianist, were quite sufficient to make a pretty strong team. We played an overture, the French lady warbled a *chansonette*, and then the great Pan of the dairy appeared, and sang "*Care Compagne*" most charmingly. The applause was immense, white kids cracked in all directions, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and we felt our fortunes made ; it was a hit. But the most pleasing thing was the delight with which the audience received Schubert's beautiful serenade in D minor (with violoncello obbligato) ; it was impossible to resist the encore ; and, strange to say, in the wildest parts of this wild land, during our travels in the mountain mines, this lovely bit of repose never failed to elicit the greatest enthusiasm. The last thing in the concert was the closing scene of *La Sonnambula*, and the applause beggars all description. From the gallery and pit came showers of bouquets, jewellery, and gold pieces. I picked up fourteen ten-guinea gold pieces (rude octagonal coins, called slugs or adobes), which, had one of them knocked me on the head, would have undoubtedly deprived the world (particularly the musical one) of these my valuable reminiscences. So much for doing things in style. Had we given a humbugging concert by ourselves, we should have failed, despite the talent of the lady ; but engaging as we did everybody worth having (or, as the tavern-keepers say, "the best the market afforded"), the audience well knew that we were doing our very best to please them and elevate the art ; and although our expenses were enormous, our receipts were proportionably large—the gross amount of the first concert being over a thousand pounds, for the prices of admission were a guinea to boxes and parquet, and fifteen shillings to pit and gallery. This kind of fun we kept up for a month with varying success ; also giving a concert for the benefit of the Fire Department Fund, and a sacred concert for the benefit of Grace church, which, just in the nick of time, we saved from the hammer of the auctioneer.

In a very short time the humanising influence of music began to be felt, for upon the nights of our performance (four times a week) the gambling houses were comparatively empty, and the Jenny Lind Theatre, which was playing blue-fire melo-dramas with a meagre company, suffered severely. Music was beginning her halcyon reign, pianofortes were sent for by the dozen, and I was bored to death in making copies of the serenade, and other favourites that could not be obtained in print. But this sort of thing, of course, could not last for ever, and we determined, as May approached, to leave while our success was good, and not to wear out our welcome. Our next point was to be Sacramento, "The City of the Plains," where we had been urged to open for some time. To Sacramento therefore we went. It was a mistake. Never in a new community leave while you can draw a penny profit; for the love of novelty is inherent in the minds of all inhabitants of such countries, and your return is never equal to your anticipations; and so we found to our cost, for although we never had a losing concert, yet our receipts were far below our comparative expenditure, and always much inferior to those of the great city of San Francisco. Still, we had made up our minds, and we left in the full tide of success; I, of course, going ahead to prepare, and taking the precaution of securing the music box myself, for I knew his Countship would lose it. And it was well I did, for the wretched man, when he arrived at Sacramento, had (as usual) left all the luggage behind, and one trunk was not recovered for three months, having been landed at a stopping place on the river. But I am anticipating. I must give some idea of the chain of great bays and rivers that penetrate this wonderful country; so till next chapter, adieu, patient reader.

(To be continued.)

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VOL. 36.—No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

{ PRICE 4d.
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LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President—The Earl of DARTMOUTH.

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MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, June 23rd, at Three o'clock, the Story of "LITTLE DOMBEY," and on Thursday Evening, June 24th, at Eight o'clock, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

Stalls (numbered and reserved), 6s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a performance of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, June 26, to commence at Three o'clock. Miss Goddard will be assisted by Herr Joseph Joachim and Signor Piatti. Among other pieces, the programme will include: Dussek's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat; Schubert's Sonata (pianoforte solus) in A minor; Joachim's "Thème Varié," for pianoforte and viola; J. S. Bach's Fantasia con Fuga in C minor; and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, to be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim.

* * Full particulars will be shortly announced.

MADAME SZARVADY (Wilhelmina Clauss) will have the honour of giving her THIRD and LAST MATINEE MUSICALE, on Friday, June 26, at the Hanover-square Rooms, assisted by Herr Molique, violin; and Signor Piatti, violoncello. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. Reserved and numbered seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 7s. To be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street; and the principal libraries and music-sellers.

MASTER C. A. DREW DEAN, aged Ten years, who has had the honour of performing a Solo on the Patent Diatonic Flute, by Siccama, at Buckingham Palace before Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Court circle, with great success. Her Majesty and Court expressing their special approval, is open to receive engagements at private or public concerts. Address, 15, Compton-street, Brunswick-square, London.

MISS KEMBLE has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of the Right Hon. the Countess of Eillesmere, her MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Gallery of Bridgewater House on Wednesday, June 20, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Viardot Garcia, Mr. Santley, Signor Mario (his only appearance at any concert this season), Mr. Chas. Hallé, and Herr Joachim. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street.

HERR REICHARDT begs respectfully to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, the Countess Apponyi, Countess Bernstorff, H.E. Excellency Baron Brunow, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Fife, the Baroness Rothschild, Lady Shelley, and the Earl of Westmoreland, on Monday, June 28th, at the Hanover-square Rooms, commencing at Two o'clock. Tickets to be had at the residence of Herr Reichardt, 23, Alfred-place West, Brompton.

25

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall.—Monday next, June 21, Second Morning Concert, in consequence of the great success which attended their first performance at this new and magnificent building. Doors open at Half-past Two. On which occasion the children of the Licensed Victuallers' School will be present. Tickets, programmes, and particulars at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street, and at the Hall daily, from 11 till 4. Stalls and Balcony, 6s.; Area, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; and Galleries, One Shilling.

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MADAME BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUHE have the honour to announce that their GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday, June 24th, 1858, to commence at Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Viardot, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Bassano; Herr Pischek, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Charles Chaple, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Harmonium, Herr Engel; Pianoforte, Herr Kuhe. Conductors, M.M. Benedict and F. Berger. Numbered Stalls, 10s. each; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Madame Bassano, 7, Old Quebec-street, Portman-square, W.; of Herr Kuhe, 12, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.; and of all the principal music-sellers.

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Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Monday, June 21, at Gloucester. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Tuesday, June 22, at Stroud. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, Wednesday, June 23, at Cheltenham. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, June 24 and 25, at Crewe. Dr. Mark and his Little Men will proceed, June 26, to Manchester, and perform in Dr. Mark's Grand Jubilee, Monday, June 28, Tuesday, June 29, and Wednesday, June 30th.

TO LET. Exhibition Galleries of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, East. To let, early in October, after the close of the Society's Exhibition, until the end of February next, the extensive galleries in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, East, comprising five rooms, and council room, &c. The principal room is 60 feet, by 40 feet, and about 30 feet high, and is considered the best lighted room in London, either by day or night, for exhibitions of art, lectures, or the soirees of literary, scientific, or musical societies. The extent of the gallery is 120 feet, by 40 feet. For particulars, apply by letter to Mr. Chilcott, Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, East.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA CONCERTS.—The Third Concert of the series will take place on Friday next, June 23rd, to commence at Three o'clock. These Concerts are supported by the following unrivalled artists:

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Signor MABIO,	Madame DIDIEE,												
Signor NERI-BARALDI,	Signor BOSEL,												
Signor POONONI,	Signor GARDONI,												
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Also the entire celebrated Band and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

Doors open at One o'clock. Admission, 7s. 6d. each; Children under twelve, 3s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. extra. Tickets for the series (not transferable), One Guinea; to Season Ticket-holders, Half-a-Guinea, may be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter-hall; or at the Box-office of the Royal Italian Opera. Season Tickets may now be had, available till the 30th April, 1859, One Guinea; Children under twelve, Half-a-Guinea.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.—A performance of Vocal Music, Sacred and Secular, by 3,000 children and 500 adults, instructed in the Tonic Sol-fa method, will be given in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, the 23rd of June. The Concert of this Association last year attracted 88,000 persons.

PROGRAMME.—“O Saviour, go beside us” (Chorale); Bach’s Harmonies; “Old England” (Air, “British Grenadier”), English Song; “Bells ringing” (Air, “Callie Herring”); Scotch Song; “How beautiful upon the mountains,” R. A. Smith; “May-bells and the flowers,” Mendelssohn; “Hail! All hail!” Weber; “God be thanked” (Morning Hymn); Gerbach; “Our native land” (“Glorious Apollo”), Webb; “Mark the merry elves,” Collicott; “Quail call,” Gerbach; “The echo,” Root; “Hail, stilling morn,” Spofforth; “Auld lang syne,” Scotch Song; “The Christian child,” Bradbury; “The May time,” Gerbach; “The martyr” (Air, “Scots wha hae”), Scotch Song; “Half-Judea, happy land!” Handel; “Up, and away,” Gerbach; “Wild wood-flowers”; “Those evening bells,” Root; “Pic-a-nic,” Otto; “Address to Prince of Wales,” Welsh March; “National Anthem.”

The doors will open at Ten, and the performance commences at Two. Miss Elizabeth Stirling will perform at intervals on the great organ. The wind band of the company will play as usual till dusk.

Admission, One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence; Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown extra, which may be secured on and after Monday, 7th June, at the Crystal Palace, or at 2, Exeter-hall.

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THE PEOPLE IN CHURCH: their rights and duties in connection with the Poetry and Music of the Book of Common Prayer, by **JOSIAH PITTMAN**, Chapel-master to the Hon. Soc. of Lincoln's Inn.—London: Bell and Dalby, 186, Fleet-street.

ROBIN ADAIR, by **W. Vincent Wallace**. Impromptu de Concert, composed for, dedicated to, and performed with enthusiasm and applause by Miss Arabella Goddard, 4s. Miss Arabella Goddard enchanted the audience by her brilliant, tasteful, and finished execution of Mr. Vincent Wallace's piano-forte fantaisie on Robin Adair, which, in her hands, seems likely to become quite as popular as the same composer's ‘Home, sweet home.’”—*Musical World*, June 12.

London: Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington-street, W.

DIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING PIANO

PIANO may now be seen at the dépôt, 83, Soho-squirt. By the application of this principal a heavier string can be used, the result of which is that the full power of grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fulness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—**Mr. W. E. EVANS**, inventor of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1854), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjoined testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fifth and last concert for the season, on Monday night, in St. James's Hall, was just as good as its immediate predecessor was indifferent. The director owed reparation to his subscribers, and it is agreeable to record that they obtained it. The thirty sheep that strayed from the orchestra on May 31st—a date for ever to be remembered, as the date of a concert (a philharmonic—*new*-philharmonic concert) without a symphony—had returned to their folds in the “recess,” and Shepherd Wyld once more held them in hand. But to leave bucolic metaphor, the following was the programme:—

PART I.

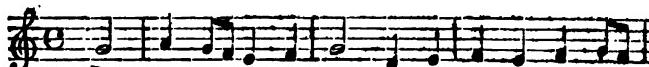
Overture (<i>Medea</i>),	...	Cherubini.
Concerto No. 6, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	...	Dussek.
Sonata, No. 5, violin, Herr Joachim	...	Bach.
Symphony <i>Eroica</i>	Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Oberon</i>)	Weber.
Duet, “Schönes Mädchen,” Madame Ruderstorff and Herr Reichardt	Führer.
Romance in F, violin, Herr Joachim	Beethoven.
Overture (<i>Ruy Blas</i>)	Beethoven.
Conductor—Dr. Wyld.	

Cherubini's gloomy, somewhat monotonous, but still very grand overture to *Medea* should be heard oftener. It required a certain familiarity to be appreciated, and this can hardly be obtained if it is only brought forth from the library once in five years. The *Eroica* has always been a great favourite with the audiences at the New Philharmonic, and was never enjoyed more thoroughly than on the present occasion; nor indeed was it ever more carefully played under Dr. Wyld's direction. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Ruy Blas* both went with spirit and “entrain.”

The music of Bach was, perhaps, never so much in vogue as now, and the prodigious talent of Herr Joseph Joachim has given an additional impetus to the influence it is rapidly acquiring over the public mind—we say over the *public* mind, since over the artistic mind it has always reigned supreme. The sonatas for violin *solo* are among the most extraordinary efforts of Bach's inventive ingenuity, and Herr Joachim is one of the very few whose mechanical proficiency is equal to the task of executing them. The one he selected on Monday night contains the magnificent fugue which begins as follows:—



and which is afterwards treated “*al riverse*” (by inversion):—



A more masterly performance has rarely been heard, or one more enthusiastically appreciated, notwithstanding the obstacles in the way of such music being made effective, which are inevitable to the peculiar construction of the St. James's Hall orchestra. In the graceful romance of Beethoven, with orchestral accompaniments, Herr Joachim was no less successful.

Dussek's concerto in G minor was a grateful novelty. The revival of such works as this and others from the same and

contemporary pens (and there are not too many of them) is most opportune now that pianists, foreign and native, are, by their frequent performances, good, bad, and indifferent, of the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, rendering those immortal masterpieces somewhat too common. Miss Arabella Goddard has played Beethoven and Mendelssohn right through, to say nothing of Mozart; and the change was no doubt as agreeable to herself as it was refreshing to the audience. Our pianist-readers must not imagine that the concerto in G minor, because it is Dussek's, belongs to the Mrs. Chinnery style of music. On the contrary, it is very difficult to execute—which may easily be seen by reference to a copy (supposing there is a copy to be had). It is, in short, a grand concerto, in the strictest acceptation of the term, and a fine concerto in the bargain, extremely effective for the pianist, but just as solid as it is showy. The proportions of the first *allegro* are largely developed, while its style is alternately brilliant and expressive; the slow movement in B flat is one of its composer's most graceful and melodious inspirations; the *finales*, a *ronde* (in G minor, like the *allegro*), is one of the most quaint, characteristic, and thoroughly genial examples of a form of movement in the production of which Dussek excelled all his contemporaries. The performance of the concerto was, from beginning to end, what Miss Arabella Goddard has entitled connoisseurs to expect from her, in unfamiliar just as much as in familiar music—perfection; and this perfection is not the unaided result of natural genius for the instrument, but of natural genius combined with diligent application and well-regulated study. There is never a careless point in Miss Goddard's playing—never anything unfinished or “postponed.” Hence one of its abiding charms. The concertos gave unanimous satisfaction, and, no doubt, will soon be heard again.

The solitary vocal piece seemed out of place; it was, however, very well sung by Madame Ruderstorff and Herr Reichardt.

Dr. Wyld, in announcing the resumption of the concerts next year, adds a note which is worth citing:—

“The director trusts, before long, the remonstrances he has addressed to the Hall Company about the construction of the orchestra will meet with attention. It cannot be denied that the director has had to contend with unusual difficulties in the arrangement of the forces he directs, and he trusts that every shareholder will support him in his exertions to get the necessary alterations effected.”

We trust with Dr. Wyld—but fear he will encounter many impediments. Mr. Howard Glover's *Comala* was unavoidably postponed—not, however, we are glad to say, *sine die*.*

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE second Royal Italian Opera Concert took place yesterday week. The attraction was greater than at the first concert, Mad. Bosio's name being added on this occasion, and Mr. Costa conducting. Again the programme was made up of operatic shreds, and comprised no novelty. Nevertheless, as the eldest pieces appeared to please most, we have nothing to say. The band executed the overtures to *Oberon* and *La Gazza Ladra*, both splendidly. The finales were from *Lucrèzia Borgia* and *Moïse*—the eternal “*Mi manca la voce*,” which, by the way, stands sadly in need of Tamburlik's ringing upper tones. The pieces most applauded were the aria, “*Caro nome*,” from *Rigoletto*, by Mad. Bosio (encored); the Serenade, with chorus, “*Com' è gentil*,” by Sig. Mario (encored); the romanza, “*Di Provenza*,” from *La Traviata*, by Sig. Graziani (encored); the grand air from *Tancredi*, “*Tu che accendi*,” by Mad. Nantier Didie; and the duet from the *Profeja*, “*Della Mosa*,” by Madile Marai and Mad. Nantier Didie. The chorus, in addition to their share in the two finales, sang Mendelssohn's part-song, “*O hills, O vales!*”

The attendance was, on the whole, much larger than at the first concert.

* “APOLOGY.—The Director regrets to announce that he has been obliged to withdraw the New Work, entitled *Comala*, promised for this evening's performance, in consequence of the copyist having failed to complete the necessary copies. The work will be performed at an early concert next season.”

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH gave an interesting concert of vocal and instrumental music, with organ and pianoforte accompaniments, on Wednesday evening, which we were sorry did not attract a larger audience. The heat, however, was intense enough to render it a matter of surprise that there should be any one present. The concert began with the solemn and pathetic motet in F minor, "I wrestle and pray,"* for two choirs—which, in the act of setting down to J. S. Bach, Mr. Hullah should have stated had been variously attributed to Bach's uncle, Christopher, and to Bach's son, Emanuel. All we can say is, whoever did write it was a very clever fellow. Miss Palmer then sang two sacred songs of Beethoven, which showed that Beethoven could at times be dull. Dr. Crotch's motet, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir" (Mr. Santley and chorus, unaccompanied) was remarkably well given; nevertheless, the composition itself is little better than twaddle. After this came Miss Freeth, with Beethoven's solo sonata in E, Op. 109, the performance of which showed that the young lady had greatly over-estimated her powers. The late sonatas of Beethoven are not to be approached without reverence. Better leave them untouched than play them imperfectly. Any pianist who has faith enough, ambition enough, and perseverance enough, to master them, is entitled to the highest consideration; but to come forward in public, with one of these sonatas, so inefficiently prepared that, on arriving at the more difficult passages (such as the *prestissimo*, and the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th variations), the clearness of Beethoven disappears with the self-possession of the performer, betokens a certain want of veneration for great things quite at variance with the sincerely artistic nature. We are inclined to think well of Miss Freeth, and for this reason are the more anxious to impress upon her that what came from the very heart of Beethoven must not be treated as commonplace. Mendelssohn's convent motet, "Laudate Pueri" (Misses Banks, Fanny Rowland, and Palmer, with female chorus), and the gloomy but splendid psalm of the same composer, "Why rage fiercely the heathen?" were both included in the first part; and both suffered much from the occasionally false intonation of some of the singers. M. Gounod's Christmas song, "Nazareth," for Mr. Santley and chorus, was capitally executed; but we have seldom listened to anything less attractive. Mr. Hullah conducted, and Mr. Hopkins presided at the organ.

At the end of the first part we were compelled to leave. What we lost may be seen below:—

PART II.—Madrigal, "Die not, fond man, before thy day"—Ward. Duet, "The Starlings," Miss Fanny Rowland and Miss Palmer—Hullah. German song, "Auf Flügel des Gesanges" and "Durch den Wald," Madlle. Maria de Villar—Mendelssohn. Part song, "Song should breathe of scents and flowers"—Hullah. Capriccio, pianoforte, Miss Freeth—Clementi. New song, "The wind is fair, good bye," Miss Banks—Hullah. Part song, "Where the bee sucks"—Arne and Jackson.

Mr. Hullah will doubtless continue this kind of entertainment—which, by the way, is not only very agreeable in itself, but may prove of some service to his "first upper singing class," the members being in want of a little of that refinement which nothing is better calculated to inspire than the practice of sterling part music.

THE SOUNDING POST OF THE VIOLIN.—In reference to a recent paper read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on this subject, a musical correspondent of the *Leith Herald* says that he has tried the experiment of substituting a glass tube sounding post in the violin for a wooden one. He has tried the experiment with several instruments. The glass post does not differ in shape or thickness from the usual sounding post; but it is hollow. It gives a clear, rich tone; and by this new device very ordinary violins may acquire properties of sound only to be met with in instruments of the first order.

* The English version of the words made expressly for the Bach Society.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The eighth concert (at St. Martin's Hall, Friday evening, June 11th) was, without exception, the best yet given by this newly-fledged choir of singing birds, under the direction of Bullfinch Leslie. The programme (to leave figure) was first-rate, including some extremely difficult madrigals—such, for instance, as "Sweet honey-sucking bees" (Wilbye's finest), which created a *furore*; and Morley's "My bonny lass, she smileth," sung to perfection, and enthusiastically encored. In Elliot's clever glee, "Come see what pleasures" (also encored), Miss Annie Cox attracted particular notice by the charming way in which she sang the soprano part—Messrs. A. Lester, Taylor, Harries, and Stroud, making up the quintet. There was again an encore for a new part-song by Mr. S. Reay, which, though not to be compared for an instant to such specimens as the above, is nevertheless clear and spirited. It was capitally sung; as was Mr. Henry Smart's "Spring Song," a piece of vocal part-writing quite worthy to rank with his "Shepherds' Farewell" and "Ave Maria," already produced by this choir. A motet by Herr Hauptmann, of Leipsic ("Evening Prayer"); Marenzio's madrigal, "Fair May Queen"; Mr. Macfarren's part-song, "Orpheus with his lute;" a madrigal, by Palestrina, "April, sweet month, is come," (not bad music for three centuries and eight years ago); John Benet's "All creatures now are merry minded;" two part-songs for male voices by Mr. J. L. Hatton; and glees by Battishill and W. Beale were also performed. There was but one instrumental display, to contrast with all this singing—viz., the grand duet upon Weber's "Gipsy's March" (*Preciosa*) for two pianofortes, composed in conjunction by Mendelssohn and Moscheles, who used to play it together, but always with orchestral accompaniments. Misses Cazaly and Hemming (two of Mr. Leslie's principal songstressses) played it on the present occasion, and with a great deal of spirit; but no orchestra being at hand, there were no orchestral accompaniments. Where were your "classics," Henry Leslie, Esq.?

The programme of the ninth concert, which took place last night, offered infinitely more variety, for—in addition to the madrigals, glees, and part-songs by Edwardes, Stevens, Wilbye, Morley, Elliot, Hatton (J. L.), W. Reay, and Henries Smart and Leslie—it comprised Mendelssohn's lovely anthem, "Hear my prayer" (Miss Hemming again soloist), repeated by (very reasonable) desire; the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven, performed by M. Hallé and Herr Joachim, on the pianoforte and violin; piano solos of Mendelssohn, Heller, and Chopin, played by M. Hallé; and a romance for violin, composed by Joachim and executed by Herr Joachim—the whole concluding with Henry Leslie's Dr. Arne's "Rule Britannia."

What a capital place for sound is the large room of St. Martin's Hall. The committee of St. James's Hall should send a deputation of Doctors, learned in the theories of auscultation, to inquire into the secret of its construction.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our Correspondent).—At a meeting of the Town Council on Wednesday, a letter was read from the Festival Committee, containing a resolution adopted by them, asking the Council to grant admission to the Town Hall, on the day of the Queen's visit, to holders of serial festival tickets. The letter was referred to the Town Hall Committee, and the request was acceded to for a number not exceeding a thousand. It is contemplated making the serial tickets transferable, and five guineas each. Already numerous applications for tickets have been made, and now that the inauguration by the Queen is made part of the Festival, pecuniary success is certain. I understand that the Town Hall Committee are urging the organ contractors to the completion of their work, and many members of the corporation are disappointed at not seeing a portion of the organ already erected, as was contemplated. The guarantee fund amounts to about £5,500. On Monday evening next the first rehearsal by the Leeds Festival Chorus will take place, and the Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, and other sections will be called together in their respective towns in the course of the week.

HERR DEICHMANN'S CONCERT.—The morning concert, at Willis's Rooms, of this rising violinist was well attended. The programme was interesting, and gave several opportunities for Herr Deichmann to distinguish himself. Mendelssohn's quartet, No. 1, Op. 44 (in D), in which Herr Ries, Mr. Well, and M. Paque, took part, was a capital performance. Schumann's three *Stücke in Volkston* (Op. 102), for violin solus, belong to a school with which the less Herr Deichmann meddles the better. The trio in B flat of Herr Rubinstein (performed by the composer, Herr Deichmann, and M. Paque) belongs to no school at all; and yet it is numbered Op. 52. Herr Rubinstein's execution of the pianoforte part was just as extraordinary as his composition—only from a different point of view. Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, performed by Herren Rubinstein and Deichmann, would have been more satisfactory had the first and last movements been taken at a *tempo* sufficiently moderate to allow of Herr Deichmann's accurate definition of the passages. Herr Rubinstein ought to bear in mind that duet-play should be fair-play, and not employ his great strength and mechanical facility to the detriment of his associate. Nevertheless, compared with Mozart's concerto in D minor, and Weber's *Concertstück* (at the "Philharmonics,") this was a sober exhibition, and we congratulate Herr Rubinstein. Herr Deichmann broke a string, but exchanged fiddles with wonderful rapidity, and caught up the Russian *schnell-sug* in the twinkling of an eye. No. 5 of the album *Kamenoi Ostrow* (which we have also seen in an album of the Messrs. Ewer), and an *Etude* in C major, were the solos of Herr Rubinstein—the first a very expressive and unaffected performance, the last a prodigious display of manual dexterity. The singers were Madame Novello and Herr Reichardt. Among other things the lady gave two beautiful songs by Professor Sterndale Bennett; Herr Reichardt sang his own very popular "Du bist mir nah und doch so fern;" and the two joined together in Mendelssohn's "Zuleika und Hassan." At the end of the concert Herr Deichmann was to play Vieuxtemps' *Chasse*. He deserves credit for this entertainment.

HERR JANSA'S CONCERT.—Herr Jansa's annual concert is always worth attending by those who seek for novelty; and on Monday afternoon its reputation was fully borne out at the Hanover-square Rooms. The entertainment began with a stringed quartet in F sharp minor, composed for the "Quartet Production Society" at Vienna; and the first part of the concert terminated with a *Concert-stück*, for solo quartet and full orchestral accompaniments. Herr Jansa, M. Sainton, M. Schreurs, and Sig. Piatti, performed the quartet; and in the *Concert-stück* Herr Joachim took the viola (*vice* M. Schreurs), M. Sainton being first fiddle, Herr Jansa second, and Sig. Piatti violoncello. Both compositions have great merit, and show the hand of an experienced musician; while both (as may be guessed from the names of the artists—to say nothing of the orchestra, led by Mr. Willy and conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, which officiated in the second piece) were played to perfection. The "Maria Mater," "Agnus Dei," and "Dona nobis," from a mass in C, (soloists Mad. Borchardt, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Gaynor, and Herr Deck) were also included in the specimens of Herr Jansa's productive genius; and, lastly, a very effective violin solo—"Air Russe"—composed for the occasion, and performed by Herr Jansa with the greatest success. Some interesting points remain to be noticed, and, not the least interesting was Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 12, for violin and piano, a more chaste reading of which than that of Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Jansa was probably never heard; the execution, too, was just as faultless as the style was pure. The same accomplished young lady also gave the *suite de pièces* of Handel, in E major, concluding with the well-known variations ("Harmonious Blacksmith") in the same refined and admirable manner. There were also some vocal solos, and among the rest "La Faувette," from Grétry's *Zemire et Azor*, sung by Madame Borchardt, flute *obbligato*, M. Rémusat. Herr Deck, too, sang the "Wanderer" of Schubert in a very impressive manner. Mr. Aguilar and Herr Wilhelm Ganz were the accompanists. Herr Jansa must have been gratified to see his concert from first to last affording such unequivocal satisfaction.

BARCROFT AND WHEELY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—In a book of words of anthems I observe the names of Barcroft and Wheely, but I have failed in my endeavour to ascertain some particulars as to the period when they lived. If any of your readers could furnish any data respecting them, they would much oblige, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. J.

MAD. CASTELLAN, NOT MAD. NOVELLO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to set you right in a little matter connected with the report you gave in your number of June 12, of the recent performance of *Eli* at Exeter Hall, in which you state that the "soprano and tenor were in the original cast." Now the fact is, that Mad. Castellan sang the soprano at Birmingham when *Eli* was brought out. No doubt the part was intended for Madame Novello, but she was not present.

Bradford, June 15th.

AMADIS.

[“Amadis” is right, and our reporter was wrong. We remember the performance well.—ED. M. W.]

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The success of the recent performance at St. James's Hall by the Christy Minstrels has led to another, on Monday next, when nearly the same programme will be given.

MADILLE TITIENS—(Communicated).—Until within the last day or two it was hoped that Madille Titien's engagement, which expires on Saturday, 26th June, might be prolonged. However, the direction of the Imperial Theatre, with which Madille Titien has an engagement of long standing, refuses to dispense with her services for a single day after the 26th June. Her last performance will therefore take place on Saturday 26th June. Madille Titien will appear on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday next.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The Whitsuntide committee has just presented Dr. Franz Liszt with a silver medallion portrait of himself, as a memento of his direction of last year's Whitsuntide concert. The artist, to whose chisel we owe the portrait, is Mohr, the sculptor, in Cologne, who has really produced a masterpiece, as far as regards characteristic resemblance, speaking expression, and delicacy of modelling.

MR. E. T. SMITH A NATIONAL BENEFACTOR.—On Saturday night, Donizetti's opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed by the Italian troupe lately engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith, and which completes the trio of foreign companies at present deluging the ears of London with a threefold stream of Italian music. There can be no mistake about the levelling tendencies of the age, when scarcely a luxury once exclusively enjoyed by the rich and high-born, but is placed within the reach of the humblest member of the community. The aristocratic pine no longer reserves its luscious and blended savours to rouse the cloyed palate of the lordling, but evokes equally the unexercised sensibilities of the proletarian swallow; the ice-cream, once special refrigerator of well-to-do throats, now melts in cool rivulets about the oesophagus of any little ragamuffin who can rattle two halfpennies in the pockets of his corduroys. Last and highest conquest of the people over the privileged indulgences of the great, a place in the sixpenny gallery of Drury-lane Theatre will secure to the begrimed artisan a participation in that paradise of modish poppery and aspiring gentility—the Italian opera. Tom, Dick, and Harry, the well-known interlocutors in that familiar and unreserved exchange of sentiments which occurs in the upper regions of an English theatre previous to the performance, may now, bound by no tyrannous etiquette, abandon themselves, without even the restraint of a coat, to the exuberant graces of Italian vocalisation and the obscure intimations of Italian *libretti*. If the emollient experiences of a *dilettante* will add anything by way of improvement to the character of the English artisan, the nation will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. E. T. Smith.—*Morning Herald*.

MOZART'S "COSÌ FAN TUTTE."

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

Stuttgart, 18th May, 1858.

After a pause of thirty years, Mozart's only *buffo* opera has reappeared upon our stage, and is, consequently, almost to be regarded as a novelty for the present generation. To say one word on the high musical worth of this work would be totally superfluous; the pianoforte arrangement of it speaks eloquently enough, and, even without any knowledge of that arrangement, we should necessarily expect one of the most perfect creations of art from the very period of its production (the period between *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte*). Since, however, there has never been a doubt as to its worth, it might appear unintelligible why this opera has, for so long a time been absent from the stage, did we not know that Mozart's music was originally connected with a repulsive *libretto*, insulting to our feelings and good taste. An altered plot was, therefore, generally substituted at former performances of the work in German theatres. There exist numberless versions of it (the opera having been given, for instance, in Stuttgart, under four different forms successively). Unfortunately, these were either worse than the Italian *libretto*, or not intimately connected with the music. A paragraph in the *Morgenblatt*, of the 27th January, 1856, gave notice that a new version would be produced, and it is this version which serves as a foundation for the present performance. According to the paragraph in question, the version "has treated Mozart's musical language with the most conscientious reverence. And, therefore, in all the various pieces (of course, with the exception of the 'Scena-Recitative') kept as near as possible to the Italian text, but, at the same time, effected a material alteration in the story, by which the piece—originally a coarse, clumsy, farce—is brought nearer the sphere of delicate comedy, to which Mozart's music itself points." In order, however, to perceive the necessity of any alteration at all, we must give our readers a short sketch of the plot of the Italian *libretto*. Two licentious officers are prevailed upon, by an "old philosopher" (Alfonso), to test the fidelity of their mistresses. Alfonso lays a wager that it may be shaken in the course of that same day. The officers pretext a journey, but return immediately, in disguise, after having taken leave. They are at first violent and then whining, such, moreover, courting the other's mistress. By repeated threats of suicide, they prevail on the two young ladies, who appear in a tolerably dubious light, to surrender completely before evening. The deceived lovers, as long as they are without witness, now abandon themselves to outbursts of fury, and designate their mistresses by opprobrious names, which could only be suggested by the most profound contempt, and talk of murdering or, at least, leaving them. The "philosophical" Alfonso, however, represents to them that all girls are the same, (*cotì fan tutte*), and, if they do not wish to renounce female society for ever, the wisest thing they can do is to take back their former loves. This advice is approved. The faithless ones are merely frightened a little, and then everything is brought to a merry conclusion. There is plenty of fun in the whole piece, but it is mostly a farcical, witless kind of merriment. The two grand *scènes* alone are admirably worked out by the author, and full of genuine humour. It is wonderful how, under Mozart's hands, this patchwork, calculated for the worse taste of the masses, is ennobled. All the figures of the piece are, as far as the author is concerned, mere marionettes. The two officers are cut accurately after the same pattern, and so are the two girls. Not only has Mozart endowed the puppets with souls, but, also, differently characterised the various personages, so that the one pair of lovers is not merely a rapid echo of the other; and, because the beings of Mozart's creation feel truly and deeply, a more earnest element is interwoven in the opera, an expression of warm feeling, where the *libretto* endeavours to produce laughter by the glaring caricature of assumed sentiment. By this, the joyous ground-tone of the whole is only brought forward more effectively. The paragraph we quoted above tells us that the task of the arranger is to introduce into the *libretto* the dramatic persons as Mozart created them, and so to turn the course of the plot that the separate situations of the piece shall depend upon more satisfactory motives, without suffering any change in their specific character. The paragraph mentions the means employed to solve the difficulty but we will here give only the most important points. Each of the two officers selects his own mistress as the object of his seductive powers, and when the young lady, attracted by a secret charm, a sympathy not amounting to consciousness, at last surrenders, a reconciliation is possible. This idea certainly appears very natural, and the original plot of the piece renders it easy of execution. In other respects this last version introduces nothing actually new. With the exception of omitting what is common and repulsive, the alteration is

confined to interweaving little touches suggested by the leading idea we have mentioned. The really comic or dramatically effective points of the Italian *libretto* are everywhere turned to account, but transferred into a somewhat purer atmosphere. The management of the Theatre Royal, which, as a rule, is always desirous of producing works of a high style of art, has, by the revival of this work, so rich in musical attractions, assuredly gained the thanks of Mozart's admirers.

Sind sie true? (Are they true?) is the title of the fresh version. We have now to see whether the opera in this new form can, at last, reach the goal which the various versions attempted on almost all stages, in former times, were so little capable of attaining. The leading idea of the new version was to remove the action from the domain of vulgar farce to the sphere of delicate comedy; to make the psychological motives of the characters agree with truth, and to fit the poetic diction, in the most harmonious manner, to the music. In order to be able to effect this, it was necessary not only to clear away what was accidentally repulsive or materially improper, but to elevate and artistically ennoble the whole bearing of the action and the whole moral of the story; but it was always a great evil that such a course would never be possible with *Così fan tutte*, if we remained true to the original tendency of the opera. However funny the wager may be of itself, and however appropriate for the subject of a *comédie-vaudeville*, degradation of the female sex is the principal basis of the whole, and that is a theme which suits no age, and least of all our own. *Figaro* and *Don Juan* are certainly founded on an idea in which seduction plays the principal part, but this is represented in both operas in the person of one individual, and is tempered and counterbalanced by many opposite characters. In *Così fan tutte*, the whole action is concentrated, without a single exception, or any sort of compensating parallel, on the weakness of woman. Were Leonora and Dorabella frivolous personages, they could never be set up as types of female weakness, and the tendency of the piece would not be one we ought to reject. But they are noble beings, who, on the sudden departure of their lovers, manifest the warmest love, and promise eternal truth. The new version seeks to render this nobler trait predominant throughout the whole plot. It makes the ladies undergo a long struggle, introducing between the first and second act a certain period of time, in which they in vain wait for letters, and represents Fernando and Guglielmo, not, as in the original text, courting each other's mistress respectively, but, as we have already said, their own. Thus the already existing sympathy of the different persons towards one another is made the principle motive of the change, and the weakness of the women referred to psychological motives. At any rate, the new version is preferable to all others, from the fact of its placing the opera in as noble and pure a light, that even young persons may find amusement in it, and, as the music is enveloped in a becoming garb, the opera may again be the common property of the German nation. The text is, too, so admirable in its diction, so full of clever points, and vigorous, fresh language, that it may be looked upon as a model *libretto*. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the example set by our theatre in again introducing such a masterpiece of dramatic music into its repertory will soon be imitated throughout Germany.

With regard to the performance itself, every one engaged in it strove to attain perfection. The *saisse-en-scène* was admirable, free from anything like obtrusive caricature, or absurd comicality. The only thing that might be blamed was the costume in which the disguised lovers appear. To obtain the love of two beautiful ladies belonging to the upper ranks, they should not appear as ugly Wallachians, but rather in a handsome oriental costume. Another fault was that the curtain did not rise on the second act immediately the music began. The orchestral introduction to the duet: "Weht, ihr leicht beschwingten Läufe," is not an introduction to the act itself, but to the serenade on the stage, and must be presented as such to the public. With these exceptions everything was admirable, and our warmest acknowledgments are due to Dr. Lewald for the trouble he has taken. In the same manner, all the artists engaged merit the most unqualified approbation of all lovers of music. Mad. Leisinger had in Leonora one of the parts best suited to her, and her noble, glowing acting, which, despite the heroic colouring of the music, never wandered into tragedy, and her touching execution, especially in the air, "Umbewegt in Meereswogen," called forth tumultuous applause. A theatre that possesses such a dramatic singer ought, now-a-days, to consider itself fortunate; let us hope she will remain for many years the ornament of our opera!

Fraulein Mayerhöfer, as Dorabella, was also invariably noble, and her joyousness never degenerated into frivolity. She worked well, too, musically speaking, and in the concerted pieces was a living part of the whole.

Fraulein Marchetti, as Despina, triumphed by her arch, soubrette-like action; by the acuteness of her vocal execution; by the moderation

of her travestie; and by the active share she constantly took in the general business. That, as the Notary, she sang in the lower octave, was in accordance with the wish of the adapter, and formed a good contrast to her as the Doctor. Herr Pischek, as Alfonso, was admirable. He played the joyous, woman-scoring philosopher with unshorn humour, and, although the character has no great airs to sing, it is, in a certain degree, the mainstay of the whole; and, for this reason, requires an artist such as Pischek. Herr Franz Jäger, as Ferrando, was in very good voice. He sang softly and flowingly, and remained true to the style of Mozart. Unfortunately his principal air had to be omitted, in order that the piece might not be too long. Herr Schüttky as Guglielmo, looked very imposing and warlike, but should be rather more moderate in his Wallachian disguise, for, by so doing, he would render the character more attractive. The orchestra played admirably. Herr Kücken had taken immense pains to have the vocal pieces accompanied with delicacy and discretion, while, in the concerted pieces, there was a dash which does all honour to his taste. If there is one thing we could desire, it is that Dorella's air: "Ein schlauer Dieb ist Amor," should not be taken too quickly, since it is only an *allegretto*. The chorus was very fine. In a word, the whole performance was worthy of Mozart.

S. M.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE*—(May 20th).—Yesterday, the Cäcilien-Verein brought its regular meetings for practice to a close, with a little extempore concert for its passive members and subscribers, in a highly satisfactory manner. The works selected were, partly, such as had not been sung for several years, and were perfectly new to no inconsiderable portion of the younger members. In spite of this, the execution of them was very creditable and pleasing. Only a few of the more difficult choruses were repeated, for the sake of greater finish. We had the choruses of Mozart's *Requiem*, at least as many as are undoubtedly his, a grand "Crucifixus" for eight voices, by Lotti, Mendelssohn's wonderfully fervent "Ave Maria," Hauptmann's *Cäcilien-Cantate*, so rich in harmony, and Mendelssohn's fresh and dramatically effective first *Walpurgisnacht*. Such evenings, when smaller works which have not been given for a considerable time, are sung at sight, are, leaving out of consideration the gratification they afford the singers and their audience, of the greatest use, especially to the singers, since the latter are exercised in singing at sight, and made acquainted with the rich stores of classical music possessed by the Verein. Unfortunately, they can seldom occur, on account of the rehearsals and practice requisite for the grand public concerts. The Cäcilien-Verein gave all its four concerts with a full band for the first time this winter. The pecuniary sacrifice involved was by no means inconsiderable, and it is reported that, in the opinion of the members, the experiment will scarcely become a permanent fact, principally owing to the want of accommodation. A cheering prospect of an interest being taken in such concerts by the general public is afforded by the hope of the society's building a concert-room of its own. The Mozartstiftung, set on foot here by the Liederkranz, at the vocal festival of 1838, has taken the initiative. It has come forward with its funds, amounting to 38,000 florins, and founded a new society, called the Mozart-Verein. The sale of the shares has begun during the last few days, and been so brisk, that we can no longer entertain any doubt as to the realisation of the plan. A very large plot of ground, conveniently situated opposite the old Bürger-Verein, has been obtained, and there is every chance of the new edifice being one worthy of our city, and fully adapted for its purpose. At the first public concert the *High Mass* of J. S. Bach, which has already been noticed in these columns, was performed. This was followed, on the 29th January, by Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, Mozart's "Ave verum," and Cherubini's *Requiem*, for mixed voices. The selection was extremely good. The psalm, though not one of the composer's greatest works, contains some magnificent choruses; the "Ave verum," with its heavenly clearness, and the grand *Requiem*, with its moving magnificence and loftiness, are too well known for us to say a single word about them in a paper destined for persons acquainted with

serious music. The performance was, in every respect, admirable. While, in Mozart's prayer, the chorus of 175 male and female voices, swelled in flowing gentleness and died away in the softest strains, it rose, especially in the introduction to the "Dies Irae" to overpowering grandeur. Many persons were inclined to blame the employment of the gong in the latter piece, but if the employment of this instrument can be justified anywhere, it is certainly in this instance, where it is used once only, at the announcement of the Last Judgment.

On the 2nd April (Good Friday) followed, as on the preceding year, a performance of J. S. Bach's grand "Passion-Musik," according to St. Matthew, in the German Reformed Church. The organ again supported the chorales and grand choruses. The recitations, on the other hand, were accompanied by the piano, gaining considerably and manifestly in quiet effect thereby. The solos were very well cast; Herr Carl Schneider sang the part of the Evangelist entirely according to the original version with a degree of perfection we never heard before. The chorus of nearly two hundred persons was supported in the *Cantus firmus* of the opening, and, also, in the grand chorales, by one hundred and fifty pupils, male and female, of the Musterschule. This produced an unparalleled effect in a building so well adapted for the purpose as the church is. We can joyfully assert that, owing to this combination, the performance of the *Passion* was one of the greatest musical treats we ever had, and a real consecration of the religious festival for very many persons.

The last concert, on the 14th May, introduced to us Handel's *Jephtha*, for the first time with a full band. This last oratorio of the above master, which is sung scarcely anywhere in Germany, was incorporated by Messer, as early as 1841, in the repertory of the Cäcilien-Verein, but executed only once since, in 1844, and on both occasions with a pianoforte accompaniment. We have already severely criticised, in these columns, Von Mosel's orchestration, which, it cannot be denied, is not totally in keeping with the spirit of Handel's music. Nor can the violence with which choruses from *Deborah* are introduced in it, and material portions of the work itself omitted, be at all justified. But Herr Messer, who is thoroughly acquainted with Handel, has changed and simplified a great deal of the instrumentation. He has, also, restored, with instrumentation of his own, Jephtha's aria in G major, in the third part, "Schwelt, ihr Engel," as being one of the finest pieces, and quite indispensable for the connection of the whole. This piece, sung in a masterly manner by Herr Carl Schneider, produced a profound impression. Both on account of its admirable and highly-poetical subject, which, by its strong contrasts, was excellently adapted for the composer, as well as on account of the freshness and great animation of the composition, expressing the most varied feelings, from the softest and gentlest to the most elevated, in the wonderful recitations and mighty choruses, we place *Jephtha* side by side with *Judas Macabbius*, *Samson*, and *Israel in Ägypten*. The chorus in the second part, "Verhüllt, O Herr!" with its four motives, is, perhaps, one of the greatest choruses Handel ever wrote. Besides Herr C. Schneider and Mad. Nissen-Saloman, who, with highly-laudable readiness, undertook, on the day of the concert itself, the part of Ipsit, with which she was totally unacquainted, in the place of Fräulein Veith, suddenly taken ill, the members of the Association sang the other parts exceedingly well; and this performance, also, despite the oppressive heat of the densely crowded room, was perfectly successful. The Cäcilien-Verein now possesses in its repertory all the oratorios of Handel known in Germany, except *Balaazar* and *Deborah*. We trust the Handel-Gesellschaft will shortly enable the Association to study his other oratorios. The summer vacation will now commence; after that, Bach's *Weihnachts-Oratorium* will be put in rehearsal. It will be performed at Christmas, and will, no doubt, take a firm root among us as the *Matthäus-Passion*. N. N.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending June 12, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free, 5,917; on the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 930; total, 6,847.

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Madame TITIENS,
LAST APPEARANCES.—The Imperial Theatre, Vienna, have refused to grant any extension of her conge; it is respectfully announced that Madame Titiens cannot appear after Saturday, June 24.

The following arrangements have been made:—

Tuesday, June 22—IL TROVATORE (Madame Titiens' last appearance but two).
Thursday, June 24 (Extra Night)—LUCREZIA BORGIA (Madame Titiens' last appearance but one).

Saturday, June 26—A favourite Opera in which Madame Titiens will appear (being her last appearance).

Tuesday, June 29—Verdi's opera LUISA MILLER will be repeated.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by MUSIC HATH CHARMED.

RROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, June 19, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled, GOING TO THE BAD. To conclude with A CABINET QUESTION. Commence at half-past 7.

RROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—This evening, June 19, the ADELPHI COMPANY will perform THE GREEN BUSHES. To conclude with OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID.

DIED

On the 12th inst., at Kensington Gravel Pits, William Horsley, Esq., Mus. Bac. Oxon., aged 84.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1858.

THERE are certain phases of musical progress which we believe can find a parallel in no other art. The Bach mania, which very recently has pervaded all classes of the musical community—perhaps even more in this country than in Germany—is one of them. On the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age, died the very greatest of “absolute musicians;” and now more than a century later we are beginning to estimate properly his worth.

Herr Richard Wagner, though perhaps the least musical in temperament of all men who have endeavoured, through the medium of music, to express outwardly what inwardly moved them, has admirably marked the distinction between the musician *per se*, and the musician compelled to invite extraneous influences, as aids in the cultivation and promulgation of his art. The author of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* pronounces Mozart to be the greatest “absolute musician;” and here, as in many other places, shows how little he comprehended music in the abstract. A thousand forces acted upon the plastic nature of Mozart, just as a million did upon the still more plastic nature of Beethoven. With Bach it was otherwise: music was his whole being; he revealed himself invariably in music, no matter what he had to say, simple or elaborate, trivial or sublime. Even the orchestral symphonies of Beethoven cannot be compared to the preludes and fugues of Bach, as exemplifications of art wholly independent of other resources than its own. The world of imagination and of dreams suggested endless ideas to Beethoven, to which music gave expression. Like Mozart, he was not only a musician, but a philosopher, a man of the world, and a poet. Not so Bach. Bach was a musician, and nothing more. Whatever impressions he may have received from the exhaustless phenomena of nature were subservient to the art which was

his only language. Had it occurred to Bach to write a *pastoral symphony*, how differently would he have accomplished his task! The song of the nightingale would have formed the principal subject of a fugue, to which the cry of the quail might have made one episode, and the notes of the cuckoo another. These pastoral objects would have been submitted without mercy to every device of counterpoint; while some ingeniously contrived “*stretto*,” towards the end, would have brought the three voices as close together as Beethoven has brought them in the second movement of his immortal symphony. With Bach, however, the nightingale, the quail, and the cuckoo would have been made to etherealise music—instead of, as in the case of Beethoven, music etherealising the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale. Thus Bach was a musician absolutely, for beyond music to him there was nothing; while Beethoven was a musician relatively, since all things in nature ministered to his invention, and helped him in the development of his art. Beethoven might perhaps have been a great sculptor, or a great painter; but Bach could only have been a musician; and for this reason, though profounder men than he have shed glory on music, Bach was still the first of *musicians*. Listen to the G minor Symphony of Mozart; and then, immediately after, to one of the most finished instrumental pieces of Bach—for example, the violin solo sonata in C, performed with such extraordinary effect by Herr Joseph Joachim, at the last New Philharmonic Concert. Compare the two. The exclamation after each, in one respect, will be much to the same purport. “What a splendid piece of music!”—you will say of one; and *idem* of the other. And yet they are as wide apart as the poles. Mozart’s symphony is a poem in music, of which passion and love are the elements. Bach’s sonata is simply music—magnificent music, but music without any relation whatever to the outside world, and therefore music which can never possibly have a chance of penetrating to the inmost heart of the crowd that constitutes nine-tenths of humanity.

On the 30th of July, 1750, died the very greatest of “absolute musicians;” and now, on the 19th of June, 1858, we are congratulating our readers on the progressing taste for his works! What there is in Bach’s music to have staved off general appreciation for a century, and yet, at the end of that century, to put to the blush all those who had failed to appreciate it, we cannot pretend to say; but it is quite true that the glowing encomiums and unbridled enthusiasm of the initiated were impotent, as years went by, to persuade the majority of the transcendent merits of the Patriarch of harmony. “Patriarch, as much as you please”—was the prevalent admission; “but spare us the infliction.” Now things have changed; and, what is most consoling, Bach goes “up” without Handel and the rest going “down.” Now, more than ever, the Leipsic Cantor is hailed “Patriarch;” while no one wishes to be spared “the infliction.”

The last six months have been especially marked by a continually growing appreciation of Bach’s music. The youngest and most gifted of our established pianists—Miss Arabella Goddard—has been playing his fugues, not merely to select circles, but to multitudes, and always with success. The *Passion of St. Matthew*, backed by the influence and true devotion of Professor Bennett, has obtained its first emphatic recognition in London; and since then, M. Hallé, with “suites” and “partitas,” Herr Joseph Joachim, with solo violin-sonatas, and vocal music at Mr. Hullah’s concerts or elsewhere, have, step by step, advanced the cause. Decidedly the music of John Sebastian Bach is becoming popular—which, if popularity be its just due, is not a

bit too early, seeing that the composer has been dead nearly one hundred years and ten.*

HAD the assertion made respecting Conrad in the *Coreair*, that "he cursed that sun" become isolated from all the rest of the poem, so that we were compelled to read it like a choice bit from Corinna or Simonides in a collection of the *Poetae Greci Minores*, we should at once conclude that Conrad was a theatrical manager, and that he uttered the imprecation in a hot June. We should like to see the man who in the course of the past week would have dared tell any manager, from the St. James's to the National Standard that the sun was a source of blessings. We should like to see the manager who, in the course of the past week, would have brought out *Pizarro* without insisting on such an alteration as should turn all the interest on the side of the Spaniards. Who would sympathise, just now, with a set of wretches who worshipped the sun,—that odious luminary that melts down audiences like icicles? Mango Copac came of old to the Peruvians, and persuaded them that he was the "Son of the Sun," whereupon they respected him greatly. If he had told us such a story, and guaranteed its truth, we should have waited till the weather was a little cooler, and then tossed him in a blanket, on account of his detestable parent. We believe the same Peruvians offered human sacrifices to the sun, and if such was the case, we have not the slightest doubt that the victims were theatrical managers.

Jupiter Pluvius, whom we address as an absent friend, what a week we have had! Managers, actors, manageresses, actresses, box-book-keepers, box-openers, money-takers, check-takers, saloon-leases, playbill-vendors, *custodes* of cloaks and bennets, all meet us with one common wail, "This hot weather is killing us."

We bear in mind the fact that the patron of dramatic art is not Apollo, but Bacchus, else we should wonder why the same deity who rules poetry, should also adopt the sun as part of his domain, and, with the aid of this potent instrument, drive all the world away from the theatres.

The *Merchant of Venice* is the most perfectly artistical thing that Mr. Charles Kean has yet done; he puts all Venice on his stage, without in the slightest degree encumbering the drama. He plays Shylock himself, while Mrs. Kean plays Portia, gondolas float over mimic waters, and the whole piece is such a glory of managerial enterprise, that the house ought to be crowded to the ceiling, and boxes ought to be secured a fortnight beforehand. But the powerful attraction offered in Oxford-street is counteracted by the vast allowance of caloric which Phœbus is pouring upon our heads. Let the weather get cooler, and you shall hear such an enthusiasm about the *Merchant of Venice* as was never heard of before; but, in the meanwhile, people who want to be always drinking cannot do justice to painted waters, even when called into being by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin.

Mr. Tom Taylor's piece at the Olympic, entitled *Going to the Bad*, has, we confess, this advantage, that although it is professedly laid amid modern life, it soars into an ethereal region, that belongs neither to the earth of the present generation nor to any other. Hence, by following it in its ascent, we fancy we may resemble mountain-travellers in warm countries,

and presently come to snow. Moreover one moral is proposed, and another is worked out, and the vague being associated with the shadowy, and the shadowy with the shady, and the shady with the cool, we may, by a small expenditure of sophistry argue out for ourselves something like refreshment. Again, Mr. Robson's character is far less efficient than most with which he has been entrusted, and unemployed genius gives a notion of the "dolce fa niente," which is by no means despicable in sultry weather. Alas, this verbiage won't do. There's nothing cool about *Going to the Bad*, except the announcement that it is a comedy. Call it a clever farce, and we will give it welcome,—that is to say, when Fahrenheit is not quite so high.

As for Madame Ristori, who came out at the St. James's on Wednesday last, she never in her life had such a fine opportunity of studying the internal architecture of a theatre. Benches and boxes stood fully revealed to the view, unconcealed by human obstacle. We were reminded of the "good time coming" contemplated by an enthusiastic admirer of ecclesiastical art, who hoped that Catholics would cease to go to church, and allow Protestant-connoisseurs to look all day at altar-pieces, without impediment. Whether when "Macbetto" was alone on the stage he actually saw a dagger before him, we cannot say, but we are positively certain he saw nothing else. Often had we heard of the rarefying power of heat, but we did not know that it could produce so very thin an audience.

In Homeric days, when the sun was inconveniently powerful, something could be done by offering a hecatomb. Shall we try the plan again, and immolate a monster concert in favour of more durable weather?

At all events the sun is guilty of a vast dereliction of duty. It is written that "seasons" are entrusted to his care. Why then should he make such a hash of the London Season? Why should he be so excessively partial to Mr. Simpson as to make all the world go to Cremorne and nowhere else? There are people who want to see Jessica at the Princess's eloping with Lorenzo in a gondola, and to hear the wild mirth of the Carnival roysterers, fully equal to that of the Dionysiac revellers. There are people who would find delight in following out the mazy plot of *Going to the Bad*, and who, if they did not think much of the moral logic of Mr. Potts, would take delight in the fire-eating major, played by Mr. Addison—(for some of Mr. Tom Taylor's details are good, though his plot is indifferent)—and who would applaud in crowds the *Phèdre* of Mad. Ristori, if only because the play awakened in them a reminiscence of Rachel. But what can anybody do in this hot weather?

We ourselves are personally aggrieved in the matter. We had in our heads three as nice critical articles on the principal theatrical novelties of the day, as any one would wish to see; but lo! they are all melted away into an unseemly shapeless leader, that may be compared to the ugly mass into which a jelly resolves itself in an over-crowded ball-room.

Why should we be subject to these material influences? Why can't we write what we please—how we please—when we please? This sort of thing may be all very well at Calcutta; but it is an innovation on the freedom of Britons. The tendency of the English mind towards cider-cup, champagne-cup, sherry-cobler, and gin-sling, that must infallibly be created by this hot weather, will end in a grand national degeneracy—*Fuimus Troes*.

* Bach died eight years before Handel. The two great musicians never met, although they produced their works and earned their fame contemporaneously.

PROFESSOR BENNETT AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It is said that Professor Sterndale Bennett has seceded from his position in the Royal Academy of Music—and further, that he has requested his name may be withdrawn from the list of Honorary Associates.

HERR FORMES.

MANY friends of Herr Formes are anxious to know whether there is any prospect of his appearing this season at the Royal Italian Opera, and whether he is really engaged. Although the prospectus laid so much stress upon the production of *Il Don Giovanni*, Herr Formes being cast for Leporello, fears are entertained that, unless the German basso returns from America, Mozart's opera may not be given. We cannot affirm that Herr Formes will positively arrive in England in time to take part in *Don Giovanni*, nor indeed that he will pay London a visit this year; but we have seen a letter from him to a friend, explaining his reasons for not having joined the Covent Garden company at the opening of the new theatre, and "showing cause" why he may be exonerated from blame, even should he fail to "put in an appearance." From this letter we have been permitted to transcribe all that bears upon the question.

"Academy of Music, New York, May 11, 1858.

"MY DEAR ____,—I think it my duty to write to you and say, that it is utterly impossible for me to be in England at the opening of the new theatre, in conformity to the announcements in the London papers. In my last interview with Mr. Gye, before I left England for America, he told me, that perhaps my services would not be absolutely necessary on that occasion, for certain reasons which he gave me. In January last, and again in March, I wrote him to know positively whether he wanted me, but as yet I have not received a word in reply. I presumed from that, that my services would not be required, and I, therefore, accepted other engagements in this country. Any disappointment which may grow out of my absence is entirely attributable to Mr. Gye's silence. If there should be any talk or remarks in the papers about this disappointment, I beg that you will explain the matter; and you are at liberty to use this letter for that purpose, if you think it necessary,

"CARL FORMES."

No one can say that Herr Formes acted unwisely or unthinkingly. He was compelled to do what he did. The offers made to him in America were not likely to be refused when the fact of his letters remaining unanswered showed that his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera was no longer a certainty. Had he been aware, however, that the director of the Royal Italian Opera was incapacitated by serious indisposition from attending to business, he would have paused before contracting engagements which delayed his arrival in England. Mr. Gye's illness accounts for all. It is not yet too late, however, we believe, to secure the services of Herr Formes.

SIG. VIALETTI.—"The following well-merited encomium on Signor Vialetti has appeared in the *Morning Star*:"

"Signor Vialetti is a true artist, and belongs to a good school. His acting is ever excellent, his style of singing is on a par with it, and he always interprets well the music that falls to his share. His declamation of the passage announcing 'Il mio sangue,' in the first act, when his conscience upbraids him for his crimes, was admirable for breadth and expression; and, indeed, throughout he makes the most of his opportunities."

[The foregoing well-merited citation from the *Morning Star* appeared in the *Opera Box*.—ED. M. W.]

MAD. JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT resolved, as is well-known, a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present place of residence—Dresden—and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, &c., &c., were forwarded, last week, *via* Hamburg, to England, where Jenny Lind will repose in retirement on her laurels at a villa near London.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Luisa Miller was repeated for the third time on Saturday. The music does not improve on acquaintance. Indeed, the melodic vein is less apparent in this opera than in any of Signor Verdi's with which we are acquainted. Even the popular air of the work, "Quando le sere," is not a positive tune. The opera was followed by the *divertissement*, *La Reine des Songes*, for Madlle. Marie Taglioni.

On Tuesday the *Figlia del Reggimento* was given, with Madlle. Piccolomini, and *Fleur-des-Champs*, with Madlle. Poecchini.

The first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Thursday, comprising in the cast Madlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, Signora Giuglini, Belletti, Beneventano, Vialetti, &c., &c., was attended by one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season. The fact that Alboni had consented to resume her old part of Maffeo Orsini, which she had resigned for several years, constituted a special attraction, and many, it may be supposed, came expressly to hear the *brindisi*. Madlle. Titiens and Sig. Giuglini had not previously appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the utmost curiosity was excited to hear those artists in the two great parts of the Duchess and Gennaro.

We may at once state that the performance was eminently successful. Indeed, the opera, from the first scene of the prologue, in which the chorus of nobles, "Bando, bando," was encored, to the death of Gennaro and the despair of Lucrezia, was applauded without qualification. Madlle. Titiens has fully sustained her reputation by her grand impersonation of the hasty and relentless Duchess of Ferrare, every phase of whose character is developed with extraordinary skill. On the present occasion, however, we shall not enter into details, but wait until next week, when, after seeing the performance a second time, we may be better enabled to point out its special merits. The excitement it created was unusual. The opening aria, "Com' è bello"—one of Donizetti's most expressive airs—had many exquisite touches, and the *ostinato*, with some exceptions as to taste, was admirable. The whole of the scene of the second act, was grand, not a *nuance* escaping; and the final scene, in which Gennaro dies in Lucrezia's arms, was a worthy climax. Madlle. Titiens was labouring under a cold, but this was only observable when the vocal and histrionic powers were taxed to the utmost.

Signor Giuglini sang the music of Gennaro delightfully, in one or two instances surpassing himself. The duet with Lucrezia in the first scene was hardly improved by certain prolongations and retardations of *tempo*; and the well-known "Di pescator" would have been more acceptable with more simplicity. Signor Giuglini's singing in the popular trio in the second act could not be surpassed for beauty of voice and purity of expression. The execution of this trio, indeed, by Madlle. Titiens, Signora Giuglini and Belletti, was faultless. Signor Giuglini was almost equally admirable in the *romanza* in the third act, "Com' è secca," the "almost" not being dispensed with only in consequence of certain tendencies to drawl, which militated against, rather than improved, the sentiment.

A more perfect expositor of the music of Duke Alfonso than Signor Belletti could not be found. The terror and grandeur of the part, however, are entirely unrepresented by the popular baritone, who displays his usual judgment in attempting no histrionic efforts.

The "sensation" of the evening was undoubtedly created by Alboni, who was greeted on her return to her old part of Maffeo Orsini with a genuine Irish welcome, a veritable *cead mile fath*. That nobody ever sang the part like Alboni, was universally known; but that the famous *brindisi* could be given with such entrancing sweetness and prodigious effect none could know except those who had previously heard it sung by the inimitable soprano-contralto. The effect of the *brindisi* was extraordinary, and before Alboni commenced a murmur ran through the house, every ear being anxious to catch the first notes of the well-beloved melody. The *brindisi* was encored twice, and after each repeat the stage was covered with bouquets.

Alboni seemed to enter into the scene with great heartiness, and laughed in response to the cheers of the audience.

After the opera, *La Reine des Songes* was given, with Madlle. Marie Taglioni.

To-night *Lucrezia Borgia* will be repeated, and again on Tuesday and Thursday next week. On Saturday, Madlle. Titiens takes her benefit, and makes her last appearance this season.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fra Diavolo has been reproduced in a highly satisfactory manner, with some beautiful scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, and costumes and *miss-en-scène* to match.

The first performance, on Saturday, attracted a brilliant audience. Her Majesty paid a second visit to the new theatre, and remained until the end. The cast was precisely the same as last season, except that Madlle. Zina Richard danced the *Saltarella*, in the last act, in place of Madlle. Plunkett.

The performance, on the whole, was admirable. Mad. Bosio was in fine voice, and sang delightfully. We wish, nevertheless, instead of the inappropriate air from *La Sirène*, she would preserve the original and beautiful song—known on the English stage as “Oh! hour of joy”—which suits the situation and the character infinitely better. Vocal roulades, “echoes,” and *tours de force*, do not come so naturally from the lips of an inn-keeper’s daughter as from those of a syren. There is nothing supernatural in Auber’s *Zerlina*, any more than in Mozart’s.

Accepted as the caricature of the French librettist, Ronconi’s Lord Roeburg is inimitable. He is certainly not the *beau-ideal* of an English nobleman, travelled or untravelled, knowing or unknowing; but he is infinitely more amusing, and that is quite to the purpose. Moreover, Ronconi sang invariably in time on Saturday, which made his performance all the more acceptable.

Signor Gardoni might infuse a little more of the brigand into *Fra Diavolo*—whether disguised or undisguised—with advantage. He is scarcely bold enough, and his first dress (the fault of his costumier) is absurdly out of keeping with the character. He sings the music, however, charmingly, (always excepting the cadence to “Agnese la Zitella”), and that is a matter of the utmost consequence.

The robbers, Beppo and Giacomo, are capitally sustained by M. Zeiger and Signor Tagliafico. The “gagging” in the bedroom scene, however, is excessive and indefensible. Madlle. Marsi is as efficient as formerly in Lady Roeburg; and the small part of Matteo is carefully sung and acted by Signor Feltrini.

The applause throughout the first act was of the faintest—why, we cannot say. The sparkling overture, splendidly executed, scarcely obtained a hand. Nor was there any attempt at an encore. Is Auber’s music too mild for the “swells” who have drunk deeply of the strong waters of Verdi?

On Tuesday *Fra Diavolo* was repeated. The *Huguenots* was given, “by general desire,” on Thursday. To-night the *Barbiers* for the third time.

Fétis’ *Martha* is announced for Thursday next—with Mesdames Bosio and Nantier Didié, Signors Mario, Neri-Baraldo, Graziani, Tagliafico, and M. Zeiger, in the principal characters.

DEATH OF M. ARY SCHEFFER.—We grieve to announce the death of one of those men who have most contributed by talent and character to the glory of our country. M. Ary Scheffer succumbed on Wednesday (the 16th) evening to the attacks of a complaint, the seeds of which had existed for many years, the result being hastened by emotions occasioned by a recent mournful journey.—(Deceased attended the funeral of the late Duchess of Orleans.)—Falling ill, at London, three weeks since, M. Scheffer returned to his country only to bid his family and friends a last farewell. He died in the fulness of his genius, and his last works are undeniably his most finished ones. All the world are able to admire some at least of these compositions which have become popular.—*Journal des Débats*.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

THE engagement of Mesdames Viardot and Persiani was a politic move on the part of Mr. E. T. Smith, of which he cannot fail to reap the benefit. But the enterprising manager of Drury Lane did not rest satisfied with securing the services of the above distinguished ladies. He was desirous of uniting with them those of a male artist no less distinguished. “I am about to produce *Don Giovanni*,” thought Mr. E. T. Smith; “why not apply to Signor Tamburini?” Accordingly, Signor Tamburini received a telegraphic despatch at Sévres. As the old war-horse starts at the sound of the trumpet, and feels the love of battle thrill through his veins, Sig. Tamburini (we are informed) replied by return of wires, accepting Mr. E. T. Smith’s offer. Tamburini, therefore, may be expected to appear in *Don Giovanni*, with Mad. Viardot as *Donna Anna*, Mad. Persiani as *Zerlina*, Mad. Fumagalli as *Donna Elvira*, Mr. Chas. Braham as *Ottavio*, Signor Badiali as *Leporello*, etc., etc. The band and chorus must be strengthened (if only for the sake of poor Signor Vianesi), and, with such a cast, Mr. E. T. Smith may reckon on a triumph.

At the first appearance of Mad. Viardot, as *Rosina* in the *Barbiers* on Tuesday, the theatre, we need hardly say, was crowded, and the audience more fashionable than since the institution of cheap prices. With Mad. Viardot were united Sig. Luchesi as Count Almaviva, Sig. Badiali as Figaro, Sig. Insom as Bartolo, and Sig. Aldfeldt as Basilio. How Mr. Smith contrived to bring together all these singers we cannot say; nor have we the least idea in what quarter of the globe they were discovered. When we see as good an actor as Signor Insom in Doctor Bartolo—a character by no means easy to realise—we must suppose either that sterling artists are not so rare as was imagined, or that Mr. E. T. Smith has an eye upon every singer in Italy worthy importation. Signor Insom (the name, by the way, is not hyper-Tuscan) is an excellent artist, his humour genuine, unforced, and entirely free from exaggeration. His forbearance is most praiseworthy. He never attempts to provoke a laugh at the expense of the composer or fellow-singer, and has evidently studied the guardian of Beaumarchais to the best purpose. Signor Insom has only the remains of a voice, but he makes use of what there is skilfully. Signor Aldfeldt (neither is this name hyper-Tuscan) is a clever caricaturist, and wears a longer brimmed hat than either Signor Tagliafico or Signor Viatelli. Signor Badiali makes a capital Figaro. He is hardly mercurial enough for the vivacious barber, but the roguery and whimsicality of the part are well defined, and, above all, the music is sung with the facility and correctness of a practised artist.

Signor Luchesi is entitled to a word apart. This gentleman joined the company of the Royal Italian Opera in 1849, and made his first successful hit as *Cormadino* in Rossini’s *Matilda di Shabran*, in which he proved himself a genuine florid singer. On the burning of Covent Garden Theatre he seceded from the establishment, and, last autumn, joined the Piccolomini troupe in the provinces, subsequently appearing at Her Majesty’s Theatre. Signor Luchesi’s voice, or rather what remains of it, is well adapted to Rossini’s music. It possesses great flexibility, the most rapid passages lying within its means, so that the ear is never disappointed. In the dearth of Rossinian tenors, Signor Luchesi is an acquisition to the operatic stage, comparatively voiceless though he be.

Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia is a star of the first magnitude in the musical zodiac. Her first appearance at Her Majesty’s Theatre may not be remembered by many, but her triumphs at the Royal Italian Opera as *Fides*, *Valentine*, *Rosina*, *Romeo*, and other characters must be fresh in the recollection of opera-goers. In the *Barbiers* Madame Viardot does not pay much more deference to Rossini than her contemporary, Madame Bosio. She prefers her own version of the music of Rossini, to which, nevertheless, though wonderfully clever and felicitously ornate, we prefer, the original. The Drury Lane audience, however, were not so particular, seeing that nearly everything Madame Viardot sang created a *furore*. Astonishment and delight were created in equal measure. Madame Viardot gave a new reading of the

lesson scene, Act 2, differing from that of Beaumarchais, as her "Una voce" and "Dunque io son" differ from those of Rossini. Instead of the bravura air which leads to Dr. Bartolo's protest against modern singing, Madame Viardot introduced two Spanish ballads—wonderfully sung, and accompanied by herself to perfection on a grand Broadwood pianoforte. Thus Almaviva (Don Alonzo) forewent his office of music-master, became one of the audience, and was evidently as charmed as all the rest by the sorceress, who, with a glance, laid the perturbed spirits of the French satirist and the Pesaronian swan. Madame Viardot's brilliant singing and powerfully demonstrative acting, in short, created an extraordinary sensation, which will, no doubt, lead to several repetitions of the *Barbiere*.

To-night Madame Persiani makes her first appearance as Elvira in *I Puritani*.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Abridged Communication.)

The great musical event of the season is fixed for the 2nd of July, and will consist of a grand demonstration by the Great Handel Festival Choir, with full orchestral and military bands, to the number of 2,500. The Handel Festival Choir on this occasion will be reinforced by deputations of the best trained voices from the provinces and the Continent. Mr. Costa has used his utmost exertions since last year to keep the 1,400 London amateurs together, and in constant practice; and they have now attained a degree of excellence unsurpassed by any choir in Europe. They will be reinforced by about 200 selected voices from the Bradford Choral Association, and by deputations from many provincial and continental societies, forming in the aggregate a chorus of unrivalled excellence. The instrumental music will be on a corresponding scale of efficiency. The stringed and wind bands of the Crystal Palace will be strengthened by the addition of those of the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Amateur Musical Society, and also by the full Military Bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. The programme for the 2nd of July is as follows:—

PART I.

Chorale—The Hundredth Psalm.				
Chant—"Veni exultemus Domino"	Tallis.	
Trio {"Lift Thine eyes,"}				Mendelssohn.
Chorus {"He, watching over Israel,"} (Elijah)		
Chorus—"When His loud voice," (Jephtha)	Handel.	
Chorus—"The Lord is good," (Eli)	Costa.	
Quartet and Chorus—"Holy, holy, holy," (Elijah)	Mendelssohn.	
Motett—"Ave verum corpus,"	Mozart.	
Song and Chorus—"Philistines, hark!" (Eli)	Costa.	

PART II.

Chorus—"Oh, the Pleasure of the Plains," (Acis and Galatea)	Handel.	
Part-song—"Farewell to the Forest"	Mendelssohn.	
Chorus—"To thee, O Lord of all," (Prayer—Mose in Egitto)	Rossini.	
Trio & Chorus—"See the Conquering Hero comes," (Judas Macabeus)	Handel.	
Solo & Chorus—"Calm is the glassy ocean" (Idomeneo)	Mozart.	
Chorus—"Hear, Holy Power," (Prayer—Masaniello)	Auber.	
Song & Chorus—"God save the Queen."		

When we add that the concert will be conducted by Mr. Costa, that Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves will sing the principal solos (including the "war song" from Costa's *Eli*, by the last-named artist), and that Mr. Brownsmit, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, will preside at the Great Handel Festival Organ—it will be evident that a musical treat of the very highest order is in store.

PERFUNCTORY.

"Sceptics as to the justness and value of musical criticism (which musical critics themselves are apt to look upon almost as an exact science) will be fortified in their views by reading the different, and, indeed, entirely opposite, opinions expressed by the best daily and weekly journals as to the merit of Rubinstein, the Russian pianist. Of his success, both at the Philharmonic concerts and elsewhere, there

cannot be a doubt: indeed, his success in every city in Europe where he has appeared is a well-known fact. But, *reputation apart*, a question is now raised as to whether this great pianist can play the piano—for it amounts to that. According to one class of authorities he is the most brilliant, expressive, poetical pianist that has ever been heard. According to another he is simply a rapid player who habitually plays the wrong notes. Mr. Rubinstein (we can't call him Monsieur, for he is not a Frenchman; nor Herr, for he is not a German; nor Signor nor Senor, for he is neither an Italian nor a Spaniard; and "Gospadinc," the proper word, is not understood) is to play at Mr. Benedict's concert at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday next. Those of our readers who are anxious to hear this musical phenomenon and judge for themselves (no bad plan, after all), will now have an opportunity of doing so for about half the price they would have to pay for that privilege at the Philharmonic Concerts."

One thing of three:—the author of the above quasi-affable and positively ironical apology for Herr Rubinstein is a Russian at heart; or he is not an accurate judge of pianoforte playing; or he has a pecuniary interest in Mr. Benedict's concert. In any and all of these cases, however, he is entitled to consideration, so that he be not *perfunctory*. But when he says—"of Herr Rubinstein's success at the Philharmonic Concerts there cannot be a doubt," he is *perfunctory*; for there was, and is, a very great doubt of it. Not less is he *perfunctory* in the sentences we have italicised—since there was never a question raised about Herr Rubinstein's ability "to play the piano;" nor, on the other hand, has any "class of authorities" pronounced him "the most brilliant expressive (/) poetical (/) pianist ever heard" (unless the "director," who writes articles on his own concerts in *The Globe* and *Chronicle* may be regarded as "a class of authorities"); nor, lastly, has any critic proclaimed him "a rapid player who habitually plays the wrong notes." To invent opinions and then to combat them, as though they proceeded from an adversary or adversaries, is *perfunctory*. This has been done (unconsciously) by an esteemed writer in the *Illustrated Times*—to whom, with many compliments, assurances of our "*parfaite considération* (and best wishes for the success of Mr. Benedict's concert), we recommend wood-cuts, in order that his forthcoming musical articles may be the more readily perceived, swallowed, and digested.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(From the *Athenaeum*.)

An article in the *Journal des Débats* of the 2nd of June is noticeable enough as a piece of special pleading to claim a moment's talk, in a place where the talk runs on music. In it, M. d'Ortigue, hitherto known as the champion of orthodoxy, enters into an elaborate panegyric of the concert the other day given, at the Conservatoire Rooms, by Herr Litoff and M. Berlioz. The elaboration is devoted to prove that both gentlemen are unjustly treated by those who rank them among the "musicians of the future" a (designation which, by this pleading, seems now to have fallen into discredit). "They do not," asserts M. d'Ortigue, "intend or profess to destroy forms, or to overset established rules—merely to enlarge both, as Beethoven did in his last work." The purpose is daring, and the example not logically propounded. In the interest of sound judgment, we protest against the parallel and the deduction from it. To deal with the latter first, we cannot for an instant accept the last compositions by Beethoven adverted to either as models or as "points of departure." They can only be thus received by those who fancy it heretical to question the sense of every line which bears a great poet's signature; and who show not reverence so much as superstition by placing in the same light beauty and blemish, mist and daylight, that which is intelligible, that which is not. It is of no avail to reply to this that persons who wait and study may discern intentions, links, traces of design,—may somehow spin some wondrous theory in apology for crudity, confusion, and want of proportion. The resolution not to find fault with any work by one who has raised us high and searched us deeply belongs to idolatry, not sane worship. The composition of which the meaning can only

be guessed—where the truth and the beauty are only discernible by eyes which have strained themselves beyond natural powers of vision—is incomplete. Too much admiration cannot be lavished on the colossal and original beauties which are scattered through these last works by Beethoven. However gigantic in its scale, however difficult of execution, there is no mystery in the *allegro* to his Ninth Symphony,—none in the "Kyrie" to his "Miss Solemnis,"—none in the prolonged *adagio* to his grand *solo Sonata* in B flat. These things keep the last works of Beethoven alive—not their crudities. Are any such inspirations approaching these to be found in the writings of the authors in question? In those of M. Berlioz none. While he has exaggerated (under the idea of carrying out) the objectionable peculiarities of Beethoven's last style—while he has tried to create new forms by an utter disturbance of form, his labour has been virtually an Egyptian task of making "bricks without straw,"—of planning enormous and intricate structures without having originated that central master-thought, that first seizing phrase, that goodly symmetry of melody, for whose sake we forgive much disguise and dross, and the presence of which proves the poet to exist, be his working out of the same ever so impure and chaotic. It is this want, this absence of feature, this solicitude in concealing that which is mean and puny, which have deservedly placed M. Berlioz among those of the modern school, from whose society M. d'Ortigue seems so whimsically eager to separate him. It is his interesting personality which has given to ninety-nine bars out of a hundred in his music their power to reach those who would rather believe in Genius than understand it. The times demand plain speech in this matter; since, in the dearth of great composers, there may be danger of great principles of composition being forgotten.

ACHIEVING THE NIMBUS.

"ON Wednesday night," says the *Morning Advertiser*, "in addition to the opera—*Trovatore**—a vocal and instrumental concert was given, by special desire as stated, for the benefit of Signor G. Operti, pianist to His Majesty Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia. Among the many foreign artists who at this season of the year render the metropolis like the enchanted isle, full of 'sounds and sweet airs,' Signor Operti, as a pianist of ability, deserves an honourable position. In Sardinia he appears to have achieved the *nimbus*, and, unquestionably, his pianoforte performance last night in this theatre won for him much applause."

"The pianist has a more hazardous task to accomplish in such a large house as compared with the more confined and compact music rooms farther west. Operti successfully grappled with the difficulty by his vigorous and skilful touch, which made the *forte* passages on the instrument reverberate throughout the crowded theatre. Nor was the performer less expressive, effective, and brilliant in the more delicate portions of the music under his fingers. Though orthodox pianoforte playing is, or ought to be, the same all over the world, yet the musical *élève* can most commonly snatch a grace from such playing as that of Signor Operti, not that he plays a bit better than some English artists, whose names could be easily remembered—among them the peerless Arabella Goddard."

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EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY W. T. BEST,

Organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

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"UPON the occasion of the performance of the Oratorio of 'Ester,' during the Lent season of 1732, at Covent Garden Theatre, Handel gratified the public with a species of music of which he may be said to be the inventor, namely the *Organ Concerto*. Few but his intimate friends were sensible that on this instrument he had scarce his equal in the world; and he could not but be conscious that he possessed a style of performing on it that at least had the charm of novelty to recommend it; and, finding that his own performance on the Organ never failed to command the attention of his hearers, he set himself to compose, or rather make up, Concertos for that instrument, and uniformly interposed one in the course of the evening's performance." So writes Sir John Hawkins of Handel's Organ Concertos and their performance in his "History of Music," Vol. II., Book 20, Chap. 193. Dr. Burney also remarks, as showing the popularity to which they had attained in his time, "Public players on keyed instruments, as well as private, totally subsisted on these Concertos for nearly thirty years."

Handel composed twenty-three Concertos for the Organ, of which it is now proposed by the Editor to republish the First Set of Six. They were written with an accompaniment for two Violins, two Hautbois, Viola, and Violoncello, in the *tutti* passages. Of the first six Concertos, it appears that the first and fourth only are original compositions for the Organ, the remaining four being adaptations from the early instrumental works of the Composer. The practice of "making-up" works from various sources was by no means sparingly resorted to by Handel, as many of his important choral and instrumental compositions largely bear witness. The original edition has the following title:—"Six Concertos for the Harpsichord or Organ, composed by Mr. Handel." These Six Concertos were published by Mr. Walsh from my own copy, corrected by myself, and to him only I have given my right therein. GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL, London: printed for J. Walsh, in Catherine Street, in the Strand; of whom may be had the instrumental parts to the above Concertos."

The Oratorios mentioned by Sir John Hawkins were chiefly performed at the old theatre in Covent Garden, which was built by Rich in 1732, and destroyed by fire on the 30th September, 1808, the Organ left by Handel sharing the same fate. No account is to be met with of the instrument used on these memorable occasions. An old print, however, of the interior of the theatre is still in existence, having a view of the Organ and Orchestra, as arranged for the Oratorio performances, in which the instrument appears of but limited dimensions, and, as usual with English Organs of that period, it must also have been destitute of the necessary appendage of a pedal-board.

It cannot be doubted that the performance of these Concertos upon a modern Organ, combined with the instruments as indicated by Handel, would prove most unsatisfactory; for, however the number of Violins and Oboes might be increased, the *tutti* passages could never have a genuine effect, opposed as such a scanty Orchestra would be to the weight and brilliance of tone possessed by Organs of any pretension in the present day, besides which, the instrumentation in the original work is thin and meagre, the Oboes and Violins frequently playing in unison, while the inner harmony is rather inadequately supplied by the Viola.

M. Hector Berlioz, in his remarkable work, "Traité d'Instrumentation et d'Orchestration Moderne," says very truly, with regard to the union of the Organ with the Orchestra:—"There seems to exist between these two musical powers a secret antipathy. The Organ and Orchestra are both kings; or, rather, one is Emperor, the other Pope; their mission is not the same, their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore, on almost all occasions, when this singular combination is attempted, either the Organ predominates over the Orchestra, or the Orchestra, having been raised to an immoderate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary. It is possible to blend the Organ with the divers constituent elements of the Orchestra; this has been done, but it is strangely derogatory to this majestic instrument to reduce it to a secondary condition; moreover, it is palpable to the ear, that its equal and uniform sonority never entirely melts into the variously characterized sounds of the Orchestra."

For the reasons above stated, and agreeing with the opinions expressed by M. Berlioz, adverse to the combination of an Organ with the Orchestra in a solo performance, the Editor has sought to arrange the Concertos for the Organ alone; and, by a reinforcement of its registers at the *tutti* passages, to make due provision for the appropriate rendering of the whole composition on the instrument itself.

The Organ part in the original consists principally of a mere Treble and Bass; a few figures being added here and there to indicate the chords. No suggestions are given for a change of claviers, nor any direction as to the use of particular registers, neither is the pedal employed in any portion of the work. A remarkable opportunity is undoubtedly offered for the exercise of musical ability in consolidating and filling up the significant outlines given by Handel into an artistic whole, a task which perhaps demands the highest powers of an Organist.

Though exception may be taken to the style of some of the movements, if critically viewed from the stand-point of musical taste at the present day, yet there exist such manifestations of power, such clearness and force of expression, such symmetry in form, and such an intimate knowledge of the resources of the Organ, that these Concertos ought not to be allowed to fall into disuse from any hindrance presented by their original form to an effective performance upon our modern instruments.

In the present attempt at a reproduction of Handel's Six Organ Concertos, the Editor must not be regarded as endeavouring to enforce a particular mode of treatment, but rather as presenting a practical illustration of his own manner of reading a favorite and most valued work, after a diligent study of several years.

W. T. BEST.

St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 8th May, 1858.

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VOL. 36.—No. 26.

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THE COUNTESS OF CELLANT.

(From our Milan Correspondent.)

Milan, 18th June, 1858.

ALL the musical theatres here, with the exception of the Radegonda, are closed, and the Italians, who draw their inspiration from the hour, and only live in excitement, would be in a dreadful state of *ennui*, but for the "Contessa di Cellant" having for the moment supplied a stimulant.

The Countess of Cellant is the heroine of a new drama which has been just published (written by a certain Luigi Giuseppe Vallardi, hitherto unknown in Italian literature), and the merits and demerits of which form at present the subject of general discussion. The friends of the author, both in the public journals and in society, have been "blowing the trumpet" with respect to the extraordinary genius of the new-found poet, or, as some say, the extraordinary genius displayed in the *new-found* drama (it being hinted that the work was found unfinished among some old papers which belonged to one of the Viscontis, by whom it is asserted to have been written), and the world were told by the trumpeters to expect something equal, if not surpassing, Shakspere and Dante! The work has now, however, been brought before the public, and whether it be the wonderfully talented production which Signor Vallardi's friends consider it, or the culpable and daring defence of crime and immorality, which *some* of the Italians pronounce it, there is no doubt that the pages of the *Contessa di Cellant* contain many poetic beauties and proofs of genius of no common order. At any rate, the book has ran through two editions of several thousands in the course of ten days, unprecedented in modern Italy!

The scene is laid at Milan in the year 1567, at which period the Contessa di Cellant was executed in front of the Piazza di Castello of the city, having been convicted upon the charges of infidelity and notoriously immoral conduct, brought against her by her second husband, Count Cellant. This, be it remembered, was 300 years ago. Of the various delinquencies of the Contessa, the following extract from a very clever and spirited article in the Italian journal, *L'Uomo di Pietra*, will perhaps give the best idea, inasmuch as, although the writer is one of those hyper-critical, and, may I say, *mock-puritanical* Italians, whose notions of morality are so "positively shocked" at some parts of the new drama, yet the facts stated in the portion of his review which I now select, are "admitted items" against the guilty Countess. The article supposes the Countess to be brought at the present day before a tribunal consisting of modern authors and critics, *L'Uomo di Pietra*, as president, interrogating the accused as follows:—

President.—Your name?

Accused.—Bianca Maria Scapardona.

Pres.—Your country?

Acc.—Monferrato.

Pres.—Who was your father?

Acc.—I have not known him; but they say he was a Jewish merchant.

Pres.—Who was your first husband?

Acc.—The Count Hermes Visconti.

Pres.—How came you to marry a nobleman?

Acc.—Because he was pleased with my beauty and my accomplishments.

Pres.—You are modest. And how did he die?

Acc.—Of indigestion—chromic.

Pres.—Ah, very bad! And who was your second husband?

Acc.—The Count of Cellant.

Pres.—Why did you separate from him?

Acc.—From incompatibility of character!

Pres.—And not from any other reasons? (*Smiling at the accused.*)Acc.—(*Blushing.*) For love!

Pres.—What love?

Acc.—(*In an affected manner.*) You understand me.

Pres.—Enough. And who was your lover?

Acc.—The Signor Ardizzino Valperga!

Pres.—Ah, he was one, and the other?

Acc.—The other?

Pres.—Reply, because justice knows all, and if you are sincere, I promise you mercy?

Acc.—The Signor Roberto Sanserverino, Count of Gijazzo.

Pres.—Did you love them both at the same time?

Acc.—Calumny!

Pres.—*Justice knows everything!* One in the evening, and the other in the morning? Speak, and you will have no cause to regret it.

Acc.—One in the evening, the other in the morning.

Pres.—And a third in the middle of the day?

Acc.—Calumny!

Pres.—It is not sufficient to reply "Calumny." Peter Cardona, a Spaniard? I promise you mercy.

Acc.—Do you swear it?

Pres.—On the word of the President!

Acc.—(*Reluctantly.*) Yes, also Peter Cardona.

&c., &c., &c.

And this is the woman whom the Signor Vallardi has chosen for his heroine, and whom he represents in his drama (and successfully, so far as the drama itself is concerned), as the innocent victim of foul-tongued calumny, spurned and rejected admirers, and a cruel, tyrannical and jealous husband.

Signor Vallardi (if really the author of the *Contessa di Cellant*, which there appears no sufficient reason to doubt), is evidently a man of talent, and also a man of courage. But he has attempted too much, in undertaking the office of defender of the memory of the Countess of Cellant. He should choose better and nobler subjects. The very men who are loudest in condemnation of the book do the same thing every week in their journals, for which they now blame Signor Vallardi. Instead of exposing vice they constantly cover it with a glittering tinsel; but with them, *all is tinsel*, while Signor Vallardi is evidently capable of better things. It is one among the many evidences of the decay of genius and intellect in Italy, that there is scarcely a single writer at present actuated by any lofty or useful motive. They all humour a depraved taste, and lower themselves by writing down to the public, instead of attempting to raise the public up to them. If they be honest men, they do not show it. They live to write, and write to live—most of them loose livers and loose writers who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

If Sig. Vallardi has defended the memory of the Countess of Cellant from a strong moral conviction of her innocence, he has pleaded well on her behalf, but his task was too desperate to expect a verdict in favour of his client. When next we hear of Sig. Vallardi, it is to be hoped it may be as a castigator of vice, and not its advocate. Such gifts as his should be directed towards effecting some improvement and reform in the moral and social condition of his countrymen, of which they stand at present so much in need. The drama is written in prose, and is not calculated for dramatic representation; the speeches are most of them too long, and the characters too numerous. The character of Moro, the enemy of the Countess, (the Iago of the play,) is powerfully drawn; and that of Corilla, a nun, and niece of the Countess, in love with Carlo Valperga, who, according to the drama, is falsely stated to be also a "Cicisbeo" of Cellant's, is a really beautiful creation. Corilla is, beyond doubt, the gem of the drama, and it is here, in the cause of true love, and true virtue, that the author seems to have felt that he had got elbow room. The character of Bernardino Luino, the celebrated painter, and friend of Cellant's, speaks also in language worthy of so great a man.

The author dedicates his drama

"To the Ladies of Lombardy,
for
Beauty, Courage, and Piety,
second to none,
This Drama, &c., &c."

and this, with reference to the very name of "Cellant," has offended certain "delicate susceptibilities."

I have ventured to attempt a translation of a few passages as specimens of the author's style:—

Pusterla—(*A young Italian, with reference to the apathy of his countrymen under the presence and oppression of the Spanish Army in Milan.*)—Proceed, slaves of the iron collar, sheep of the burning brand! The trumpet announces that the gates of the castle are open, and that

the soldiers are about to riot in your streets. I hear the shout that fills you with alarm, and urges you to retire. It is a day of festivity, close your shops—let your tables be served, and adorn your wives like courtesans. Hasten, hasten—they knock and demand hospitality and courtesy. Beware of the impression they seek to make on your daughters! 'Tis well—applaud the songs and kisses of the barbarians, that make the pictures of the saints hanging upon your walls turn pale. Endure with patience, and you will be favoured. The houses of the poor cannot raise armorial bearings to make their inmates respected, nor do they contain ruffians hired to defend them. The "Bears," different in skin, but similar in appetite, have crossed the mountains, and descended on your fertile plains. The barrier has been broken down by your indolence. They would repel, instead of you! Go to your Ambrosian torments! The sweat of shame will soften the agony of the wounds, and teach you that the followers in the train of a foreign triumph are ignorance, discord, hunger, pestilence, and heresy! Oh, the seed of such fruit will spread itself for many centuries over this unfortunate land, unless it be crushed or purified. Then, and only then, my dear country, thou wilt revive.*

The Sardonic Moro exclaims:—

"The mind and the heart resemble two sepulchres covered by the same stone: the air that penetrates through the fissures of the one corrupts the corpse that reposes in the other."

The young nun Corilla says:—

"Of the world I have only a weak and confused idea, formed at the period when I resided with my parents. But what matters: no one has returned from heaven, and yet scenes and minute things are depicted before us which seem to speak of that celestial sphere. I ascend the tower, and I see the city below me, the country around, the blue mountains in the distance, and I sigh for liberty! I gather a bunch of flowers to lay upon the altar, and their colour, their fragrance, tells me, that creation was never meant to begin and end in bitterness, . . . and I pant for life. In this book (*showing a Book of Prayer*) it is written, that the saints, disgusted with the pleasures of the world, built the monasteries, in which we, who have seen or know nothing of it, are doomed to be for ever incarcerated."

Bianca (the Countess Cellant).—Miserable and contemptible creatures, prouder of the beautiful bracelet that glitters upon her arm than of the woman who leans upon you. But this I ought to have foreseen. Men, incredulous of the honour of a friend, and wanting the courage to defend them against their calumniators. When they show themselves in public with you, and witness the sneer and the smile of your enemies, they view it not with agitated blood, but pass it over in silence, fearing lest by encountering the insolent with a look, they may compromise their own character; and, if afterwards, they have the courage to demand of the injured victim the reason of that smile, they construe her silence, her tears, her anguish, into a confession of her guilt! Is it not strange that such a man, though he has a thousand times sworn to love you, invariably, throws off the mask, and joins the ranks of your enemies, creatures with asses' heads and vipers' tongues, who bestow upon you some vile word, that uttered in the evening in their cups, is repeated by listeners on the morrow, and the next day becomes a proverb! Oh, my countrywomen, you with a modest appearance combine an innocent heart, this awaits you from lovers who possess the fame of nobility and valour!"

Bianca, again.—My censors have established a most comprehensive school against me—"Twere best I wore a mask, changing it continually, for fear of being known." I walk out—"See, she is tired of being alone." I go into the country—"It is to fulfil some secret engagement."—I am ill—"I do not receive company, in order to enjoy greater liberty."—I am gay—"I shall never leave off the follies of my youthful days."—I am melancholy—"Ah, you see they have abandoned her."—Tis fortunate that I have no children, or they would be sure to say—"Mark the resemblance," alluding to some reputed lover.

The Countess (to the painter Luino).—See some portraits which have a decided resemblance, but are yet without life. Tell me the reason.

Luino.—It is easy to obtain a likeness when we paint with fidelity every feature, but it is not so easy to give it life. Every countenance has its own peculiar expression, according to the feelings by which the individual is actuated, and to represent it at one of these moments is one of the great secrets of our art. But this habit must not be confounded with the expression which may be exhibited under peculiar

circumstances, or the portrait will be that of an actor when he endeavours to represent a character.

Want of time prevents further extracts. I fear that in what I have translated, I have done but little justice to the Italian dramatist.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA,

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 381.)

ALTHOUGH California possesses but one perfect harbour, that of San Francisco, yet it is one of the noblest in the world: the so-called harbours of San Diego, Monterey, Bodega, Half Moon Bay, and others, whose names I forget, are mere roadsteads, where, if a north-western begins to blow, there is no time to heave up the anchor, but it is slipped, and vessels peg away to sea, as the sailors say, in quick sticks. But the Bay of San Francisco, or rather I should say the bays, extend into the interior for hundreds of miles, that is, taking into account the noble rivers that have their rise in the mountains, and, navigable for an extraordinary distance, fall into the great receiving basin, and thence into the Pacific through the Golden Gate. These rivers and bays were already, at this early period of the golden State's history, well supplied with excellent steam-boats, with the many comforts and luxuries for which these travelling hotels are so justly celebrated, and enormous fortunes have been realised by the enterprising proprietors. The shores of the bays are very sparingly supplied with timber for a distance of about forty miles from San Francisco, but the numerous rocky islets were literally alive with water-fowl of every description, from the little dab-chick to the enormous white pelican, a specimen of which I saw shot that measured twenty-two feet from the extreme points of the wings. Curlew, snipe, and plover flutter about in myriads; and as you enter the narrow passages of the rivers, you ever and anon catch sight of the solitary bustard sneaking along the sedgy banks, or pop round a corner suddenly upon a congregation of milk-white cranes, who with a chorus of indignant croaks, soar away with their necks twisted back, and their spindle shanks hanging down, each a kind of ornithological daddy long-legs. Soon the cotton-wood trees, sycamores, and those light, pulpy woods that prefer the vicinity of the water, make their appearance. A wild grape, in luxuriant festoons, creeps lovingly up the branches, forming at times beautiful leafy screens; while, as you pass savannahs or open country, a herd of antelopes will canter pleasantly down to the bank, and after satisfying their curiosity by a rapid stare from their beautiful eyes, wheel round like a squadron of light cavalry, and scamper away with the air of gentlemen who had performed a solemn duty, and who were therefore entitled to indulge in a little self-gratulation.

At times, during a very rainy season, the waters flood all the valleys and lowlands, and then the various denizens of the plains, the elk, antelope, deer, and large herds of cattle, take refuge upon the higher points of land, and are often rescued by boats, sometimes when the poor creatures have been so long standing in the water that the hoofs literally rot off, and leave the wretched animals upon their bleeding stumps. We were now upon the great Sacramento river, which receives into its embraces other rivers of a similar roving tendency, which wind through the great alluvial valley of the Sacramento, now one of the most extraordinary wheat-growing districts in the world. And it would seem that nature had lavished her bountiful gifts upon this favoured land; for not only do her mountains teem with gold and her hill-tops yield noble timber, but her valleys are mines of precious metal to the agriculturist, the yield from cereal grains being almost incredible. There is neither frost nor snow, the rains make their appearance periodically, and although the temperature of the air is high, no oppressive feelings arise, for the atmosphere is very attenuated; and I have suffered more from the heat of the weather in London, with the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade, than in this fair land at a hundred and ten. Electric phenomena are also unknown, for the soil is so impregnated with magnetic iron, that it becomes a huge battery or accumulator of electricity, regulating a balance above

* The young Pusterla's sentiments smell strongly of 1848 instead of 1567.

and below—so much so, that in short lines of telegraph there is no absolute necessity for insulating the wires, as was the case for a considerable time in the line from the Heads to the city of San Francisco.

The city of Sacramento is situated upon the banks of the river, at the *embarcadero*, or landing-place of Sutter's Fort (of which more anon). It lies about twenty feet *below* the level of the river when swollen by the rains or the melted snows, and is protected by an embankment, or levee as it is called, but spite of this protection, the city has been often inundated, and has suffered severely in consequence; and at one time the flood came upon the heels of a fire that laid the devoted city in ashes, so that some idea may be formed of the "particular unhandsome fix" the people were in. Indeed, a month before our arrival, one of these periodical submergings had visited the place, the remains of which visitation were very apparent: and it speaks volumes for the healthiness of the climate, that upon the recession of the waters, which leave their slimy mud behind to fester in the sun, epidemic diseases are unknown. The city is laid out with fine noble wide streets at right angles, which, although I have no doubt a convenient method of building, I never could abide. There is such a want of picturesque beauty about it, and your eye gets so tired of straight lines crossed by other straight lines, that you long for a bit of crooked street as a relief to the monotonous effect. In the middle of one of the principal streets were several noble trees, which, with great good taste, had been spared the devastating axe: the last great fire has, however, levelled these old giants of the forest, and they will never again be used for the singular purpose that they were put to in the early history of the settlement, which was that of suspending a couple of gentlemen, who had committed murder or some such primitive amusement, by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead. Those times have passed, and I hope the necessity will never occur again, when the quiet and law-abiding citizens will have to rise *en masse*, and resolving society into its first elements, by a singular anomaly break the law for the very purpose of sustaining it.

Our first two concerts were given in a church, as the theatre was not then disengaged. We afterwards obtained it, and gave four concerts a-week for three weeks with very good success, although not equal to our San Francisco engagement. Having little to do upon our non-performing nights, I made several *excrescences* into the country (as Mrs. Partington would call them); went to the races at Brighton, about twelve miles distant; had several pic-nics at a delightful place called Oak Grove, near the city; and was much interested with a trip to Sutter's Fort. This decayed monument of man's energy and perseverance was erected by a very singular personage, who figures largely in the early history of California. Captain Sutter was a captain in the Swiss Guard of Charles the Tenth, and after the revolution of the bourgeoisie which elevated Louis-Philippe to the throne of the French, with native energy emigrated to this far-off land.

At that time the great harbour of San Francisco was only known to a few traders, principally Russians, who went there for hides, and the only houses were those used for the purpose of curing the hides, and the residence of the factor, or chief cook and bottle-washer of the concern. Monterey was the only approach to a regular port, and here Captain Sutter landed, having purchased a large grant of land from the Mexican government. His object was to found a new home, a new settlement in the wilderness; and he did. He founded a nation; for the great opening wedge that was to lay bare the riches of the land to all nations, Gold, was discovered by his workmen, while digging a mill-race at one of his outer stations, Coloma.

But I am anticipating. Sutter was a man of great energy, combined with which he possessed an extraordinary fund of good-nature, and, with a spirit born to command, was the most generous and gentle of beings. He soon made friends with a tribe of Indians, who looked upon him as their white father, and the remnant of which tribe are pensioners upon his bounty still. He landed cannon from his vessel at Monterey, packed his provisions and agricultural implements, and started, like a peaceful conqueror, a journey of seven hundred miles across the country, wild and untenanted, save by the wild beast or

wilder man, to his settlement, which, with a natural love of home, he christened New Helvetia. Here he erected a quadrangular fort of sun-dried adobes; the four corners had towers, or bastions, upon which he mounted his cannon, and, with a good supply of ammunition, could always bid defiance to any far-off tribe of Indians, who might incline to make a raid upon him. As for those tribes his near neighbours, they loved him too well to molest him, and he pursued his way, a peaceful, thriving agriculturist. Soon the war between the United States and Mexico broke out; parties of mountain soldiery, headed by the gallant explorer Fremont, and his iron-framed guide, Kit Carson, penetrated across the Rocky Mountains, while a regiment of New York *gamins*, commanded by Col. Stevenson (now a respected lawyer of San Francisco), were landed seaward. The country was soon in the possession of the Americans; and as most of the Mexicans took both sides of the question (like the old Scotch lords in the Jacobite rebellion), they managed to save their lands. Captain Sutter was always strongly in favour of the American occupation, and aided them by every means in his power; and most ungratefully has he been repaid. He has spent thousands of pounds upon relief parties sent out into the desert to relieve the starving and freezing immigrants, and was always ready to supply the government with horses; but he never has been repaid a single penny, and until lately did not even have his possessions confirmed to him, which was long after they had all melted away through the chicanery of lawyers, the ingratitude of false friends, and his childishly generous disposition; and the old gentleman, bearing the empty honour of Major General of the forces of the State, from the wreck of his princely domains has saved but one farm of about four hundred acres, where he is cultivating the grape for the purpose of making Hock wine, and where the fine old gentleman, one of the few remaining specimens of the *ancien régime*, hospitably receives all who will honour him by paying Hock Farm a visit.

(To be continued.)

ZAUBRISCHREI ZUM FLOSSER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Of two things (if not neither) both, or either:—

1. Can you or any of your readers inform me in what town, city, village or hamlet, Herr Anton Rubinstein, the celebrated Muscovite piano-player, "achieved the nimbus?"
2. Can you or any of your readers tell me where I can obtain (clean) copies of the (string) quartets of Nuske and Savj?

Your obedient servant,

Yate, near Arrmr, June 24.

NAVEL-WORT.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dublin, June 21st, 1858.

DEAR SIR.—Do not let your valuable correspondent, AMATEUR, suppose that the Irish are not able to value and appreciate, and anxious to hear the classical music of the masters of the tuneful art. It has long been a subject of regret, and, indeed, of indignation, to multitudes of us on this side of the Channel, to find the pure and wholesome services of Rogers, Boyce, King, Green, Talis, &c., and their excellent contemporaries shelved, to make way for the scissors and paste patchwork of poor and egotistical incompetency, and self-sufficient pride and naughtiness of heart. In the Cathedral itself the vicars-choral hate the trash they are compelled to lend themselves to; but what can they do, when the powers that be will hear nothing against the imbecility of the hero of the paste-pot. If report does not speak amiss, we are likely to be indulged with a burlesque of Haydn, during the next winter, from the same *stall*. Mendelssohn is said to have proved too tough for the already fatigued scissors of the glorious compiler. But in sober earnestness, do let us thank you, Mr. Editor, for your kindness in moving for our rescue from this present Egyptian darkness.

I remain, dear Editor, yours faithfully,

ANTIMARKS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean holds a lease of this theatre until August twelvemonth.

ROSSINI'S BARBIERE.

WHEN the celebrated tenor, Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran and Madame Viardot, came to Paris, and presented to the manager of the Théâtre-Italien the score of *Il Barbier di Siviglia*, the work of his friend, young Rossini, whose name was beginning to be known on both sides the Alps, he had to overcome a redoubtable opposition, principally on the part of the illustrious Paër, then all-powerful in musical matters, and who, without undervaluing the great talent of the young *maestro* of Bologna, or rather because he perceived too plainly his rising talent, wished to shut the door in his new rival's face. It was this combat of old Paër against young art which furnished M. Scribe with the well-known subject of his *Concert à la Cour*, and the character of the crafty manager, whose intrigues long obstruct and imperil the success of a *débutante*, destined, of course, in the long run, to triumph over the plots of the scheming *maitre-de-chapelle*.

Garcia, without being discouraged, disputed the ground, inch by inch, with the obstinate and malicious author of *Agnese*, and with such success, that the latter, beaten back to his last entrenchments, offered to be guided in the matter by the decision and well-proved good taste of Habeneck, who then swayed the dictatorial sceptre of the Opéra.

Habeneck, a great musician, and incapable of jealousy, received the score of *Il Barbier*. He kept it for a long time, went through it, examined it, and, at length, gave it back to Garcia, stating that, "without doubt, there were some tolerably pretty things in the work, but that a select public, like that of the Italiens, at Paris, required *operas of greater strength*; that the work in question was all very well as an operetta, manufactured in a hurry for a carnival or an Italian fair" (it is true the *Barbiers* was conceived, written, and played in twenty days), "but that no one could think of introducing productions of such slight texture to a Parisian audience," etc.

Paër triumphed, but Garcia, fortunately for Rossini, would not be beaten. His energetic conviction, his devotion to the *maestro*, and his ardent desire to play before the Parisians the character of Almaviva, which he had created at Rome, and of which he had himself composed the famous serenade, "Io son Lindoro!" triumphed over every obstacle. Taking advantage of the fact that his services were needed as tenor, he would only consent to engage on condition of singing Rossini's *Barbier* conjointly with Paisiello's. The rest is known. After a little indecision, the public evinced an enthusiastic admiration for the *Barbier* of Rossini, while that of Paisiello was neglected. The revolution, so clearly perceived and obstinately combatted by Paër, took place in musical art, and Rossini reigned, as he does still.

This anecdote was related, long afterwards, by Habeneck himself, as a striking example of the fallibility and uncertainty of human judgment.

HAMBURGH.—Herr Leopold von Meyer, the well-known saloon-pianist, from Vienna, stopped here a few days, during his almost uninterrupted series of tours throughout the country. He gave, a short time since, six concerts in Cracow (in the Polish theatre). He afterwards gave three in the theatre at Warsaw, and then two, which were extraordinarily well-attended, in St. Petersburg, (in the grand rooms of the nobility), the Imperial Court, as well as the most fashionable circles, being numerously represented. His success was something unusual, as already stated in a late number of the Paris *Gazette Musicale*. This restless traveller, whose talent does not allow him to remain long in any one place, will, in obedience to an invitation from the Imperial Governor of Warsaw, proceed, next week, to add a lustre to the festivities accompanying the races there, which are generally attended by the highest aristocracy. He will then return to his native town, Vienna. At the Stadttheater, Herr Stighelli has given satisfaction as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, both by his excellently-trained voice and great feeling and intelligence, combined with a most unusually clear and intelligible pronunciation.

ROSSINI'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

ROSSINI has just left the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Chaussée d'Antin, to take possession of his summer retreat at Beauséjour, a spot connected with some of the most pleasing reminiscences of his life.

The illustrious master resided there at the time when Madame Récamier, the Princess de Lieven, M. Guizot, and a host of other celebrities made it their place of meeting. You might have saluted Châteaubriand and Rossini in the same alley.

The old pavilion, honoured by being the birthplace of more than one inspiration of the author of *Guillaume Tell*, has made way for a new building, without sacrificing anything of the green foliage, which sheltered the residence of the illustrious master. There are still the same lilacs in blossom every spring, and, within two or three generations, the same linnets and the same nightingales, which seek a refuge and indulge in a concert there every morning. It is within two paces of this old residence, within the same walls, and at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, that Rossini has come to seek the air of other times, the breeze wafted from Bellevue and from St. Cloud, that is to say, the perfume of the fields, without leaving Paris or his Boulevards, from which he could not tear himself away even exceptionally.

The pavilion of the Princess de Talleyrand, to whom Beauséjour belonged nearly half a century ago, has flung open its doors to him. From its proximity to the Bois de Boulogne, the celebrated composer is enabled, every morning, to take his first walk to Passy and Auteuil, passing, like a schoolboy, near the Artesian well in the plain, that gigantic work whose subterranean wonders interest in the greatest degree his inquiring mind. The slightest pulsations of this incessant boring process are interrogated by him, and his most lively wish is to be one of the first, if not absolutely the first, at the marvellous spectacle of the water gushing and springing forth, torn by the hand of man from the deepest entrails of the earth. It is still the great German borer, M. Kind, who, under the direction and with the assistance of M. Alphand, the chief engineer of the Bois de Boulogne, is urging forward, night and day, the deliverance of the sheet of water, destined soon to spread its hurrying waves towards Passy, Neuilly, Auteuil, and Boulogne. This gentleman only understands his ultra-Rhenish idiom, the only one, perhaps, not familiar to Rossini. Consequently, the celebrated master obtains from him simply the short but expressive reply, "*Malhour*" or "*Bonhour*," according to the exciting oscillations of the interminable process of boring, which promises, however, to be brought to a successful termination, like all the great enterprises of the age.

Although, at the first dawn of day, Rossini strides with a light and firm step through the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, he is only the better disposed every evening to take part in the most varied and sparkling conversation. His Parisian friends do not desert him; he has an amiable remark for everyone, and something to say on everything. During the day he willingly sits down to the piano, and extemporises adorable bagatelles. From time to time, "the noble game of billiards"—as it used to be called—has the privilege of engaging his attention. Such days are festive days to the neighbour who has the honour of receiving him—together with Levasseur, Ponchard, Mesdames Rossini and Fodor—and of sometimes hearing Nadaud's songs, of which Rossini is particularly fond. A cue of honour, touched by no hand but the master's, and surmounted by a crown with gold leaves, while opposite it is the bust which inspired the chisel of Dantan—such is the coat-of-arms of the highly-privileged billiard-room. The conversation never languishes, and the "*Swan of Pesaro*" is always the hero, as a matter of course.

Such is the way in which Rossini spends his summer, loved and venerated by every one, loving all around him, and happy at having again found France, and his friends of former times, and at having returned to Paris, after which he had sighed for twenty years.—*Moniteur*.

TAMBURINI, after all, is not engaged at Drury Lane, and Sig. Badiali will play Don Giovanni.

REUNION DES ARTS—(From a Correspondent).—Joachim and Rubinstein were the attractions at the *soirée*, June 16th. They performed together the grand sonata, in C minor, of Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin, in truly magnificent style, and the audience applauded enthusiastically during the whole of it. Herr Rubinstein's solos were, as usual, extraordinary performances. The well-known quintet of Hummel was excellently rendered by Messrs. Rubinstein, Goffrie, Schmidt, Paque, and Howell. Miss Mahlah Homer (a young singer), and Signor Guglielmo, the vocalists, were much applauded; as was also Monsieur Paque in a clever violoncello solo. Herr Adolph Schloesser and Herr W. Ganz were conductors.

PRAGUE.—We have received from the Committee of the Jubilee of the Conservatory, the following communication, with a request that we would give it publicity:—Programme of the 50th anniversary of the Prague Conservatory, to be held from the 7th to the 10th July, 1858. On the 7th July, at ten o'clock, A.M., a solemn high mass and *Te Deum*, in the St. Jacobskirche, in the Altstadt. At six o'clock, P.M., a grand concert of the Conservatory in the Ständisches Theater. The concerted pieces will be performed exclusively by pupils now in the institution, and the solos by artists educated there. On the 8th July, at seven, P.M., a grand performance in the Ständisches Theater. On the 9th July, at seven, P.M., a grand concert of sacred music, in the Ständischen Theater.—A. The 100th Psalm, by Handel; B. The Ninth Symphony, with chorus, by L. van Beethoven, executed by the pupils of the Conservatory, the members of the Cäcilien-Verein, and of the orchestra of the Ständisches Theater, assisted by several artists and amateurs, as well as by such visitors as may choose to take part in the proceedings. On the 10th July, a grand dinner, given by the Association for the Advancement of Music, to the visitors and persons engaged in the Festival, namely—A. Persons specially invited, Conservatories of Music, and former pupils at the Conservatory at Prague. B. All working-members of the Association for the Advancement of Music in Bohemia. C. The professors and teachers of the Prague Conservatory. D. All musical amateurs who may signify their wish to be present, and pay ten florins currency for their tickets.

VIENNA.—Herr Eckert, who has returned from Paris, has engaged Mdlle. Brand, from Brunswick, for play-operas, and Mdlle. Prause, who achieved her first success, years ago, at the Imperial Opera, as *bravura* singer. As we hear, Mdlle. Titiens will leave the Imperial Opera, having accepted a brilliant engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Signor Giuglini, Imperial Austrian chamber-singer, is again engaged as first tenor at the Imperial Opera for the season of 1861. He will previously proceed to America, where he is engaged for seven months, at the rate of 16,000 florins a month. Mad. Charton-Demeure the graceful representative of Susanne, has been appointed chamber-singer by his Majesty the Emperor. The Italian operatic company has, at present, no less than six *Cantante e Cantanti di Camara di S.M.I.R.A.*, namely, Mesdames Medori, Brambilla, Charton-Demeur, MM. Bettini, Carion, and Debassini. The well-known Mecenas of Art, Count Dietrichsen, has made Mad. Demeur a valuable present, consisting of two rare autograph MSS. by Mozart, an aria of a serious kind, and an arietta to—an aching tooth.

ZELLNER AND LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—The Vienna *Blätter für Musik* contains the following notice:—"Dr. Wiedenfeld, the legal adviser of Herr Leopold von Meyer, has deemed it necessary to appeal to the highest judicial court, the Imperial Highest Court (Cassationshof), in the well known action of Herr L. von Meyer against me for defamation of character, and publicly to announce the fact in the *Fremdenblatt*. Without thinking it necessary to examine into the motives of this proceeding, which, to say the least, is superfluous—motives that, on account of the iminical spirit manifested against me by the publication in question, need no further investigation—I shall content myself with stating that the Imperial Highest Court has confirmed the verdict of acquittal without costs pronounced by the Imperial Oberlandesgericht, and that Herr L. von Meyer has lost both his appeals.—Vienna, 27th May, 1858.—L. A. ZELLNER."

MUSICIANS AND MANIACS.

(From Punch.)

This following Paper was picked up between St. James's Hall and Hanwell, at the height of the late hot weather:—

I am not mad! I'm but *fanatico*

Per la musica—“*De Lunatico*

Inquirendo” no commission

On my person e'er shad sit:

No Forbes Winslow, Conolly, Sutherland,

No mad doctors' inquisition

To the question shall put my wit.

I scorn the science of father and mother-land.

But the art of Italia, Deutschland and Gallia,

How I revel, how I rage, how I wanton in it!

Bravo, Brava, Bravissimo,

E' Fertissimo, E' Pianissimo!

Two Philharmonic Castalias flowing,

Three Italian Operas going

Hammer and tongs,

Trombones and gongs!

Viola, Violin, Violoncello,

Clarinet shrill and Saxhorn mellow—;

Flauti, fagotti, cembale sounding,

Kettle-drums clashing, big-drums pounding,

And confusion worse confounding!

Three *Traviatas* in diff'rent quarters,

Three *Rigoletti* mur'd ring their daughters!!

Three *Trovatori* beheading their brothers,

By the artful contrivance of three gipsey mothers!!!

Verdi in the Haymarket, Verdi at the Lane,

Green's in Covent Garden, and Verdi again!

Was ever a being so music-be-ridden!

Barral-organ-be-ground: German-brass-band-bestridden!

What with all the Concerts at the Halls,

And the Oratorios—*Samsons* and *Sauls*—

Mozart and Mendelssohn, Haydn and Handel—

All lights of the art in every part,

From the blaze of the Sun to a farthing candle!

And the Classical matinées,

With Clauss's touch satiny,

That to hear her your heart seems to go pit-a-pat in yd—

And Hallé so dignified, pure, and sonorous,

And Henry Leslie's amateur chorus,

And fair Arabella, so melting and mellow,

That she charms the stern judgment of Autocrat Ella,

And Rubinstein,—rapid and rattling of fist,

That one cries out with *Hamlet's* Papa, “Liszt, Oh Liszt.”

And Piatti, *Di Dio, con fucco, con brio*,

The famed fagottisti, and violinisti,

Superbi, Sublime, Divine Artisti!

Joachim, Sainton, and Blagrove, and Molique,

Whose famed Stradivariusses,

Amatis', Guarneriusses,

Can groan like the chol'ra, and scream like the colic,

And the aspirants all,

The great and the small,

Let loose upon London to blow, scrape, or squall,

From Prague and from Paris and Berlin and Brussels,

With small stocks of brain, but immense power of muscles!

I breakfast off programmes,

I sup upon scores,

I vote my friends fogrums,

And flats, brutes, and bores,

Because they object to my musical taste,

And declare that I'm crazy, and ought to be placed

In the care of the Court—

* * * * *

Here the MS. closes in a maze of Musical notation.

MR. BRIGGS—(Rejected by Mr. Punch).—The following bill was sent in to Mr. Briggs by a small farmer on a neighbouring estate:—

“Mr. Briggs to Joseph Leaf.

“To getting in Early Feild and 2 men catching off him . 0 2 0

Mr. Briggs paid the sum under protest.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Titiens, Alboni, Piccolomini; Belletti, Beneventano, Aldighieri, Viatelli, and Giuglini.

The following arrangements have been made:

Tuesday, June 29.—**LUISA MILLER.** Luise, Madile. Piccolomini; Federica, Madame Alboni; Rodoifo, Sig. Giuglini. And a *Divertissement* from Aumer's Ballet of *LA SONNAMBULA*, with Madame Rosati (her first appearance) and Madile. Poccini.

Thursday, July 1st (Extra Night)—**IL TROVATORE.** Leonora, Madile. Titiens; Azucena, Madame Alboni; and Manrico, Sig. Giuglini. And a *Divertissement* with Madame Rosati and Madile. Poccini.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by (first time) a new Farce, in one act, entitled *DYING FOR LOVE*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, June 26, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled, *GOING TO THE BAD*. To conclude with *A CABINET QUESTION*. Commence at half-past 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAD. WILHELMINA CLAUSS'S Concert, and that of MADAME SHERRINGTON LEMMENS, will, with others, be noticed in our next.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1858.

ALTHOUGH the death of Dr. Horsley can hardly be regarded as a loss to the art which he professed, since he had for many years ceased to take any active share in its progress, such an event cannot be allowed to pass without some allusion in a journal devoted to music and musicians. Dr. Horsley, like the late Mr. Attwood and others, belonged to a school which may be styled, without impropriety, the "conservative"—a school with narrow views and narrower principles. The followers of this school never went very far, never dived very profoundly into the secrets of art; but what they did was well done, and they were led to believe, from its success, that nothing else could or ought to be done in England. Though some of them survived until a period when music was making vast strides in this country, when young men imbued with a healthy enthusiasm for the great European masters began to emulate them in their loftiest flights with more or less felicity, the members of this "conservative" school kept haughtily aloof, neither by word nor deed offering the smallest encouragement to their more ardent and enterprising juniors. On the contrary, they regarded them with a sort of magnanimous compassion, and, with worse than indifference, threw cold water on all their aspirations. The influence thus exercised by the elders of the profession was most obnoxious, since from the position naturally accorded to their age and experience they could, had they been so inclined, have materially advanced the cause, and instead of casting impediments in the way of musical progress, might have given it an extra impetus. Preferring, however, to look on with folded arms, they rather damped the ardour of the rising generation than stimulated it to increased exertion.

Dr. Horsley, like most of his English contemporaries, had faith in Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, patted Weber and Mendelssohn on the head, as clever boys, and set his face obstinately against the last and grandest works of Beethoven. In short, with Handel for a bible, and Mozart for a Shakespeare, he believed, in the innocence of his heart, that the

rest was concentrated in such things as "By Celia's arbour," and "See the chariot at hand,"—little dreaming that music had gone so far ahead as to dispense with these graceful trifles altogether. The truth is, in Dr. Horsley's prime, with rare exceptions, the art in England was only studied up to a certain point. A glee, or part-song, was the essence of melody and harmony; a vocal canon the last step of science. Pinto—who might have done more, had he lived, than all the "conservatives" that ever breathed—was thus compelled to seek for sympathy and brotherhood at the hands of those eminent foreign musicians who either resided among us or honoured us with periodical visits. Pinto, it is well known, smarted under the contumely heaped upon him by a number of influential professors who had reached a certain limit, and being unable to travel beyond it, set up a land-mark—as much as to say, "This is the *ne plus ultra*; here is the barrier beyond which there is no salvation." Moreover, at bottom, Pinto cherished but little respect for men of such confined views, and it was to be lamented that his very questionable social character, his habits of intemperance, and his somewhat lax principles, furnished those who in other respects were greatly his inferiors with weapons to use against him. He died in penury, at the age of twenty-one, depriving England of the chance of another Purcell, and leaving the kingdom of art in the undisputed possession of the "Perruque." From Pinto's time down to the period of Rossini's advent, Weber's visits to England, and the subsequent influence of Spohr and Mendelssohn, music remained at a stand-still here; and a fixed measure of common-place was accepted as the *sine qua non*. Happily we have grown out of this, and though the fresh men that appeared some twenty years since, and made uncompromising war on the "Perruque" have not entirely answered the expectations that were entertained of them, they, at any rate, laid the foundation of a new era, and gave birth to a taste so much more exacting, that, one by one, our "conservatives" were forced, in spite of themselves, to retire into obscurity. No longer exercising any authority, and not having that within them which could enable them to promote the onward march of art, they were at all events debarred thenceforth from the privilege of retarding it.

Dr. Horsley was one of the best of the "conservatives," and, in some instances, one of the least bigoted. Nevertheless, he belonged to the sect; and, as art is a sacred thing and its welfare of far more importance than the mere consideration which the rules of politeness invite us to extend to individuals, it is as well, while mentioning with sincere regret the fact of his demise, that the exact position he held, and the manner in which, personally and professionally, he influenced those about him, should be candidly stated. The *Athenaeum*,*

* "The long life of Mr. Horsley, one of the patriarchs of English music, and certainly one of the best composers this country has ever produced, closed a few days since. He was in his eighty-fourth year; and for something like three-parts of a century had kept a distinguished place among our professors, having only retired from the organ at which he presided a very few years since. It would be too much to expect one trained and occupied as he was to have kept pace with a time which successfully flung out vanities and novelties so great and distinct as Beethoven, Signor Rossini, Weber—not to speak of the Liszts and Chopins and Thalbergs, who for awhile pushed aside the smoother and simpler piano-forte music of elder dynasties. But Mr. Horsley's moral worth and uprightness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren, if even he had not deserved well of old and young among them, by writing some of the most beautiful part-music in being. His glees in every respect merit this epithet. The words are mostly chosen with a refinement of

in a notice remarkable for good feeling, calls Dr. Horaley "one of the best composers this country has ever produced,"—an opinion from which we are compelled emphatically to dissent. That, however, to use the language of our contemporary—"his moral worth and uprightness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren,"—even if he had written fewer things and of less worth, no one that knew him can deny. Dr. Horaley was a most estimable man, and will be remembered and lamented as such; but the art of music would have been probably just in the same condition if he had never been a composer.

HAVING, in its number of the 19th inst., settled that Mad. Ristori's Lady Macbeth is the finest thing in the world,—nay, so very fine, that the admiring critic was forced into a self-contradiction; being made to assert that "a work of art was to be felt rather than talked about"—having done all this, we say, the *Saturday Review* found itself compelled to attack somebody. This was the more requisite, as Mr. Charles Dickens' readings received a modicum of commendation, in the same number. If the *Saturday Review* were once deemed a panegyrist, its character would be gone for ever. So, under the circumstances, a puny offering to the infernal gods would not suffice; the desired *equilibrium* was not to be restored without a portly victim. No less a personage, therefore, than Shakspere himself, was selected for immolation.

The gorgeous "revival" of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Princess's Theatre affords the opportunity for bringing the Bard of Avon into court. And the writer is at much pains to let us know that the said bard is the only party prosecuted. Of the manager's part of the work, he says, with great justice:—

"Mr. Kean deserves unqualified praise for the care and reverential spirit in which he has placed the *Merchant of Venice* on the stage. The cycle of his great restorations would have been incomplete without this noble effort. Considering the capabilities of his restricted stage, the fact that he has gained so complete a scenic success is perhaps a more substantial triumph than any of his former revivals. Of course, Venice demands a larger canvas."

On this last proposition the critic expatiates, and he also finds fault with the introduction of the old English song, "It was a lover and his lass," as not in keeping with the "refined Italian maid," fearful least Mr. Kean should derive pleasure too unqualified from the preceding eulogy. However, considering that the value of an article is in some degree measured by its rarity, Mr. Charles Kean need not feel dissatisfied, either as a manager or as an actor, with the praise cautiously doled out to him by the *Saturday Review*.

Shakspere, as we have said, is the butt at which the Saturday shafts are directed, and, first of all, the admiration of his German critics is to be disposed of. Shaksperean as we are, we confess ourselves, as far as the opposition to the Germans is concerned, entirely on the side of the *Saturday Review*:—

"We shall of course lose all caste with the extreme school of Shakspolatists if we confess to an inability to follow the transcen-

taste in itself significant: the melody in them has generally a grace and distinctness, and the harmony is always pure, rich, and delicate. It is almost superfluous to name, "By Celia's Harbour," and "See the Chariot." In the stricter forms of composition, Mr. Horaley, too, was fortunate and free. His vocal canons are excellent of their kind. It is pleasant to think that competence, respect of friends, and the domestic ministrations of those who, without indiscretion, may be characterised as a remarkable artist-family, made the latter days of his life easy and cheerful."

dental critics, Ulrici and Tieck, in their interpretation of the *Merchant of Venice*. They affect—Ulrici especially—to find in the three parallel intrigues of this play a common moral purpose. Shakspere's object was, we are told, to show that an entire and resolute consistency always leads to wrong. *Summum jus summa injuria*. Had the letter of the law been carried out with an iron and unflinching severity, the greatest evil would have been the result. Law must have a conscience, and must occasionally be strained—otherwise Shylock's claim for his bond would be impregnable. The parental relation is not to be stretched too tight, and therefore Jessica was right in eloping. A dead father's will, if carried out strictly, requires the immediate interposition of the god of love, inspiring Bassanio to choose the lucky casket. The fair and witty Portia might have been Princess of Morocco had it not been for a chance—a better arbiter of right and wrong practically than a father's will. This is as ingenious as it is nonsensical."

Well done, *Saturday Review*, very nonsensical indeed. The theory above described is a fair specimen of that art of forcing out erudite meanings which so often renders German criticism a positive nuisance. But we do not understand why Tieck is called "transcendental." Used in philosophy this word has a definite signification; used in ordinary parlance it is a mere vulgar phrase, expressing a vague sneer, and may be supposed to denote something like "abstruse,"—just as "mystical" is occasionally used as a queer sort of equivalent for "difficult," when difficulty is to be made a subject of derision. In any proper sense of the term Tieck is no more "transcendental" than he is algebraical or astronomical.

Let us take a leap, and then follow our instructor:—

"We fairly believe that Shakspere had no moral idea at all in this play. He got hold of a very silly Italian novel, and in his earliest and worst manner he put the two stories together, without any artistic purpose and with little skill."

Again we find ourselves partly agreeing with the *Saturday Review*. We believe, that although Shakspere made this play the vehicle for expressing the sublimest moral sentiments, he was not influenced by any moral idea in the construction of the work as a whole. But this is no ground for censure, Shakspere was not bound to be under a moral influence, whenever he wrote a romantic play—that is to say, put a story into action. As for the tale of Portia and her caskets being silly, it has more point and purpose about it than the generality of Italian novels, being a very fanciful illustration of the proverb "all that glitters is not gold," and its value is fully shown on the stage through the restored scenes of the two unsuccessful suitors, which enable Mrs. Charles Kean to do herself full justice in her fine exhibition of Portia's character. The moral of the tale, such as it is, is carefully worked out by the poet, though we admit the absurdity of considering it identical with the moral of the Shylock part of the drama. That the stories are put together with "little skill" we absolutely deny. Through the self-sacrifice of Antonio, Portia has become united to the only man she loves, and therefore on her devolves the task of rescuing him from the clutches of his enemy. Little skill! We should rather cite the *Merchant of Venice* as an instance of marvellous skill in connecting two stories originally independent of each other.

The following is sad stuff:—

"Jessica is but Juliet-and-water; Gratiano is but a poor edition of Mercutio: Antonio is literally a nobody, whose character is marked rather by epithets—the princely Antonio, the noble Antonio—than by anything noble or princely that he says or does; and Portia, faintly—and, dare we say it, unpleasantly—recalls Beatrice."

Why may not Shakspere introduce the character of a young woman in love and a facetious gallant without elevating them into the importance of a Juliet or a Mercutio?

Surely this is fault-finding for the mere sake of finding fault. Then, it seems, Antonio neither does nor says anything noble. He lends an enormous sum of money to a friend in a strait, and professing that friendship, which is the actuating principle of his life, he bares his bosom to the knife of the Jew. The critic of the *Saturday Review* is extremely lucky in his acquaintance if he can afford to regard all that Antonio does for Bassanio as—nothing. As for poor Portia, if she unpleasantly recalls Beatrice, the best plan is not to let her do anything of the sort. There is no such close connection between the two that one should necessarily recall the other. If the critic of the *Saturday Review* will perforce think of Beatrice when he is looking at Portia, he has only himself to blame if he finds the sensation unpleasant.

Here comes the summary:—

"The *Merchant of Venice* is, then, in our poor judgment, a much over-rated play. It contains two or three wonderful passages—the speech about mercy, the whole moral force of which, however, is utterly destroyed by the vulgar persecuting spirit in which Portia announces the compulsory conversion of Shylock—and the lines about the harmony of the spheres, which are utterly out of place in a nonentity so contemptible as Lorenzo. The absolute impossibility of any sane person entering into Antonio's revolting contract is so outrageous, that its monstrous extravagance prevents all real dramatic interest in the play."

These remarks betray an utter incapacity for judging the Elizabethan drama from a proper point of view. The improbabilities of the *Merchant of Venice* belong to the very atmosphere amid which that drama had its origin, and to thrust aside the *Merchant of Venice* because no sane person would have signed the "revolting contract," would be as narrow-minded as to reject the *Alcestis* of Euripides because a dead woman would not so readily come back to life as the ancient model of feminine devotion. Again, why are the lines about the harmony of the spheres utterly out of place in the mouth of Lorenzo? He is a lover, in the first flush of a happy passion, and, with his young wife by his side, he sees all nature under a poetical aspect. Lovers, in the early days of entrancement, like to indulge in dreams of eternity, which is closely associated with that of imperishable union; though, perhaps, in after life, the association becomes less pleasing. These very lines prevent Lorenzo from being a nonentity.

And now, *Saturday Review*, who is to be the next victim? Sophocles? Having already demolished Shylock and Mendelssohn, a recurrence to the Hebrew race will look illiberal. But a victim is decidedly wanted; for we know we are about to be informed that the shadowy Phèdre of Mad. Ristori is ten times better than the true flesh and blood of (the Jewess) Rachel. Sophocles will do very well. The wound of Philoctetes is very nasty, and the appearance of Hercules is very improbable. So there's a subject at once.

MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (Jenny Lind) and her husband have arrived in town. They have taken a house at Roehampton, and intend to remain some time in England.

THE last concert of the Vocal Association will take place on Wednesday next, when the leading features will be a performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and a new overture by Herr Joachim, entitled *Henry the Fourth*.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Buckstone closes his theatre on the 7th of July, after an uninterrupted series of performances over 500 nights. The interval between the closure and the opening, which will take place at the end of September, will be employed in renovating and re-decorating the theatre. The Haymarket company proceed, with Mr. Buckstone, to Manchester, where they commence a short season on the 11th July.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE news to be provided this week is prospective rather than retrospective. The subscribers have learned with delight that Madlle. Titiens' *congé* is prolonged, in consequence, as we are officially informed, of the repairs of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna not being completed, whereby the performances are inevitably suspended. An extract from a Vienna paper, however, will be read in another part of our journal, from which it would appear that the admirers of the great Teutonic *prima donna* need be under no apprehensions whatever of her leaving.

The performance of the past week include—Saturday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, for the third time, with *La Reine des Songes*; Tuesday, *Il Trovatore*, with *La Reine des Songes*; and Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, with *Fleur des Champs*. The theatre, on each occasion, has been crowded in every part. On Thursday, Her Majesty and Prince Consort, with the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, attended the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Tuesday, Madlle. Rosati makes her *entrée* in a divertissement from the ballet of *Sonnambula*, now being performed with great success at the Grand Opera of Paris. Madlle. Spezia will shortly make her *début* for the season in *Nabucco*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fra Diavolo was performed on Saturday, "by desire." Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their royal guests, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, occupied the royal box.

Fra Diavolo was repeated on Tuesday, and the *Barbiere* on Thursday, with *La Brésilienne*. Auber is now better represented than Rossini. Time was when no theatre in Europe could compete with the Royal Italian Opera in the performance of Rossini's operas. *Il Barbier* in the new theatre is not what it used to be in the old.

Martha, for which the *Traviata* is substituted this evening, will be produced on Thursday.

The first extra night of the season takes place on Monday, when the *Huguenots* will be given.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

I Puritani cannot be said to have achieved the same success as *Il Barbier*, not because in its way Madame Persiani's Elvira is not as good as Madame Viardot's Rosina, but because the music of Rossini is more acceptable to the million than that of Bellini, and because the *Puritani* was written not merely to suit the talents, but the peculiarities of four renowned singers. Never was a more admirable piece of musical tailoring than Bellini's *Puritani*. Hence, since the opera was composed, although scores of *prima donnas*, tenors, barytones, and basses, have essayed the parts of Elvira, Arturo, Riccardo, and Giorgio, not one has approached any of the four originals. Until certain memories be erased from the brains of modern opera-goers, it would be better, we fancy, to shelve *I Puritani*, since satisfaction is certain not to follow from its performance. Mad. Persiani even now sings the music of Elvira with extraordinary fluency and brilliancy, and everywhere shows herself the consummate artist, and one of the greatest living mistresses of vocalisation. She acts the part, too, with much feeling and propriety, if she does not exhibit any large amount of passion, and identifies herself with every phase of the character. Still, Elvira does not suit her, either in a vocal or histrionic light, like Lucia, Linda, or some other parts belonging more immediately to her repertory. Mad. Persiani's first appearance at Drury Lane was as great an event as that of Mad. Viardot; only the *Puritani* was not so well played on the whole as the *Barbiere*. Signor Badiali again distinguished himself by his artistic singing and acting. Signor Naudin found the music of Arturo quite out of his way.

Madame Persiani's greatest points were in the polacca and the mad scene. The cavatina, "Qui la voce," was a remarkable display of bravura singing, and created an immense sensation.

La Sonnambula is announced for Monday, with Madame Viardot as Amina. *Norma* is in preparation for the same lady.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Queen, Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, &c., attended a grand vocal and instrumental concert in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the funds of the Royal Academy of Music. The Hall was not crowded, and yet the public generally was much inconvenienced in consequence of the exceedingly bad arrangements. The representatives of the press were stationed so as to be able to see nothing, hear little, and, at the best, catch colds, sciaticas, lumbagos, mumps, neuralgia, and tooth-ache. Under these circumstances, our record of the event must be a bare one. The Queen and party arrived at nine o'clock, and at a sign from Mr. Costa (conductor), the National Anthem made itself heard, as well as that was possible from the recess in St. James's Hall. We append the list of the orchestra:—

Principal Violins—P. Stanton, H. Blagrove. *First Violins*—R. Clementi, F. Folkes, H. Hill, H. Henniker, A. Haynes, C. W. Isaac, A. Seymour, A. Simmons, A. Streather, Smith, J. H. B. Dando. *Second Violins*—W. Watson (Principal), F. Amor, G. Curondo, W. Egerton, T. H. Farrar, J. Hill, C. Inwards, J. Kelly, W. Loader, G. L. Newson, T. Watson, W. Blagrove, Payton. *Violas*—C. W. Doyle (Principal), R. Blagrove, C. T. Colchester, J. Gledhill, W. Masom, F. Westlake, J. W. Glanville, H. Trust, W. H. Webb. *Violoncellos*—W. L. Phillips (Principal), W. H. Aylward, H. Chipp, W. H. Goodban, S. Ings, W. Pettit, I. W. Hancock, G. Paque. *Double Basses*—J. Howell (Principal), J. Blakiston, A. Howell, G. Mount, F. S. Pratten, J. Reynolds, C. Severn, H. Winterbottom. *Flutes*—J. Richardson, J. R. Radcliffe, B. Wells. *Piccolo*—E. Card. *Oboes*—G. Horton, H. Maleck. *Clarionets*—H. Lezarns, A. Owen. *Bassoons*—J. G. Weitzig, A. W. Chisholm. *Horns*—C. Harper, J. W. Stundem, A. Keilbach, J. Rae. *Trumpets*—T. Harper, J. B. Irwin. *Trombones*—A. Antoine, F. Cioff, W. Winterbottom. *Ophicleide*—Prospero. *Drums*—T. P. Chipp. *Bass Drum*—B. Seymour. *Harp*—J. Thomas. *Organ*—Dr. Steggall. *Librarian*—Mr. W. Goodwin.

The names printed in italics are those of professors, who, not being exactly aware of the undoubted claims of the Royal Academy of Music on the public generally, and the profession in particular, objected to play without pay. Doubtless they would not have been employed at all had it not been of great consequence that the selections from Lord Westmorland's Mass should be given in such a manner as to make a profound impression upon the royal visitors. The fact of their lack of charity, however, was made evident by the typical artifice above mentioned. The chorus included eighty-four female and twenty-seven male voices; and by what an army of singers the ambassadorial *missa* was backed and enforced may be seen by the following:—

Madame CLARA NOVELLO,	Madame TITIENS,
Miss LOUISA PYNE,	Madame Rudersdorff,
Madame Weiss,	Miss Messent,
Miss DOLBY,	Miss Palmer,
Madame VIARDOT;	
Mr. SIMS REEVES,	Signor GIUGLINI,
Mr. HARRISON,	Mr. Allen.
Herr REICHARDT,	Signor BELLETTI,
Mr. WEISS,	Mr. ALLAN IRVING.

Those whose names are in capitals sang in Lord Westmorland's Mass. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn never, on any occasion, had any of his works entrusted to such a host of talent. Nor, do we believe, that if the occasion had been the performance of a new composition by G. A. Macfarren or Sterndale Bennett, that one out of ten singers (foreign and native) would have come forward. Mr. Costa was the conductor, and Mr. Lucas (*conductor of the Royal Academy Concerts*) *ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR* (!). So that in spite of the countless celebrities, in the shape of composers, players, and singers,

whom the Royal Academy of Music has sent forth, it appears that the institution has not mustered *one* of sufficient talent to conduct an Academy concert, for the benefit of the Academy, before crowned heads.

We now append the programme:—

PART I.—Selection from a Mass:—Chorus, "Kyrie eleison;" Trio, "Christe eleison," Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Giuglini, and Mr. Harrison; Chorus, "Gloria;" Quartet and Chorus, "Laudamus te," Madame Viardot, Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Allan Irving; Solo, "Gratias agimus," Miss Louisa Pyne; Trio, "Domine Deus," Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Signor Belletti; Soli with Chorus, "Qui tollis," Madlle. Titiens, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Weiss; Solo, "Quoniam tu," Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Cum Sancto Spiritu;" Chorus, "Sanctus;" Trio, "Benedictus," Madame Clara Novello, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Hosanna in excelsis;" Solo, "Agnus Dei," Madlle. Titiens; Solo, "Agnus Dei," Mr. Sims Reeves; Duo, "Agnus Dei," Miss Louisa Pyne and Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Dona nobis"—The Earl of Westmorland.

Concertante for four violins, Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, H. Hill, and Watson—Maurer; Canzonet, "The Spirit Song," Miss Dolby—Haydn; Finale to the opera of "The Regicide," the soli parts by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Weiss—C. Lucas.

PART II.—Introduction—(Guillaume Tell), the soli parts by Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Herr Reichardt, Signor Giuglini, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Weiss; harp accompaniment, Mr. Thomas—Rossini, Recit. and air, "Deh vieni" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Madame Clara Novello—Mozart; Recit. and Romance, "Ein Mädchen" (Santa Chiara), Herr Reichardt—H.B.H. the Duke of Saxe Coburg; Aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Armida), Mad. Viardot—Handel; Terzetto, "Vanne a colei," Madame Clara Novello, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Sims Reeves—Costa; Recitative and song with a burden, "The Queen's greeting" (May Day), Miss Louisa Pyne—G. A. Macfarren; Finale to the Opera of "Loreley," Soprano solo, Madlle. Titiens—Mendelssohn.

We have nothing to say about the performance, since we could not hear even Lord Westmorland's Mass distinctly, and are suffering from incipient bronchitis. We believe, although the Hall was not crowded, that something handsome was realized by the entertainment, the sum of two guineas being charged for seats within eye-shot of Her Majesty.

M. CHARLES HALLE'S CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS.

AFTER helping, by his classical playing, to make the fortune of the Musical Union, M. Halé has seceded from that institution and set up for himself. The concerts he is now giving at Willis's Rooms are of first-class interest, and attract brilliant and fashionable audiences. The programme of the first (Thursday afternoon, June 17) was as follows:—

Trio in E major—Haydn. Solo, violin—Praeludio, Loure and Gavotte in E major—S. Bach. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, in A minor, op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer—Beethoven. Stück im Volkstone, pianoforte and violoncello, op. 102, No. 1, "Mit Humor," in A minor; No. 2, "Langsam," in F; No. 4, "Nicht zu rasch," in D—Schumann. Solo, pianoforte, Nocturne in F sharp, op. 15, "Heroense," op. 57—Chopin. Grand Trio in E flat, op. 70, No. 2—Beethoven.

Executants—Pianoforte, M. Charles Halé; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

That of the second (Thursday evening, June 24) was as follows:—

Quartet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, in F minor, op. 80 (Posth.)—Mendelssohn. Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, in D, op. 102, No. 2—Beethoven. Rondeau Brillant, pianoforte and violin, in B minor, op. 70—F. Schubert. Solo, pianoforte, "Promenades d'un solitaire," Nos. 1 and 4; Valses in C sharp minor and D flat—Heller and Chopin. Grand Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello, in D, op. 70, No. 1—Beethoven.

Executants—Pianoforte, M. Charles Halé; violin, Herr Joachim and Herr Pollitzer; viola, Mr. Webb; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

At the third and last (July 8) the programme will include Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two pianofortes, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Charles Halé, with orchestral accompaniments—a welcome announcement. We propose to review the three concerts in one article.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last concert, on Monday evening, was "by command." Her Majesty, the Prince, King Leopold, and *suite*, arrived after the first part was over—although the programme was *entirely* of royal manufacture. We append it:—

PART I.

Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits" ...	Weber.
Aria, "Parto," Miss Louisa Pyne, clarinet obbligato, Mr. Williams (<i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>) ...	Mozart.
Concerto, violin (No. 8, <i>scena cantante</i>), Herr Joachim	Spoehr.
Duetto, Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, "Come, be gay" (<i>Der Freischütz</i>) ...	Weber.
Overture, "Leonora" ...	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sinfonia in B flat (No 4) ...	Beethoven.
Prière et Barcarole, Miss Louisa Pyne (<i>L'Etoile du Nord</i>) ...	Meyerbeer.
Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim ...	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Tannhäuser" ...	Wagner.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.	

During the first part the gas nearly went out, a flickering from a "bec" or so being all that remained; and Herr Joachim played the magnificent piece by Spoehr—magnificently—in a sort of questionable twilight. His success was triumphant, and he was recalled unanimously. The other pieces, vocal and instrumental, also went well, in spite of the gas. At the end of the first part Director McMurdie made a speech, which, though inaudible to the audience, was apparently understood by the gas. This latter vanished altogether, as though by command, and the anxious audience were left in utter darkness.

Before Her Majesty arrived the lights had been partially restored, but the odour and the heat, notwithstanding the opening of doors and windows, were intolerable. Numbers of persons (who had only come to see the Queen) fled precipitately. Nevertheless, the symphony went well; Herr Joachim played Mendelssohn's concerto superbly; Miss Louisa Pyne sang Meyerbeer's barcarole with her accustomed talent; and the overture to *Tannhäuser* was given with such energy that there was an apprehension that the gas would once more take its departure, in pure fright at such a strange chaos of noises. And thus (with an enthusiastic and well-merited "ovation" for Professor Bennett—after Her Majesty had retired), ended the season, about which, and the Philharmonic Society generally, we shall have something to say in our next.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—Her Majesty's Theatre has seldom presented a more splendid appearance at a morning performance than on Monday, when the annual concert of Mr. Benedict took place. Every box and stall was occupied, and the pit, amphitheatre, and gallery were crowded. All classes were attracted by the programme, which, though too long, comprised several pieces of unusual interest. The singers included all the artists of the establishment, together with Madame Viardot, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Madame Sherrington Lemmens; while Herr Joachim, MM. Molique, Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, Blagrove, Rubinstein, and G. Alois Schmidt joined Mr. Benedict in the instrumental department. The programme was divided into three parts. The first and last were miscellaneous. The second part was "dramatic" and included the *scena* and *aria*, with chorus, from Benedict's opera, *Der alte vom Berge* (*The Crusaders*), sung by Herr Pischek; the grand *scena* from *Oberon*, "Ozeane, du Ungehru'e" ("Ocean, thou mighty monster"); concluding with Paisiello's one act operetta, *La Serva Padrona*, by Mademoiselle Piccolomini, Signors Rossi and Cazaboni. The fine air from the *Crusaders* was powerfully sung by the German barytone, the chorus rendering good assistance. Mdlle. Titien was splendid in the *scena* from *Oberon*, her grand voice telling with singular effect in this most exacting of soprano airs. Paisiello's old-fashioned operetta—old-fashioned both in plot and music, the latter most charming, nevertheless—owed much of its effect to the vivacious acting and determined singing of Mdlle. Piccolomini, whom we should like to see play the part of the intriguing maid-servant on the stage.

The duet for master and servant is by far the most genuine piece of music in the operetta, and was loudly applauded, Mdlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Rossi being honoured with a recall. The admirers of Paisiello, however, must not accept the *Serva Padrona* as a sample of his best manner. Besides the *scena* from the *Crusaders*, Mr. Benedict contributed to the programme, from his own works, the overture to the *Gipsy's Warning*, two unaccompanied trios for female voices—"Schlummerlied" and "Im Walde"—sung by Mdlle. Titien, Mesdames Sherrington Lemmens and Viardot; song, "The Skylark;" and the air of the page, "Quand tout d'un coup," from *Les Nonnes de Robert*. Both the unaccompanied trios—melodious, and masterpieces of vocal writing—were beautifully sung, more especially the second "Im Walde," which appeared to delight Mr. Benedict's aristocratic listeners. Mad. Sherrington gave the song of the page with great brilliancy, and Miss Louisa Pyne the "Skylark" with, if possible, more brilliancy. Rapturous encores were awarded to Mad. Alboni in the rondo from *Cenerentola*; to Mdlle. Titien and Signor Giuglini in the "Miserere" scene from the *Trovatore*; to Signor Giuglini in the ballad "Tu m' ami, ah! si bell'anima" ("When other lips") from the *Bohemian Girl*; and to Herr Joachim in Paganini's *Capriccio*. The last alone was not accepted, the great violinist obstinately declining to do more than reappear and bow. One of the most interesting performances of the concert was Bach's Triple Concerto for three pianofortes (with additional accompaniments by Moscheles), played by Herr Rubinstein, Mr. Benedict and Herr G. Alois Schmidt. Herr Rubinstein executed a cadence of his own making, which threatened dissolution to the great chandelier, and drowned "Echo" in the hurly-burly. Maurer's Concertante for six violins, too, was an interesting performance, more particularly since it was entrusted to such eminent hands as Herr Joachim, Herr Molique, MM. Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, and Blagrove.

HERR LOUIS RIES, nephew of the celebrated Ferdinand Ries, gave a concert on Friday evening last week, at Willis's Rooms. He was assisted by MM. Pauer, Deichmann, Webb, Günther, A. Maurer, and F. Pratten, as instrumentalists, and Mdlle. de Villars contributed the vocal pieces. Herr Louis Ries, with MM. Deichman, Webb, Günther, Maurer, and Pratten, executed the grand sextuor, in A minor, of Ferdinand Ries, for two violins, two violas, violoncello, and contrabasso; the first allegro of Spoehr's ninth concerto in D minor; and, with Herr Pauer, Beethoven's sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in E flat, Op. 12. Herr Louis Ries, not merely in his selection of pieces, but in his style and the solidity of his execution, declared his predilection for the best school of violin playing. Herr Pauer gave two solos of Henselt; Herr A. Maurer (son of the celebrated violinist), executed Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Mdlle. de Villars sang some favourite songs.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Mr. Leslie has the great merit of having revived that taste for pure vocal harmony which, in the olden time, was so highly cultivated and so widely diffused in England. He has formed a number of musical ladies and gentlemen into a choral body, and has taught them to sing in a manner much superior to anything that has been heard in this country in our day; nay—if we are to take the much-praised Cologne choir as a fair specimen of German choral singing—in a manner at least equal to what is usually heard in that harmonious land. In precision, purity of intonation, and attention to the delicacies of expression and effect, Mr. Leslie's choristers rival those of Cologne; while their harmony has the superior sweetness caused by the infusion of female voices; and they have the further advantage of singing much better music—our grand and beautiful old madrigals and the glees of our great masters being as much above the trivial modern part-songs to which the Cologno gentlemen were addicted, as the harmony of Mozart is above that of Verdi. Mr. Leslie, moreover, has not only taught his choir to sing the most exquisite part-music in the world, but he has taught the public to appreciate and enjoy it. Ever since the formation of his choir, some three years ago, their performances have become more and more popular; and now the announcement of a concert of Mr. Leslie's choir never fails to fill to the very doors the great expanse of St. Martin's Hall. This was the case on Friday evening, when an immense audience listened to one of the best concerts Mr. Leslie has ever given.—*Daily News*.

MADAME BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUHE gave their annual morning concert on Thursday, at the Hanover Rooms, which were filled to overflowing. The selection was good, but much too long. We hope to live to see a concert-giver who will take for his motto, "Brevity is the soul of attraction," and act up to it. Twenty-five pieces before dinner—in the loveliest part of the day, too—and one of them nearly half-an-hour long—Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello—is more than enough to take away one's appetite. Luckily these elongated concerts kill themselves. Nobody waits to the end, so that a number of pieces are always omitted. The selection provided for their friends by the highly-respected professors above mentioned was good, and the talent employed undeniable. Among the artists who assisted were Mad. Viardot, Mad. Sherrington Lemmens, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Pischek, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti. A very fine performance of Mendelssohn's trio just named was given by Herr Kühe, M. Sainton, and Sig. Piatti. Herr Kühe executed several solos, among the rest two bagatelles of his own composition—"Au bord d'un lac"—and "Grande Marche Triomphale"—both of which were admired and received with applause. Madame Bassano sang Rossi's *aria*, "Ah rendimi," the Scotch ballad "The bonnie wee wife," the battle duet from *Tancrédi* with Mr. Sims Reeves, and took part in a trio with Mesdames Viardot and Sherrington Lemmens. Madame Bassano's fine contralto voice was perhaps heard to greatest advantage in Rossi's *aria*, although in every piece there was evidence of the accomplished singer. The most brilliant vocal performance of the concert was the air, "Oh quelle nuit," from the *Domino Noir*, by Madame Sherrington Lemmens; the most finished and expressive, the *Romanza*, "Quando le sere," from *Luisa Miller*, by Mr. Sims Reeves; and the most strictly classical, an *aria* from Handel's *Alcina*, by Madame Viardot. Messrs. Benedict and Francesco Berger conducted.

Misses McALPINE'S CONCERT.—The Annual Concert of the clever and pains-taking vocalists, the Misses McAlpine, took place on Monday evening, the 14th instant, at the Hanover Rooms, in presence of a large congregation of fashionables. The patronage extended to the fair sisters on the present occasion issued from the highest quarters, and was not confined to illustrious members of our home nobility, but included exotic dignitaries, such as His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, and His Excellency Ferouk Khan, the Persian ambassador, to say nothing of the Rajah of Sarawak (who is not foreign, but Hibernian), Generals Sir Fenwick Williams and Sir Henry Storks, &c., &c. The vocalists who assisted the Misses McAlpine were Mad. Gassier, Miss Augusta Manning, Mdlle. Sedlatzék, Herr Richard Deck, and Mr. Allan Irving; the instrumentalists—Miss Binfield Williams, Herr Jansa, and Herr Lidel. The first effort of the sisters was in Balfe's popular duet, "Trust him not," which was received with loud applause. Miss McAlpine's execution of the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*, if not perfect, displayed good points, and was to be praised throughout for dramatic feeling. A ballad entitled "I've always a welcome for thee," very prettily warbled by Miss Margaret McAlpine, pleased unanimously; as did also the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, by the same young lady. The duet from the *Stabat Mater*, "Quis est homo," was sadly shorn of its attractions without the orchestral accompaniment. The four Scottish duets were all well sung. The single classical piece of the programme was Beethoven's trio, No. 1, op. 70, for piano, violin, and violoncello, admirably executed by Miss Binfield Williams, Herr Jansa, and Herr Lidel.

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resided in Berlin, and is now Hof-Capellmeister in Stuttgart. In Hanover, his active love of art revived as fresh as ever, and Edward Wenzel, who still fills the place of court pianist, was chosen for his master in pianoforte playing and composition. This highly educated musician, born on the 28th July, 1805, at Wunstorf, diligently proceeded with all the subjects the Prince had previously studied, especially the principles of composition, of which the Prince became fonder and fonder every day, and in which he exercised himself with great zeal. During the first period of his studies, he composed and edited principally works for the piano, though he wrote generally a great deal, to exercise himself in form. In his eighteenth year a partiality for vocal composition was *predominantly* manifested in him, and he now produced a long series of vocal works for one or more voices, of which a great many have been published, and afford most satisfactory and speaking evidence of this noble prince's great and rare artistic zeal, talent, and varied æsthetical education. A small work, *Ideen und Betrachtungen über Musik*, proves, more especially, his Majesty's varied, scientific, and æsthetical studies, which are, moreover, evident to every one who enjoys the favour of talking with him on artistic subjects. His Majesty possesses, also, the rare gift of being able to impart his knowledge in a clear and beautiful manner. It is, further, very evident from the little work we have mentioned, that he lays down as the cardinal point of all artistic efforts, the close connection of art with religion, which, indeed, has been the principal aim of his whole life, a high and noble theory, wherein he has constantly found both the purest artistic enjoyment as well as the most complete consolation and greatest zest. The uninterrupted and brilliant progress of all matters connected with art in Hanover is a most convincing proof how indefatigable the distinguished composer is to elevate and spread his dearly-beloved art throughout his kingdom, and play the part of a *Mæcenas*, as gracious as munificent, always mindful of the sentiments bequeathed us by the great reformer, Dr. Martin Luther, in praise of *Frau Musica*, and her influence on the souls of men.*

REFLECTIONS ON MR. SIMS REEVES, &c. (From the *Morning Advertiser*.)

ENTERTAINING profound regard for Mr. Sims Reeves as a musical declaimer, in which character he originally achieved fame, no stinted praise is due to him in a more popular and pleasing branch of the "divine art"—we refer to his delivery of the simple strains of ballad music. Our English tenor is equally captivating with the sphere-harmony of Handel as he is with the *lilt* of the ballad. Though this was not so conspicuously the case last night as on some former occasions, when the artist had committed to him the melodies of Ireland and Scotland, yet his triumph was complete in Beethoven's famed song, "Adelaide;" a new ballad, "I have not gold, I have not gems," by Mr. Peed; and in Hatton's clever song, "Phoebe, dearest." The new ballad is another addition to our musical ephemera—pretty and grammatical enough. The composer, however, is indebted to the singer, who gained for it an enthusiastic encore, an honour also conferred on Mr. Hatton's composition. A word or two of eulogy is certainly due to the Orchestral Choir, the members of which acquitted themselves with much obedience and oneness; perhaps they approached their subjects with too much familiarity, the result, no doubt, of their chief practice being in their assembly rooms among themselves."

["Sphere harmony" is good; "the *lilt* of the ballad" is good; "pretty and grammatical enough" is better; "much *obedience and oneness*" is still better; "too much familiarity" is best of all. There is nothing "perfunctory" in any of the above. On the contrary, the writer has "achieved the nimbus"—of absurdity.—ED.]

* For the materials of this biographical sketch we are indebted to Herr K. Bansi, of Minden. They were originally intended for Gathy's *Tonkünstler-Lexicon*, the new edition of which has been stopt by the author's death.—ED. N. M. Z.

SINGING CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.—It was the opinion of Dr Rush that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many kinds of healthful exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subjected to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music-master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing." In the new establishment of infant-schools for children of three or four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity and powers of the vital organs.—*New York Musical World*.

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31

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In aid of the Funds of the General Infirmary at Leeds, to be held in the New Town Hall, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, September 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1858.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.—Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Sunderland, Madame Weiss, Miss Whitham, Miss Helens Walker, and Middle Piccolomini, Miss Dolby, Miss Palmer, Miss Freeman, Miss Crosland, and Madame Alboni. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Inkermann, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Signor Giulini. Mr. Weiss, Mr. Sanctley, Mr. Wim, Mr. Hincliffe, Signor Rossi, and Signor Vialetti. SOLO PIANISTS.—Miss Arabella Goddard. ORGANISTS.—Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. Wm. Spark. CHORAL MASTER.—Mr. R. S. Burton.

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OVERTURE	... (Guillaume Tell)	... ROSSINI.	
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Parties requiring detailed Programmes of the Performances may have them forwarded by post; or may obtain them on or after the 26th July (with any other information desired), on application to Mr. HENRY HOWELL, Secretary to the Committee, 34, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham.

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This work, as elaborately projected as it is simple in arrangement, has been drawn up in the form of a Table or Chart by Mr. Engelke, whose long and intimate connection with bands and orchestras of every description, and whose experience in instrumental arrangements fully qualified him for the task. The *Guide* offers to composers of every grade, as well as to amateurs and students of composition or orchestration, a means which will enable them, at once, to write for every instrument at present used in orchestras and military bands. The table indicates the relative position of the sounds or notes produced by the different instruments as compared with the piano scale, extending over seven octaves, and in a manner sufficiently simple to be understood by the youngest student of music. It shows the compass of all these instruments according to the latest improvements, and, with regard to the trombone, explains, in an extra scale, the principle of the slide-divisions, which enables the composer, in writing for the instrument, to consult the advantage of the performer.

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THE ORGAN OF ST. JOHN'S, HACKNEY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—The *Musical World* of the 10th ult. presents a letter, signed "Diapason," referring to an article on the Tenison's Chapel Organ, which you had printed the previous week—my communication. The part of "Diapason's" letter which questions the identity of the name of Snetzler with any portion of the existing organ of St. John's, Hackney, I propose here to reply to, by furnishing you with the history of that instrument, as I have got it in my collection, and then stating the source whence the information was derived. And if you think the matter possesses sufficient of public interest to be worth a place in your interesting periodical, perhaps you will print it when you can spare a column for such purpose.

"ST. JOHN'S, HACKNEY.

This organ was built by Snetzler, A.D. 1768, for the old Hackney church, where it originally stood. It was then of three rows of keys; the great and choir organs being on the G short octave principle, and the swell down to fiddle G, the box opening on the sliding sash plan. When the new church was finished the organ was taken down and removed thither, and the instrument underwent an extensive repair by Mr. England in 1796. The compass of the instrument was then extended by making it long octaves, and another open diapason was added to the great organ, with the addition of a tierce, and also new sound-boards to the great and choral organs, and an entire remodelling of the whole instrument, with a case of mahogany. This repair, which was executed in an excellent and workmanlike manner, placed the instrument on a level with the best then in London. When the church was beautified in 1828, the organ underwent another extensive repair and improvement, consisting of the addition of a set of open diapason pedal pipes, from C to C C, thirteen notes; a dulcetano to the choir in the place of the vox-humaine, which latter had become imperfect; two coupler stops, to unite the swell and choir organs to the great organ; three composition pedals to the great organ; the swell extended from fiddle

G to C in the tenor, with a Venetian swelling front, a new pair of horizontal bellows, and an octave-and-a-half of German pedals.

This is still a very fine organ, and has the advantage of standing in a good situation, and in a church favourable to sound; and those connoisseurs who are capable of judging and appreciating the beauty of Snetzler's voicing, will perceive at once that the original quality is still preserved. The quality of tone of the instrument is great throughout. The voicing of the open diapason, by England, is excellent both in quality and quantity. The old open diapason by Snetzler is also of superior tone. The stopped diapason of the great organ and swell are of metal from middle C, and in three tunes are very pure; the flute, also, in the choir organ, is of metal and equally good; and the reed stops throughout the instrument are still spouted, crisp, and rich, and all mix well together, giving a grandeur and majesty of sound much superior to many modern instruments of greater magnitude. Its contents are as follows:—

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COMPASS—GG to F IN ALT.		COMPASS—GG to F IN ALT.		COMPASS—Tenor G to F IN ALT.	
1. Open Diapason.	1. Stopped Diapason.	1. Open Diapason.	1. Flute.	1. Open Diapason.	1. Flute.
2. Open Diapason.	2. Stop Diapason.	2. Principal.	2. Principal.	2. Stopped Diapason.	2. Principal.
3. Stop Diapason.	3. Principal.	3. Twelfth.	3. Twelfth.	3. Fifteenth.	3. Fifteenth.
4. Principal.	4. Fifteenth.	4. Bassoon.	4. Bassoon.	4. Cornets—3 ranks.	4. Cornets—3 ranks.
5. Fifteenth.	5. Tierce.	5. Trumpet.	5. Trumpet.	5. Hautboy.	5. Hautboy.
6. Fifteenth.	6. Sesquialtera.	6. Clarion.	6. Clarion.	6. Dulciano.	6. Dulciano.
7. Tierce.	7. Mixture.	7. Mounted Cornets to C —5 ranks.	7. Mounted Cornets to C —5 ranks.		
8. Sesquialtera.	9. Mixture.				
9. Mixture.	10. Trumpet.				
10. Trumpet.	11. Clarion.				
11. Clarion.	12. Mounted Cornets to C —5 ranks.				

Pedal Pipes, CC to CCC. Four Couplers. Three Composition Pedals."

The foregoing history was drawn from a critique on the instrument, which appeared, I think, in the *Christian Remembrancer* about 15 years ago. And my belief in the correctness of the statements then made receives a sort of confirmation in the circumstance of Messrs. Rimbault and Hopkins having adapted the same article, appending it to their synopsis of the instrument in their admirable book of 1855. And I think the inference to be drawn from that article—as regards the reeds—the matter now more particularly in question—is, that the original ones by Snetzler were not removed from the instrument when Mr. England executed his work on it in 1796, and therefore that the present reeds are the same.

St. John's, Hackney, is the mother-church of a great suburban parish of the same name lying northward of the City. It stands in a well-stocked burial-ground of some five acres in extent, on the right-hand side of the more easterly of the two main roads that diverge from Shoreditch, and about two miles from the City boundary. It was built between the years 1791 and 1797, at a cost of £28,000, replacing a large irregular Gothic structure of fourteenth century work, partly rebuilt in the sixteenth; the old tower, still left standing at some three hundred yards to the south-west, being of the former date. In history, the church is known only by the name of St. Augustine; the dedication having been changed to that of St. John at the consecration of the new building July 15, 1797. This is a large substantial brick edifice, cruciform in plan, with steeple rising out at its northern end, built of stone, and presenting a somewhat singular finial. Interiorly the edifice is nearly equilateral; has no columns (except those that carry the galleries) the roof being of a single span, and presents little of the ecclesiastical appearance—it is the huge meeting-house rather than the church—affording a fair example on a large scale of the style of church-building that distinguishes the period of the reign of George III. However, it is pre-eminent as possessing the capacity of accommodating the largest congregation (it is said about 2,700) of any church in London, with the unusual advantage too, of all being enabled to see and distinctly hear the preacher. And it is, doubtless, the effect occasioned by the absence of columns, arches, secondary walls, &c., that gives to this organ the position "favourable to sound," noticed by the writer of the before-quoted article.

The organ stands in the western gallery; the design of the case presents a front of four towers of gilt diapasons, the two to the sides receding considerably; there were formerly projecting wings on either side, but they were removed some years ago, in

order to increase the accommodation in the gallery for school children, an alteration not advantageous to the appearance of the organ, since its width now looks diminutive in comparison with the vastness of the proportions of the church itself.

The organ which Snetzler's instrument replaced in St. Augustine's Church, Hackney, in 1758, was erected there in 1665 by Dallans. It was of two rows of keys—with great organ nine stops, in the choir four. Fine oak case and diapered pipes, the diapering of the pipes is recorded to have cost £78 12s. 6d., a sum perhaps, equal to £200 of the present day. The organ is now at Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
F. C.
55, Regent Street.

THE LEEDS ORGAN.

The following description of the contents of the Great Organ, for the New Town Hall, Leeds, built by Messrs. Gray and Davison, and designed by Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. William Spark, will be read with interest by all who interest themselves in organ matters.

This fine instrument possesses four manual claviers—compass of each from CC to C in altissimo—61 notes; and a pedal clavier extending from CCC to F, or a compass of 30 notes. The Orchestral Solo Organ (uppermost clavier) contains the following stops:—

BY PIPES ON SOUND BOARDS.

1. Bourdon (wood) ...	8 feet.
2. Concert Flute Harmonic (to fiddle G)	8 "
3. Piccolo Harmonic (to tenor C)	4 "
4. Ottavina Harmonic	2 "
5. Clarinet	8 "
6. Oboe (to tenor C)	8 "
7. Cor. Anglais and Bassoon (free reed)	8 "
8. Tromba	8 "
9. Ophicleide	8 "

BY MECHANICAL COMBINATION.

10. Clarinet and Flute in octaves.
11. Oboe and Flute
12. Clarinet and Bassoon
13. Clarinet and Oboe
14. Oboe and Bassoon
15. Flute, Clarinet, and Bassoon in double octaves.
16. Flute, Oboe, and Bassoon in double octaves.

The Swell-Organ (second clavier) contains the following stops:—

1. Bourdon (wood) ...	16 feet.
2. Open Diapason	8 "
3. Stopped Diapason (treble to tenor C)	—wood ... 8 "
4. Ditto ditto, Bass—(wood) ...	8 "
5. Keraulophon (to tenor C) ...	8 "
6. Harmonic Flute (to fiddle G) ...	8 "
7. Octave ...	4 "
8. Gemshorn	4 "

The Great Organ (third clavier) contains, in reality, two complete and distinct organs, of different powers and qualities. One, called the "front great organ," contains the following stops:—

1. Double Diapason (open metal) ...	16 feet.
2. Open Diapason	8 "
3. Spitz Gamba	8 "
4. Stopped Diapason (wood) ...	8 "
5. Octave (metal) ...	4 "

The contents of the "back great organ" are as follows:—

13. Bourdon—Wood ...	16 feet.
14. Flute à Pavillon ...	8 "
15. Viola	8 "
16. Harmonic Flute (to Fiddle G, continued to the bottom in open wooden pipes) ...	8 "
17. Quint	6 "
18. Octave	4 "

In the Choir Organ (lowermost clavier), are the following stops:—

1. Sub-dulciana (open metal to Tenor C and stopped wood to the bottom) ...	16 feet.
2. Open Diapason	8 "
3. Stopped Diapason, treble to Tenor C (metal) ...	8 "
4. Stopped Diapason, Bass (wood)	
5. Salicional	8 "
6. Viol da Gamba (to Tenor C) ...	8 "

The Pedal Organ contains the following stops:—

1. Sub-Bass (open metal) ...	32 feet.
2. Contra Bourdon (wood) ...	32 "
3. Open Diapason (metal) ...	16 "
4. Open Diapason (wood) ...	16 "
5. Violon (wood) ...	16 "
6. Bourdon (wood) ...	16 "
7. Quint (open wood) ...	12 "

The "Coupling Stops" are as follows:—

1. Solo Organ to Great Clavier.
2. Great to Solo.
3. Solo Organ Super Octave (on its own Clavier).
4. Solo Organ Sub Octave (on its own Clavier).
5. Solo Organ to Great Super Octave.
6. Solo Organ to Great Super Unison.

There are, also, eleven pedals "for various purposes of mechanical adjustment," arranged as follows:—

1. Swell Pedal.
2. Swell Pedal for Solo Organ.
3. Tremulant Pedal.
4. Pedal admitting wind to the back Great Organ.
5. Pedal coupling the back Great Organ to Swell Clavier.

6.)

7.) Composition Pedals.

8.)

9.)

10.) Crescendo Pedal.

11.) Diminuendo Pedal.

As this large instrument contains many peculiarities not at once to be perceived from a mere inspection of its contents as above recited, we point out a few of the more remarkable. First in order, as, perhaps, in novelty, comes the Solo-Organ. No stop belonging to this clavier has any reference to those massive or "full" effects, which properly are the province of the other portions of the instrument. Every stop (except the "Bourdon," to be used with the reeds), is simply what it pretends to be—a *solo stop*—having the nearest attainable relation with its orchestral prototype. Further to increase the practical usefulness of this relation, all the stops (except the Bourdon aforesaid) are placed *horizontally*—a position which, by careful experiment, has been found to add between twenty and thirty per cent. to their ordinary intensity of tone, and to meet this unusual position the sound-boards are placed vertically instead of horizontally. Furthermore, the first eight stops in the list are supplied with a high pressure of wind (six inches for the brass and tenor, and seven inches for the middle and treble portions of their compass), and are enclosed in two swell-boxes, having Venetian shutters above, below, and in front. The ninth stop (ophicleide) stands, or rather lies, below the rest of the solo-organ, and is supplied with twelve-inches air pressure throughout. The great peculiarity of this solo-organ, however, is found in the stops numbered from 10 to 16, which, by means of a number of mechanical contrivances (simple in themselves, but almost impossible to describe clearly without the aid of diagrams), enable the performer to play cer-

tain of the stops in octaves to each other, while merely touching single notes on the clavier. Thus, for example, on drawing the stop (No. 15) labelled "flute, clarinet, and bassoon, in double octaves," and pressing down the middle C of the solo clavier the result will be, the tenor C of the *Cor Anglais*,* the middle C of the *Clarinet*, and C above the 8-feet *Flûte Harmonique*, sounding simultaneously. Similarly, any of the stops numbered from 10 to 16 will place at the performer's disposal the combinations with which they are labelled. The operation of these stops for "mechanical combination," it will be perceived, is totally different to that of any "movement" whereby ordinary stops of *different pitch* are drawn together. For example, the effect produced by combining the 4-feet flute and the 4-feet cremona of an ordinary choir-organ, will no more resemble that resulting from the stop No. 10 (which places the middle C of the 8-feet clarinet, and the C above of the 8-feet flute on the same key of the clavier), than will the effect of the *sounding octave* resulting from the combination of an open diapason and principal, compare with that of an octave actually *played* on the open diapason alone. By these contrivances, then, a very accurate imitation of almost all the ordinary wind-combinations of an orchestra is placed easily within the grasp of *one* of the performer's hands, leaving the other free for any of these purposes of florid accompaniment in which the modern race of players are so proficient. By the use, again, of Nos. 3 and 4 of the "coupling stops," a different class of effects is presented. A melody, for example, played unisonously on the "Ophicleide," can be accompanied in the octave above and below it by any or all of the other stops of the Solo-Organ, and this merely by playing single notes on the clavier. On the whole, it may be said that this Solo-Organ more nearly fulfils the objects implied in its title than any yet constructed.

In the Great Organ there are some very noteworthy features of arrangement. The idea of dividing the Great Organ into two distinct masses is certainly not altogether novel; a similar distribution has been at least hinted at in two or three continental examples. In the present instance, however, the principle has been developed, and the various resources it affords have been made available to a far greater extent than appears to have been contemplated in any other case. The twelve stops placed on the "front" sound-boards are calculated to form a comparatively *light*, though powerful and brilliant organ, while the remaining fourteen stops placed on the "back" sound-boards, comprising some of the strongest members of the flue-work—the flute à pavillon,† the viola, and the harmonic series of 8, 4, and 2 feet pitch, together with the quint, the large mixtures, and the heavy reeds, will form a "band" entirely different to the foregoing in amount and quality of force. There is a pedal, numbered "4" in the list of pedals for "mechanical adjustment," which operates on stop-valves placed in the wind-trunks of the "back" sound-boards, or, in other words, discharges the functions of what the Dutch and German builders call a "wind-coupler." So long as this pedal remains "hitched down," all the twenty-six stops are at the performer's disposal on the Great Organ clavier; while the act of releasing this pedal instantaneously cuts off the wind-supply from the stops of the "back" sound-boards, and thus severs them from the control of the keys. Hence then, by the use of this pedal, all or any of the stops of the "back" sound-boards may be instantaneously added to the whole or any part of the "front" Great Organ: thus providing—(besides numerous other effects depending on the stops at the moment in use)—the most rapid and perfect *sforzando* possible. There is, besides, another pedal, numbered "5," in the same list, the operation of which, on being "hitched down," is to disconnect the stops of the "back" sound-boards from the great, and couple them to the swell clavier,—thus rendering the two portions of the Great Organ separately disposable on different claviers, and suggesting a host

of novel combinations, of which the modern race of organists will not be slow to avail themselves. We may close this account of the mechanical arrangements of the Great Organ by stating that its twenty-six stops are disposed on nine sound-boards of ample dimensions; and that the air with which they are supplied is increased in pressure twice in the range of the compass—namely, at fiddle G sharp, and again at D sharp, the twelfth above; while the air supplied to the four reed stops of the "back" sound-boards, increasing at the same points, has a higher initial pressure than that allotted to the flue-work.

The tone-composition of this Great Organ is also worthy of remark. Taking the proportions of the flue-stops alone, they stand thus:—two stops of 16 feet, six of 8 feet, one of 6 feet, four of 4 feet, one of 3 feet, two of 2 feet, and eighteen ranks of mixtures. To this add the reeds, namely:—one of 16 feet, three of 8 feet, and two of 4 feet; and the total statement will be, three stops of 16 feet, nine of 8 feet, one of 6 feet, six of 4 feet, one of 3 feet, two of 2 feet, and, as before, eighteen ranks of mixtures. Throughout all this there are no "vain repetitions" of similar scales and qualities. For example, the six stops which compose the 8-feet pitch of the flue-work are an *open diapason* (of the Old English breed), a *gamba* (of the conical description), a *bourdon*, a *flûte à pavillon* (previously described), a *viola* (the largest and most powerful of the German tribe known as "string-toned stops"), and a *flûte harmonique*. The same care is exercised throughout the remainder of the flue-work,—not omitting the four mixture stops, the scales and compositions of which are studiously varied with reference to the particular part contemplated for each in the general effect. In the reed-work, also, of this manual, a similar rule of variety is observed. The *trumpet* and *clarion* of the "front" Great Organ are intended to follow, as nearly as possible, the model of that brilliant, *clangy*, description of reeds which Bye-field made so deservedly famous—a quality, by the way, far too much neglected of late years in this country; while, in the "back" Great Organ, the *modern English* style of reed-work will be adopted for the *contra trombone*, *trombone*, and *tenor trombone*; and the most successful achievement of the French school will have its representative in the *harmonic trumpet*. Under all these circumstances, then of quantity and variety, there can be no doubt that, as a single manual, this Great Organ will have very few rivals in Europe.

Having gone somewhat into detail in describing the Great Organ, it is needless—beyond stating that similar principles are to be observed throughout the instrument—to do more with respect to the Swell and Choir Organs than refer to the list of their registers as amply representing the qualities of these manuals respectively. In one respect, however, the arrangements of the Swell Organ differ from those usually adopted. Having its twenty stops disposed on four sound-boards, the two front ones, containing all the reed-work, are supplied with air at one inch heavier pressure than that allotted to the others.

The adherents of the old-fashioned English "large pedal-pipe" school will, doubtless, be greatly scandalised by the absence of a 32-feet open wood-stop from the Pedal Organ. When, however, it is remembered that the 16-feet pitch should always represent the real weight of a Pedal Organ, that in the present scheme there are already *three* 32-feet stops—namely, a *metal open*, a *bourdon*, and a *reed*—and that an immensely large majority of the finest Continental examples authorise this proportion, there can be no question of its sufficiency and completeness. There is a convenient mechanical arrangement in this Pedal Organ which obviates most of the difficulty sometimes complained of in manipulating a large number of pedal stops. Next to the coupler "Great Organ to Pedals" is placed a draw-stop, which controls the admission of wind to all the Pedal Organ, except only the *violin* and *bourdon*. As both these stops can be easily drawn or retired simultaneously, the full Pedal Organ may be reduced to two soft 16-feet stops by the same action which detaches the Great Organ keys from the pedals.

In order as little as possible to perplex the operations of the performer, there are but four composition pedals for the whole instrument. These, however, by an instantaneous adjustment, act, as the player requires, on the swell organ alone, or on the

* The best imitative bassoon, when properly made, that organ-building skill has ever arrived at.

† The stop is of French origin, and its name has once or twice been Englished into "Bell diapason." It is one of the most powerful members of the flue tribe.

swell, great, and pedal organs simultaneously, or on the two latter only. Furthermore, each of these four composition pedals is capable of effecting three different combinations (the changes extending, as before mentioned, to the swell, great, and pedal organs, or either of them); the *modus operandi*, so far as the performer is concerned, being simply the setting of an index (one of which appertains to each of the composition pedals) to the number indicating the required combination.

The *crescendo* and *diminuendo* pedals, with which the list of "mechanical adjustments" terminates, act on the swell and great organ combined, or on each separately, in the same manner as mentioned of the composition pedals; and in all these cases the necessary movements are imparted to the slides of the sound-boards by the agency of the pneumatic apparatus, whereby the space passed through by the pedal, and the pressure of the foot required to produce its motion, will both be reduced to a minimum.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, HUNSLET.—There was a special service in St. Jude's Church, Pottery Field, Hunslet, in connection with the opening of a new organ which has been erected in that church. The instrument was built by Mr. Booth, of Wakefield, and cost about £154. The money was principally contributed by the members of the congregation. There has hitherto been no musical instrument in the church. At the service on Thursday, there was a large congregation, including a good proportion of the poorer inhabitants of the district. Several clergymen from neighbouring parishes were also present. Full choral service was performed by the choir, assisted by some of the members of the choir of the Leeds Parish Church, and other churches. Mr. Lancaster was the organist. A sermon was preached by the Rev. C. H. Collier, incumbent of St. Luke's, who selected as his text a portion of the 18th verse of the 5th chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. John—"Whosoever is born of God sinneth not." A collection was afterwards made, amounting to £6 17s. 5*d.*, in aid of the organ fund. Special sermons will be preached in the church on Sunday, and collections made in aid of the organ fund, there being still a deficiency of about £40.

PESTH.—Friar Liszt is engaged to write a religious composition in honour of Saint Elizabeth, to be executed by the Stephan Society.

ASSEMBLY OF THE WELSH BARDS, &c.—We learn from a printed circular, that "under the protection of God and his peace, will be held on Alban Elved (September 21), A.D. 1858, at Llangollen, in North Wales, the National Gorsedd of British Bards; and with it the Royal Chair of Powys, accompanied by a Grand Eisteddfod, which will be extended over four successive days, viz., September 21, 22, 23, 24, and at which, through the generosity of the British public, prizes to the amount of £400 will be awarded to the successful candidates. The Gorsedd dates as far back as the time of Prydain ab Aedd Mawr, about 1000 years before the Christian era. The Chair of Powys was founded by the three royal bards, Llywarch Hen, Brochwell Ysgythreg, and Gwron ab Oynfarch, in the sixth century. The Eisteddfod dates its origin from the time of Owain ab Merion Wledig (Maximus the Emperor), and marks the era of Britain's freedom from the Roman yoke, and the restoration of the supremacy of the British language. The object of the Eisteddfod is, in the first place, to promote the study and cultivation of the poetry, music, and general literature of the Cymry,—to preserve the Welsh language,—to encourage native arts and manufactures,—and to rescue from neglect and oblivion the national usages of the Principality. In the second place, its object is to promote a spirit of loyalty and patriotism among the people,—of mutual confidence and intercourse between rich and poor,—and of social harmony among all classes. Such are the objects which the promoters of the forthcoming Eisteddfod have in view—an Eisteddfod which they will strenuously endeavour to conduct, as far as circumstances permit, in strict accordance with the forms and usages of ancient times." We have also seen the programme of this national event. Under the head of "Prose" there are five prizes; "Oratory," 1; "Poetry," 17; "Music," 12; "Heraldry," 1; "Art," 7; and "Miscellaneous," 6. We observe that the Rev. J. Hughes, Meltham Parsonage, Huddersfield, is one of the honorary secretaries.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 409.)

AFTER having been in California about a year, during which period we met with continuous success in our concert speculation, I began to think of returning to New York, for my homesickness was getting almost too much to bear. But Fate decreed otherwise. Miss Catherine Hayes made her appearance one fine day in the early spring of 1853, and created a new *furore*, and as the party I was with left for Lima and Valparaiso, I willingly accepted an engagement as her conductor.

She arrived at a happy period. Trade, which for the last year had been seriously depressed, was now active; real estate had gone, and was going up (a healthy sign). Miss Hayes's success was unequivocal, and the fickle San Friskynes soon forgot the song of the American Thrush in the notes of the Swan of Erin; a most abominable appellation, as I take it, for swans only make a horrid noise like the trial of a bad bassoon-reed; and even geese have no claim to belong to a musical family, except when, as described by a facetious cook, "you roast him alive," (which process is ingeniously described in an old work much antecedent to Mrs. Glasse,) and when the living bird is brought to table, and you proceed to carve him, "he maketh a ryghte pleasaunt noyse, which is myghtye agreeable." Money now tumbled in fast upon me, for the Swan had brought no opera scores, and she wished to give operatic scenes in costume, so that I had plenty of work to do in arranging and scoring, which labour brought a liberal return upon the lady's part. I therefore made up my mind to settle permanently in California, and having already assisted much in the elevation of orchestral music in New York, was not at all disinclined to become the pioneer of good music upon the shores of the North Pacific. Miss Hayes, after a most triumphant reception and tour through the State, left for South America in May, 1853. Another celebrity arrived in this month; Mrs. Catherine N. Sinclair, a lady who from her great talent as an actress, and capacity as a manager, was admirably fitted to lead the theatrical taste of the community. A superb theatre was erected for her (the Metropolitan, lately destroyed by fire), and having opened the San Francisco Hall, during the building of the Metropolitan, the company was formed, engagements were made with foreign artistes, and the Metropolitan was opened on December 24th, 1853, with a fine company, Mrs. Sinclair, manager; Mr. J. B. Booth, stage manager; Mr. Fairchild, scenic artist; and your humble servant, as musical director. My orchestra was small, but efficient; and upon Madame Anna Thillon's arrival in January, 1854, her operas were exceedingly well done, although she cut the score to ribands. The opera company consisted of Thillon, Miss Julia Gould, Messrs. Hudson and Bentler, tenors; and Messrs. Leach and Statfeldt, bassos; the chorus (most excellent) by a German society. Madame Thillon's success, both in an artistic and pecuniary sense, must have been very gratifying.

The next musical arrival was Madame Anna Bishop, who, during her stay, did the work of about twenty *prima donnas*, but, I regret to say, without the pecuniary reward that her great talents, both as a singer and actress, entitled her to, not from want of appreciation or support upon the part of the people, but from the injudicious speculations of her manager, Bochsa, and the general commercial ruin that enveloped the state during a great portion of her stay. Miss Hayes returned from South America in May, 1854, but from the latter cause, this time did not make money; and she sailed for Australia in August, where she made a large fortune, which I sincerely wish she may live long to enjoy. An Italian Opera Company arrived in November, 1854, consisting of Madame Barili Thorn and Madame Bedei, prime donne, Mrs. Voorhees, contralto; Signor Scola, tenore, Signor Lauzoni, baritone, and one of the best artists and good men I ever knew; Signor Leonardi as basso. The operas produced were *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *Nabucco* (with military band on the stage, and grand ballet), *I Lombardi*, *Norma*, *Lucrèzia*, *Sonnambula*, *Favorita*, *Il Barbiero*, and others, as the people say, "too tedious to mention." Verdi was, of course,

the favourite, and when I used to see that poor little Baril tearing herself to pieces in his demoniac service (causing her death not long afterwards) I used to long for a "Society for the prevention of cruelty to singers." But things had now taken a turn, business was bad, and the opera season was a failure, and with the exception of a slight change in affairs upon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, who were amazingly successful, Mrs. Sinclair's term of management expired with severe pecuniary loss to herself, a loss she might have avoided, had she, like some managers, closed after her first success, and dishonestly ignored her future engagements. I have thus rapidly sketched the musical and dramatic growth of the country from my arrival in 1852 to my departure in 1855, and have, of course, anticipated many recollections which would be pleasing to the reader, and some, I grieve to say, which recall a time of the greatest misery to myself.

I previously mentioned that I determined to remain permanently in California, and had sent for my dear wife, and my three boys; had built me a house in a beautiful valley, "convenient to the city," planted a garden with lots of roses and geraniums, not forgetting a patch of vegetables, bought a comical horse and still more comical dog, and waited with much anxiety the arrival of the steamer which contained all I held most dear on earth. I used to while away the time by "pottering" about the house, and wondering how my darling would be pleased with my endeavours to make her a happy and comfortable home, till, as the time grew near, I got into a perfect nervous fever, and used to pass my spare time upon Telegraph Hill, in company with many other anxious hearts which awaited their dear ones' arrival. On Sunday morning I had watched until nearly three o'clock, when a heavy fog from the sea obscured the bay, and I thought of turning in for a short snooze, but could not have been asleep an hour, when I was awakened by my brother-in-law, with the horrid intelligence that the Tennessee had in the fog gone ashore nine miles or so to the north of the Heads, and that the news had been brought to the city by some sailors, who had escaped from the wreck in a whale boat, and found their way, by miracle, into the Bay. I tore distractedly, into the streets, and soon found one of the sailors, "Are Mrs. L—, and the children on board?" "They are, sir, safe and well; the passengers are being landed, and no lives are lost." I cannot describe the unutterable feeling of thankfulness to God that I experienced, nor the longing desire I had to be with them. A large party of husbands, brothers, and friends, was soon collected, and the steam-ship company having placed a steamer at our disposal, at nine at night we crossed the Bay to Sancelito, and from thence were to make our way, as best we could, on foot to the wreck, which was reported as being somewhere up the coast. Jolly old Jack Martin, the marine reporter, headed the party, and I am ashamed to say that several of the husbands felt their courage ooze away as we landed in utter darkness upon the shore, and they declined the perilous enterprise. Old Jack had provided himself with a lantern and a bottle of brandy. Away we plunged, sixteen in all, "through bog, fen, flat," up mountains, down precipices, every now and then coming across herds of wild mustangs, who, with a sound between a shriek and a snort, rushed across our path like a torrent. Our only hope was to keep our faces to the wind, for the sky was clouded, and no friendly star aided us. We did not know where the wreck lay, and when at length half dead with fatigue from scrambling among the rocks, and soaked with perspiration, we arrived at the head of a ravine of about a mile in length, we could scarcely believe our senses as we saw upon the shore an encampment of tents, and the huge rolling bulk of the devoted vessel heaving and tossing in the surf, and made visible by the height of enormous fires that the men had made from the ribs of stout vessels lost upon the beach. We descended the ravine, and shall I ever forget the joy of that wild reunion? My dear one safe and well, and my boys so grown, and nothing lost, not even a shoe wet! How we laughed and cried, as I heard how the little one had kept watch on a peak of rock looking for his Faver, who he said "was sure to come and fetch him," and how

my wife had philosophically calmed the terrors of the other ladies by the cheering idea that "If they were worth seeking, their husbands would be sure to find them;" and had very coolly turned into bed in the sand, where they looked like a lot of sardines in a box.

Was the joy of this meeting so soon to be turned into sorrow? I can scarcely write it, but from that time my dear one drooped. The slow but sure disease, consumption, had already set his seal upon her loved and loving form, and as I watched her daily sinking, and in agonies of pain—for over a year her torture never ceasing—while she bore her misery with a resignation and a courage that were marvellous to behold, I felt that if I could have poured my heart's blood at her feet to give her one moment's ease, how freely I would have done it. I need write no more. I soon was alone. Alone in this great world, with all its loneliness, but I was like a living corpse upon the earth; my heart was buried with her in that narrow grave, and I was desolate.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRMINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL.

[The subjoined account of this admirable institution merits attention.—ED. M. W.]

For upwards of three quarters of a century this noble Institution has annually ministered to the medical and surgical requirements of the necessitous poor centred in the midland counties of England, and so important has been the relief administered by this excellent charity, that, from the opening of the Hospital, in the year 1779, up to the end of June, 1857, no less than 424,606 patients have benefited by its existence, and of that number 96,442 have been admitted as in-patients within its walls.

During the last twenty years, Birmingham and the immediately adjacent districts have doubled their inhabitants—new and extensive factories have been established within the town and its vicinity—a network of railways, stimulating intercourse with the midland metropolis, has been laid down—and, as a consequent result, a teeming population, engaged in manufacturing pursuits, often rendered hazardous from the machinery employed, has been brought into contact with the charity, upon the resources of which increasing numbers are annually becoming claimants. To meet the increased demands of the hospital thus arisen, it has been found necessary to erect an additional wing to the building, thereby providing another ward, containing twenty beds for in-patients, and affording also the means of supplying better accommodation for the treatment and relief of the numerous out-patients who daily attend to have their ailments relieved by the skilful medical and surgical staff of the institution.

The hospital derives its revenues from endowments, subscriptions, donations, legacies, and the profits arising from the celebration of the Triennial Musical Festivals. During the year ending Midsummer, 1857, *nineteen thousand and forty-five patients*, of whom two thousand five hundred and twenty-five were in-patients, received the benefits of the institution, and the total outlay during that period amounted to £7,424 12s. 10d.

Notwithstanding the acceptable pecuniary aid received from another source since the festival of 1855, which has mainly enabled the accomplishment of the enlargement and improvements referred to, the expenditure of the hospital, with every proper regard to economy, continues to exceed the fixed income, in a manner which creates an anxious feeling as to the possibility of keeping up the existing usefulness of the institution. The treasurer's account is overdrawn nearly *two thousand pounds*, and the payments for the current quarter have to be provided for. Under such circumstances the Festival Committee appeal to the benevolent, the philanthropic, and the public generally, to assist the cause of charity, by granting a generous support to the forthcoming festival. If the pecuniary result of the twenty-seventh triennial celebration should be such as to preclude the necessity of curtailing during the next three years the inestimable advantages *at present* secured to the sick and afflicted poor, it will be a matter of sincere congratulation, as any diminution in the actual extensive efficiency of the institution cannot fail to be otherwise than severely felt by numbers who, from accident or disease, might find themselves deprived in their hour of need, of the incalculable blessings of such a charity as the Birmingham General Hospital.

July, 1858.

J. F. LEDSAM,
Chairman of the Festival Committee.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—**TITIENS**, Alboni, and Piccolomini; Belletti, Beneventano, Viatelli, Rossi, Aldighieri, and Giuglini. Final Performances.—Reduced prices.

To-morrow, Monday, August 2, **LUCREZIA BORGIA**, (last time), and last appearance but one of Madlle. Titiens.

Tuesday, August 3, **IL TROVATORE**, (last appearance of Madlle. Titiens.)

Wednesday, August 4, (last night but three), a variety of entertainments, in which Madlle. Piccolomini, Mad. Alboni, and Sig. Giuglini will appear.

Thursday, August 5, (last night but two), **LA ZINGARA**.

Friday, August 6, (last night but one), **LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO**, and other entertainments.

Saturday, August 7, (the last night), **LA TRAVIATA**. On each occasion, a Divertissement, in which Madlle. Boschetto will appear.

Applications to be made at the Box-office.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Proceeded by the new Farce, entitled **DYING FOR LOVE**.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, July 31, the performance will commence with **LEADING STRINGS**. After which **BOOTS AT THE SWAN**. To conclude with **A HANDSOME HUSBAND**. Commence at half-past 7.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

In consequence of the enormous success, and the crowded state of the theatre, Mr. Douglas has prevailed upon those great artistes of the Adelphi Company, viz., Mr. B. Webster, Madame Celeste, Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Keeley, to play six nights longer, which positively must be the last, in consequence of Madame Celeste's continental tour. **THE GREEN BUSHES** every evening, with **OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID**. On Monday, August 2, and during the week, to commence with **THE GREEN BUSHES**, in which Madame Celeste will appear, supported by the Adelphi favourites. To conclude with **OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID**, in which Mr. B. Webster and Madame Celeste will perform. No advance in the prices.

JUSTIFICATION OF M. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—I did not think it *de rigueur* to state that my *articolo* on *Guillaume Tell* was a *traduzione* of the *articolo* of "A. B." *inserito* in the *Armonia di Firenze*, since the *direzione* of that *giornale non politico*, which draws its *ispirazioni* from the *Po*, has frequently appropriated my labours without *riconoscimento*—*a portamento*, which, to say the *mínimo*, is *illagrimabile*.

I am—stimatissimo Sir—your servant,

DURILLON D'ENGELURE.

[At the most, then, M. D'Engelure has been perfunctory.—*Ed. M. W.*]

DEATH.

On Saturday, the 24th inst., in London, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Taylor, Charles Danvers Hackett, Mus. Bac., Oxon., in his forty-sixth year, son of the late Captain Philip J. D. Hackett, of the Priory, Rawmarsh, Yorks.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 31ST, 1858.

THE music-meetings promise well this year—at least in many respects. To Leeds we have more than once alluded, and shall allude again. Of the three Choirs at Hereford we shall probably speak next week. Meanwhile, our present business is with the Birmingham Festival, which deservedly ranks as the first and most important, not only in England, but in Europe. The prospectus, with full details, having already been issued, there is enough and to spare for comment.

The 27th triennial celebration commences on Tuesday morning, August 31st, with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. No Birmingham Festival would be regarded as complete without this oratorio, which, as all our readers are doubtless aware, was composed expressly for Birmingham, and first performed in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1846, under the direction of Mendelssohn himself.

The inhabitants of this great emporium of industry and commerce are justly proud of the honour thus conferred upon them, and, moreover, have good reason to remember with satisfaction that to their own spirit of honourable enterprise was due the suggestion that first originated so great a masterpiece. On Wednesday morning Mr. Costa's oratorio of *Eli*, which obtained so great a success at the meeting of 1855, for which it was expressly written, is to be repeated. On Thursday morning, *The Messiah*—as a matter of course, a *Messiah-less* festival being almost unprecedented. On Friday morning, the performances are to commence with Mr. Henry Leslie's oratorio of *Judith*, composed, like *Elijah* and *Eli*, expressly for the Birmingham Festival. Of this new work, about which so much curiosity is excited, and which we trust may, by its merits, sustain the reputation of the English school, we ourselves know nothing. A contemporary, however—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*—is evidently better informed; and from the pages of that journal a notice of *Judith* has been transferred to another column of our this day's impression. From this notice it will appear that the writer has had the privilege of examining the score, or of attending some private performance, since his description of the work is accompanied by strongly expressed opinions of its musical merits. *Judith* being, we presume, a short oratorio (in which it resembles Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*), Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Beethoven's *Mass** in C, are further included in Friday's programme, which will, under the circumstances, be quite as lengthy as the variety of its contents is likely to render it attractive. The principal singers engaged in the performances of sacred music are Mesdames Castellan, Clara Novello, and Viardot Garcia, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss, and Sig. Belletti. In looking over the distribution of the pieces allotted to each of these performers, we remark that a practice which has lately prevailed, and of which we cannot approve, is largely resorted to—we mean that of dividing each of the principal voice-parts between two singers, and thus weakening the effect of the performance for the sake of the attraction of an additional name in the bills. For example—in *Elijah* and the *Messiah* the *soprano* music of the first part is allotted to Madame Castellan, and of the second part to Madame Novello, while the *contralto* music is similarly shared between Madame Viardot Garcia and Miss Dolby. Mr. Costa is too wise to allow the effect of his own oratorio to be thus endangered; and thus, in *Eli*, we find the four principal parts uniformly sustained by Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti.

The miscellaneous concerts are capitally made out, and in every respect attractive. Besides the well-known singers already named, Madame Alboni, Madlle. Victoire Balfe, Signors Tamberlik and Ronconi lend their assistance, and every evening presents some special feature of interest in the shape of an important work. On Tuesday evening, for instance, there will be Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with additional accompaniments by Mr. Costa. This may possibly lead to some inquiries about the additional accompaniments of Mozart, which were used several years since at Exeter Hall, when *Acis and Galatea* was performed by the Harmonic Union, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. If these were found satisfactory,

* We see no reason for investing a Roman Catholic mass with the Protestant title of "service"—more especially since the Latin text is to be sung, and the arena of performance is not a church, but a municipal hall.

why were new ones considered necessary?* No doubt of Mr. Costa's thorough competence for the task he has undertaken is involved in this query, since that—if proof were wanting from so accomplished a musician—has been proved in *Samson and Judas Maccabaeus*; but the rejection of Mozart's accompaniments throws a doubt upon their genuineness, which we should like to have explained. At the first evening concert there will be no symphony, but the second (Wednesday) commences auspiciously with the magnificent *Jupiter* of Mozart. On this occasion the prominent novel feature is to be Mendelssohn's *Cantata*, "To the Sons of Art," for solo quartet, chorus of male voices and accompaniments of brass instruments†—originally composed for an out-door festival at Cologne, and executed in the open air by 2,500 voices and instruments. At the third concert (Thursday evening) there is also a symphony—Mendelssohn's in A minor—and on this occasion Mr. Costa's *Serenata*, composed for the marriage of the Princess Royal, and entitled *The Dream*, will be performed for the first time in public, the vocal solos being allotted to Mad. Novello, Miss Dolby, Messra Sims Reeves and Weiss. The miscellaneous selections will derive great interest from the number of distinguished vocalists, foreign and native, who take part in them; but they would be better if they were not so long, and more generally attractive for the intermixture of one or two instrumental solos, without which such a quantity of vocal pieces, in all styles, becomes in the end somewhat wearisome. Leeds has been wiser than either Birmingham or Hereford in this respect.

The band and chorus will be on the scale of splendour and completeness to which we have been long accustomed at the Birmingham Festival, and which it is the pride of Mr. Costa, the conductor, and in a great measure the care of his indefatigable "right hand," Mr. J. O. Mason (orchestral steward), to maintain. The president this year is the Earl of Dartmouth, who we earnestly trust may not give encouragement to the system of "encoring" pieces at the morning performances of sacred music. The meeting winds up, as usual, with a grand dress ball, in the Town Hall, on Friday evening. The prospects are cheering, and it is hoped that the funds of the General Hospital,‡ one of the noblest charities in Great Britain, may derive material assistance from the surplus, after payment of all the enormous expenses inseparable from so vast an undertaking.

We didn't go to St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday last to hear Mr. Abel Matthews perform his "great feat from memory," neither will we go if he announces a repetition of the same feat on Tuesday next.

The feat consists in the recital, from memory alone, of the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which, according to Mr. Abel Matthews, contains 10,565 lines. We have no doubt that these figures are right, and whether they are or not, we shall not put ourselves in a position to correct them by counting the lines. We are content to

* In the catalogue of Mozart's compositions for November, 1788—the year during which the three great symphonies in E flat, G minor, and C major (*Jupiter*) were produced—we find "*Acis and Galatea* of Handel, retravaisié."

† This vigorous composition has been performed at the Philharmonic Concerts in London, and was recently introduced by Mr. Benedict, at his first "Festival Concert" in the Crystal Palace.

‡ Of which an account will be found in another column.

receive the Miltonian statistics with faith and gratitude. In return for the useful information diffused by means of his placards and advertisements, let us hope that Mr. Abel Matthews will find an adequate reward. May he meet with a friend, who will tell him how many whitebait there were in the last dish consumed at the "Trafalgar," and, after that, may he meet another who will count out a plate of green peas before his eyes. The rich man who paid Correggio a large sum of money in copper coin, and thereby occasioned the death of the painter, is handed down to us as a monster of cruelty, which, considering there is not a word of truth in the story, is somewhat unfair. To Mr. Abel Matthews this Dives—this *mauvais riche*—would have been a positive benefactor. What a luxury to ascertain by actual manipulation the number of farthings contained in a good round sum of pounds sterling!

We are pleased that we know the number of lines in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and if we so far forget all self-respect as to perpetrate a vile pun, we should say, that we cocker'd ourselves up on the strength of our arithmetical enlightenment. But having learned all we want to learn from Mr. Abel Matthews, we shrink from St. Martin's Hall. Whether he can say the whole 10,565 lines without stumble or boggle, or whether he is apt to break down at the end of the first five, we do not care a jot.

And why should we care? What the — does it matter to us whether Mr. Abel Matthews has a good memory or not? We don't want to know whether he prefers beef to mutton, or whether he thinks a checked trouser superior to a stripe. Neither do we want to know the extent of his mnemonic powers.

If Mr. Abel Matthews had told us that he intended to illustrate the national epic by the force of his elocution, and we had nothing else to do, we might possibly have dropped in upon his exhibition. But he simply informed the world that he designed to show his own ability to have 10,565 lines by heart. And about his possession of this faculty we care nothing,—no, not the faintest shadow of the thinnest farthing.

If Mr. Abel Matthews had offered to jump through 10,565 hoops in succession without stopping, we would have gone to witness the exploit, even if we had broken an engagement to dine off minced veal; for Mr. Abel Matthews jumping through 10,565 hoops would have been a funny spectacle. We should not have become wiser by ascertaining the gymnastic talent of Mr. Abel Matthews—still we should have been amused.

But we could have derived neither amusement nor instruction from hearing a dreary delivery of furlongs of blank verse. We could not have turned the knowledge thus painfully acquired to any practical account.

Far be it from us to offend Mr. Abel Matthews. Indeed, it would be the height of imprudence to affront a gentleman of so terribly long a memory, for though he might forgive in the most Christian spirit, we are certain that he would never forget. Far be it from us to damp the curiosity of any person who wishes to know whether Mr. Abel Matthews has actually learned twelve books of *Paradise Lost* by heart, and is willing to take a reserved seat for the gratification of that passion which, as Mr. Abel Matthews can tell us (without book), came in with "Man's first disobedience and the fruit, &c." We merely say that we do not participate in the anxiety (doubtless general), to know whether Mr. Abel Matthews has a tenacious memory or not.

We fear we are growing obtrusive and egotistical. What has the world to do with our private tastes and predilections, that we should thus indecently parade them? Why, jesting apart, the world cares just as much for our private tastes as it cares for Mr. Abel Matthew's memory; neither more nor less.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.

F. B. Jewson, Esq.

(To be continued in our next.)

MEYERBEER'S NEW COMIC OPERA.—The *Révue et Gazette Musicale* is indignant that the correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* should question its assertion that Meyerbeer's new opera was never promised to M. Carvalho. The *Révue* positively denies that there was ever any treaty between composer and manager about the production of the work at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

WHAT changes were made by Donzelli, Braham, and the rest, we have no means of ascertaining, but if as many as Signor Alary finds necessary for Signor Mario, it must have been a sad thing for *Don Giovanni*. We feel convinced that 100 per cent. less meddling with (and muddling) the music of Mozart, would have suited Signor Mario infinitely better. There is no reason why the whole of the introduction should not be sung in the same key—whether that key be F, the original, or a note higher, in which latter case Mad. Grisi would be obliged to strain a point or two. Anything would be better than the introduction “after Signor Alary”—anything would be better than the transposition of the last ten bars in the overture, the rush (or rather tumble) back into the right key, after “*Notte e giorno*” has been sung in G—than the clambering (or scrambling) a note higher, when Signor Alary is desirous of once more finding himself at G (minor) in the trio for basses—than these and other such barbarities. Anything would be better. A passage or so out of *Nino*, *Luisa Miller*, or the *Tre Nozze* would be better. But then Sig. Alary would not have touched £300—and Sig. Alary would have been worse, not better, for that. These are indeed commercial times. Money can command anything, even to the mutilation of a *chef-d'œuvre* that has been honoured and revered for well nigh three-quarters of a century. Sig. Alary, however, has acted magnanimously in signing his handy work, which otherwise might have been attributed to Mr. Costa—no, not to Mr. Costa—to Mr. Alfred Mellon—no, not to Mr. Alfred Mellon, but to Mr. Horton, an unoffending gentleman whose worst crime was that of copying out the parts—Sig. Alary's parts—and sticking them into the music books for the orchestra.

“Transpositions were indispensable.” Good—but surely not so many. “Alterations were inevitable.” True—but surely not such alterations as those which disfigure the quartet in B flat (Act I.), and the trio in A (Act II.). About the recitatives there may be conflicting opinions. Ours is, that for the most part they have been awkwardly accommodated to the voice of Sig. Mario, who is often restrained by them where fluency is most desirable.

To leave this part of the subject however (which we shall reconsider on a future occasion), and to be purely and briefly

historical—*Don Giovanni* was presented on Thursday (and will be repeated to-night) with the following cast:—

Don Giovanni (<i>first time</i>)	Sig. Mario.
Leporello (<i>first time</i>)	Sig. Ronconi.
Zerlina	Mad. Bosio.
Donna Anna	Mad. Grisi.
Donna Elvira	Madlle. Marai.
Don Ottavio	Sig. Tamberlik.
Masetto	Sig. Polonini.
Commendatore	Sig. Tagliafico.

The house was crammed to the ceiling—as might, indeed, have been anticipated. The excitement was very great, and augmented as the opera went on. There were six encores:—“*La ci darem*” (Bosio and Mario), “*Batti batti*” (Bosio), the trio of masks (Grisi, Marai, and Bosio), “*Deh vieni alla finestra*” (Mario), “*Vedrai carino*” (Bosio), and “*Il mio tesoro*” (Tamberlik).

For the present we would rather suspend our opinion of the new *Don Giovanni* and the new *Leporello*, both of whom must get accustomed to their parts before they can do full justice to themselves, to the music, and to the drama; but we are very much mistaken if Sig. Mario and Sig. Ronconi do not in the end far more than realise all that was expected of them. The other characters were unexceptionable. Mad. Bosio sang deliciously, Madlle. Marai very cleverly, and Signor Tamberlik, superbly. Sig. Tagliafico and Sig. Polonini should have medals struck in their honour, as the very *acme* of perfection in their respective characters of the Commandant and Masetto. Mad. Grisi's Donna Anna, (although, unfortunately, “*Or sai chi l'onore*” was transposed a tone) could hardly be surpassed in grandeur. The orchestra was magnificent (in spite of the brass and the cymbals); and the chorus everything that could possibly be desired. But why not Mozart's score, instead of three trombones at the “wings,” in the scene of the cemetery? And where was the chorus of demons, when *Don Giovanni* is dragged away to punishment?

To-night will, in a great measure, decide what Thursday has left undecided. To-night will either fulfil or disappoint expectation. To-night will show whether (thanks to Sig. Mario) Sig. Alary's *Don Giovanni* is to become a fixture in the repertory, or to be abandoned as “perfunctory.” But of that, the general “getting up” of the opera, and several other matters connected with it, more—*much* more—in our next.

On Saturday a new *divertissement*, entitled *L'Amour d'une Rose*, with music by Mr. Alfred Mellon, was produced for Madlle. Zina Richard. The *divertissement* is of the slightest possible structure, or, more properly, no structure, and its meaning, if it have any, is not transparent. The scene, after some preliminaries, is made to represent a brilliant flower-garden, in which Madlle. Zina Richard dances some novel steps with remarkable ease and vigour, and which provides some very effective groupings and some striking changes. The music is so tuneful and lively, that Mr. Alfred Mellon must be induced to try his hand upon subject more worthy of his talents. In the final *pas*, when the flowers and flower-pots move about with celerity, and at every motion seem to throw obstacles in the way of the dancer, Madlle. Zina Richard was no less remarkable for the quickness and precision with which she avoided all the impediments that sprung up before her as if by enchantment, than for the charming ease and infinite grace preserved in the midst of the highest bounds and most rapid evolutions. The applause was loud and frequent.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE performances of the past week present no novel feature. The operas were—on Saturday, *Lucrezia Borgia*; Tuesday, *Il Trovatore*; Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia* and *La Serva Padrona*; and last night, the *Barbiere* and the finale scene from *I Martiri*. To-night, *Don Giovanni*.

The theatre will be open every night next week. The following arrangements have been made:—Monday, *Lucrezia Borgia*; Tuesday, *Il Trovatore* (Madile. Titien's last appearance); Wednesday, *Don Pasquale*, with the last scene from *Cenerentola*, for Alboni; Friday, *La Zingara*; and Saturday, *La Traviata*. Madile. Boschetti will appear in a *divertissement* every evening.

THE "DON GIOVANNI" CONTROVERSY.

We may as well call it so, for controversy it is sure to be. All who swear by Her Majesty's Theatre will be deeply offended at the liberties taken with Mozart's text by the singers of the Royal Italian Opera. A classic fit will seize on everybody, from Mad. Puzzi to Mr. Fish. And so it should be. What we hope from the result is, that the indignation hurled against the murderers of Mozart will have not only the effect of purifying Mr. Gye, but that Mr. Lumley himself may profit by it—since he also has a murder or so to answer for.

The press has not yet—with the exception of the *Advertiser* and the *Telegraph*, the first of which is cautiously, the other furiously "classic"—declared itself in full. The rigid *Post*, however, and the bending *Herald* have issued short paragraphs, which are so strongly opposed that we cite them both, as signs—not of the "Times," but of the "Post" and "Herald."

Post.

"Last evening the opera of *Don Giovanni*, with Mozart's music altered and arranged by Signor Alary, was performed at the above theatre.

"The transpositions of key were as under:—'La ci darem,' from A to C. 'Or sai chi l'onore,' from D to C. 'Fin ch'an dal vino,' from B flat to D. 'Deh vieni alla finestra,' from D to G (only a fourth). 'O status gentilissima,' from E to G. To the overture two horns, three trombones, and an ophicleide were added. To the *finale* to the original first act the same instruments, invigorated by the *grossescaisse* and cymbals. Where the keys of *Don Giovanni*'s music were not altered the notes were. The opera was also divided into four acts, another entirely novel arrangement. To compensate, however, for additions, several pieces, namely, 'Ho capito,' 'Dalla sea pace,' and 'Non mi dir,' were omitted. The *encores*, notwithstanding, were numerous, and the applause throughout warm, if not violently enthusiastic."

The *Post*, in the fulness of its classicality, might have added "Notte e giorno" (from F to G), and the trio for Giovanni, Leporello and the moribund (from F minor to G minor), to the transpositions.

The *Advertiser* is, as usual, a model, *sui generis*. Annoyed, as an amateur so keenly alive to the gradations of tone would

Herald.

"The production of *Don Giovanni*, with Signor Mario, in the character of the dauntless libertine, and Signor Ronconi in that of his faithful attendant, has been long looked forward to as an event of unusual interest, and its fulfilment last night, was witnessed by the most crowded audience that has been seen within the walls of the new theatre. For the present we can but record the complete success of the performance. Those who expected to see in Signor Mario a *Don Giovanni* unprecedently handsome and gallant, and noble in bearing, were not disappointed; and those who anticipated a want of due effect in the music, through the changes necessitated in order to de-barytonise the part, were mistaken in their provisions. The usual *encores* occurred in the usual places, and the reception of Signor Mario, who was called forward between the acts and at the fall of the curtain, was most enthusiastic."

naturally be, the critic, nevertheless, resigns himself (after declaring that "the overture was the perfection of instrumentation") to the desecration of Mozart, on the following philosophic grounds:—

"The first scene, with its 'Notte e giorno,' convinced us, and every subsequent one confirmed the conviction, that we must content ourselves with a compromise, and give up the music and the bass-ground of the concerted pieces, *videlicet* an extra-comic reading and an exuberance of humour—in voice, manner, and gesture—in the representative of Leporello. Those not present who have heard Ronconi's 'Largo al factotum,' can imagine 'Notte e giorno,' which was its counterpart."

The startling information of "Notte e giorno" being a counterpart of "Largo al factotum" is succeeded by an equally philosophic apology for Signor Mario:—

"Mario's entrance was greeted, despite the incongruity of the scene with such an interpolation. He played admirably in the brief contest, and delivered the lines, 'Ah! già cade il sciagurato,' with a clear ring that, for an instant, reconciled us to a tenor *Don Juan*."

Remark that neither "incongruity" nor "interpolation" has been hinted at before. The "clear ring," however, may reconcile us to that seeming in consequence. Madile. Marai is praised for her singing "to the asides of Mario and Ronconi," and the latter for his "very curious version of 'Madamina'"—the curiosity of which escaped us, since he sang every note of it, and in the right key. The following is not less "perfunctory":—

"'Viva la libertà' was certainly not above average, and the finale to the act was better histriónically than musically; that is to say, more justice was done to Lorenzo da Ponte than to Wolfgang Mozart."

The truth is that the first *finale* was never more magnificently executed; but the *Advertiser* has evidently been used to the political version of "Viva la libertà," in which (for the sake of an *encore*) the singers vociferate "Pray make yourself at home" as if it was a revolutionary paean. Sig. "Tamberlik sang 'Terzi il ciglio' earnestly." What—may we ask—is "Terzi il ciglio"? To have done, however, here is the summing-up of our conscientious and much-perplexed contemporary:—

"We should like to witness, at least once again, this version of the greatest opera extant. Our veneration for Mozart renders us tenacious of this return to a system of dealing with the works of great composers, which we had hoped had passed away. We are bound, however, to admit, that, compared with the enormities of "adaptation," as it was called, perpetrated by Bishop, M. Alary has held his hand remarkably. The Covent Garden Opera has too great resources, and Mario and Ronconi too high a reputation, to necessitate such a mode of dealing with the great works of great authors. So much of the opera was rendered in a manner to do honour to any stage, that it is with regret we record our unfavourable impression of the effect of this change in the vocal proportions of the opera, as it came in its perfection from the hands of its composer."

This is, at least, courteous, and for one of such fierce classical prejudices, conciliating.

The *Telegraph* is savage beyond measure, besides being wholly forgetful that sad short-comings have been visited with urbane indulgence—not to say downright eulogy—in another place.

We shall return next week to the subject, which will doubtless supply abundant room for comment up to the end of the season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—(Communicated).—Madile. Titien will leave London for Vienna on Wednesday next, Tuesday being her last appearance. The theatre finally closes on Saturday next the 7th August, with *La Traviata*; Madile. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini leaving London on the Monday following for Dublin, where they have been announced to appear in a series of representations.

MADAME OURY'S MATINEE.

A CROWDED and fashionable assembly attended Mad. Oury's concert on Friday morning, the 23rd instant, at the residence of the fair pianiste, in Argyle-street. The programme aimed exclusively at pleasing the patrons of Madame Oury. For this purpose a fitter selection could hardly have been made. The light and agreeable compositions of Madame Oury, at the same time showy and well-written, could not fail to captivate the fashionable amateurs of the pianoforte who were present. Moreover, the pianiste has always been admired for her neat and graceful style, and both of these qualities were abundantly evidenced in her numerous performances on Friday. Madame Oury's share in the selection comprised the following new compositions of her own—"Souvenir d'Ecosse," "Fantaisie on Luisa Miller," Solos, "When other lips," and "Oberon Polka de Salon,"—and Romances Françaises, "L'Enfant de Chœur," by Clapisson, and "Le Chardonneret de Rose," by Henrion; all of which seemed to afford the highest gratification. Madame Oury also took part in Osborne and de Beriot's Duo Concertante, for pianoforte and violin, on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, with Madlle. Humler, a lady of some pretensions as a fiddler. Songs, duos, and trios were contributed by Madlle. Colmache, Mad. Rieder, Signors Naudin and Ciabatta. Signor Vera conducted.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE BARTLEY.

Few men have quitted the stage of life with a fairer and more honourable character than George Bartley, the much-respected and popular actor, whose death took place on Thursday afternoon, at his residence, in Woburn-square. We have heard that Mr. Bartley, accompanied by his veteran associate, Mr. Farley, the father of the English stage, on the Saturday preceding his death, was about to visit the Christy Minstrels, and had got as far as the entrance to the Polygraphic Hall, when he was seized with paralysis, and fell, without uttering a word, into the arms of his venerable friend. He was immediately conveyed home, but never rallied until his death. The only sign of consciousness he exhibited, was when he was informed that Her Majesty had sent to inquire after his health. According to the most authentic accounts, Mr. Bartley was born near London, in 1782; he was, consequently, 76 at the time of his death. His first regular engagement, after he had tried his wings in a few amateur flights, was at Margate, where the young actor was seen by Mrs. Jordan, who recommended him to the Drury Lane management, by whom he was engaged at a salary of £4 per week, and made his first appearance on the metropolitan stage in the character of Orlando, in "As You Like It." In 1804, Bartley, disgusted with the treatment he received at Drury Lane, went to the Haymarket, where he proved himself a most efficient adjunct to the company. After quitting the Haymarket, he provincialised for some years, advancing steadily in the knowledge and practice of his profession, till his marriage with Miss Smith—the successor of Mrs. Siddons—brought him again to the metropolis, where his *début* in Falstaff (Henry IV.) established him a co-mate, and, on their withdrawal, a worthy successor, of Dowton, Fawcett, Munden, and other celebrities of a remarkable theatrical epoch. On the death of Emery, the Covent Garden proprietors secured the services of Mr. Bartley, who made his appearance there on the 1st of October, 1822, as Sir Toby Belch, in *Twelfth Night*. Since that period, his connection with that theatre, under the various dynasties who have held sway there, has been almost without interruption, up to the close of the Vestris management. Mr. Bartley's singular talent as a reader, second only to that of his wife, led to his being frequently honoured, as well as her, with commands from royalty, both in the time of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and, more recently, from our present gracious Sovereign, to read at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace to a select circle. It should not be forgotten, in connection with his performance before the Court, that when Mr. Macready declined Her Majesty's invitation to recite *Antigone*, at Windsor Castle, Mr. Bartley was selected for that honour. His declining years were saddened by the loss of wife and children, with whose remains his own will be deposited in

the churchyard of St. Mary's Oxford, to which church he had presented two windows of stained glass, as a memorial of his only son and daughter, and as a mark of gratitude for the sympathy he had experienced from the collegiate authorities, on his son's sudden demise at Exeter College, where he had been entered as student. As a man, Mr. Bartley had acquired the respect and esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact. His heart and hand were alike open; and, to those who had the privilege of his acquaintance, few have left more genial recollections, or a fairer memory. Mr. Bartley retired from the stage at the Princess's Theatre, in 1853, Her Majesty honouring the occasion with her patronage. Mrs. Bartley died on the 14th January, 1850, aged 65.

M. JULLIEN.—All musical London will be pleased to hear that M. Jullien will give his concerts, in the winter season, at the Lyceum Theatre, the scene of his earliest triumphs.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL give their comic and musical entertainment, "Patchwork," at the Egyptian Hall next week.

VIVIER left Plombières on Tuesday to play at Ems, from which place he proceeds to Baden.

HOW TO HEAL MARIO.—Unheel him. (*Rejected by Mr. Punch.*)

SOPHIE CRUVELLI AND AHMED PASHA.—The story of the "brilliant inheritance" bequeathed to the Baroness Vigier (late Sophie Cruvelli) by the late Ahmed Pasha (whom but now the Rhine swallowed), is nothing better than a *canard*. Our penny-a-liners are becoming "perfunctory."

WEIMAR.—The Grand-Ducal Theatre, which closed on the 1st of July, will open on the 3rd of October with Gluck's *Alceste*. Director, Friar Liszt.

VIENNA.—On the 18th of July a service for the end of the year was celebrated in commemoration of the late Czerny, on which occasion only compositions by the deceased were performed.

FOREIGN REGIMENTAL BANDS.—According to statistics furnished by the *Ministre*, the four most renowned corps of music in Europe, attached to regiments, are maintained at the following cost:—The Guides de Paris, 50,000 fr.; the Guides de Bruxelles, 40,000 fr.; the Mariniers de Trieste, 7,000 florins; the Grenadiers of the Hague, 6,000 florins.

NEW YORK.—A second German theatre was inaugurated on the 25th of June, under the direction of M. Otto Horn. The number of small theatres in the capital of the United States is now considerable.

PADUA.—The Italian journals are unanimous in praise of the new opera, *Jone*, recently produced here, from the pen of Signor Petrella, and which has achieved a most legitimate success. Signor Negrini was recalled several times after the first performance; and Signors Bendazzi, Corsi, and Selva, came in for a share of the honours of the evening.—[Where was the *prima donna*? ED.]

CANARD—(*From the New York Musical World*).—Apropos of Joachim; we recollect his advent in London in 1844, when a mere boy of some thirteen summers, and shortly afterwards being present at a rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society, when he had to play Mendelssohn's concerto. It was the last rehearsal previous to performance; and, turning to Signor Costa, who was conducting, he asked his advice as to the propriety of introducing a *cadenza* in a certain portion of the work. Costa, believing it to be a boyish freak, opposed his wish, with some remark about his interpolating Mendelssohn's music with his own composition, whereupon the boy-artist took up his violin, and commenced a long cadence, formed entirely on various phrases from the *maestro's* greatest work—so carefully united, as to form a continuous and rythmical succession of ideas; while not a note of his own could be brought against him. Need we say, that when he had ended, the entire orchestra rose to applaud him, including Costa, who was probably the most enthusiastic of them all.

ALLA BREVE.—Unfortunately, Mr. Costa was not the Philharmonic conductor in 1844; nor did Herr Joachim ever introduce a *cadenza* in Mendelssohn's concerto. "Alla Breve's" memory is capricious.—ED. M. W.]

MR. LESLIE'S "JUDITH."

(From *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*, July 26th.)

THIS work, which we have reason to expect will be a highly interesting feature of our approaching Festival, is from the pen of a young composer, Mr. Henry Leslie, who, though educated as an amateur, has gained a distinguished position among the musical artists of the day. His reputation for several years has been gradually rising. His oratorio of *Immanuel* has been received as the first-fruits of a genius destined to high achievements; and his second work of the same class, about to see the light in the Town Hall of Birmingham, will, we doubt not, more than fulfil the promise given by the first.

Having had the opportunity of examining the score of this oratorio, we feel ourselves entitled to speak with some confidence of its merits and probable success.

In respect to subject, *Judith* has greatly the advantage of its predecessor, *Immanuel*, which, with all its musical merit, creates an impression of heaviness; being too much of the nature of an exposition of abstract religious truths. *Judith* is a dramatic poem, full of stirring incidents, calculated to excite strong interest, and affording ample room for musical expression and effect. The story of the poem is told by its title; for who does not know the Jewish heroine, whose arm, by a single blow, delivered her country from the Assyrian yoke? The subject, strictly speaking, can scarcely be termed sacred, as the Apocryphal books are not admitted by our Church into the canon of Scripture. Yet, though we deny their claim to inspiration, we receive them as trustworthy portions of Jewish history; and history contains few things grander or more beautiful than the noble stand made by the Jewish people, under the Maccabees and their other heroic leaders, against the gathering storms which surrounded them on every side, and at length swept them from among the nations.

The poem is by Henry F. Chorley, a gentleman of well-known literary ability. In constructing it he has adopted the language of the original narrative, intermixed with appropriate passages from other parts of Scripture.

It is in three parts, or scenes. The first, entitled "The Besieged City," paints the internal condition of Bethulia when Holofernes and the Assyrian host sit down before its walls. While the people are distracted by fear and disunion, Judith appears among them, rebukes them for their want of confidence in the Most High, announces her design to attempt their deliverance, and departs, followed by the prayers and blessings of the priests and people. The second part, called "The Camp of the Assyrians," describes the arrival of Judith and her attendant in the camp; her introduction to the Assyrian chief; the blandishments wherewith she captivates him; the banquet to which he invites her; and the orgies in which she pretends to join, while she watches for the moment when she may strike the blow. In the third part, "Night and Daybreak," we have the completion of the enterprise, and the deliverance of the city, celebrated by songs of praise and thanksgiving.

We may now point out a few remarkable passages in the music. An instrumental introduction, well calculated to awaken attention, is followed by a chorus of the people of the beleaguered city, in the gloomy key of F minor, commencing in a suppressed and scarcely audible murmur, indicative of dismay, but gradually rising to an expression of firmness and resolution. This chorus at once shows the facility and clearness with which the composer manages large masses of harmony. It leads to a duet for a soprano and tenor voice, "Spare Thy people, O Lord," remarkable for the graceful flow of the solo parts, and the soft, subdued harmony of the accompanying chorus. A brief recitative describes the sufferings of the besieged people, dying of famine. They rise in their despair, and clamour violently for peace. This scene is graphically represented by a succession of brief impetuous choruses of the people, mingled with the replies of Ozias, the chief of the city, who endeavours to calm and encourage the multitude. Suddenly Judith appears among them, and in a recitative of great energy reproves their violence, and exhorts them to trust in the Almighty. They answer in one voice, "Pray for us, for thou art a godly woman!" The prayer of Judith, in answer to this appeal, is an air of great beauty and deep solemnity, which, as delivered by Madame Viardot, will be one of the most impressive passages in the oratorio. A brief chorus of the people concludes the first part.

The scene now changes to the besiegers' camp, and the second part opens with a monologue of Holofernes—an air in a pompous and grandiose style, characteristic of the leader of the Assyrian host, and admirably calculated to display the powers of a fine barytone voice. Judith and her attendant appear in the camp, and are surrounded by the soldiers, whose hasty questions, with her brief replies, are treated in that terse and dramatic manner of which we find such remarkable instances

in *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. The soldiers escort her to the general's tent, and while she is waiting for admission, her attendant, Amitai, addresses her in words of counsel and encouragement; a situation which introduces a magnificent air by the principal soprano (Judith's part being a contralto), "The Lord preserveth all them that love Him." It is the bold and open key of A major, and full of brilliant passages demanding a voice of great power, compass, and flexibility. They are then admitted into the presence of Holofernes, and the interview assumes the form of a trio between the general and the two females,—a concerted piece equally dramatic and beautiful, in which the characters of the different persons are finely discriminated and sustained. It is elaborated with masterly skill, and contains several striking effects of modulation, especially a transition from the principal key G, at once to E flat. This trio will be one of the most marked features of the oratorio. The finale to this part is a remarkable piece of sound-painting. The shouts of Holofernes and his joyous company, "Come, drink, and be merry with us!" the gay rhythm of the music, accompanied by the barbaric clang of brazen instruments, suggesting the idea of martial pomp mingled with song and dances—while the two Jewish women, apart from the rest, are heard from time to time to utter ominous words to each other; all these things unite to form a picture which brings, as it were, the whole scene before our eyes.

In the third part, the sounds of the revel continue to be heard, but they are waxing low. The feasters are still singing their bacchanalian chorus, but in faint and drowsy murmur, while the two Jewish women are repeating to each other the legend of Jael and Sisera, their suppressed voices mingling with the dying chorus. At length Holofernes is left asleep upon his couch, with Judith alone in the tent. She implores the Divine aid in a short air or cavatina, for the composer appears to have wisely judged that this situation could not be protracted; but the air is beautiful and full of the deepest expression. The deed of blood, rendered heroic by patriotism, is narrated in recitative, accompanied by the orchestra in agitated chords and modulations. The recitative goes on to relate the escape of Judith, and her return to the gates of Bethulia. Her call, "Open now the gates! God, even our God, is with us!" is a grand piece of musical declamation, quite suited to the great performer to whom it is destined. The gates are opened, and the heroine enters amid ~~fanfares~~ of trumpets. She is welcomed by Ozias, the chief of the city, in a great and highly-wrought air, full of energy, and demanding a tenor singer of the very highest order. Then follows a trio for Amitai, Judith, and Ozias (soprano, contralto, and tenor), which leads without interruption to the final great chorus, the three solo voices being continued to the end. It is a strain of joy and thanksgiving, in which the composer has put forth all his contrapuntal strength. We observe that he, like Mendelssohn in his latest works, does not adhere to the scholastic form of fugue-writing. His counterpoint is free and unembarrassed by those technical restraints, while it is strengthened by all the legitimate resources of art. The different parts are of the most skilful and masterly texture, while the solo voices, with which the masses of harmony are blended, stand out in bold and brilliant relief from the choral back-ground. This noble chorus, in short, is a climax worthy of the great work which it brings to a close.

PRAGUE.—The performance of Louis Spohr's *Jessonda* at the Jubilee, under the personal and admirably energetic direction of the talented composer, proved in a truly enthusiastic manner how much Prague appreciates and honours him. Immediately he took his place at his desk, which was adorned with laurel, in the midst of the members of the orchestra, all in full dress to do honour to the occasion, a thousand welcomes and buzzes broke out in the house, which was crowded to suffocation. Every opportunity, however slight, that the performance offered was seized on with the greatest avidity to express the extraordinary sympathy of the audience for this father of German music. After almost every scene Spohr's name was heard. The Selam duet had to be repeated, and from that point the enthusiasm increased. After the second act the composer was called forward, and was also obliged to appear at the conclusion of the opera, in obedience to a summons which lasted several minutes. The oration reached its culminating point when Herr Thomé advanced and placed a wreath of laurels on the composer's head. The opera was given in its entirety, and the management is deserving of all praise for having done everything to ensure a satisfactory *mise-en-scène*.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER—(From a Correspondent).—The first concert of vocal and instrumental music for the bathing season, at the *Etablissement des Bains*, took place on Monday evening, before a select audience of bathers, and passed off with decided success. As a specimen of the sort of entertainment provided on these occasions, I subjoin a programme:—

PREMIÈRE PARTIE.—Air Varié duo (piano et violoncello), exécuté par MM. Kühne et Piatti—Mendelssohn. Récitatif et Romance, “In terra Solo” (Don Sébastien), chanté par M. Reichardt—Donizetti. Souvenir de “Lucia di Lamermoor,” composé et exécuté par M. Piatti. Romance, “Page, Ecuyer, Capitaine,” chantée par M. J. Lefort—Membrée. “La Mia Letizia,” “Marche triomphale,” exécutés par M. Kühne—Oury et Kühne. Air, “Casta Diva” (Norma), chanté par Mdlle. Colmache de Vanneroy—Bellini. Duo, “Versate mi del Vino,” chanté par MM. Reichardt et Jules Lefort—Schirra.

DEUXIÈME PARTIE.—Trio, “Trenno nicht das Band der Liebe,” chanté par Mdlle. Colmache de Vanneroy, MM. Reichardt et Lefort—Kreutzer. “Au bord d’un Lac,” “Grand Galop,” exécutés par M. W. Kühne—Kühne and Wallen Haupt. Romance, “Thou art so near and yet so far,” composée et chantée par M. Reichardt. “Litania,” “Danza Bergamasca,” exécuté par M. A. Piatti—Schubert and Piatti. “L’Insomnie,” chantée par M. Jules Lefort—Nadaud. “L’Enfant de Chœur,” “Le Chardonneret de Rose,” mélodies chantées par Mdlle. Colmache de Vanneroy—Clapison and Henrion. Trio, “Zitti, Zitti,” (Barbier de Seville), chanté par Mdlle. Colmache de Vanneroy, MM. Reichardt et J. Lefort—Rossini.

Le Piano, tenu par M. de Grau, sort des ateliers de Mad. Veuve Énard. Prix d'entrée:—Pour les abonnés, 3 francs; pour les non-abonnés, 5 francs.

The singing of Herr Reichardt, the German tenor—a great favourite here—was *fort gouté*. His own beautiful song, “Thou art so near and yet so far,” was the vocal gem of the concert. Piatti was, as usual, incomparable; Herr Kühne played his best; and a young vocalist, Mdlle. Colmache de Vanneroy, made a highly favourable impression.

At the next concert, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton are engaged.

INFORMATION FROM BERLIN.—The expenses of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, are so enormous, that, in spite of its being well attended, it is not doing well in a pecuniary sense. The salaries of the artists for the entire season amount to £26,000, the rent (the ground on which the theatre stands—as well as half London—belongs to the Duke of Bedford) is £6,000; the orchestra costs £7,000; gas, chorus, and current expenses, £12,800; and extra expenses, £3,000. This makes a grand total, for the sixty-six representations which can be given in the season, of £55,800, or of £845 for each performance.—*Berlin Musik-Zeitung*.

HEMEL HEMPSTHAD.—Miss Hales, the pianist, gave a concert at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. She was assisted by Madame Lisa Haynes, Mrs. Paget, Mr. Paget, and Mr. Wilby Cooper, as vocalists, and Mr. George Case, as instrumentalist. Miss Hales's performances comprised a duet for pianoforte and concertina on airs from the *File du Régiment*, with Mr. George Case; Liszt's “Patineurs”; and Thalberg's “Home, sweet home.” The singing of Madame Lisa Haynes and Mr. Wilby Cooper was much admired. The lady, among other songs, gave the air “Qui sola,” from *Martha*. The English words (“The last rose of summer”) would have suited the audience better. Mr. Wilby Cooper has a very pleasing voice. He may be called a *tenorino* in place of a tenor. He sang the ballad “Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee” very sweetly.

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Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN. Price 2s. 6d.

Prithoo tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "I know who"
Were here—he'd tell me what to do
To bid the demon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

"QUICK ARISE, MAIDEN MINE."*Composed by***J. DESSAUER,**

The English version by JOHN OXFORD, Esq. Price 2s.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Blue is the sky and clear,
Goats o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tra la la, &c.

"MY MARY."*Composed by***M. ENDERSSOHN.**

Poetry by JOHN ELLISON. Price 2s.

On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

"OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."*Composed by***M. W. BALFE.**

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN. Price 2s.

Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

"WEEDS AND FLOWERS."*Composed by***DR. JAMES PECH.**

Poetry by MRS. ALFRED V. NEWTON. Price 2s. 6d.

One moonlight night
An elfin sprite
A slight adventure wanted,
So his way he took
To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted.

And as he went,
He shook his wings
And from them fell in showers
Bright colored things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oft roam thin path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.
Her hand I know
Will outstretched be
To pull the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's glee,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Come there in sooth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshamed was her guileless pleasure.
On walked the youth
With scornful tread,
When a warning voice floated above them,
Life, like the fairy-strewn path, it is said,
Hath flowers for all who pull them.

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College, Durham, July 31, 1858.

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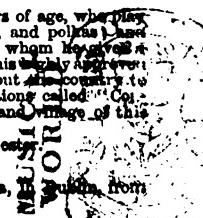
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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me ;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here—he'd tell me what to do
To bid the demon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

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Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Blue is the sky and clear,
Goats o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tra la la, &c.

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On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

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Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

"WEEDS AND FLOWERS."*Composed by***[Dr. JAMES PECH.]**

Poetry by Mrs. ALFRED V. NEWTON. Price 2s. 6d.

One moonlight night
An elfin sprite
A slight adventure wanted,
So his way he took
To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted.

And as he went,
He shook his wings
And from them fell in showers
Bright colored things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oft roam this path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.
Her hand I know
Will outstretched be
To pull the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's glee,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Come there in sooth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshamed was her guileless pleasure.
On walked the youth
With scornful tread,
When a warning voice floated above them,
Life, like the fairy-strewed path, it is said
Hath flowers for all who pull them.

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244, REGENT-STREET, CORNER OF LITTLE ARGYLL-STREET.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 500.)

I HAVE no doubt but that, after the last chapter, my readers will be as glad as I was to leave California, and take passage with me to the Southern Dorado. And so imagine yourself upon a fine ship, well appointed, a fast sailer originally, but commanded by a slow and sure Dutchman : it was like yoking a race-horse to the plough. Our captain, though a good and kindhearted man, had the bump of caution so tremendously developed, that I verily believe, if it had not been for our continually bullying him to make sail, we should have been to this day knocking about the Pacific like a modern Vanderdecken. I have since been ass enough to sail with another native of the land of fog and herrings for a commander, but if ever I do again, I'm a Dutchman myself. In twenty-four hours from our departure, we struck the north-east trade winds, which bowled us along merrily down to three degrees to the south of the equator, which distance we made in fifteen days, and should undoubtedly have had a very quick passage to Sydney, if our captain had the gumption to sail his vessel. But no, we were kept poking about in the South Pacific till all patience was exhausted, and we thought we should never arrive at our destination.

The voyage was pleasant enough ; the sunsets were gorgeous in the extreme, and the moons unimpeachable ; the vessel was comfortable, the victuals excellent, and the passengers, mostly connected with the musical and dramatic profession, agreed about as well as they usually do, and we expected to make a very humdrum and stupid passage, when an incident occurred which threw a gloom over us all, and rendered the latter part of our voyage quite dreary.

Among our passengers were a gentleman and his wife, musicians, who were returning to their native land, Australia. They had a most lovely little girl of about seven months old : she was the pet of the whole ship, and in the warm tropical latitudes used to lie in a hammock on deck, and kick up her little legs, and crow with delight. We were not very far from the Navigator's Islands. It was a dead calm, and extremely hot, and all the passengers had been enjoying themselves upon the poop with song and jest, assisted by a decoction of my invention, the principal ingredients of which were Scotch whiskey, sugar, and lemon syrup ; and I had retired at midnight to my virtuous pillow, when I was awakened by a friend who begged me instantly to rise, as the baby was dead or dying. We had no doctor on board, and I was generally looked up to as that functionary, and a few moments brought me on to the poop, where I found the little darling quite dead. Every effort was made to restore animation, but in vain. It seems that she had been left in the berth asleep, and the evening being so very calm no danger was apprehended, but the little pet had by some means got the pillow over her head and was smothered in her innocent sleep. But then came the awful scene. After the bustle incident upon our efforts to restore animation was over, a deathlike stillness seemed to close like a pall around us, a low convulsive sob from the agonised mother alone breaking the solemn silence, when with an awful yell like some wild beast in fearful agony, the father, who had been vacantly gazing at the corpse of his first born, sprung to the bulwarks, and had he not been restrained by the giant arm of the first mate, would have dashed himself into the sea. Those around seized him ; but he was perfectly frantic, and for three hours experienced a succession of epileptic fits which were horrifying to witness. While in the paroxysms it took five strong men to hold him, although he was a very small and slight man. The convulsions were at last broken by the use of strong spirits of ammonia, and then I calmed the poor broken-hearted fellow with a strong dose of brandy and water, and an enormous pipe, and succeeded in getting him into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until noon of the next day, weak and sore from his struggles, but apparently tranquil ; but for several days we never suffered him to be alone. The calm still continued, and it was impossible for us to make the Island of Eowa (the nearest land) where we wished to bury the little

innocent, and we had to resign it to the fathomless ocean ; the carpenter made a little coffin, which was loaded heavily to sink it. And here I must relate a little trait of our captain, which really endeared him to us all, despite his dawdling propensities. He had some flowers in pots, which were a great delight to him and his dear little wife, and just before we closed the coffin lid, he cut up every one of his plants to decorate, in his own country's sweet and poetical custom, the sleeping infant : that man had a heart, and God bless and prosper him, wherever he may be.

The sad ceremony over, up sprung the wind, and until our arrival at Sydney we were favoured with squalls, which, in the Southern Ocean, blow in circles, so that a smart captain takes advantage of a lull in the wind to edge away into the outer ring of wind, and get into another aerial maelstrom. But as our Batavian friend was not *au fait* to these artful dodges, our further progress was anything but satisfactory ; for we were seventy-six days on a voyage that should have been accomplished at the most in fifty-five, and when we arrived in Sydney there was not a pint of water on board, and as to the grog, that had "gin out," as the Yankees say, three week before. I did endeavour to manufacture a cocktail out of spirit of wine, red pepper, and lavender water, but it was a horrid failure, and I became a son of temperance perforce. At Sydney they have an original method of piloting vessels into the harbour, which consists of the simple plan of letting them come in themselves, and then, when you are comfortably anchored out of danger, and you fire about a dozen guns, a pilot will descend to come on board, that is, if he is not at his dinner, or supper, or tea, or smoking a pipe, or taking a nobbler (*Anglise*, a glass of grog). I may be wrong, but it was always my impression that pilots were required to take ships into a harbour, and no doubt the New York pilots are very wrong, too, when they come out to sea from three to four hundred miles to meet vessels. But it is like everything else in this colony, the demon of slowness possesses the whole land, and it is not until some fearful disaster, like the wreck of the Dunbar, occurred, that people began to think that the harbour was not properly lit, and that if the pilots had suitable vessels they might be induced to go outside, and not be lying "under gingerbread hatches at home." It was night when we arrived and passed through the dark frowning heads, that like gigantic portals guard the enchanted gardens within. We had been lying on and off, and firing guns to rouse the pilots, but bless you, it was of no more avail than Mrs Bond's invitation to "Dilly, dilly, come and be killed." So one of our passengers, an American captain, who had been wrecked upon one of the Pacific Islands, volunteered to take us in, which he did with the greatest ease. We then cast anchor, and the pilot came on board. "We heard ye firing outside," said he. "Then why the —— didn't you come to us?" says we. "Oh! I was at my tea," says he ; with which very satisfactory excuse we had to be content. And it's a fact he deliberately went home again, as he said his old woman (meaning, *I presume*, his wife) objected to sleep alone. He, however, favoured us with his company next morning at eight o'clock, and performed the difficult act of pilotage by hitching on to a steamer, which towed us up a distance of seven miles to our destination alongside Pinch Gut Island (that's a sweet name, delicate reader, is it not?) No description can give an adequate idea of this beautiful haven : from the sublime entrance from the sea, every movement of the vessel gives you a new phase in the landscape ; the swelling hills and craggy cliffs are crowned with beautiful villas ; the bays are alive with fast-sailing yachts ; wherever the eye falls new beauties meet it. Hundreds of coves, where vessels of large tonnage can lie with perfect ease, trend off on every hand, and form bays and rivers of exquisite beauty, whose banks are lined with beautiful gardens, rich with the golden wealth of oranges.

Reader, if you never were out at sea for three months, you have never enjoyed the greatest luxuries that the world can give, which in my experienced opinion are mutton chops and porter. It is really worth while going round the world by way of getting up a proper appetite : as for me, I positively revelled in them. Sydney and the Australian colonies in general are much better known—through the medium of the many books that have been written for the purpose of inducing emigration,

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND
MUSICIANS.

(Translated for *Dwight's Journal*.)

PARIS, APRIL 25, 1854.

THE transition from the lion to the rabbit is somewhat abrupt. Yet I must not pass unnoticed those tamer piano-players who have figured here this season. We cannot all be great prophets, and there must be also minor prophets, of whom twelve make a dozen. As the greatest among the little ones we name here Theodor Doepler. His playing is neat, fine, pretty, delicate in feeling, and he has a quite peculiar manner of stretching out his hand in a horizontal level and striking the keys only with the curved tips of the fingers. After Doepler, Hallé deserves special mention among the minor prophets; he is a Habakkuk of as modest as true merit. I cannot avoid here also mentioning Herr Schad, who, among piano-players, takes perhaps the rank which we assign to Jonas among the prophets. May no whale swallow him!

As a conscientious reporter, who has to give account not only of new operas and concerts, but also of all other catastrophes of the musical world, I must speak also of the many marriages that have broken out, or threaten to break out therein. I speak of real life-long, highly respectable marriages, not of the wild dilettante wedlock which dispenses with the mayor in his tricoloured scarf and with the blessing of the church. *Chacun* seeks now his *Chacune*. The messieurs artists dance along on suitors' feet, and warble hymneals. The violin enters into matrimonial alliance with the flute; the horn music will not be left out. One of the three most famous pianists* married recently the daughter of in all respects the greatest bassist† of the Italian Opera. The lady is beautiful, graceful, and intelligent. A few days since we learned that still another distinguished pianist from Warsaw had entered the holy state of wedlock; that he, too, had ventured out upon that deep sea for which no compass has ever yet been invented. *On, bold sailor; push from shore. May no storm break thy rudder!* And now the report goes, that the greatest violinist whom Breslau has sent to Paris, is on the point of marrying here; that this expert of the fiddle also has got tired of his quiet bachelorship, and means to try the fearful, unknown other side. We live in a heroic period. Just now another famous virtuoso has become engaged. Like Theseus, he has found a charming Ariadne, who will lead him through the labyrinth of this life; she will be at no loss for a clew of yarn, since she is a sempstress.

The violinists are in America, and we have had the most edifying accounts of the triumphal processions of Ole Bull, the Lafayette of the *puff*, the *reclame* hero of two worlds. The manager of his successes had him arrested in Philadelphia, to compel him to pay the costs of his ovations. The hero paid, and no one can now say that the blond Norman, the genial fiddler, owes anybody for his fame. Here in Paris, meanwhile, we have heard Sivori. Portia would say: "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man." Another time, perhaps, I will overcome my disinclination to report upon this fiddling emetic. Alexander Batte, too, has given a fine concert this year; he still weeps out his little child-tears on the great violoncello. On this occasion I might also praise Herr Semmelman; he needs it.

Ernst was here. He is more fond of playing only at friends' houses. This artist is loved and esteemed here. He deserves it. He is the true successor of Paganini; he has inherited the magic violin, wherewith the Genoese knew how to move stones, nay, even blockheads. Paganini, who with a like stroke of his bow now led us to the sunniest heights, now let us look down into awful depths, possessed, to be sure, a far more demoniacal power; but his lights and shadows were at times too glaring, the contrasts too sharp, and his most grandiose sounds of nature often had to be considered as mistakes in art. Ernst is more harmonious, and the soft tints predominate with him. Yet he has a partiality for the fantastical, and even for the gro-

tesque, if not indeed the scurrilous; and many of his compositions remind me always of the legend-comedies of Gozzi, of the most adventurous masquerades of the "Venetian Carnival." The piece of music which is known by this name, and which was seized upon in the most shameless way by Sivori, is a most charming *capriccio* of Ernst. This lover of the fantastical can also, if he will, be purely poetical, and I have lately heard a nocturne by him, which was, as it were, dissolved in beauty. One fancied himself transported to Italian moonlight, with still cypress alleys, shimmering white statues, and the dreamy plashing of fountains. Ernst has, as is well known, taken his dismission at Hanover, and is no longer royal Hanoverian concert-master. That was no fit place for him. He were far more suited to conduct chamber music at the court of some fairy queen, as, for example, that of Lady Morgane. Here he would find an audience that would understand him best, and among them many high and mighty personages, who are as appreciative of art as they are fabulous; for instance, King Arthur, Dietrich of Bern, Ozier the Dane, &c. And what ladies would applaud him here! The blonde *Hannoveriennes* may certainly be pretty, but they are mere heath-sheep in comparison with a fairy Melior, with the Lady Abonde, with Queen Genoveva, the fair Melusina, and other famous lady personages, abiding at the court of Queen Morgane in Avaluu. At this court (and no other) we hope some day to meet the admirable artist, for we, too, have the promise of an advantageous situation there.

May 1.

The Academie-Royale-de-Musique, the so-called Grand-Opéra, is found in the Rue Lepelletier, about in the middle, and exactly opposite the restaurant of Paolo Broggi. Broggi is the name of an Italian, who was once Rossini's cook. When the latter came, last year, to Paris, he visited the *trattoria* of his former servant, and after he had dined there, he stood a long time before the door, in deep reflection, gazing at the great opera building. A tear came into his eye, and when some one asked him why he seemed affected with such sadness, the great master answered, that "Paolo had served up for him his favourite dish of old times, *ravioli*, with Parmesan cheese, but that he was not in a condition to consume one half the portion, and even that oppressed him now. He, who had once possessed the stomach of an ostrich, could scarcely bear as much as a love-sick turtle-dove!"

We do not undertake to say how far the old wag mystified his indiscreet inquirer. Let it suffice to-day, that we advise every friend of music to go and eat a mess of *ravioli* at Broggi's, and then, lingering a moment before the door of the restaurant, contemplate the building of the Grand-Opéra. It is not distinguished by any brilliant luxury; it has rather the exterior of a very respectable stable, and the roof is flat. On this roof stand eight large statues, which represent the muses. The ninth is wanting, and ah! that ninth is just the muse of music. We hear the strangest explanations of the absence of this very estimable Muse. Prosaic people say, a tempestuous wind has hurled it from the roof. Minds more poetic, on the other hand, maintain that the poor Polyhymnia threw herself down, in a fit of desperation at the miserable singing of Monsieur Duprez. That is quite possible; the broken, glassy voice of Duprez has grown so discordant, that no mortal, certainly no Muse, can bear to hear it. If it goes on at this rate, all the other daughters of Mnemosyne will fling themselves down from the roof, and it will soon be dangerous passing in the evening through the Rue Lepelletier. Of the bad music which for some time has prevailed in the Grand-Opéra, I will not speak. Donizetti still remains the best, the Achilles. You may imagine, therefore, what the smaller heroes are. As I hear, too, this Achilles has retired to his tent; he is out of humour, God knows why! and he has informed the Direction that he will not furnish the five-and-twenty promised operas, since he feels disposed to rest. What twaddle! If a windmill were to say the same, we should not laugh more. Either it has wind and turns, or it has no wind and stands still. But Donizetti has an active backer here, Signor Accursi, who always raises wind for him.

The newest artistic enjoyment which the Academy of Music has given us is the *Lazzarone* of Halévy. This work had a

* Thalberg.

† Lablache.

mournful fate ; it fell through with drums and cymbals. As to its worth, I refrain from all expression ; I merely confirm the report of its terrible end.

Every time that an opera falls through, or a remarkable *fiasco* is made in the Academy of Music, or at the *Buffo* Theatre, you will remark there a mysterious, meagre figure, with pale countenance and coal-black hair—a sort of male gypsy granny, whose appearance always indicates a musical disaster. The Italians, as soon as they see him, hastily stretch out the fore and middle finger, and say, That's the *Jettatore*. But the light-minded Frenchmen, who never have a superstition, merely shrug their shoulders and call that figure Monsieur Spontini. It is, in fact, our former general-director of the Berlin Grand Opera, the composer of *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortez*, two splendid works, which will long keep fresh in the memory of men, and will long be admired, while the composer himself atones for all the admiration, and is nothing but a faded ghost that enviously haunts the world, and frets itself about the life of the living. He can find nothing to console him for the fact that he is long since dead, and that the sceptre of his power has passed into the hands of Meyerbeer.

There has been no lack of *débutantes* at the Grand-Opéra this winter. A German made his *début* as Marcel, in *Les Huguenots*. In Germany, perhaps, he was only a big clown, with a brumming beer voice, and thought therefore he might appear as basso here in Paris. The fellow screams like a wild ass. Also a lady, whom I suspect to be a German, has produced herself upon the boards of the Rue Lepelletier. She is supposed to be extraordinarily virtuous, and sings very false. They do say that not only her song, but everything about her—her hair, two thirds of her teeth, &c., are all false; that there is nothing genuine but her breath, and that compels the frivolous French to keep at a respectful distance. Our *prima donna*, Madlle. Stoltz, will not be able to sustain herself much longer; the ground is undermined, and although, as a woman, she has all the cunning of her sex at her command, she will be overcome at last by the great Giacomo Machiavelli, who would like to see Viardot Garcia engaged in her place, to sing the chief rôle in the *Prophète*. Madame Stoltz foresees her fate; she feels that even the partiality which the director of the Opéra devotes to her cannot help her in the least if the great master of the tone-art plays his cards; and she has resolved, of her own free will, to leave Paris, never to return, and end her life in foreign lands. "Ingratia patria," said she recently, "*ne oessa quidem mea habebis.*" In fact, for some time she has actually consisted of mere skin and bones.

At the *Italiens*, in the *Opera-Buffo*, there have been quite as brilliant *fiascos*, the past winter, as in the Grand-Opéra. There, too, there was much complaint about the singers, with this difference—that the Italians often would not sing, and the poor French song-heroes could not sing. Only that precious pair of nightingales, Signor Mario and Signora Grisi, were always punctually at their post in the Salle Ventadour, and trilled forth the most blooming spring, while, outside, all was snow and wind, forte-piano concertos, and Chamber of Deputies debates, and polka madness. Yes, these are charming nightingales, and the Italian Opera is the everlasting singing wood, to which I often flee when wintry gloom beclouds me, as the frosts of life become intolerable. There, in the sweet corner of some covered box, one is again warmed up most agreeably, and does not at least grow bloodless in the cold. There the melodious enchantment turns to poesy what was but now coarse reality; pain loses itself in flowery arabesques, and soon smiles the heart again. What rapture, when Mario sings, and in the eyes of Grisi the tones of the beloved songster mirror themselves as if it were a visible echo! What delight, when Grisi sings, and in her voice the tender look and blissful smile of Mario are melodiously echoed! It is a lovely pair, and the Persian poet, who has called the nightingale the rose among birds, and the rose again, the nightingale among flowers, would here find himself in a quandary, for both of this pair, Mario and Grisi, are distinguished equally for beauty and for song.

Unwillingly, in spite of that charming pair, do we miss here at the *Buffs*, Pauline Viardot, or as we prefer to call her, the

Garcia. Her place is not supplied, and no one can supply it. This is no nightingale that merely has a *genre* talent, and sohs and trills so exquisitely of spring; nor is she a rose, either, for she is ugly, but a sort of ugliness which is noble, I might almost say beautiful, and which frequently excited the great lion-painter, Lacroix, to enthusiasm! In fact, the Garcia suggests less the civilised beauty and tamed grace of our European home, than the terrible splendour of an exotic wilderness; and in many moments of her passionate delivery, especially when she opens her great mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, too wide, and smiles so grimly sweet and gracefully grinning, then one feels as if the most monstrous kinds of vegetation and of animals of Hindostan or Africa must spring into being; one looks to see gigantic palms, all overhung with thousand-flowered lianas, shoot up; and one would not wonder, if suddenly a leopard, or a giraffe, or a herd of young elephants, should run across the scene. We hear, with great satisfaction, that this singer is again on her way to Paris.

KINGSTON (CANADA).—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have been filling the City Hall with fashionable and critical audiences. The principal pieces have been *Two can play at that Game*, the screen scene from *The School for Scandal*, and *Cool as a Cucumber*. In the two first Mrs. Charles Mathews delighted the audience by her versatility. Her Mrs. Moore was a beautiful piece of acting, and her Lady Teazle exhibited the talent that has deservedly placed her at the head of her profession in the United States. Mr. Charles Mathews is unique in his line. Light comedy is the most difficult branch of dramatic art, but Mr. Mathews acts so naturally that it appears the easiest. The most difficult thing in art is to disguise art, and, certainly, this London celebrity conceals his most wonderfully. After the conclusion of their engagement here, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews will "rusticate" at the seaside for a week or two, and then return to England. Since Mr. Charles Mathews arrived at New York in the summer of last year, he has performed two hundred and forty-six times, and has travelled sixteen thousand miles.—*British Whig*, August 1st, 1858.

ACTION AGAINST THE DIRECTOR OF A THEATRE.—An Italian composer, named Berrettoni, on Tuesday brought an action before the Paris Tribunal of Commerce against M. Calzado, director of the Italian theatre, under these circumstances:—He stated that in September, 1857, they signed an agreement to the effect that he (Berrettoni) should, in a fortnight, remit to M. Calzado an opera made up of *morceaux* taken from the various works of Rossini, entitled the *Curioso Accidente*, with a libretto, and that Calzado should pay him 800 francs on delivery, and 500 the day after the first performance. The opera was duly delivered and 800 francs paid. It was put in rehearsal, but never produced; and the plaintiff had consequently not received the remuneration to which he was entitled, and had besides been prevented from having the opera represented in foreign and provincial theatres. He therefore claimed 10,000 francs damages, and that M. Calzado should be made to bring out the opera before the 1st of December next, under pain of 200 francs fine for each day's delay. In support of his action, he produced a certificate from Rossini that the opera in question was, with the exception of one cavatina, by him. M. Calzado contended that he had incurred no liability to the plaintiff, inasmuch as no period had been fixed for the production of the opera, and he prayed that the agreement should be declared null and void. The tribunal decided that there was no reason for declaring the agreement void; but that, no period being fixed for the production of the opera, the plaintiff was not entitled to damages. It, nevertheless, ordered that the opera should be brought out by Calzado before the 31st of December, 1859.

SPA.—The festival of the 19th of August brought together an unusual number of celebrities, among whom M. Moscheles, Sivori, Tamberlik, Litoff, may be noted as principals. Herr Litoff carried off the lion's share of the laurels. The orchestra, under his direction, executed his *Chant du Gérefes*, the *Girondins*, *Maximilien Robespierre*, and his first concerto for orchestra and piano. The Society of "Les Amis Réunis de Liège" sang several choruses and part-songs with great effect.

ROSSINI.

(From the German of E. M. Oettinger.)

BY JOHN C. SCHERPF.

THREE months after this joyous feast, in April of the year 1816, Signor Barbaja was awoken one night out of his bear-like sleep, to hear the dreadful news that his theatre* was enveloped in flames. The fire, which spread very rapidly, transformed in fourteen hours one of the grandest edifices in Naples into a heap of ashes.

King Ferdinand took the loss of this theatre more to heart than he did formerly the loss of one half of his kingdom.† Barbaja recovered his equanimity much sooner.

"Sire," said he to the extremely good-natured monarch, "I permit your Majesty to call me a scoundrel, if in nine months the San Carlo is not rebuilt in a grander and more complete style. If your Majesty should be short of funds, I am willing, though a poor man, to advance for the present the sum of two hundred thousand scudi to the Crown, that no time may be lost in forwarding the erection of the new building."

"We accept them," said the King, who, as a Bourbon, was accustomed to accept graciously *every* sacrifice of his subjects.

Fortunate the prince who has such servants!

"Barbaja would allow himself to be beaten to death for your Majesty."

"That is handsome and brave of you," said the king, tapping his servant kindly on his shoulders. "But tell me, good friend, do you still believe that it was set fire to ?"

"Sire, I swear it !"

"And what villain do you think has played us this trick ?"

"Nobody else but Tacconi."

"I hear this name to-day for the first time. Who is this man ?"

"A fugitive from Genoa, who for some time has been roving about in the states of your Majesty, who appears now here and then there, having one name to-day and another to-morrow, and contriving everywhere some mischief."

"And what does my police know about it ?"

"Sire, I myself have denounced the rascal—"

"And my police—my police ?"

"Has either been too lazy or too stupid to seize him whilst he was in Naples. A short time ago he was in Palermo, and at present he is in Malta."

"How can he, then, have set fire to the theatre in Naples ?"

"Your Majesty must be aware that every scoundrel has his assistants. This Tacconi appears to me to be the head of a carbonari band, which is dispersed throughout Italy."

"And from whom have you heard that he is now in Malta ?"

"He himself has written to that effect."

"To whom ?"

"To Colbrand, whom he is persecuting with his declarations of love. And therefore it is my sincere belief that he, and no other, is the man who caused the theatre to be burned down."

"You are, it seems to me, somewhat jealous of this fellow. But this very day I will give the strictest orders to my minister of the police to use his best endeavours to seize the miscreant."

"Do that, Sire, but I beg and adjure you not to forget it; for your Majesty has a very good heart, but also a very bad memory."

"Barbaja !" threatened the king.

"Your Majesty need not get into a passion all at once. You must not forget, Sire, that nobody in Naples is more truly and faithfully devoted to his King than old Barbaja. I just now said your Majesty had a bad memory. I will prove to you that it is true. How often, Sire, have you not given me to understand that I should have one of your orders ? Such a little cross or star costs your Majesty a few scudi, which my services have certainly merited long ago."

"Procure the incendiary Tacconi for us, then you shall have such a thing, as true as my name is Ferdinand, and as I love you,

* The San Carlo Theatre, built by Charles III, in 1740, was already once burnt down in 1763, but had been rebuilt.

† King Ferdinand, driven from the capital of his kingdom, by the French, lived for nine years in Sicily.

because you are a faithful, honest fellow," said the monarch, shaking the impresario by the hand. "Now go with God, old friend, and see that we do not miss our San Carlo too long."

All the members of the theatre were discharged, Colbrand alone remaining in Naples. Rossini, accompanied by his faithful pupil, Elleboro, followed an advantageous invitation to Rome, there to write a new opera, *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, for the Teatro Valle.

The splendid success of this opera induced the Impresario of the Argentena Theatre to spare no effort to persuade the maestro, who had become a great favourite in Rome, to write a new work for his house.

"Have you a good libretto ?" asked Rossini.

"Ten, if you like; but I am sorry to say that our over-anxious Governor returns all libretti which are laid before him under the pretence that they contain allusions which might prove dangerous for the peace of the State."

"The old masters had reason to be satisfied; for they had a Metastasio* a da Ponte,† and a Casti.‡ At the present time we have not a single good writer of opera-libretti. Have you not any old, harmless libretto ?"

"I certainly have one; but I apprehend you will not like it."

"You mean—"

"The *Barbiere di Seviglia*."

"But Paisiello has already composed that."

"And for this very reason I think it would not be a bad speculation if you would take hold of the subject yourself. Italy would then have an opportunity to make a comparison between then and now; and I, for my part, am satisfied that just such a comparison would turn out in your favour."

"Do you believe so ?" asked the maestro, who felt not a little flattered by this expression.

"I am so certain of your success that I propose a wager to you—"

"A wager ?"

"That your *Barber* will dismount that of Signor Paisiello."

"In four weeks you shall have an answer from me," said Rossini, and dismissed the impresario, who was very well satisfied with himself.

On the same day Rossini wrote to old Paisiello, who, since 1804, when he had left Paris with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and a pension of four thousand francs, resided in Naples, as Director of the Conservatory. The old master, who thought a good deal of himself and his music, and who was by no means delighted at the increasing fame of his young rival, still possessed tact and prudence enough not to show his weak side to the eyes of the world; he replied with a great show of politeness, that he could only approve in every respect the selection of the subject, and that he was firmly persuaded that Rossini's bright genius would win new charms from the old text, on account of which he could only congratulate in advance him and all the stages of

* Pietro Bonaventura Trapassi, called *Metastasio* (who was born in Assisi, on January 3rd, 1698, and died in Vienna, April 12th, 1782) had already in his fourteenth year written an opera-libretto, *Il Giustino*. In 1724 was his first opera, *Didone Abbandonata*, with music by Domenico Sarro, produced in Naples. Besides the above, he has also written *Artaserzes*, *Atilio*, *Regolo*, *Temistocle*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Albissandro nell' India*, and many other operas, which, collected in ten volumes, were published in Paris, 1755, and dedicated to the Marquis de Pompadour.

† Lorenzio da Ponte (who was born in Anoda, 1794, and died in New York, 1836) wrote for Salieri the *Danaides*, and many other operas; for Martini, the *Tree of Diana*; and for Mozart, *Don Juan* and *Figaro's Wedding*.

‡ Giambattista Casti (who was born in Montefiascone, 1721, and died in Paris, 7th February, 1808) was, after Metastasio's death, created Court-Poet by the Emperor, Joseph II., and wrote *La Grotta di Trofonio*, and *Il Re Teodoro in Venezia*, for Paisiello. As a curiosity, we ought to mention that a third comic opera, for which we are indebted to the poet of the "*animali parlanti*," is named *Catilina*. The hero of this tragic-comic subject is old Cicero, who, amongst other things, sings an aria buffa, which contains a very comic parody of his celebrated speech, "Quo usque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientis nostra ?"

Italy, which might anticipate a new master-work. Rossini, delighted and intoxicated with the laudations of the old master, began his new opera with fresh courage.

Nobody in all Italy was more anxious about the success of this new opera than the Knight Paisiello. He said to himself, "If his Barber pleases, then mine will be lost; does he not please, as I expect, then the descending star of my fame will flame forth with new splendour, and eclipse the new star?"

But the old artist did not live long enough to see this question decided. Giovanni Paisiello died on the 5th of June, 1816;* and only three months after his death was Rossini's *Barber* performed for the first time, at the Theatre Argentina. Signora Giorgi sang the part of Rosina, Garcia that of the Count Almaviva, Zamboni that of Figaro, and Boticelli that of the Doctor Bartolo. In respect to the opera itself, which must be well known to every one of our readers, we will add only a few lines. The *Barber of Seville* is, according to the best judges, one of the finest leaves in the laurel-wreath of the "Orpheus of Pesaro," whom a German poet surnames the "Helios of Italy." The whole opera resembles a thousand-coloured Bengali-bird, which has bathed its glittering feathers in the smiling aurora and the pearlring morning dew; every note is a pearl of dew, trembling on a rose-leaf. The whole score seems to be written during an inspiration produced by champagne; every number, every measure, of this opera, bubbles and rises in pearls—foams and boils like rose-coloured *Œil de Perdrix*. One sips down this music like a bottle of Cliquot, and feels himself so intoxicated with the sharp gas of precious melodies and the pearly foam of their rhythm, that one might throw himself heels over neck into the sea of voluptuous sounds, to dabble about like a gold-fish in these sunny, blissful, crystal-clear waves, which, resounding and singing, caressing and murmuring, glide past us. If Rossini had never written anything else than this *Barber of Seville*, this one opera would be sufficient to secure him one of the first places amongst the greatest composers of all times.

And nevertheless this charming music met only with a partial success during the first performances. The public was divided into two great parties—Paisiellonists and Rossiniani—which, as centuries ago, like Neri and Bianchi, or Guelphs and Ghibellins, were opposed to each other as deadly enemies. Paisiello's enemies praised Rossini up to the seventh heaven, whilst Rossini's adversaries did the same with the dead Paisiello. At that time the old and new music of Italy entered a conflict for life and death, which was only afterwards decided in Paris, and procured the living the victory over the dead. Paisiello reposed on the bosom of mother earth, and Rossini stood in the zenith of his fame, the beams of which, like the sun, traversed the whole world.

About this time Rossini wrote to Signora Colbrand, with whom he had entered into a secret correspondence.

"I wish my fair friend could now be at Rome, in order to witness my new triumphs. My Barber makes more friends from day to day, and knows how to insinuate himself into the favour of even the most bitter enemies of the new school, so that they learn to love him more and more, even against their own wishes. Almaviva's serenade is heard every night in all the streets; Figaro's great aria, 'Largo il Factotum,' is the great favourite of all basso singers, and Rosina's cavatina, 'Una voce poco fa,' the evening song with which every beauty retires, to wake up in the morning with the words: 'Lindoro mio sera' (Yes, Lindoro will be mine!) But more than my new opera, my dear angelique, will interest you—a new salad, which I have invented a short time ago, to the great delight of all gourmands. I hasten to lay the receipt before you: Take a bowl, put into it Provence oil, English mustard, French vinegar, a little lemon-juice, pepper and salt, mix all the ingredients as well as you can, and then flavour them with truffles, cut into small pieces. The latter gives the salad a nimbus which charms every gourmand into the greatest admiration. The Cardinal-Secretary of State, whose acquaintance I made a short time ago,

gave me his Apostolic Benediction for this discovery of mine. But to return to the Barber: in the second act, which, to speak candidly, is weaker than the first, the following pieces meet with much favour: the duetto between the Count, in the disguise of a singing-teacher, and Doctor Bartolo; 'Pace e Gioja,' the aria of the old guardian 'Quando mi sei vicina'; and the finale of the terzetto between Rosina, Almaviva, and Figaro, 'Zitti, zitti, piano, piano.' The least pleasing is the quintetto, in which the fever-sick Basilio goes off and returns again. I myself must acknowledge that Paisiello's is much more simple and graceful than mine. Do not neglect, my dear angelique—the sooner the better—to convince yourself respecting the delicacy of my new salad. I am delighted to hear that you, my dear Colbrand, have taken the bride of our young friend under the wings of your protection. Master Sneeze-wort is well, and progresses so rapidly that you will be surprised. Taken all together, I am delighted here tolerably well, but am almost in despair because we have very few, or scarcely any good oysters. When you, in divine Naples, luxuriate in *fresh* oysters, do sometimes think of me.

"P.S.—I almost forgot the most important thing: I have commenced a new opera, and hope to bring it with me to Naples. Until then, do not forget altogether, your

"G. ROSSINI."

In the beginning of January, 1819, the writer of the above letter returned to Naples, covered with glory, and loaded with gold.

HALIFAX.—A firm of pianoforte makers, carrying on their business, not on the most extensive scale, in Horton-street, under the name of Messrs. Hartley and Kitchen, on Wednesday last, brought their troubles before a jury in the Halifax County Court. The jury was composed of Messrs. T. H. Garlick, J. Stott, J. Hudson, J. Fox, and T. Newsome. It seemed that at the early part of last month, August, they agreed to dissolve partnership. The pianofortes in the workshop were sold to Messrs. Pohlman, music-dealers, of Halifax. Three pianofortes belonging to the firm were exhibited for sale in the shop of Mr. Lockwood, watchmaker and jeweller, Crown-street. A fourth instrument was out on hire at the Fleece Inn. Hartley is a relative of Lockwood, and he pretended to have sold him the four pianos for £50, half of that sum being paid in money and the other in watches. Hartley having obtained these started off to the Isle of Man, Liverpool, Huddersfield, and lived "rather fast." Some doubts existed as to whether the transaction with Lockwood was honest. An action was brought against Lockwood for the value of the pianos, and the jury believing it not to have been a *bond fide* transaction, called upon Lockwood to pay the sum of £40 in respect of the instruments.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

BADEN-BADEN.—A grand concert was given here on the 29th of August, for the benefit of the Hospitals of the town, under the direction of Hector Berlioz. The orchestra was selected from the talent of Baden, Carlsruhe and Strasburg. Among the noticeable pieces was the symphony with chorus of M. Berlioz, entitled *Romeo et Juliette*—or, more properly, the four first parts of the symphony—and the overture to *Euryanthe*. Herr Litoff performed, with the orchestra, the *allegro, adagio* and *scherzo* of his fourth *Symphonie Concertante*. Vivier executed some new *morceaux* on the horn with irresistible effect; and Mad. Charton-Demeure added largely to the attractions by her singing. In the favourite air from the *Domino Noir*, and the beautiful song from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Deh vieni, non tardar," more especially, she was overwhelmed with plaudits.

ST. PITTSBURGH.—The following is a list of the company of the Italian Opera for the forthcoming season:—sopranos—Mes-dames Bosio, Lotti della Santa, Bernardi, and Dottini; tenors—Sigs. Tambrlik, Mongini, Calzolari, and Alessandro Bettini; barytones—Signors Ronconi, Debassini and Everardi; bassi profondi—Signors Marini and Polonini. Madame Ferraris will be *première danseuse*. Among the new operas to be produced are mentioned *La Juive*, by M. Halévy, and *Simon Boccanegra* by Signor Verdi.

* He was born in Taranto, May 9th, 1741.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.
MR. CHARLES KEAN'S FAREWELL SEASON,
as MANAGER of the ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE, will commence on
Saturday, the 2nd October next, and conclude on Saturday the 30th July.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Last five nights of the eminent tragedians Mr. James Anderson and Miss Elsworthy. They will appear during the week in CORIOLANUS, MACBETH, OTHELLO, &c. Opening night of Mr. Sims Reeves' Engagement, who will positively appear on Saturday next, September 18. The whole of the Band of the Princess's Theatre, conducted by Mr. Isaacson. Double Chorus, and every effect of scenery, costume, &c. The Theatre entirely re-decorated. A new grand centre chandelier, by Messrs. Doffies and Son. The new and splendid Parisian saloon for upper and lower boxes, with its superb fittings, in itself worth a visit, will be completed for this all important occasion.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1858.

MISS LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. Harrison have displayed sound judgment and good taste in denominating their new undertaking at Drury Lane simply "English Opera." With the company brought together under their joint management it would hardly have been politic to have prefixed the title of "National." As several of our most accomplished singers have been excluded from, or, more properly, have not been included in, the *troupe*, the appropriation of the latter term would not have redounded to their credit. "English opera" is a general designation, which challenges no scrutiny, and consequently, as far as regards nomenclature, the managers have forestalled animadversion. Merely as an English Operatic Company, therefore, we are to consider the new speculation at Drury Lane. The prospectus has been issued, the names of the principal artists and band supplied, the chorus indicated, and the acts, views, and intentions of the management set forth in full.

The band is unexceptionable; the efficiency of the chorus is guaranteed by being selected from the Royal Italian Opera *corps*; while the name of Mr. Alfred Mellon, as conductor and musical director, gives strength and dignity to the enterprise. In the prospectus, however, we are startled by the declaration that "Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have spared no exertions to obtain the very highest available English talent; and they confidently trust that the result of their endeavours will enable them to present every opera with a completeness and excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking." Now, the very highest available talent in England must be centered in the persons of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, since, besides themselves, we fail to discover a single name of any note in the list of the company—although every artist is dubbed "celebrated" in the prospectus—a stretch of the imaginative worthy of Bunn himself. This, to say the least of it, is not complimentary to native talent, while the merest tyro in musical matters must perceive at a glance that the "very highest available talent" is far from being secured. Under the circumstances, it would have been as well to have made no allusion to "excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking." In addition to being altogether chimerical, it spoils the modesty of the title.

"The ambition of the present management," we further learn, "is to establish English Opera upon a firm and permanent basis," and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison flatter themselves that the foundation is laid. Much has been effected, certainly, towards achieving so

desirable a result, but much, we maintain, has yet to be done before an English lyric theatre can be established. What would be said, we may ask, if an operatic theatre were started on the Continent, arrogating to itself the title of "National," and setting out with pretensions to a sure and permanent foundation, which could boast of one tenor and one *prima donna* only in the company? The answer is inevitable; and yet, beyond the names of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, we vainly search in the Drury Lane troupe for a first soprano or a first tenor. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, we need hardly say, are both excellent artists and great favourites of the public; but they cannot sing every night in every opera with impunity, and should one be taken ill the performances must be discontinued. It is a good thing to make provision for a rainy day, and, however sound and vigorous the constitution of a singer may be, he cannot for that reason claim immunity from casualty or complaint. Although Mr. W. Harrison is as strong, salubrious, and as capable of endurance as an Orkney boatman, a petty piece of orange peel in Russell-street, or an underdone cut of salmon, with or without cucumbers, may incontinently lay him supine on his couch or four-poster, to say nothing of fogs, and east winds, and infections, and colds, and catarrhs, and the villainous lumbago, foe to thin loins. Nor, by'r Lady, are ladies more exempt from disaster and disease than the rougher sex: nay, if less exposed to out-of-door mishaps, they are more subject to skyey influences and their thousand ailments, whereunto the slender texture and circumscribed limits of their apparel largely minister. So that even Miss Louisa Pyne, whom the doctors hate for her invariable robust health, and to whom Fortune has always proved such a kind godmother, may fall down before the rheumatism or a sprained ankle. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison cannot be all in all in their company, and it behoves them in time to look out for "doubles," as they call them, who may fill their places at need.

The performances commence on Monday with *The Rose of Castile*, "the highly flattering run of which," we are assured, "was only interrupted by the termination of the season." Not to speak irreverently of Mr. Balf's new opera we dread a second inundation of this "prosperity." In the palmy days of the Bunn dynasty at Drury Lane—where, for reasons best known to manager and music-publisher, a run of some 100 nights was wont to be achieved for the smallest success—we were ever among the most strenuous opponents of a system which hood-winked the public and served to militate against the best interests of art. Let Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison set their faces against such dubious trafficking. To force an opera upon the public, however successful at first, can only result in general distaste, and can only serve to benefit the publishers, those millionaires of music, who feed fat on the brains of others, and whose interests compel them to care little or nothing whatsoever for art.

Martha—proclaimed in the prospectus "the great triumph of the last season at the Royal Italian Opera," which most decidedly it was not—will be produced on Thursday, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, of course, sustaining the principal parts. An opera better adapted to display our *prima donna's* brilliant talent to advantage might easily have been found. Like Madame Bosio, Miss Pyne is essentially a bravura singer, and to neither the Italian nor the English cantatrice—we surmise the latter—is the plain music of *Martha* suited. In our next number, however, we shall be enabled to decide on this point, as far as relates to Miss Louisa Pyne.

Among the novelties promised are an opera by Mr. Balf, composed to order, and also an original opera, entitled *Rip van Winkle*, "written expressly for the present management by Mr. George Bristow," an American composer of reputation on the other side of the Atlantic. We shall be glad to hear both works. Of Mr. Edward Loder's opera, *Agnes and Raymond*, mentioned some time since in the *Musical World*, as accepted by the management, and of Mr. Frank Mori's new work, also alluded to, the prospectus is silent. As the season extends to thirteen weeks only, we may conclude that it would be found impracticable to get ready more than two new productions.

The performances will conclude nightly with a *ballet divertissement*, for which purpose Medilles, Morlacchi and Pasquale, from Her Majesty's Theatre, and Madille, Zilia Michelet, with a *corps de ballet* selected from Her Majesty's Theatre, and M. Petit of the old Opera as ballet-master, are engaged. In fact there appears to be no want of enterprise on the part of the management, and with so much that is good a fair amount of success must be anticipated.

WE have not the slightest objection in the world to Mr. Peter Paterson, late comedian of the theatres royal and rural, writing his own life. Nine out of every ten of our acquaintance would rather talk about themselves, than about any one else, and we do not see why we should except Mr. Peter Paterson from the general rule. Of his book, we know nothing, for he has not sent us a copy, and we are not sure that we should read it, if he did. Nine out of every ten of our acquaintance, with all their propensity to pour forth their own auto-biographies, would rather do anything than listen to the auto-biographies of their similarly disposed neighbours, and we do not profess to be an exception to the general rule.

However, live and let live. Let Mr. Peter Paterson live his own life, and when he fancies (wrongly we trust) that he is approaching its termination, let him write a book, and tell all about it to those who are willing to read. We have no objection, we repeat. But we do object to articles of this sort, appearing in the *Morning Post*, *a propos* of the confessions of Mr. Peter Paterson :

"This is, we believe, the veritable history of a strolling player; and its publication, by stripping the profession of the tinsel in which it is generally dressed by the imagination, may save many a foolish youth from wrecking his prospects in life, and even life itself, by donning the stock and buskin in the fallacious hope that he will become one day a theatrical star of the first magnitude. From the confessions before us it is but too clear that the life of a stroller, and almost every great actor has been at one period of his life a stroller, is a life of bitter suffering, deep mortification, occasional starvation, to be avoided only by shifts for which honesty can find no other apology than necessity—ending in utter ruin and degradation. The exceptions are not perhaps one in ten thousand; and of these exceptions many should be regarded like Caek and Edmund Kean, rather as beacons to avoid than lures to enter upon a life of vagabondism, on the very threshold of which self-respect, and too often integrity, must be wholly discarded. The work is well written, and contains a great deal of very amusing anecdotal information. It is to be hoped it may obtain a large circulation, as by baring the skeleton to the gaze of the young theatrical amateur, it may deter him from entering upon a career in which the least evil will be the ruin of all his worldly prospects."

The reasoning of the above brilliant effusion, if reduced into syllogistic form, would stand thus:

Mr. Peter Paterson, having become an actor, did not succeed;

Mr. Thespis Crichton became an actor:

Therefore, Mr. Thespis Crichton did not succeed.

The form contemplated is styled by early logicians "Barbara," but the form attained, may be by analogy termed "Birbara," a wretched word, equally horrible to lovers and to syllogists, but arising from the vicious substitution of a particular for an universal in the major premiss. [Those of our readers who do not understand this paragraph, had better pass on quickly to the next.]

There is no doubt that in the theatrical profession, as in every other, the number of blanks far exceed the number of prizes, and that he who hopes to be chief man of his day, is very likely to be disappointed. But is this passage from hope to disappointment peculiar to the theatrical profession? Surely there are many men who have been called to the bar, and who, after indulging in dreams of the woolsack, now sit shivering in wretched attics, which they euphuistically term "chambers," with scarcely any prospect whatever. There are classically educated curates who do the work of a Florence Nightingale in addition to the performance of their ecclesiastical duties, for some fifty pounds. There are industrious tradesmen, who hope to retire to Blackheath, but drop unexpectedly into the *Gazette*. There are stock-jobbers who "waddle" without deserving the ignominy of the "black-board." Besides these, there is a countless mass of persons—the mass in short—who have not had so much as the luxury of a disappointed hope,—who have never had any aspirations at all. Take the whole multitude of the working-classes—the rank and file of the army—the man before the mast in the navy—and after making allowance for a few very rare exceptions—ask, to what will any of them come? Look a little higher—at the clerk-world,—at the men bound to a ledger, recording the fluctuations of property not their own, and struggling to maintain a large family and a decent appearance on the scantiest of salaries. Are we to suppose that among all these there are no Peter Patersons to be found, who, on the evidence of their own experience, could stand as so many warning spectres, and caution people to avoid the bar—the church—the shop—the stock-exchange—the counting-house—and the *atelier*?

Nevertheless, when people deplore the misconduct of some lad, who leaves a previous vocation through a passion for the stage, they generally imagine that he has wantonly leaped from Elysium into Tartarus. If they would only be pleased to consider that in many,—even bad cases—the mistaken individual simply walks from one state of misery into another they would be less profuse in their lamentations.

If Mr. Peter Paterson simply meant to teach us, that every man who comes out as *Hamlet* will not attain the professional and social position of Mr. Charles Kean, we should certainly admit that he intended to diffuse sound doctrine; and if his book sold upon the strength of it, we would write another proving that every old gentleman who wears a pig-tail (like Mr. Selby in his last new and very excellent piece) must not on that account expect to become Emperor of China. But when the *Morning Post*, perched on the shoulders of the aforesaid Paterson, begins to hint that there are no good pickings in the theatrical profession, beside the big plum on the very top of the tree, we begin to look round us, and contemplate what may be called the rank and file of the London companies.

And what do we see? Why, we see a great quantity of very mediocre talent very liberally rewarded. Mind, we are not talking of the famous men, whom friends extol, whom enemies decry, whom critics analyse, but of those who are seen night after night, without creating an emotion, and

rarely become the subject of any comment whatever. Mr. Tiffin Small, who plays secondary gentleman in comedy, and inferior lords in tragedy, would he be more prosperous in a pecuniary sense, if his mighty mind were devoted to the columns of a ledger, rather than to the study of a very slight part? How much could be gained by Miss Rosetta Smirk, who smiles so prettily, and whose talent stops at that agreeable achievement, if she doffed the eternal white muslin, and devoted her energies to shirt-making?

We pass over the semi-puritanical tone which pervades the article, and would be more suitable to the columns of the *Record* than to those of the *Morning Post*; but sins against Cocker we cannot leave unnoticed.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL. (From our own Correspondent.)

FRIDAY, Sept. 3.

"*Le Roi est mort!—Vive le Roi!*" Such was the cry in the times of the old French monarchy, when the Bourbons occupied the throne of France, and the fleurs-de-lys fluttered in the wind; when, despite the names of La Belle Vallière, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon; of La Du Barry and the Parc-aux-Cerfs, it was believed that kings could do no wrong, though the most staunch royalist must allow they sometimes tried their talents in that line. "*Le Festival est mort! Vive le Festival!*"—yes—the Festival is dead! and many ardent minds are already looking forward to the next. The last strains have died away—the great conductor has vanished—the singers, male and female, having packed up their carpet-bags and corded their portmanteaus, have winged their flight, or are preparing to do so, far away, and Birmingham is left to deplore their loss or pray for their return.

The third and last miscellaneous concert—by the way, the Germans have a proverb: "*Alle gute Dinge sind drei*"—took place yesterday evening. The name of the pieces in the programme was legion. Now I have no doubt the worthy burgesses of Birmingham itself, together with the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants generally of the surrounding parts, were, as they should be, hungering after music. But it has always been held right not to give famishing people too much at one time, and I think this is a maxim which has not always been observed on the present occasion. As I have said—but I will say it again for all that—the name of the pieces in the programme was legion. It would not take me quite so long to go through them as it did take Mr. Brunel to bore under the Thames, or as it will take the Sardinian engineers to bore under the Alps. Still I must decline the task, for varied as my style may be, and, I trust, tolerably readable, I am afraid my account may be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sameness now and then. But I can assure the courteous reader—I call him "courteous," although my last remarks may have induced him to honour me with the epithet of "vain idiot," or some other designation equally complimentary—I can assure the courteous reader this is no fault of mine. "*Les programmes se suivent et se ressemblent,*" which may be interpreted as meaning, in the present case, that some of the compositions have already been discussed, criticised, praised, or condemned in the pages of this journal. I will content myself, therefore, with merely mentioning the most distinguishing features of last night's entertainment, which opened with Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, but why, I cannot say, unless to show us how it ought not to have been played. "*Varium et variable, musicus*" is a new reading of an old saw, which I take the liberty of suggesting for the especial behoof of the orchestral fraternity. I could hardly believe I was listening to the same performers who had so distinguished themselves on the previous days of the Festival. The less said, however, the soonest mended, and it is to be hoped the future will make reparation for the past.

"Comparisons are odorous" and, therefore, I will draw none. I will simply state that Mr. Costa's serenade, *The Dream*, composed to celebrate the nuptials of the Princess Royal, went as smoothly

as a train on the Great Western. It was executed with a precision perfectly marvellous. The great "hits" were the chorus: "Make the car of a golden king-cup," and the serenade: "Oh! the joy of truly loving!" the latter sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as though he really meant it, and for which he was loudly, enthusiastically, and unanimously encored. The other artists in the serenade were Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. This gentleman personated Oberon, King of the Fairies, for whom, under the circumstances, I could not help thinking a good substantial gig would have been a more appropriate vehicle than a golden king-cup. Among the other component portions of Part I., were: "Hai già vinto la causa," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Sig. Belletti; "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Juan*, Sig. Tamborlik; and the quintet: "Sento o Dio," from *Cosi fan Tutte*, Mad. Viardot, Madlle. Victoire Balfe, Messra. Weiss, Belletti, and M. Smith. The second part—but no, I must mention one more fact, which is, that "Non più mesta" was sung as only one person I ever heard can sing it. Need I say that person was the entrancing, the inimitable Mad. Alboni?

Now I may resume. The second part contained two overtures, that by Spohr to the *Alchemist* and that to *Euryanthe*, by Carl Maria von Weber. The last was admirably performed by the orchestra. Madame Clara Novello gave Mendelssohn's *scena*, "Infelice," with capital effect; Madame Alboni, Rode's variations with an ease and smoothness which caused an enthusiastic, but evidently non-artistic gentleman next me to say, "it seemed as if she was cutting butter with a knife;" and Madlle. Victoire Balfe, "The last rose of summer," with a winning grace that proved the "last rose" was not the last, but simply the last but one, for she had to sing it again. Indeed, the audience were so pleased that I was afraid they would not be satisfied with one encore, but insist on having a whole bouquet of such roses. Mr. Macfarren, also, contributed a very pleasing ballad, "The Token," sung by Mr. Weiss with the feeling of a true artist. The concert was excellently attended. There were 1,198 persons present, and the receipts amounted to the tidy sum of £688 10s.

The performances this morning consisted of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Beethoven's Mass in C. Both were well executed. There might, perhaps, have been a little more expression, a trifle more attention to the niceties of light and shade, but there was no cause for complaint. Compositions by such masters are ticklish things for conductors, however talented, and orchestras, however practised; their efforts seldom come up to the ideal we have imagined in our own minds, just as, perhaps, no actor ever reached the standard each individual critic has set up of *Hamlet* or of *Lear*. After these *œufs-d'œuvre*, we had Mr. Leslie's cantata, entitled *Judith*. I always experience so hearty a desire to foster the endeavours of any young composer of talent,—and no one will deny that Mr. Leslie has a perfect right to be so considered,—that I prefer making myself better acquainted with the score of *Judith* before I venture to give a final decision as to the precise place it is destined to occupy among the works of the present day. One thing is certain: it is not what the Germans call a *Meisterstück*, though, on the other hand, it is a praiseworthy production, and contains some highly pleasing *morceaux*. The vocal solos were confided to Messdames Viardot Garcia, Castellan, Messra. Sims Reeves and Montem Smith, with whom the composer must have been well satisfied. The chorus and orchestra, also, worked with a will. The audience were loud in their applause, and warmly greeted Mr. Leslie, who was his own conductor, both on his appearance in the orchestra, and at the conclusion of the cantata. The proceedings terminated with the national anthem. There were 1,472 persons present, and the receipts amounted to £1,461 8s. 11d.

The Festival concludes with a full-dress ball this evening at the Town Hall.

The produce of the seven performances amounts to £10,000, being about £1,500 less than the sum realised at the Festival of 1855. I have heard some persons indulge in complaints that the inhabitants of the town did not take that interest we might suppose they would take in a Festival not only elevating and delightful in itself, but rendered subservient to that divine

virtue : Charity, which, like Mercy, "blesseth him who gives and him who takes." I think, however, that this apathy on the part of the inhabitants may be, to a great extent, accounted for by the scale of prices. I need not say, after the opinions I expressed in a former letter, I feel convinced that, now-a-days, the great secret of success consists in moderate charges combined with excellence, the one being perfectly compatible with the other. On the whole, however, this year's Festival may be regarded as a great triumph in the cause of two great principles—CHARITY and MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.)

The enormous receipts at the Festival of 1855 led the public somewhat hastily to infer that a similar degree of financial success would have been attained by the celebration which has just terminated, and because this has not been the case a few persons have expressed some dissatisfaction. A moment's reflection ought to convince those individuals that there is really no ground for lamentation. Of course we, in common with every supporter of these great meetings, regret that the receipts should not have been even much larger than those in 1855, but in reality we never expected that they would reach the sum taken in that year. Three years ago trade was in a most prosperous condition ; but since that time the country has passed through a period of almost unexampled depression, the influence of which is still very painfully felt. But even for a prosperous time the returns of 1855 were unusually large, having indeed been exceeded only once since the establishment of the Festivals, namely, in 1834, when the sum received was £13,527. In other years the receipts have fluctuated very considerably. In 1837, the Festival after the great year of 1834, they fell to £11,900, at the next Festival there was a further decrease to 11,600, in 1843 they were only £8,800, in 1846 they advanced to £11,600, in 1849 there was a fall to £10,334, and in 1852 there occurred a sudden leap to £11,600. The receipts at the Festival just over have been £10,800, and there is every probability that before the books are closed £11,000 will have been received. Without taking into account any disturbing influences whatever, we are entitled to consider this result as a decided pecuniary success ; but if we allow proper weight to the depression of trade, the recent expenditure on the Queen's visit, and the unaccountable apathy manifested by many of our townsmen, the inevitable deduction is that the Festival has proved satisfactory beyond all calculation. We do not pretend to be able to assign any reasonable cause for the absence of so many residents in Birmingham from the Festival performances, and particularly from the evening concerts—unless, indeed, the state of trade furnishes a sufficient excuse. If there is no other reason for this marked abstinence from attendance, we must say that the fact is highly discreditable to those who have participated in the neglect.

The Festival is conducted, at great cost and with immense labour, for the benefit of our noblest local charity, and those who, having the means of attending, nevertheless abstain from supporting the performances, and at the same time do not contribute to the funds of the charity, seem to us very seriously to neglect the duty that is plainly incumbent upon them—of assisting to the best of their power the sick and maimed amongst their poorer brethren. This is no case of speculative charity—the Hospital cannot do without the help it receives from the Festivals, and every shilling not required for necessary expenses is paid over to the treasurers of the charity. On another ground those who abstain from supporting the Festivals are almost equally to blame. The musical distinction which these meetings have conferred upon Birmingham has made the town famous throughout Europe as the home of the grandest musical celebrations ever witnessed. By national consent the highest place in great musical celebrations has been conferred upon Birmingham, and more than one town, in endeavouring to deprive us of this well-earned honour, has learned to its cost its own weakness, and the inherent strength of the Birmingham

Festivals. Is the good name of Birmingham as nothing in the eyes of Birmingham men ? To put the matter on the lowest ground—a ground so low that we are almost ashamed to allude to it at all—as a matter of commercial gain it is the interest of Birmingham people to maintain their Festivals in the highest degree of efficiency, because the more attractive they can be rendered, the greater will be the influx of strangers into the town. That we are not speaking without reason in animadverting thus warmly on the apathy of some of our townsmen will be seen from the following statement, which shows that the falling-off in the receipts, as compared with some previous years, has occurred in connection with the evening concerts:—

	MORNINGS.	
	1855.	1858.
Tuesday	£1,889 9 10	£2,485 6 8
Wednesday	1,497 8 8	1,222 18 0
Thursday	2,808 8 0	2,789 5 0
Friday	2,118 2 9	1,360 15 5
	<hr/> £23,313 9 3	<hr/> £27,858 5 1
	EVENINGS.	
	1855.	1858.
Tuesday	£2,607 0 0	£2,641 12 0
Wednesday	1,077 17 0	714 18 0
Thursday	1,422 19 0	688 10 0
	<hr/> £3,107 16 0	<hr/> £2,045 0 0
Ball	278 17 0	192 18 0
	<hr/> £3,801 18 0	<hr/> £2,237 18 0
Schemes	438 3 0	317 4 0
	<hr/> £2,791 16 0	<hr/> £2,555 2 0

The morning performances are supported chiefly by the vice-presidents and the nobility and gentry of the district: the evening concerts and the ball depend mainly upon the townsmen. The former have done their part admirably, and to them the thanks of the friends of the General Hospital are eminently due; but the latter class, of whom more might have been expected than of strangers, have failed to render the customary measure of support. As we said before, we cannot account for this coldness, excepting on the ground of bad trade. In former years the Festivals have encountered powerful opposition from a section of the clergy, but on the present occasion, so far as we know, this hostile influence was very slightly exerted, at least publicly; and we are therefore the more at a loss to divine the reason why the evening concerts were not better attended, particularly as those concerts were far more interesting than they were in 1855.

Whatever may have been the cause of the neglect, our original position remains unassailable. If the deficiency as compared with the previous Festival was brought about by influences other than those attributable to commercial depression, the receipts prove that even without the mass of the Birmingham people a very large return can be obtained; and, on the other hand, the diminution in the receipts arises simply from the adverse state of local trade, it needs no argument to show that the Festival must have been wonderfully attractive to have produced so gratifying a result, notwithstanding the unfavourable local conditions under which it has been held. We repeat, therefore, that from whatever point of view it may be regarded, the Festival of 1858 has been a financial success. In conformity with our custom, we present in the subjoined table a comparative statement of the receipts at the three last Festivals. We may remark in passing, that a glance at this table will show the fallacy of an opinion which has been expressed—that the diminution in the receipts at last week's Festival would have been much greater but for the unusually large amount of the donations. The inaccuracy of this statement is distinctly shown by the fact that there is scarcely any difference between the donations and collections for 1855 and those of 1858, the amount received in the former year at the morning performances having been £1,475 6s. 9d., against £1,506 6s. 11d. in the latter.

	1852.	1855.	1858.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Tuesday Morning ...	2,304 11 1	1,889 9 10	2,485 6 8
" Evening ...	442 12 0	607 0 0	641 12 0
Wednesday Morning ..	1,644 16 5	1,497 8 8	1,222 18 0
" Evening ...	869 18 0	1,077 17 0	714 18 0
Thursday Morning ...	2,751 1 5	2,808 8 0	2,789 5 0
" Evening ...	992 0 0	1,422 19 0	688 10 0
Friday Morning ...	1,663 10 4	2,118 2 9	1,360 15 5
Five-Guinea Tickets ...	89 5 0	115 10 0	84 0 0
Ball ...	270 12 0	273 17 0	192 18 0
Schemes ...	365 0 0	410 3 0	317 4 0
Donation received after the Festival ...	297 0 7	524 7 8	305 10 0
TOTALS ...	11,690 6 10	12,745 2 11	10,802 17 1

GLOUCESTER IN RE HEREFORD.

(From the *Gloucester Chronicle*.)

A STRANGER upon the point of visiting Herefordshire thought it right before setting out upon his journey to get together all the information he could with respect to its climate, its land, its productions, and the habits of its natives. Upon consulting the *Gazetteer* he found the air to be salubrious, the soil either stiff clay or light sand, hops cultivated to a large extent, orchards in every aspect and on every soil; but what struck him most in the catalogue of excellencies and peculiarities was the announcement of the extreme longevity of its inhabitants. Every parish seemed to rejoice in its centenarian, and none who escaped measles, small-pox, and hooping-cough, thought of dying before eighty. This singular fact puzzled him; how was he to account for it? Was it something peculiar in the climate, in the water, in the earth, or some wonderful organisation of the human frame. He carried this interesting problem with him by railway into the county, with a fixed determination to solve it before he left; but when he came in contact with Herefordshire society he immediately saw through the mystery. "What wonder," said he to himself, "that these people should live so long in a fat and luxuriant land when there is among them *so little tear and wear of the body by the friction of the mind!*"

Never was a fairer specimen of this Boeotian crassitude displayed than on the occasion of the late music meeting; if the more lively and elastic spirits of the county had not bestirred themselves to save its honour and its reputation by exerting themselves far and near to avert the certainty of a miserable failure, to Hereford would have belonged the ignominious fame of having put a stop to the meeting of the Three Choirs, after a reunion annually for nearly a century and a half. As it was, indeed, true to their traditional inertness, the Herefordshire people seem to have had great difficulty in keeping awake; a dull leaden torpor invaded the Cathedral, the County Hall, and the fingers which held the purse-strings; neither grave nor gay, neither the grand nor the solemn, neither the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, nor the still more eloquent eyes of those ladies, who, "with pity's dewy glance," beseeched aid for widows and orphans, could touch the sensibilities, much less rouse to enthusiasm, the aggregate mass of Herefordshire worthies.

"But after all, it may be believed, if the Herefordshire people had been left to themselves things would have gone smoothly and perhaps successfully. They were, however, not left to themselves, but an under-current has been at work to sap the foundations of the Triennial Meetings; the old reasons, or rather prejudices, have been paraded against their continuance; for instance, either that the cathedral is a place too holy for the most solemn passages of scripture to be musically recited within its walls, or that the excitement of the concert-room treads too hastily upon the heels of the morning's sacred employment; or that it is inexpedient to bring into the mother church of the diocese strange singing men and singing women; or that the principle is wrong to exact alms from the widows and orphans of the clergy

by means which may be open to exception, or which, at any rate, cannot be said to flow from a pure unmixed fountain of Christian benevolence. Strange to say, too, these scruples have been revived and disseminated under the auspices of the Dean and other influential clergy; nay, so vehement and assiduous is the attack, that although the blow has not prostrated the victim entirely, it has yet struck into the vitals, and on the next occasion it is anticipated the "Meeting of the Three Choirs" will quiver in its death-throe at Hereford, under the auspices of the Dean and his colleagues.

The real question is this: What is to become of the charity? How are three hundred pounds to be raised for the families of the poor clergy in each diocese every year if these meetings are extinguished? The opposition has not risen from the poor clergy, but from the rich, from those who are placed in high position and dowered with large incomes. The Dean and his friends may be conscientious in their scruples, and they have a right to their opinions, but it is quite another thing to undermine the props of an ancient and beneficent charity, avowedly with all the weight of authority, influence, and example, without showing us first of all what substitute they are prepared to offer. This conduct is both unjust and ungenerous. While they sleep on soft beds, let them not tear the hard mattress from under the widows and orphans of their poor brethren, and leave them upon the bare floor. Before they shut the Cathedral doors, let them tell us where the £900 or £1000 are to be raised, by what means, and by what machinery? These transactions, and the remarks, caustic and satirical, but richly earned, which have appeared in the journals of the day, will serve to rouse the spirit of Gloucestershire; we are confident no exertions will be spared to make the meeting of 1859 at Gloucester a brilliant contrast to that of 1858 at Hereford.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL—(From the *Constitutional Press*).—The 135th anniversary of the Festival has, I am sorry to say, proved a failure in a pecuniary point of view, though to the visitors—who don't appear to be much distressed at the pecuniary liabilities of the stewards—the beautiful weather, the romantic scenery of the city and neighbourhood, and the pleasure of meeting country friends from all parts, to say nothing of the musical performances—have been sources of unmixed delight. It is painful to hear rumours current among all classes that the neglect of the cathedral chapter to support the Festival, and the indifference evinced towards it by the country gentlemen, may very probably lead to the dissociation of Hereford from the two other cities in which the Festival is held. The Bishop of Hereford, much to his credit, is understood to be warmly in favour of the continuance of the Festival, and has remained in the episcopal residence to receive a very large company, and to do,—almost alone, as far as the clergy are concerned—the honours of his cathedral city. As for the Dean, Mr. Dawes is known to be violently hostile to the meeting of the choirs in his cathedral. He coolly absented himself from the city during its continuance, and a strange rumour asserts that he took the key of the choir with him, so that visitors might be baulked of one portion, at least, of their anticipated pleasure. Mr. Dawes is, I need not add, a Liberal and rank Erastian, one of dear Lord John's *protégés*, and a clergyman with no more churchomanship about him than Dean Close. Archdeacon Freer has also left the city in consequence of the Festival; not from any objection to it on principle, but because he has, it is said, taken offence at some of the arrangements. Lord Saye and Sele, one of the canons, is generally the leading promoter of the Festival; but he, too, is absent from some cause unknown to me. But the most singular thing is the absence of the eminent precentor, no less a person than the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., who, one would have supposed, would have been the hero of the Festival, a musical lion highly acceptable in ecclesiastical as well as fashionable circles. Where is he? every one asks. I heard that he was sulking at Tenbury, because he didn't want his anthem to be performed on Tuesday! The whole arrangements have been, therefore, left to Mr. George Townshend Smith, organist of the cathedral, who

has had to overcome prejudices, to heal jealousies, and, after the toleration of the "abominable Festival" had been "conceded" by the dignitaries, to bear the whole trouble of the musical and financial transactions. How differently they manage matters at Worcester I can speak from a most pleasant experience of last year. The Bishop patronising the Festival—the Dean heading its supporters in the most active and energetic manner—all the canons glad to have an opportunity of showing off their cathedral to the best purpose, and of exhibiting their profuse hospitality to their visitors—several country and city clergy aiding in the arrangements—daily service in the choir of the cathedral—pleasant parties in the Chapter House at the close of the day—these have been more agreeable reminiscences, Mr. Editor, than I shall take with me from Hereford, with its "rubbish-littered" churchyard, its cathedral given up to masons, its "recusant" Dean and "malignant" Chapter, and, by consequence, its diminished number of attendants at the Festival. With the difficulties before him, Mr. Smith's success has surprised me. Nothing but genuine enthusiasm, undaunted courage, and unflaging zeal could have enabled him to overcome the hostility of blockheads and the indifference of stupid creatures, and to perfect, single-handed, all the business transactions of the Festival.

HEREFORD.—By way of conclusion to the record of the Festival doings, we may mention that at the meeting of the stewards on Saturday last, a statement of the accounts was read by the conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith, from which it appears that notwithstanding the fears entertained of the financial results of the Meeting, the adverse balance was not a hundred pounds more than that of the year 1855. At the same meeting fourteen gentlemen consented to act as stewards for the next meeting, 1861; and a confident anticipation was indulged that the list of twenty-five would be completed by the end of this week; many gentlemen interested in the continuance of the Festivals having signified their willingness to co-operate to that end, though they had not given positive authority to use their names. But a suggestion was thrown out, which we take the liberty of at once endorsing very cordially, that to secure the future stewards from greater individual responsibility than £25 each, a guarantee fund should be provided by the city. We feel confident that an arrangement so reasonable will at once meet the concurrence of the "Town and trade of Hereford." With regard to the collections for the Charity, we are happy to be able to add that the meeting has been a propitious one. In addition to the sums announced in our last, donations have been received which have swelled the total amount beyond the receipts of the last Festival. The detraction and disability under which the promoters had been so undeservedly labouring, put it into the heart of a generous and benevolent lady, Miss Wolferston of Tamworth, to send the splendid donation of £100 to the Charity funds. The interest of the "Worcester Fund" brought another £60 into the collecting-plate. In addition to this, other handsome contributions have been received by the treasurer, and we learn on enquiry to-day (Tuesday), that the gross amount credited to the use of the Charity is now £980 17s. 4d. It only remains to be added that the stewards, before separating, made fitting acknowledgment, in the way of formal "thanks," of their obligation to the Lord Bishop of Hereford, for his cordial co-operation, and to their chairman, the Rev. John Hopton, for his attendance to his duties. A resolution was also unanimously passed "That the thanks of the stewards be given to Mr. Townshend Smith for his indefatigable exertions in making the necessary arrangements for the Festival, and bringing it to a successful issue."—*Hereford Journal.*

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The collection for the charity is one of the largest ever known, it amounts to £1000 17s. 4d.; and as contributions are still coming in, hopes are entertained that when the account is made up, a great addition will be made to the sum now announced. The list of Stewards for 1861 will be published as soon as complete, it is filling rapidly. At the recent meeting of stewards, thanks were voted to the Bishop, Chairman, and Conductor.

(Communicated.)

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

LEEDS, Sept. 8th.

HAD Diogenes, with his proverbial lantern, visited Leeds during the last few days, I believe, from what I know of the inhabitants, he would have found an honest man a great deal sooner than a comfortable lodging, supposing, of course, that, as he came out to enjoy himself, he would not have been contented with his usual tub. The town is crammed to suffocation, for it must be remembered, not only is this the first grand Musical Festival held here, but Her Majesty yesterday opened the magnificent Town Hall in which the Festival takes place. Of the Royal lady's reception, of the frantic enthusiasm of the countless Leedites and others who lined the streets, the windows, the roofs, and every point from which a view could be caught of the procession; of the triumphal arches, the illuminations, and the transparencies, I shall say nothing, as detailed accounts of all these tokens of the loyal feelings entertained by the people of Leeds towards their gracious Sovereign, will, ere this appears in print, have been circulated throughout the country from the Land's End to John o'Groat's. There is only one fact connected with this grand demonstration of free men to a constitutional queen which falls more especially within my province, and which, therefore, I am bound to mention more particularly. I allude to the vocal welcome given by the charity children as their Queen passed Woodhouse Green. Nearly 27,000 of these little creatures were located on two immense platforms, one on each side the route pursued by the royal carriage. In order to ensure uniformity with such immense numbers, the musical conductor was assisted by signal-men, provided with boards bearing various inscriptions, such as: "Prepare to cheer," "Sing," etc. At last, after the poor little things had patiently waited for some hours, the royal procession approached, and the signal-boards with the words: "Prepare to cheer!" were hoisted above their tiny heads. A few minutes afterwards, such a cheer, or series of cheers, burst out, re-echoed by the shouts of the older spectators who thronged around, that a person must have been devoid of every spark of feeling not to have been deeply moved. Hush! the conductor waves his wand, and the same little voices unite in the National Anthem. Whoever heard the sublime effect of the words: "God save the Queen," thus pealed forth, must have felt proud of being an Englishman, if he was one, or, if a foreigner, must have wished he were. Happy the Sovereign thus spontaneously and affectionately greeted. Not all the despots of the earth, with all their armies, spies, dungeons and scaffolds united, could command such a tribute. At Her Majesty's command, her carriage stopped until the conclusion of the anthem. Her Majesty is more than a queen—she is a good and fond mother, and it will be long ere she will forget the grand, impressive, thrilling sensation produced by the little choristers on Woodhouse Moor. I forgot to mention that the children were of every religion. Was not their common greeting to their Queen calculated to convey a deep and lasting lesson to their young minds? Was it not calculated to make them remember—and will it not, perhaps, do so—in after life, that, though differing in creed, Protestant, Dissenter, and Roman Catholic, may all be united by a bond of love?

I have seen the New Hall. It is a most magnificent edifice. Of course, I shall not be expected to give a detailed and architectural description of it. For that, your readers must search *The Builder*. I may mention, however, that it does the greatest credit to the architect, Mr. Brodrick, and the corporation of the town, who enabled him to realise so artistic and vast a design. The Grand Hall is 161 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 75 feet high. At the north end is the new and splendid-looking organ, built expressly for the Hall by Messrs. Gray and Davison. It was designed by Messrs. Henry Smart and W. Spark, and erected at the expense of the corporation of Leeds. The case is from the designs of Mr. Brodrick, the architect of the building, and, consequently, in strict keeping with the latter. There are no galleries, if I except a small one over the end opposite the organ, a circumstance which greatly tends to lend an appearance of space and grandeur to the Hall. I am glad to say that, as far as the short experience of this morning goes, its acoustic properties are highly satisfactory.

The work selected to inaugurate this fine building was worthy of the occasion, being no less a composition than *Elijah*, and the manner in which it was executed was worthy of the work, as well as of the conductor, Professor Bennett. Every blossom of hope fostered by the appointment of this gentleman, has borne the fruit of accomplishment. I never listened to a more artistic, faithful, and comprehensive performance of this masterpiece. One great feature was the *tempo*, much slower than that generally adopted, and much more in keeping with the intentions of the gifted composer. The performance of the overture was a perfect gem, for which the gentlemen of the orchestra deserve the strongest eulogiums. All the principal singers, too, including Mad. Clara Novello, Mad. Weiss, Misses Palmer, Helena Walker, Crosland, Freeman, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Santley, Winn, Inkersall, and Hinchcliffe, as well as the members of the chorus, tried their best, and succeeded, to prove themselves qualified for the heavy responsibility thrown upon them. Indeed, the performance was one perfect whole from beginning to end. The audience, who showed their taste by abstaining from encores, were most enthusiastic, and rewarded the artists with thunders of applause, most richly merited. Professor Bennett, also—who, by the way, is a Yorkshireman, claiming Sheffield for his birthplace—was most warmly greeted on making his appearance in the orchestra. Mr. W. Spark presided at the organ. There were 1,800 persons present.

THURSDAY, Sept. 9th.

The first miscellaneous concert last night was as successful as the oratorio had been in the morning. It opened with Mozart's symphony in C major, which was, on the whole, satisfactorily given, though, perhaps, not quite so well as could have been desired. This was followed by—Air, "Dove Sono," Madame Weiss—Mozart; Aria, Mr. Santley—Rossini; Part songs—H. Smart and J. L. Hatton; Variazioni, Madame Alboni-Rode; Violin solo, M. Sainton—Sainton; Scena, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Madame C. Novello—Meyerbeer; Duet, "Morte o colpa," Miss Palmer and Mr. Santley—Donizetti; Scena, "O, 'tis a glorious sight," Mr. Sims Reeves—Weber; Pianoforte concerto, G minor, Miss A. Goddard—Mendelssohn. All the artists sang well and were liberally applauded, especially Mad. Alboni in Rode's well-known "Variazioni." One of the greatest treats of this part of the programme, however, was Miss Arabella Goddard's rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto. Never did this young and talented lady play with greater feeling and expression. Never did she play with greater technical skill—*Tinger-fertigkeit*, as our German friends have it. She evidently wished to prove to a Leeds audience that she deserved the praises invariably accorded to her by those critics who have heard her, praises which those who have not experienced that pleasure, might, perhaps, fancy were exaggerated. And she succeeded. There was but one opinion when she quitted the piano, and that opinion was that Miss Arabella Goddard is the greatest of living pianista, both as regards deep and feeling appreciation, and wonderful manual dexterity, the latter being always made subservient by her to the former, and not employed, as is so frequently the case, merely to gratify the player's own vanity.

The great source of attraction, however, yesterday evening, was a new "Pastoral," entitled the *May Queen*, composed by Professor Bennett himself, the text, or *libretto*, being furnished by Mr. H. F. Chorley, who has performed his task in a very pleasing manner.

The story is founded on a quality destined to last "not for an age, but for all time," namely, woman's coquetry. The period of the action is May-day in the good old times. The May-queen has been long wooed by a fond and constant swain, but, like a great many others of her sex—"Bien fou qui s'y fie," as Francis the First said—has a natural taste for a little bit of flirtation. This taste she indulges with a forester called Robin Hood, who, resolving to make the best of the occasion, endeavours to embrace her. This, of course, excites the ire of her old lover, who formulates his indignation in the shape of a blow administered to his enterprising rival. As this *argumentum ad hominem* is propounded on the royal domain, the unhappy young man has rendered himself liable to have his hand chopped off. When

affairs are in this unpleasant posture, the Queen herself arrives, and, having learnt the true state of the case, and found that the offender was fully justified in what he has done, remits the penalty, with an injunction to the erring fair one to be faithful to her old love and turn a deaf ear to Robin Hood, who, after all, is not a bold forester, but a noble attached to the court, who has assumed his rustic disguise for purposes best known to himself, but which we are all, probably, able to guess.

The various *rôles* were distributed as follows:—May Queen, Mad. Novello; Queen, Miss Dolby; Lover, Mr. Sims Reeves; Captain of the Foresters (as Robin Hood), Mr. Weiss.

Professor Bennett's music to this agreeable little plot is most charming—simple, unaffected, and excellent. The overture, which, by the way, is not new, being known, some years back, under the title of *Mari du Bois*, to lovers of music, is fresh and captivating. Indeed, the whole work breathes an aroma of the pure, fragrant forest-glade, green leaves, and blossoming May. It breathes, also, the true Mendelssohnian perfume, which there is no mistaking. Not that I would, for a single moment, be supposed to hint there is the slightest attempt at plagiarism. A man of Professor Bennett's powers is incapable of this vice. What I mean is, that the music, while being perfectly original, is the production of one who has evidently studied Mendelssohn, profoundly and reverentially, and learnt his language, nothing more, just as the admirer of Cervantes and Lope de Vega might acquire Spanish, and write in that idiom, without copying a single thought from those great masters. Among the pieces especially deserving commendation are: the opening chorus, "Wake with a smile, O month of May," the air, "O, meadow clad in early green," a semi-chorus, "O melancholy plight," the song, "With the carol in the tree," and the ballad, "Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight." These are succeeded by the *finale*, which worthily crowns the whole. The execution of the work did not satisfy me. There were defects which ought not to have existed, and which might have been remedied, I am inclined to think, by greater care and more rehearsals. The audience, however, were delighted, and overwhelmed the composer with sincere and rapturous applause. After the "Pastoral" we had the "Tyrolienne," from *Bailey*, magnificently sung, of course, by Mad. Alboni: Bishop's "*Oryntea*," well given by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and the overture to Dr. Spohr's *Jessonda*. Nearly 1,800 persons were present, and there can be little doubt that, if things continue to pursue the satisfactory course they have hitherto taken, the Festival will greatly benefit the Leeds General Infirmary, to which the money accruing from it will be devoted. The Hall was lighted by ten magnificent cut glass chandeliers, made expressly by Osler for it, and presented a truly splendid appearance. I must add, in justice to the audience, that they were as well-behaved as they were well-dressed, and paid due attention to the following sensible notice distributed among them:

"LEEDS MUSICAL HALL."

"The committee earnestly request that no audible expression of applause may interrupt the performance of the oratorios or other continuous works; and that no encores may be called at the evening concerts, in order that parties residing at a distance may be enabled to avail themselves of the arrangements made with the several railway companies for special trains at the conclusion of each day's performance."

This morning, the performances consisted of Rossini's *Sabat Mater*, a selection from John Sebastian Bach's *Grosse Passions-Musik*, and Beethoven's *Moult of Olives*. The hall was crammed, but of this more next week.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—The Haymarket re-opened for the winter season, or seasons, as it may be, on Monday evening. The interior has been renovated and part painted, and a new drop-scene supplied by Mr. William Callcott, which gives an excellent representation of Thespis in his car. The house now, indeed, wears a brilliant and elegant aspect, as becomes the home of legitimate comedy. The performances commenced with Murphy's sprightly comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, Mrs. Catherine Sinclair sustaining the character of the Widow Belmour, in which Mrs. Charles Young appeared on the closing night.

of last season. Mr. Buckstone, of course, was the Sir Bashful Constant. The comedy was followed by a new Spanish ballet of action, the never-tiring Madame Perea Nena achieving her customary success in some of her exciting national *pas*. The concluding pieces were *A Wicked Wife*, and Mr. Buckstone's farce, *A Kiss in the Dark*. A new and original comedy, in three acts, by Mr. Bayle Bernard, is announced.—At the Strand Theatre Mr. Charles Selby has appeared in a piece of his own, called *The Last of the Pigtails*, as absurd and incoherent a concoction as even he has penned, but which appears to amuse the cachinnatory and easily satisfied audiences, who attend there.—Mr. Falconer's new drama, *Extremes; or, the Men of the Day*, is running by no means a prosperous career at the Lyceum. Mrs. Alfred Mellon (late Miss Woolgar) is engaged, and will appear on Monday. This lady will be a great acquisition to the company.

MAPLESON AND CO., musical agents, 12, Haymarket, have negotiated the following engagements:—Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Emma Haywood, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Hausmann, M. Kettenus, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Hooper, &c., for the Festival at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Thomas, M. Randegger, and Herr Molique, for Glasgow, Doncaster, &c., &c. Mr. Miranda, New York. Sig. Chierici, Mr. St. Albyn, Sig. Gabussi and Mad. Chierici, Italian Opéra at Paris. Mad. Rudersdorff, Margate. Sig. Dinelli, for Teatro St. Carlo, Lisbon. Mad. Alboni and Mad. Vaneri, for Royal Surrey Gardens. Mr. Charles Braham, Mad. Poma, Mr. Allan Irving, Mad. Vaneri, and Sig. Bucalossi, for Liverpool. Mad. Alboni, Mad. Vaneri, and Sig. Belletti, for Manchester. Madlle. Morlacchi, Madlle. Pasquale, and Mad. Brown, for Pyne and Harrison, Drury Lane. Sig. Picco, for Liverpool and Manchester. Mr. Charles Braham, Mad. Corelli, Mad. Vaneri, and Mr. Allan Irving, for Manchester. Sig. Delavanti and family, for Drury Lane. Mad. Poma, for Liverpool. Sig. Mercuriali, for Teatro St. Carlo, Lisbon. Mr. Charles Braham, for Glasgow.

THE DEAN OF CARLISLE AND THE REV. PRECENTOR LIVINGSTON.—On Tuesday morning the Bishop of Carlisle, assisted by Dr. Travers Twiss, Chancellor of the diocese of London, and the Rev. C. J. Burton, Chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle, as assessors, held a Court in the Chapter-house for the purpose of hearing an appeal of the Rev. T. G. Livingston, minor canon and precentor, arising out of a dispute which at the time created much interest in the public mind. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., and Mr. Lawrie appeared for the Dean and Chapter. Mr. Temple, Q.C., represented Mr. Livingston, the defendant. Several questions were discussed as to the powers of the Court and the nature of the evidence permitted to be offered, and which was very voluminous. The nominal point at issue, and which the Bishop had to try, was the right to prescribe the selection of music to be used in the cathedral service. Mr. Livingston claimed this right under a clause which gives the precentor the command of the minor canons, clerks, and choristers—"Quidquid ille legendum aut canendum prescripsit prompte parere debent." It was for the Bishop, as visitor, to decide whether the general authority of the Dean does not override this limited jurisdiction. The facts are these:—A draught of a selection of music for the fifth Sunday in Lent was handed to Mr. Livingston by the organist, containing an anthem from *The Messiah* to which he entertained objections. He forwarded the draught to the Dean and Canons, with a marginal note objecting to the anthem, but not suggesting any substitute, and received it back again, with a memorandum from the Dean dissenting from the objection. The precentor next addressed to the Dean a letter, asking him to reconsider his judgment, but on the following day being applied to in the usual course to furnish the customary list of the next Sunday's music, he without waiting for the Dean's answer, wrote and exhibited lists altered in conformity with his own opinions. Upon this an angry correspondence took place. The Dean prohibited Mr. Livingston from having anything further to do with the singing lists, and eventually suspended him from his office. The disputed anthem was restored to its place in the list, the Dean's name being appended to it as an authority, and that of Precentor Livingston struck out. Upon this Mr. Livingston wrote and circulated certain charges against the Dean which he vainly endeavoured to induce the Chapter

to receive. The Dean then pronounced formal sentence upon him, a course in which he was supported by the canons residentiary of the cathedral. Against this decision Mr. Livingston appealed to the visitor. Mr. Temple opened the case, and stated the facts set out in the appellant's petition, and these, so far as they went, were not disputed. Mr. James, on behalf of the Dean and Chapter, contended that the grounds of Mr. Livingston's dismissal were not solely those alleged in the document purporting to dismiss him, and entered into a long statement, and read many letters endeavouring to show that the rev. precentor had been wilfully contumacious and disrespectful to his superiors since his appointment in 1855. At the conclusion of the learned counsel's speech the Court adjourned until Wednesday, when Mr. James announced his intention of examining the Dean and Canons and the organist. There is a strong feeling in Carlisle in reference to this subject, the capitular body having been for some time past very unpopular with the people of the old cathedral city.—*Times*.

PACINI VIEWED THROUGH A YANKEE MAGNIFIER.

(From a Letter addressed to "Dwight's Journal" of Music.)

"It is now no news to inform you that our opera season is over, that the time of Italian singing birds is gone, and the voice of that operatic turtle, Brignoli, is no more heard in the land. The season was short, and disastrous to those pecuniarily interested, while to that part of the public which could stand such preternatural hot weather it was productive of great enjoyment. Yet it must be said that the public did not exhibit such a noble, salamander-like disregard of heat as to attend in any great numbers; the dead-heads however—those musical Shadrachs, Meshachs, and Abednegos, who can endure the caloric of any fiery furnace whatever—were present in large forces and white coats, and fanned themselves with palm-leaf fans and fortitude. It was my intention to write you an eighteen-pager about the new opera *Sappho*, but acting upon my great golden rule: 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow,' I procrastinated until my eyes were gladdened by an able description thereof in your journal, taken from the columns of the *Sunday Atlas*. This description will satisfy your readers better than anything I can give.

"*Sappho* is a really great opera, and why its composer is not more generally known here I cannot comprehend. His works—those at least that I have heard—are replete with luscious melody, and remarkably excellent instrumentation. Verdi, Bellini, and Donizetti, sound thin and water-gruel after listening to one of Pacini's operas; at the same time I do not see that he bears any marked resemblance to Rossini, as some critics aver. His chorus writing is rich and full, and many of the choruses in *Sappho* remind one of those in *Semiramide*, while the favourite duet for soprano and alto in the former opera undoubtedly resembles the 'Giorno d' orrore' of the latter. Yet as a general thing I cannot see that Pacini's music is any more like Rossini's than Donizetti's, Verdi's, or Bellini's. The only reason one can think so, is because Rossini and Pacini are both much greater composers than the three others mentioned.

"Last winter I saw Signor Pacini at Florence. The *Teatro Paliano* was crowded to excess to witness the first production of an opera new to the Florentine public—*Ezio Velasco*. It was gloriously performed and most enthusiastically received. After the grand finale of the third act, the house resounded with loud cries for Pacini, and soon the composer appeared, led out in triumph by Carlotta Zucchi, the prima donna, and Cresci, the baritone. He is a rather elderly man, thin and gentlemanly, and nervous. He bowed a few times and walked very awkwardly across the stage, treading on the prima donna's dress and the tenor's toes. The whole audience rose to their feet as he passed before them, and made the building re-echo with their cries of 'Bravo! Bravissimo!' There was no speechifying and none expected; the public seemed naturally enough to think that Pacini, the musician, had said all he had to say in the music of the opera, and for that music-speech he now received their heart-felt applause. There seems to be a difference on this point between the custom here and in Italy. Our American

public, when they call out a composer, do so not that they may thank him for the pleasure he has given them, but they may give him the honour of thanking them for allowing him to try to please. This great and mighty public is condescending. It applauds the good composer, and then expects him to come to the foot-lights and bow, and put his hand on his heart, and say that it is the happiest moment of his life, and that he only hopes and prays and asks that the favour extended to him may be a propitious augury of the spread of art in this great and glorious country. That is how they do in America. But in Italy, the composer is called out to receive a simple, child-like, grateful ovation. The people wish to thank him, and do not expect that he shall thank them.

"The success of *Sappho* will, I think, induce other managers to bring out works of Pacini, and it is very likely he will take in public favour the place now occupied by Verdi—for, say what you will, Verdi is now the greatest favourite with the opera-going public, from New Orleans or Mexico to Boston or Valparaiso. There is no reason why this change in public opinion should not take place. Pacini is a greater composer than Verdi. He has nearly as great a flow of melody, while in his chorus writing and orchestration he is vastly superior. I hope he will live to hear, in his Florentine home, of the success of his works here, for he certainly deserves the gratification which honest appreciation always bestows on the musician. Rossini at Paris, Pacini at Florence—the author of *Tell*, and the author of *Sappho*! they appreciate each other and are warm personal friends. The composer who has his home upon the Seine, has long been admired here, and now it is the turn for him who dwells upon the Arno, to meet a like appreciation.

"So, with this long sentence, I shall wind up and make my bow, like the infant Phenomenon, standing on my head amid a blaze of fire-works. Curtain falls."

New York.

TROVATOR.

PARIS.—*On dit*, the Prince Poniatowski has just finished an opera intended for the Académie Imperiale de Musique et de Danse. M. Roger's benefit at the Opéra was a bumper. Many were attracted as much by curiosity as by any other motive. Madame Ugalde sustained the part of Leonora in the *Trovatore* for the first time, and as the fair artist had undertaken to learn the music in eight hours, and as the character was entirely antagonistic to her powers and talents, her friends and admirers were anxious to see how she could get over the difficulties. Madlle Demeric-Lablaache appeared as Azucena, and obtained the favour of the French journals, who descent lavishly on those qualities in which the lady was eminently deficient when she made her *début* at the Royal Italian Opera. Of course Roger is praised to the skies in Manrico, while M. Bonneheur, of course, is magnificent as the Count di Luna. Wonderful capital! where everything musical, if French, is perfect, pure, and transcendent! Miss Thompson, the young English vocalist who carried off the first prize at the late examination of the Conservatoire, has been engaged for the Grand-Opéra, and will make her *début* as Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell* on the occasion of the *entrée* of M. Gueymard on the 1st of October—that is, if the same influence be not exerted against her as was made use of against Miss Birch some years ago—which must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Miss Thompson, however, appears “with a difference” on the French stage. Miss Birch was taught in England, where, of course, they know nothing of singing. Miss Thompson, on the other hand, is a real pupil of the Conservatoire. It is curious to perceive how the Parisian press glorifies M. Révial, the master, and says little of Miss Thompson, the scholar; as if teaching—French teaching—was everything, and genius, intellect, powers, accomplishments, energy, application, resolve, and bias, nothing. This is the invariable mode of criticising in the most polite capital in Europe.—Madame Lorini-Vera has signed an engagement with Mr. Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre for 1859.

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VOL. 36.—No. 38.

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THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From Our own Correspondent.)

Sept. 10.

The fact that, despite modern inventions, time and space are not completely annihilated, obliged me to conclude my letter last week, without giving anything like a detailed account of the performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, J. S. Bach's *Passions-Musik*, or Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. I will now endeavour to supply the omission.

It is almost like informing your readers that two and two make four, to state that the *Stabat Mater* was excellently rendered by such accomplished artists as Mesdames Alboni, Clara Novello, Weiss, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Santley. The orchestra and chorus, too, were well up to the mark, and the whole performance was a fine specimen of execution, both vocal and instrumental. The unaccompanied quartet, "Quando corpus," was especially worthy of commendation.

In the *Passions-Musik* of J. S. Bach, the palm must certainly be accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves. This gentleman was particularly happy in the grand scene for the tenor solo, with chorus, and air, "With Jesus will I watch and pray." Vocal skill, devotional feeling and a perfect comprehension of all the beauties distinguishing the venerable composer's work were combined with a degree of delicacy, unaffected purity, and an absence of anything like effort, which left nothing to be desired. I question very much whether this music was ever better, or, indeed, so well given. The audience were loud in their applause, despite all the recommendations, nearly approaching commands, issued by the committee for the observance of silence. The two chorales: "O Lord, who dares to smite Thee," "O Lord, Thy love's unbounded," and the chorus, "In tears of grief we here repine," were wonderfully well given. Miss Dolby was very fine in the air, "See the Saviour's outstretched arm." The other artists engaged, namely, the Misses Freeman, Helena Walker, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Hinchcliffe, exerted themselves most ably to imitate the good example set them by the great stars I have mentioned.

The next piece was an organ sonata of his own composition, played by Mr. W. Spark. This not only displayed in the best light Mr. W. Spark's talents both as an instrumentalist and a composer, but fully settled all doubts as to the quality of the new organ, which is, in every respect, a magnificent instrument, worthy the designers, the builders, and the corporation of Leeds.

With regard to the performance of the *Mount of Olives*, I hardly know what to say. I have praised so much, that it appears something like exaggeration to affirm that Beethoven's sublime work was even better executed than the composition which preceded it, and that the artists surpassed their former efforts. And yet such is the truth; the plain unvarnished truth. The execution of the "Hallelujah" chorus, and the scene in the mountain, where the Saviour is pursued by the soldiers, was something to be heard, not described. All praise to Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Madame Clara Novello, the members of the chorus and band, and, though last, not least, to Professor Bennett, for so magnificent a realisation of the composer's conceptions.

The second miscellaneous concert took place yesterday evening. The hall was crowded to suffocation. I suppose it was in order that there might be enough for so large an audience that the programme was so long. However, here it is: judge for yourself:-

PART I.—Overture, *Zauberflöte*—Mozart; Song, *La Calunnia*, Sig. Vialetti—Rossini; Aria, *Vedrai Carino*, Mdlle. Piccolomini—Mozart; Choral glee, *Come, bounteous May*—Spofforth; Aria, *Della sua pace*, Signor Giuglini—Mozart; Scena, *Infelice*, Madame C. Novello—Mendelssohn; Caprice in E major, pianoforte (with orchestral accompaniments), Miss A. Goddard—W. S. Bennett; Cavatina, *Naqui all'affano*, Madame Alboni—Rossini; Trio, *Pappatocci*, Signors Giuglini, Rossi, and Vialetti—Rossini; Scena, *Quando miro*, Miss Dolby—Mozart; Symphony in A minor (Scotch)—Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture in D major—J. S. Bach; Song, *Phoebe, dearest*, Mr. Sims Reeves—Hatton; Duo, *Lasciami non t'ascolto*, Madame C. Novello and Madame Alboni—Rossini; Fantasia, pianoforte—Miss A. Goddard—Thalberg; Brindisi, *Il segreto*, Madame Alboni—Donizetti;

Song, Mr. Weiss—Shield; Duo, *Quanto amora*, Mdlle. Piccolomini and Signor Rossi—Donizetti; Aria, *Non più andrai*, Signor Vialetti—Mozart; Preghiera with chorus, *Dal tuo stellato* (Mose in Egitto), Mdlle. Piccolomini, Madame Alboni, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Vialetti—Rossini; Overture, *Oberon*—Weber.

Really, there ought to be inscribed on the walls of all music-halls the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast." The audience, however, did not appear in the least tired, but applauded enthusiastically, and were profuse in encores.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini was encored in "Vedrai carino," Madame Alboni was encored in "Naqui all'affano;" and Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in "Phoebe, dearest." The glee: "Come bounteous May," was also considered worthy the same honour. Miss Arabella Goddard again astonished the Leedites; on this occasion by her performance of Professor Bennett's caprice in E major. I am perfectly aware to what kind of charge I am laying myself open, but I don't care. I say, boldly and fearlessly, that, last night, Miss Arabella Goddard played even better than usual. Truth is stronger than fiction, and that is the truth.

Sept. 11th.

The programme of yesterday morning's performance consisted of a selection from Haydn's *Seasons*, and of Handel's great master-piece, *Israel in Egypt*, and furnished another proof of the good taste of those who had the direction of the Festival. There is, however, no pleasing everybody, as the old man in the fable once found to his cost. The English always have been, are, and will be to the end of time, a nation of grumblers, and the people of Leeds are not a whit behind the rest of their countrymen in this respect. It speaks volumes, therefore, in favour of the arrangements made by the committee and their talented conductor that the number of grumblers has, on this occasion, been very small; yet there have been a few, and amongst those few I own I must be counted. From what I have previously written, the reader will have perceived I find no fault with the manner, generally speaking, in which the various works have been executed. On the contrary, I have sometimes been at a loss how to do justice to it. But what I object to is the order observed in the programmes of yesterday and Thursday, the 9th instant. On the last-named occasion, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was placed before J. S. Bach's *Passions-Musik*, a wonderful example of miscalculation of effect; while, yesterday, Haydn's *Seasons* preceded Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, an arrangement equally open to objection. I may be considered hypercritical, but I am not the only person who entertains this opinion, and every real musician will at once perceive that it is well-grounded. I have already adverted to another objectionable feature in nearly all the programmes, and that is their great length. This is really a serious evil, which is on the increase, and which, I trust, the press will do its best to put down.

The execution of both works, the *Seasons* and *Israel in Egypt*, was magnificent. The principal solo singers in the former, were Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, Sunderland; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, Santley, and Weiss, who all performed the task allotted to them in the most conscientious and artistic manner. In the latter composition, we had the same artists, plus Miss Dolby, whose singing of the two airs, "Their land brought forth frogs," and "Thou shalt bring them in," caused the audience—oh! how insatiable a monster is an audience—to regret she had not sung in the previous work, at least such was the gist of the observations made by that portion of the audience who sat in my immediate vicinity. "The Lord is a man of war," was highly effective in the hands, or, rather, from the lips, of Messrs. Santley and Weiss, while "The enemy said I will pursue," was equal to anything I ever heard from Mr. Sims Reeves. I must not omit in common justice to mention Miss Palmer, who, with Mr. Wilbye Cooper, gave the duet, "Thou in thy mercy," in an exceedingly commendable manner. This young lady has made rapid progress in her profession lately, and, with study, bids fair some day to become a popular favourite. The chorus were deserving of especial praise, and afforded gratifying evidence of the general spread of a love for music in Yorkshire. The execution of the grand "Hailstone" chorus was unparalleled. It was something never to be for-

gotten, and elicited an encore that made the very roof vibrate again.

Between the first and second parts, Mr. Henry Smart extemporeised on the organ with all the skill of an accomplished instrumentalist, and all the fancy of a truly poetic composer. His performance was a treat of a very high order, and was duly appreciated by the audience. The hall was crowded.

At the miscellaneous concert last night, we had Beethoven's symphony in C minor, Weber's *Concertstück* for pianoforte and orchestra, and Mendelssohn's overture of the *Isles of Fingal*, with the following vocal selection :-

Aria, "Miei Rampoli," Signor Rossi—Rossini; Aria, "Convier partir," Madlle. Piccolomini—Donizetti; Aria, "La mia canzone," Signor Giuglini—Bellini; Romanza, "Oh quanto vaga," Madame Weiss—Spohr; Choral glee, "Awake, Aeolian lyre"—Danby; Song, "The green trees whisper," Miss Dolby—Balfe; New song, "The beating of my own heart," Madame C. Novello—Macfarren; Duo, "Parigi o cara," Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini—Verdi; Song, "Mad Tom," Mr. Weiss—Purcell.

This constituted Part I. In the way of instrumental music, Part II. comprised the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Mr. Vincent Wallace's *fantasia* on *Robin Adair*, and the second part of Beethoven's septet in E flat, together with the following miscellaneous vocal trifles :-

Ballad, "Many a time and oft," Miss Dolby—Duggan; Aria, "Una furtiva lagrima," Signor Giuglini—Donizetti; Aria, "Batti, Batti," Madlle. Piccolomini—Mozart; Solo and chorus, "Come if you dare," Mr. Sims Reeves—Purcell; Recitative and aria, "Arminius," Miss Palmer—Handel; Duet, "Non fuggir," Mr. and Madame Weiss—Donizetti; Song, with Chorus, "Nazareth," Mr. Santley—Gounod; Song, "The Slave's Dream," Mr. Winn—Hatton; Duo, "Signorina in tanta fretta," Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Rossi—Donizetti,—followed by—it is a fact, however incredible—Weber's *Jubilee Overture*.

The orchestra greatly distinguished itself in Beethoven's symphony, Mendelssohn's overture, and Weber's *Concertstück*, Miss Arabella Goddard taking the solo part. By this time, the audience had become acquainted with Miss Arabella Goddard, and, of course expected something wonderful, but in the above, as well as in Wallace's *fantasia*, she took them as much by surprise as though they had never heard her before. The septet, too, was grandly given by Mr. Blagrove (violin), Mr. Webb (viola), Mr. Williams (clarinet), Mr. Waetzig (bassoon), Mr. C. Harper (horn), Mr. Lucas (violoncello), and Mr. Severn (double bass). The latter gentleman replaced Mr. Howell, of the Philharmonic, who was prevented by indisposition from lending his valuable aid. The vocal selection went off smoothly, but there were no encores, with the exception of that accorded to Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini, in the duet, "Parigi, o cara," and that bestowed on the glee, "Awake, Aeolian lyre," rendered with a freshness, a vigour, and a delivery which did the very highest credit to the singers of Yorkshire. The concert was not over till nearly twelve o'clock.

Sept. 12th.

The final performance took place yesterday, when Handel's *Messiah* was given, the principal singers being Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, Sunderland, Misses Dolby, Palmer, Helena Walker, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Hinchcliffe and Winn. The execution was splendid, and the audience enthusiastic, but properly enthusiastic. They were too delighted to spoil the continuity of the work by encores. The soprano air, "If God be with us," which is nearly always omitted, was admirably given by Mrs. Sunderland, who took, also, a prominent part in the National Anthem, with which the proceedings terminated. The audience then called for Professor Bennett, who was greeted with the warmest, and, I must add, most vociferous marks of approbation from all parts of the hall. Three cheers followed for that newly-belted knight, Sir Peter Fairbairn, the mayor, and the Festival was at an end. The receipts are said to amount, *en bloc*, to somewhere near £7,500, and, after deducting all expenses, it is expected some £2,000 will be handed over to the Leeds General Infirmary.

Thus, as the reader must perceive, the first Leeds Musical Festival has been a great triumph. May the next, this time three years, prove equally successful.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From *Arts's Birmingham Gazette*.)

HAVING concluded our notices of the Hospital, we now come to the other branch of our subject—the history of those great Musical Celebrations which have from the earliest period been intimately associated with the Hospital, and have done so much to make the name of Birmingham famous throughout Europe as the cultivator and successful promoter of the musical art in its highest developments. When we peruse the records of the Birmingham Festivals, we seem to be reading the History of Music for three-quarters of a century. The noblest works in every branch of the art have been produced at the Festivals as soon as they were known, and sometimes even before they became known in the metropolis itself; nay more, of the most sublime of these masterpieces several have derived their being from the Birmingham Festival. And the Festival records, in like manner, are enriched by the name of every great artist, vocal or instrumental, who has appeared in England during the whole period of their duration. The history of these celebrations naturally divides itself into three periods—the performances given during the last century; those which took place in the period between the commencement of the present century and the opening of the Town Hall; and those which have been given since that event. Of these three periods we shall treat in as many successive articles, confining ourselves for the present to the Festival given during the last century.

Hitherto it has been generally supposed that the first musical performance in aid of the Hospital took place in 1778; but in reality what was actually the first Festival was held exactly ten years earlier than that date, namely, in September, 1768. In the Hospital minute-book for that year we find that at a board-meeting held on the 3rd of May it was resolved that "A Musical Entertainment should be established," and a committee was then appointed to conduct this important undertaking. We print the name of the committee for the same reason that we published those of the first Hospital Board—because a record of the persons who commenced a work which has attained such noble proportions, cannot be uninteresting to the community which now reaps the benefit of their far-seeing labours. The committee were—Mr. John Taylor, Mr. Isaac Spooner, Mr. John Taylor, jun., Dr. Ash, Dr. Small, Mr. Henry Carver, jun., and Mr. Brooke Smith.

So far as we know, every document connected with this Festival is lost, nor do the Hospital minute-books throw any light upon it, but from the files of our own journal for the year 1768, we are enabled to supply a copy of the programme, as follows :—

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September, the Oratorios of "L'Allegro," &c., "Alexander's Feast," and the "Messiah," will be performed here.

L'ALLEGRO, ED IL PENSERO SO,
Will be at the Theatre in King-street, on Wednesday Evening, the
7th inst.

And ALEXANDER'S FEAST,
On Thursday Evening, the 8th.

Between the several parts of which Mr. Pinto will play a Solo; and Concertos will be introduced by the other performers on their several instruments.

On Thursday Morning, will be performed in St. Philip's Church, at Ten o'Clock, Mr. Handel's grand "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," with an Anthem of Dr. Boyce's, suitable to the occasion, and Mr. Handel's celebrated "Coronation Anthem."

And the MESSIAH, or Sacred Oratorio,
At the same place, on Friday Morning the 9th.

On the Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, after the Oratorios, will be a Ball, at Mrs. Sawyer's in the square.

The principal vocal parts will be performed by Mrs. Pinto, Mr. Norris, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Price, &c. Instrumental by Messrs. Pinto, Millar, Adcock, Jenkins, Parke, Lates, Hobes, Clark, Chew, &c., &c.

The Oratorios will be conducted by Mr. Capel Bond, of Coventry.

The music at the church on Thursday morning is to be opened with a trumpet concerto by Mr. Bond.

It is further announced that "the streets will be lighted from the play-house to the ball-room." The performances, we learn

were attended by "brilliant and crowded audiences," and on the Thursday the Countesses of Dartmouth and Aylesford "very obligingly stood to receive at the church door" contributions for the benefit of the charity. The produce of the entertainments amounted to £800, of which the committee were enabled to pay over £299 7s. 4d. to the Hospital funds—a very humble beginning when compared with the magnificent returns of our later Festivals.

From another point the comparison is more favourable—as regards the quality of the music. It is very gratifying to observe that from the very first our Festivals have been marked by the selection of music of the highest class. Notwithstanding that even at the remote period of which we are writing, Birmingham was decidedly a musical town, it still must have been a bold experiment to have offered to the public a series of musical performances, including the *Messiah* and other works, then scarcely appreciated by persons of cultivated taste; and certainly distasteful to many, if not to most, of the amateurs who had acquired a relish for the inferior and frivolous music against the popularity of which Handel found it so difficult to contend. The names of the performers above mentioned are now nearly, if not quite, forgotten, and it may therefore be interesting to remark that at least some of them were artists of note in their day. For example: the principal instrumentalist, Mr. Pinto, was a famous violinist, and was for several years leader of the band at Drury Lane Theatre. The principal vocalist, Mrs. Pinto, his wife, under her maiden name (Brent) was a celebrated singer, and a favourite pupil of Dr. Arne, who wrote expressly for her the part of Mandane, in *Artaxerxes*. Mr. Norris, the chief male vocalist, was a Bachelor of Music, settled at Oxford, and well-known both there and in the metropolis. According to a biographical notice, he was "honoured with the particular approbation" both of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Norris's name is connected with the Birmingham Festival by the melancholy circumstances of his death. Although in a feeble state of health, he insisted on fulfilling an engagement to appear at the Festival of 1790, but in his exhausted condition the effort proved too severe, and ten days after the Festival he died at Lord Dudley's seat at Himley, whether he had been taken in the hope that change of air might lead to the restoration of his health.

The next Festival took place in 1778, the year before the Hospital was opened, and when it stood greatly in need of an increase of its funds. At the same period the building of St. Paul's Chapel was about to be commenced, and the committee of the chapel requested the Hospital board to unite with them in "giving an oratorio" for the joint benefit of the chapel and the Hospital. The proposal was agreed to by the board, and the performance fixed for the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of September in the same year. Musical entertainments seem always to have been very popular in Birmingham and its neighbourhood. As far back as 1741 concerts were occasionally given in the town, and at the date of which we are now writing, they were established amongst the regular amusements. Side by side with the advertisements of the Festival we find announcements of other concerts, amongst which may be mentioned "a concert of vocal and instrumental music, the vocal parts by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Carleton, J. Taylor, and others. The instrumental by a select band. First violin, Mr. Alcock." This concert was given for the benefit of the waiters at Vauxhall Gardens, and the tickets were sold at the very moderate price of one shilling. At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the same week, there was a "music meeting," at which the *Messiah* and the Masque of *Acis and Galatea* were performed, the oratorio tickets being 3s. 6d. each, and those for the concert and ball 2s. 6d. A similar concert at which the *Messiah* was given had recently taken place at Dudley. At that time Birmingham actually possessed what we may venture to call an Opera House, besides two theatres—one in King-street, and the other in New-street. The operatic performances were given in a wooden playhouse erected on the Moseley-road, and in the homely language of our ancestors called "a Concert Booth." Unluckily some malicious person set the booth on fire, and it was completely burnt down, its destruction involving also that of all the scenery, together with most part of the company's

dresses and other decorations. A writer, who signs himself "No Player," addressing "The Printers of the *Birmingham Gazette*," pathetically describes the straits to which the unfortunate company were reduced.

"The situation of the actors was indeed deplorable; after having taken infinite pains during the three last months—after having done all in their power to alleviate the distresses of some individuals in this town, by giving them benefits, while the miserable pittance allowed to themselves afforded them only a bare subsistence;—just as they were in expectation of the approach of their own benefits, when they might have shared a few guineas, to discharge their unavoidable debts;—at such a critical juncture, to have their fond hopes blasted at once, by a calamity as shocking as the authors of it were wicked, must deeply affect every mind not totally lost to every humane feeling."

The poor singers thus burnt out appealed to the generosity of their professional brethren, and the proprietors of the New-street Theatre gave them the use of that building, where on the 19th of August, 1778, they performed Sheridan's opera of *The Duenna*, which had been played five times previously at the Concert Booth. The entertainment (which also included the farce of *All the World's a Stage*), appears to have been highly successful, the writer above quoted remarking that "the two plays were represented with uncommon applause, but whether the violent claps which shook the house proceeded from a sense of the performers' merit, or compassion for their distress, is difficult to determine; but probably each of these motives had its share in producing the effect." The proprietors of the King-street Theatre, not to be behind-hand with the lessee of the New-street house, gave a benefit in the following week, on behalf of Mr. Godso, "the builder and sole proprietor of the Moseley Theatre," of whom it is said in the advertisement that his loss "is to him immense, and unless he is honoured with the kind countenance of his friends, will be irreparable." This digression from our main subject, if it serve no other purpose, will at least show that Birmingham was so well supplied with musical amusements as to require that the conductors of the Festival should of necessity take a high tone in selecting the compositions for their meeting, and that to render the performances attractive they should engage the best available vocalists and instrumentalists. Accordingly we find that the following creditable programme was drawn up:—

On Wednesday morning next, the 3rd of September, at St. Philip's Church, will be performed, in the course of the service (which will begin at half-past ten precisely) the overture of "Esther;" Handel's grand "Dettingen te Deum" and "Jubilate," an Organ Concerto by Mr. Harris; Dr. Boyce's "Anthem;" the "Old Hundredth" Psalm accompanied; and, after a Sermon to be preached by the Rev. Mr. Young, Handel's grand "Coronation Anthem." In the evening, at the theatre, in New-street, A Grand Miscellaneous Concert, consisting of select vocal and instrumental pieces, by the principal performers.

On Thursday morning the 3rd, at St. Philip's, the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus," and between the acts an Organ Concerto by Mr. Clark. In the evening at the Theatre, the serenata of "Acis and Galatea;" between the parts of which will be introduced some favourite pieces, and an "Ode to May," composed by Mr. Harris.

On Friday morning the 4th, at St. Philip's, the sacred oratorio of "Messiah." In the evening at the Theatre, a Grand Miscellaneous Concert, consisting of several capital pieces, by the principal performers.

Principal vocal performers, Miss Mahon, Miss Salmon, Messrs. Norris, Matthews, Price, Salmon, &c., &c.

Principal instrumental performers, Mr. Cramer (first violin at the Opera House, London), Messrs. Cervetto, Park, Ashley, Storaci, Jenkins, Mahon, &c., &c. The other parts of the band, which will be very full, by the most approved performers, and the celebrated Women Chorus Singers from Lancashire.

N.B.—There will be a Ball each evening at the Hotel.

This Festival produced nearly £800, of which £170 fell to the share of the Hospital. In March, 1784, at a meeting of the Hospital Board, it was resolved "That some Musical performances be thought of, for the benefit of the charity, to take place after the meeting of the Three Choirs in Autumn." In accordance with this resolution, the Musical Committee, reinforced by new members, once more entered on their labours, and were fortunate enough to enlist the co-operation of Viscount Dudley and Ward, who

consented to act as steward, an office which seems to have then involved the selection of the music, the engagement of the principal vocalists, and, in fact, the general direction of the Festival. In consequence of music meetings at Gloucester, Salisbury, and Liverpool, much difficulty was experienced in choosing a proper time for the Birmingham meeting, but ultimately the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of September were fixed upon, and preparations for ensuring its success were commenced. From the minute-book of the Festival Committee, we learn that Lord Dudley offered to place at the committee's disposal, for performance at the meeting, a new oratorio entitled *Goliath*, composed by Mr. Attenbury, a well-known writer of part-songs. On the recommendation of so influential a patron the oratorio was accepted; and Mr. Attenbury, in addition, handsomely devoted to the Hospital the profits arising from the sale of the work.

The programme was more varied than usual, and the Festival derived additional interest from being made a Commemoration of Handel. The first day's performance, at St. Philip's Church, comprised the Occasional Overture, Purcell's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, Handel's anthem, "O, come let us sing," and Handel's "Coronation Anthem." On Wednesday evening, at the New-street Theatre, the Miscellaneous Concert included "the favourite pieces performed at the Pantheon, by command of His Majesty, in commemoration of Mr. Handel." On Thursday morning, at the church, the service consisted entirely of Handel's works, the selection being the same as that "commanded by His Majesty, in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, the 3rd of June, in commemoration of Mr. Handel." Amongst the pieces were the Dettingen *Te Deum*, the Overtures to *Esther* and *Tamerlane*, the Dead March in *Saul*, several anthems, and the double chorus from *Israel in Egypt*—"The Lord shall reign." On Thursday evening, at the theatre, the usual concert was made to give place to Mr. Attenbury's Oratorio of *Goliath*; and on Friday St. Philip's again resounded to the sublime beauties of the ever-glorious *Messiah*. The Festival concluded by a miscellaneous concert at the theatre, "consisting of select pieces, by the most capital Performers." The principal vocalists were the Misses Abrams and Master Bartleman; and the chief instrumentalists were Messrs. Wilson, Ashley, Gariboldi, and Clarke. The chorus and band are described as being very full and complete, and the latter was supported by the large double drums which were used in Westminster Abbey. The attendance at this Festival was more numerous than on any former occasion, and the newspaper of the day records the gratifying circumstance that the local nobility and gentry began to take increased interest in the celebrations. Amongst the persons specially mentioned as present, and to whom the Charity was "greatly indebted," were Lord and Lady Plymouth, Lord and Lady Ferrers, Lady Windsor, Sir Robert and Lady Lawley, Sir Edward Littleton, and others. The gross produce of the Festival was £1,325, and the profits £703.

The successful issue of preceding Festivals, and the growing importance of these meetings, encouraged the Committee to greater efforts in 1787, the date of the next celebration. At this period also, the local clergy began to take a warm interest in the Festivals, the Rev. Charles Curtis, Rector of St. Martin's, the Rev. T. Young of St. Paul's, and the Rev. J. Darwall, of St. John's, Deritend, having been added to the Committee, every meeting of which they attended, Mr. Curtis generally occupying the chair. The Rev. Spencer Madan, although not placed upon the committee, rendered the Festival essential help, by making the necessary arrangements for the musical performances in his church, and by preaching the usual sermon on the opening day. The connection of the Festival with the nobility and gentry of the district was also strengthened by the election of the Earl of Aylesford as President, and the Earl of Plymouth, Viscount Dudley and Ward, and Sir George Shuckburgh, Bart., as Stewards. The Festival commenced on Wednesday, August 22nd, in St. Philip's Church, with a morning service, in the course of which was performed a selection from the works of Handel, Purcell, and Boyce. On Thursday morning, for the first time in Birmingham, the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt* was performed, and on Friday the *Messiah*. Each evening there was a concert at the theatre, the programme containing

selections from the works of Handel, Wilbye, Purcell, Corelli, and Gluck, sacred and profane music being very oddly mingled together. The celebrated Mrs. Billington, then at the commencement of her brilliant career, made her first appearance at this Festival, and enchanted all hearers by her extraordinary ability and the singular gracefulness of her style. To borrow the words of a contemporary record, she sang "with the most powerful sensibility, and failed not to excite usual admiration." So great, indeed, was the impression she created by her singing in the *Messiah*, that the public demanded a second performance of that oratorio, which was accordingly repeated on the Saturday, to an overflowing audience. The gross receipts of the Festival amounted to very nearly £2,000, and yielded to the Hospital a profit of £964.

We must not omit to mention an amusing quarrel which occurred between the committee and Mr. Yates, the manager of the theatre. The dispute is gravely recorded at full length in the Festival minute-book, from which we gather the following narrative. Mr. Yates, who considered that sufficient remuneration was not offered to him for the use of the theatre, announced a performance for the Tuesday evening, although the theatre was indispensably required for a rehearsal. Notwithstanding remonstrance, Mr. Yates persisted in his determination, and the committee commenced active measures of coercion, and threatened to take legal proceedings to close the theatre for the remainder of the season. This seems to have brought the manager to his senses, and he agreed to forego the Tuesday's performance; but some fresh cause of offence having arisen, he again announced his intention to open on the Tuesday. A committee meeting was consequently held on the 16th of August, only a week before the Festival, and a deputation of five persons was sent to the recalcitrant manager to persuade him "to give up the idea of playing." After the lapse of some time, the deputation returned, and reported that the committee's terms were agreed to. All now seemed now plain sailing; but unhappily Mr. Yates once more changed his mind, and before the committee broke up, a messenger from him announced a demand for compensation, coupled with a threat that if not liberally dealt with he would play after all, not only on the Tuesday, but on the Friday also. The matter was regarded as too important to be decided at that sitting, and another meeting was convened for the following morning, when a letter was sent to Mr. Yates demanding a final answer. The reply was what the minutes call "a verbal message," importing that Mr. Yates would do as he pleased; whereupon the committee, now fairly enraged, sent word back that they should have no occasion for his theatre at all, and that it was their determination to prevent his theatrical performances immediately.

Accordingly Mr. Swann's amphitheatre, in Livery-street (afterwards a dissenting chapel), was engaged for the Evening Concerts; notice was given to Mr. Yates's actors that they would be prosecuted, if they "should attempt to speak on the stage hereafter under Mr. Yates's management," and persons were hired to attend at the theatre in order to have proofs against those of the performers who should venture on playing. In these determined steps Mr. Yates shrewdly foresaw his ruin, and prudently digesting the affronts under which he smarted, he sent a humble apology, and offered the use of the theatre for the whole week. This act of submission took place on Sunday, the 19th, but it was considered important enough to justify the summoning of a meeting on that day, when (the whole of the clerical members being present), it was resolved to accept Mr. Yates's offer, but as a punishment for his obstinacy it was also determined that not one farthing should be paid to him for the use of either theatre or orchestra. Thus ended a dispute which at one period threatened seriously to interfere with the success of the Festival of 1787.

The next Festival, which took place on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of August, 1790, was signalised by the appearance of Madame Mara, the famous rival of Mrs. Billington, and one of the most remarkable amongst the many eminent vocalists whose names adorn the annals of art in this country. This lady, who died so lately as 1833, acquired her great reputation in Germany and France, and afterwards in Italy, which she did not visit until she

had for some years been established as a vocalist of high reputation. She came to England in 1784, with her husband, a violin-player of some note, and speedily acquired the patronage of Lord Dudley, by whom she was much esteemed, and at whose house at Himley she was visiting prior to her engagement at the Birmingham Festival. Her appearance here seems, indeed, to have been owing to Lord Dudley, who probably defrayed the expenses of her engagement, as the committee return his Lordship a special vote of thanks "for his generous offer of the services of Mad. Mara and her husband." The other lady vocalists were Miss Mahon and the Misses Abrams. No oratorio besides the *Messiah* was performed at this meeting, the remainder of the music, both at the church and at the evening concerts in the theatre, being a selection from the works of English and Italian composers, but chiefly from Handel, whose masterpieces from the commencement steadily retained their hold on the public mind. Amongst the instrumental performers was Mr. Charles Knyvett, the brother of the better-known William Knyvett, who afterwards became the conductor of the festivals, and whose services we shall have occasion to refer to in a future article. This Festival produced £1,965 18s., of which £958 14s. were paid to the treasurers of the Hospital.

The year 1793, when the next Festival should have been held, commenced ominously for the success of any such performances. Trade was bad, the nation was suffering heavily under the pressure of severe taxation, and the public mind was directed rather towards the stern horrors of war than attuned to the cultivation of the harmonic art. In addition to national difficulties, a local misfortune—the destruction of the theatre by fire—had deprived the committee of any suitable place for the evening concerts. Under these disastrous circumstances it was resolved that the Festival should be delayed for one year, but the postponement actually extended to three years, and it was not until 1796 that the committee were able to announce another Festival. Madame Mara was again the principal vocalist, supported by Mrs. Second, the Misses Fletcher, and Messrs. Nield, Kelly, and Bartleman, who was then just entering on his eminent professional course. Amongst the instrumentalists were the three famous Lindleys, Robert, John, and Charles, and the equally celebrated J. B. Cramer. The selection of music was not marked by any special feature. The *Messiah* was again the sole oratorio, and the evening concerts are described as being composed of "the most favourite airs, duets, trios, catches, glees, and choruses; together with solos, quartettos, overtures, and concertos, by the first masters. The steward for the meeting (or the director, as he was then called) was the Earl of Aylesford. The Festival produced £2,043 18s., the profit on which amounted to £897. We are sorry to record the circumstance that the town was infested with numerous pickpockets, who came down specially for the music meetings, and of whose depredations the newspapers of the day make serious complaints. To effect their fraudulent designs the thieves made use of an ingenious device. Shoe-buckles were then going out of use amongst fashionable people, in favour of shoe-strings, and Birmingham being the great manufactory of buckles, the wearers of strings were decidedly unpopular. Taking advantage of the local feeling, the thieves hustled the wearers of shoe-strings, denounced them as unpatriotic despisers of fine old English customs, and in the tumult which naturally ensued contrived to reap a good harvest.

In anticipation of the next Festival, held in 1799, great efforts were made to enlist the support of the principal residents in the county as well as those of the town. The Earl of Warwick undertook the onerous post of director, and the list of patrons was enlarged by the addition of the names of Lords Hertford, Dartmouth, Aylesford, Dudley, Willoughby de Broke, Craven, Middleton, Brooke, and other persons occupying a high social position. The result of these measures was that the attendance of country gentlemen was materially increased, and the interests of the Hospital greatly promoted. By strengthening the band and chorus, as well as by engaging a larger number of principal performers, the committee laid the foundation of that eminence which the Festivals have since attained, and thus judiciously paved the way for that new and greater epoch which commenced with the advent of the present century. As regards the music,

the *Messiah* was still the chief attraction, the rest of the programme consisting of selections from Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, and other composers. For a third time Madame Mara worthily occupied the position of principal vocalist, her chief assistants being Miss Poole, Messrs. Harrison, William Knyvett, and Bartleman. Amongst the instrumentalists were the Lindleys, Holmes, Cantelo, Erskine, the Leanders, and others, with Cramer as leader of the band, and Harris as the organist. The exertions of the committee resulted in a considerable increase of the returns as compared with those of the preceding Festival, the gross sum now realised being £2,550, yielding a profit of £1,470. We may mention that, for the special benefit of the light-fingered gentry, the task of preserving order was entrusted to "The Loyal Birmingham Association of Infantry," who, notwithstanding very bad weather, manfully remained at their posts from morning until after midnight, effectually preserved order, and protected the pockets of those of His Majesty's subjects who came to attend the Festival.

(To be continued).

A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.—We believe there is but one case in America of a real incident which somewhat approximates to that of Marie in the opera by Donizetti. This is in New York, where the National Guard (one thousand strong) have a fair orphan *protégé*, familiarly designated as "The Daughter of the Regiment." The National Guard, under Colonel Duryea, is the best regulated and appointed militia company in the United States. In drill, *esprit de corps*, organisation, and general appearance, it will bear close comparison with the "regulars" even of the modern military government. Some years ago an officer of the New York National Guard committed suicide. This act, according to military discipline, is considered one of cowardice, but the deceased was well known to be one who, in active service, stood amidst the bravest of the brave. He had been through the Mexican war, and stood high in esteem as a soldier; but other matters, when quietly at home, prompted him to become a suicide. He left an orphan child—a bright and promising little daughter. She was alone in the world, and, as it were, friendless. The regiment of her father adopted her, and she became thus a "Child of the Regiment," and that regiment the gallant National Guard of New York. A tax of two dollars per annum was levied on each member for the orphan's support and education. This amounted to 2,000 dollars a-year, and what was not expended was duly put away in investment for a dowry for "The Daughter of the Regiment." The young lady, now about sixteen years old, has grown up beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished, and is well off; and doubtless she looks upon her gallant guardians with all the love, honour, and enthusiasm that Marie did on the brave Sulpice and the gallant 21st in the opera. Such companies as the New York National Guard reflect honour on the country.—*Savannah Daily Georgian*.

HOW CERTAIN OPERAS CAME TO BE COMPOSED.—At the time when Auber (younger than he is now) reigned almost supreme at the Grand-Opéra, Mdlle. X— was the principal *dansuse*, the bright, particular sun, around which moved vocalists, composers, critics, &c., &c., as if living in the light of her smiles. Aubé also was found among her devotees, but the charming *dansuse*, despite his attentions, treated him with the most marked coolness. One evening, behind the scenes, he became more urgent and pressing than ever for her favour, and she replied, "If ever you compose an opera, in which I fill the *first rôle*, I shall then begin to consider whether so insignificant a person as I am may be worthy the love of a great composer." Surely this was "giving the sack" in the best possible style. At least so thought the lady, for to her it seemed an impossibility that a *dansuse* could have the *first rôle* in an opera. But nothing seemed impossible to love and Auber. The next work produced by him was *Le Dieu et Bayadère*, and Mdlle. X— danced the Bayadère. Whether she afterwards listened to the devoted composer's vows, we cannot say, but this is certain, that he wrote another opera, *La Muette de Portici* (*Masaniello*) in which she appeared as Fenella.—*New York Dispatch*.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Monday, September 20th, and during the week, Her Majesty's servants will perform Balfe's opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*. Principal characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellou. To conclude with a grand Ballet Divertissement by Mdlles. Zilla Michelet, Pasquale, and Morisochi, with a numerous corps de ballet. The band of fifty performers, and the chorus of forty voices, selected from the Royal Italian Opera. Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray; Stage-manager, Mr. E. Stirling. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past. Stalls, 6d.; Dress Circle, 5s.; First ditto, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Upper ditto, 6d.; Private Boxes, 25s., £4 4s., £3 3s., £2 2s., £1 1s. 6d., £1 1s., and (for two persons), 10s. 6d. Box-office open daily from eleven to five, under the direction of Mr. E. Chatterton.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

MR. CHARLES KEAN'S FAREWELL SEASON, as MANAGER of the ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE, will commence on Saturday, the 2nd October next, and conclude on Saturday the 30th July.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The event of the season, the annual visit of Mr. SIMS REEVES, for twelve nights only, supported by first-rate operatic artists, full Chorus, and the whole of the Band of the Princess's Theatre. Conductor, Mr. Isaacson. On Monday and during the week, Saturday excepted, to commence with the opera of *GUY MANNEBING*: Henry Bertram, with the songs of "Be mine, dear maid," "The Echo Duet," "My Pretty Jane," and "The Death of Nelson," Mr. Sims Reeves; Julius Manning, Miss Fanny Ternan; Lucy, Miss Lavine; Gabriel, Mr. Charles Bernard. To conclude with a popular Burletta. On Saturday next, a Grand Opera. The Theatre re-decorated. New Centre Chandelier on this occasion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G.—We will give the list next week.

AN OLD READER is informed that a gentleman connected with the paper would like to procure some of the numbers of '46 and the whole of '45. Correspondent is requested to state his terms.

CLEMENCE is politely answered with a negative to both her questions.

JURA.—Mr. Frank Mori's address is Somerset-street, Portman-square. Apply for the number, which we have forgotten, at Cramer, Beale and Co.'s, Regent-street. The two other questions we cannot reply to at present.

A. W. H.—A detailed description of the organ alluded to will be accepted with thanks.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1858.

NEVER, perhaps, was musical criticism in this country at so low an ebb as at the present moment. With the exception of two or three of the leading journals, the articles which proceed from the metropolitan press would reflect discredit on the smallest newspaper in the smallest provincial town in the three kingdoms. Not only do the notices of music betray no acquaintance whatsoever with the art, but they almost invariably betoken an ignorance of the commonest rules of plain writing, to say nothing of style, manner, diction, and logic. Since music is now making such rapid strides in England, and its study has become almost universal, it must not be supposed that writers cannot be found conversant with the subject, who are ready and willing to undertake the office of the critic. Is it not more likely that the proprietors of journals, through ignorance, or blindness from prejudice, or not being able to understand or appreciate the power and significance of music, should err, or be careless in the selection of those whom they would appoint to fill the special department of their paper devoted to the art? It

has been said—When a man has a high voice, he is a tenor; when he has a low voice, he is a bass; when he has no voice, he is a barytone. In this manner the proprietors and managers of newspapers, anxious to oblige a friend, or provide for a *protégé*, seem to reconcile, or think they reconcile, their predetermination. If a man, they argue, be well read in the English language and know everything, he may be enrolled among the writers of leaders; if he be a scholar and well versed in dramatic literature, he may qualify himself for the post of theatrical critic; if he know nothing, he will do very well to write about music. That such is too frequently the case, few will be inclined to disbelieve who have perused the strictures on operas and musical entertainments which have lately appeared in various London journals. While every other article has been, to say the least of it, respectably written, the notice of music has exhibited an amount of ignorance absolutely incredible, a defiance of reasoning which would put to shame Sancho Panza or Dogberry, and an abnegation of all the graces of style hardly pardonable in the loosest and roughest penny-a-liner. Why newspaper proprietors should be so particular in the choice of their dramatic scribe, and careless about their musical critic, can only be attributed to what we have just stated—ignorance or wilful blindness. And yet their own interests might indicate to them the greater importance of musical notices in a journal, the predominance, in point of number as well as interest, of operatic entertainments over dramatic, and the more special qualifications demanded for the musical writer.

The above reflections have been called forth by two letters which were transmitted to us from different quarters, calling our attention to two articles written about music in two different papers. Our first letter, from a correspondent signing himself "H. B. V.", inclosed an article on the Birmingham Festival, from the "Own Correspondent" of the *Daily Telegraph*, suggesting that, as we had been lately "criticising the critics," it would furnish excellent matter for our animadversion. As the fine-art articles of the morning contemporary in question have been almost invariably distinguished for their clearness and good sense, if not particularly characterised by critical acumen or profundity, we were somewhat astonished at the "perfunctoriness" exhibited in the notice sent us, and can only account for it by supposing that some "new hand" had been tried for the occasion, who, having never written about art at all, was considered qualified to criticise musical performances. We are sorry our space precludes us from furnishing the article *in extenso*, since a more exquisite specimen of "perfunctoriness" our columns have not yet supplied. We will, however, give two or three extracts, from which the reader may form no rude idea of the glorious whole, and refer him for the entire article to the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, in the Birmingham Festival week. Let it be premised that the notice is a series of inconsequencies, from which ratiocination is as stringently excluded as style or grammar. "We have seldom, however," writes the critic, "seen more enthusiasm excited in a concert-room than was produced by Madame Alboni in the ever-pleasing *cabaletta*, 'In questo semplice.' It has been said (*per quem?*) that the great contralto has seen her best days. There was no evidences of failure last night. She was as *gifted* and *versatile* in her intonation and expression, and as brilliant in her execution, as ever." That versatility in intonation is a quality to be praised, we learn for the first time, and that Alboni's intonation should vary

and in the varying excite no feeling but that of pleasure in the audience, will astonish our readers no less than ourselves. "A rather tame trio from one of Mozart's compositions," it appears, according to our novel-gifted scribe, "sung by Madame Castellan, Madame Alboni, and Mr. Weiss, did not produce much effect;" and of Madlle. Victoire Balfe, we are informed that "the favourable impression of the merits of the young vocalist, which the Birmingham people has, from report, formed, was amply confirmed as she sung the very elaborate aria, 'Il soave e bel contento,' (*Niobe*). We must, at all risks, find room for as much of the affirmations on *Acis and Galatea* and *Eli*, as we can possibly insert:—

"The overture from the *Siege of Corinath*, a magnificent piece of instrumentation, which concluded the miscellaneous concert, was succeeded by Handel's cantata, *Acis and Galatea*, with additional accompaniments, composed expressly for the Festival by Costa. This composition is worthy of a place in any programme. The cantata finishes with a sweet pastoral chorus, telling Galatea to dry her tears, and describing the happiness which Acis now enjoys. The music throughout is exceedingly good and very pleasing, and the performance of last night cannot fail to bring it into more general notice, and secure for it some of the appreciation it so richly deserves."

Higher up we are told that the air, "Love sounds the alarm," is, in Reeves's hands, worthy of Handel's fame," and that "it is one of the most telling pieces in the whole of the Festival programme."

The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* is still more decided in his opinions about Mr. Costa's oratorio, and, if possible, still more "perfunctory" in his remarks:—

"*Eli* was written by Costa for the Birmingham Festival of 1855. It contains many fine points, and although not equal to *Elijah*, or to Handel's music, there are in it some passages which will be handed down to posterity. We allude particularly to the 'War-song' and chorus, the 'Evening prayer,' the chorus 'No evil shall befall thee,' the 'March,' and several other pieces, which will exist as long as music hath charms. The general effect of *Eli* is heavy, and some of the choruses are very difficult without being effective. The oratorio to-day went very smoothly. There were four re-demands accorded to what are decidedly the finest passages in the composition. The 'War-song' is one of the boldest martial pieces ever penned, and will last as long as there is a great tenor to sing it. It was superbly given by Mr. Sims Reeves, and most enthusiastically re-demanded. The quartet is one of the finest specimens of part-singing to which we ever listened. The 'March' has already become a favourite with every band of note in England. It was a superb piece of instrumentation. In the introductory portion of the oratorio there is a chorus and chant, in the cathedral style, in which Signor Belletti made a most effective appearance. Succeeding the duet is an extraordinary double chorus; the women—sopranos and altos—are enjoying the ungodly revel, while the priests—tenors and basses—are denouncing judgment upon them. It was powerfully and accurately sung. Signor Belletti did not acquire much credit in the heavy and unprofitable air, 'If thou shouldest mark,' although he sung it appropriately enough. The great soprano song of the work, 'I will extol Thee,' was given with great gusto by Madame Novello, of course. The first part concludes with a fine elaborate chorus, the recitations to which were well declaimed by Mr. Weiss and Signor Belletti. The quartet and 'March' are followed by a grand fugue chorus, very skilful, yet very uninteresting, and very well sung. The choral 'March'—which is the previous 'March' repeated in chorus—has a very fine effect. Perhaps, however, the gem of the whole work is the air, 'This night I left.' Madame Viardot rendered it in a most charming manner. Why was it not re-demanded? Its effect on the audience was most palpable. The composition, in point of merit, falls short towards the conclusion, the final choruses being the most awkward and inharmonious we have heard—exceedingly difficult, very noisy, and very unprofitable."

After wading through the above "perfunctorians," our readers may peradventure exclaim, "These are most unprofitable morceaux, and hardly worth the perusal." Nevertheless, we take leave to insert them as corroborative of our preliminary observations, and as tending to show that there

is something rotten in the state of music, and to point out the whereabouts of the rottenness. Had we time and room we might be further induced to call attention to the notices on the Birmingham Festival which appeared in the pages of a morning contemporary of longer standing, loftier position, greater prestige and influence, and higher price than the *Daily Telegraph*—the *Morning Herald*—not a whit less "perfunctory" than what we have quoted. At present, however, we shall content ourselves with the inclosure, number two, which was sent us this week, and which it will be seen, reflects as severely on provincial criticism as the *excerpta* given above does on our own metropolitan:—

"What could be finer than the natural gifts brought to Tuesday night's entertainment?" writes the *Shields Gazette*, apropos of the singing at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute at North Shields. "The powerful mellow organ-like tones of Miss Masterton; the dramatic force and liquid melody of Miss Redpath; the tender sweetness and soft grace of Mrs. Bewick; or the natural beauty and bird-like cadences of Mrs. Pinkney and Mrs. Carry; whilst among the male voices, there are few English singers that could have brought out more clearly the feeling and pathos of Mr. Haswell's delightful hymn than Mr. Flynn, whose noble voice seemed to ripen and mellow with the feeling that suffused the whole performance. Mr. Deakers equally supported his reputation by his delightful rendering of 'Beautiful Spring,' while Mr. Barker and Mr. Hindhaugh were equally excellent. In their sea and buffo songs, we cannot help thinking that if those ladies and gentlemen will continue to sing together, in a short time they will be able to give an entertainment that would bear no comparison with any concert-room in the kingdom."

Whether the article extracted from the London journal or that from the north-country *Gazette* be most "perfunctory," we leave to the reader to determine. Our sole desire and aim is to inculcate on proprietors, managers, directors and editors of newspapers, that the talents and accomplishments required for the office of musical writer are as many and as great as those demanded for the dramatic. To criticise an opera or an oratorio is not less difficult than to criticise a tragedy or a comedy. We will not just now insist that a profounder knowledge of the subject is necessitated in one case than in the other. An equality of power and requirements is all we contend for at present.

WHILE surveying one of the divisions of a very unpleasant place, called Malebolge, the great Dante perceived an old political adversary in an odd predicament. A snake flew at the nape of this unfortunate person's neck, bored a hole therein; and lo! and behold! Dante could not so soon say "Jack Robinson" (Nè O si tosto mai nè I si scrisse), as the bitten party was reduced to ashes before his eyes. However, the ashes, which were scattered about the ground, were speedily gathered together again, and Vanno Fucci, of Pistoja (the party in question), was so completely restored, that he made a tolerably long speech with a view to offend Dante, as a great member of the White faction.

This strange ~~spectre~~ suggested to the mind of the ill-fated Florentine the very common-place image of the Phoenix, but if we had been favoured with the same agreeable sight we should have taken the quickly broken and quickly mended man of Pistoja for a symbol of the Lyceum Theatre. Nor do we allude to the conflagration of the old house that had its *façade* in the Strand, and the erection in its place of the new house that thrusts its portico into Wellington-street. Managerial not physical dissolution would have been the subject of our meditation, which would not have gone back beyond the chronicles of the new house. We should have thought of the many enterprises that had been commenced in that fair edifice, of the speed with which they

proved abortive, of the rapidity with which activity brought to a stand-still has been succeeded by activity renewed.

First of all in order of time is the respectable operatic monarchy of the late Mr. S. Arnold, with the *Nourjahad* of Edward Loder, and the *Mountain Sylph* of John Barnett. The entertainments consist of opera, drama and farce; and opera, drama and farce are all strongly cast—everything, in fact, looks very strong and substantial. Suddenly Mr. Packer's *Sadak and Kalasrade* fixes itself on the establishment like the snake on the neck of Vanni Fucci;—a dynasty crumbles away, a throne is vacant. Then comes a series of events more complicated than a history of South American revolutions. Actors form themselves into republics, sometimes of the aristocratic, sometimes of the democratic kind. Sometimes wisdom is in the council, and talent on the stage; sometimes talent is on the stage without wisdom in the council; sometimes the stage is as unencumbered by talent as the council by wisdom. Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics" fills sixteen very respectable octavo volumes, but he who writes a history of the Lyceum Republics will beat Sismondi's hollow in point of bulk if not in point of interest. Occasionally the phantasmagoric series of commonwealths is varied by the appearance of a very brief monarchy or dictatorship. Mr. Balfé looks as though he would achieve that great desideratum—the establishment of an English Opera-house, and *Keolanthe* will still be remembered as a monument of his efforts. Poor George Stevens, too, has his little Elizabethan freaks, and drops more money than he ever picks up again, by bringing out, at his own expense, his cumbrous *Martinuzzi*. At last the long line of short or weak governments, which is growing as tedious as the Tchenkue, or "period of petty kings," that lasted in China from 770 to 320 B.C.—this long line, we say, is brought to a close by the Keeleys, and in 1844 a good sound monarchy with a proper company is once more established. No undertaking could be more promising. At the moment when the Keeleys step upon the throne, a number of young wits are just beginning to put forth their energies. The Lyceum is the dramatic birth-place of Tom Taylor and Shirley Brookes, while Albert Smith and Charles Kenney became something like permanent dramatists under the genial influence of the new rule. Creditable and profitable to the end was the management of the Keeleys. But why did it come to an end? This time the destructive snake took the form of an increased demand for something—we forgot whether it referred to the rent, or to the gas, or to somebody's salary;—at all events the Keeleys left the spot with money in their pockets, and there was the crumbling away of another dynasty. When again united the ashes take an exceedingly vivacious form and picturesque shape. The sparkling vision of the Vestris-Mathews government adorned by the genius of Beverley is before our eyes. But sparkle as it may, this government does not look very solid. Pieces come out at a moment's notice, and with scarcely a day's preparation; reports of legal proceedings interweave themselves with reports theatrical, and though the vivacious manager is the delight of everybody who looks at him, a large multitude is not to be assembled save by the incessant production of fairy spectacles, which at last pall upon the appetite.

Of Mr. Mitchell's "Opera-buffa," of the temporary occupation of the Lyceum by French or Italian companies, we take no notice, since, to the speculator in these cases, the theatre was merely a house that happened to be vacant for the brief time they wanted them, and they no more regarded the Lyceum as a permanent residence than a man mistakes

a room in an inn for his proper house. The last dissolved government was that of Mr. Charles Dillon, which also looked showy in its day, but which also came in for the serpent's bite. As for Mr. George Webster's reign, its termination could scarcely be called the fall of a dynasty, as the functions of government, after a pause not worth mentioning, were undertaken by Mr. Falconer, whose comedy, *Extremes*, has again rendered the theatre an important establishment.

As far as we ourselves are concerned, Dante did not more heartily detest Filippo Argenti than we abominate the school to which Mr. Falconer's comedy belongs. But we admit that in the vigour of his writing he has shown himself superior to his school, and, what is more, we grant that the school itself finds many admirers amongst existing playgoers. Let us hope, while we congratulate Mr. Falconer on his well-merited success, that he has founded something like a Lyceum government, that will not fall to pieces at the first little nibble of adversity.

A GERMAN CRITIC IN LONDON.*

THE fifth and last concert was far more interesting and satisfactory than the fourth. The orchestral pieces, the overtures to *Medea*, to *Ruy Blas*, and to *Oberon*, and the *Sinfonia Eroica* were really very well executed, and, above all, the names of Miss Arabella Goddard and Joachim gave especial lustre to the programme. These had both brought to light from the obscure stores of an earlier epoch the material for the display of their genius. [Fashion no doubt had its share in the resuscitation; but this is a good fashion, if not carried too far.] Bach's sonata, No. 5, with the splendid fugue for the violin alone, and Dussek's concerto, No. 6, in G minor, rose from oblivion as dazzling novelties before the eyes of the astonished public. Joachim's truly marvellous rendering of Old Bach's contrapuntal masterpiece excited the most extraordinary demonstrations of applause, although it cannot be denied that the majestic tones produced by this hero of the strings, did not make us quite overlook the desolate position of a single violin in a large hall. In the second part he played the Romanza in F, with orchestral accompaniment by Beethoven.

Dussek's concerto for the piano was even less known than Bach's sonata for the violin. We all heard it for the first time, and very few of us could either have seen it or played it. It is a genuine concerto of its kind, with the first movement broadly designed and brilliantly worked out. The slow movement in E flat is melodious, though it displays no extraordinary invention. But the finale—a rondo in G minor, like the first movement—is a magnificent piece, composed in that characteristic, we may say genial style that distinguishes the bravuras of Dussek. The execution of this concerto is the reverse of easy; but Miss Goddard is no longer conscious of difficulties on her instrument. She is, moreover, an artist in the true sense of the word, and the extraordinary success which she has recently achieved in England is not to be ascribed to the patriotism of her countrymen. Even the severest critics among the modern Germans have awarded to her the palm among all the lady pianists of the present day, not even excepting Mad. Schumann and Mad. Szarvary-Clauss.

What is effected by this young lady by dint of industry and perseverance, combined with genial intelligence and technical genius, is really incredible.

* From a series of letters under the head of "The London Musical Season" in the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.

She gave the first series of *soirées* at her own residence ; for the second she selected Willis's Rooms, which on each occasion were filled with an audience comprising every one who could lay claim to any rank in the domain of music. Most justly were these *soirées* termed "classical." Neither the wishes of titled ladies, nor the homage of worshippers, can lure this, in every respect, gifted lady from the true path of art ; she never stoops to the mere amusement of her hearers. Look over her programmes, and you will be astonished when I tell you that all this has been mastered by a girl in the bloom of youth. Then you will find Hummel's grand sonata in D major (Op. 106), the last that he composed for the piano solo ; Beethoven's sonatas in A major (Op. 101), and B flat major (Op. 106) ; Wölfi's sonata, *Non Plus Ultra*, in F, and Dussek's sonata, *Plus Ultra*, in A flat (Op. 71), both in one evening ; C. M. von Weber's sonata in E minor (Op. 70) ; S. Bach's *Fuga scherzando*, fugue in A minor, fugue in G major, for the "*Well-tempered Harpsichord*;" Scarlatti's fugue in G minor ; Mozart's sonata in E flat and B flat, with violin (M. Sainton) ; Mendelssohn's quartets in F minor and B minor ; a duet with violoncello and the fugue in D major from the "*Charakter-stücke*," for the pianoforte, by the same composers. Add to these several others, as, for instance, Beethoven's concerto in E flat major, Dussek's concerto already mentioned, &c., and you will form some notion of Miss Goddard's studies. Those who have heard her performance of Beethoven's Op. 106 and Dussek's *Plus Ultra* can declare that there is no flattery in the title "Queen of the pianoforte." The terribly long and almost impracticable sonata (Op. 106) she first played before the public in 1853, when she was scarcely 17 years of age, and even then excited admiration. In the course of the last two seasons she has played it three times, and now, in her 22nd year, she so completely rules the spirit of the masters of all schools, that she can evoke it for our benefit from the greatest and most difficult of their works.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors have engaged Madlle. Piccolomini to sing at a concert given the day previous to her departure for America. Madlle. Piccolomini sails on Saturday, the 29th instant, so that she will make her appearance at the Crystal Palace on Friday, the 28th. A concert is announced to take place this day on behalf of the funds of the Early Closing Association, in which Madame Clara Novello and Miss Ransford are engaged to sing.

PARIS.—Madame Marie Cabel has created a great sensation at the Opéra-Comique by her performance of Carlo in Auber's *Part du Diable*, revived expressly for her. It is in contemplation to reproduce *Lestocq*, certainly one of Auber's finest works.—At the Grand-Opéra Madame Borghi-Mamo has appeared for the first time as Catharina in the *Réine de Chypre* with success.—M. Calzado has issued his prospectus for the ensuing campaign at the Italiens. The revivals and new operas promised are *Macbeth*, by Verdi; *Anna Bolena*, *I Martiri* and *Roberto Devereux*, by Donizetti; *Il Giuramento*, by Mercadante, and *Zelmira*, by Rossini. The last alone will be worth all the rest. Madame Frezzolini has arrived in Paris from London, and Mr. Vincent Wallace is also in the capital of the Beaux-Arts, which was never so dull as at present, nor had less to say for itself. We are all searching the journals for news, and cannot even light upon a stale joke of Rossini's to amuse the reader.

G. V. BROOKE.—Mr. G. V. Brooke and party arrived last evening, by the "Tasmania," having fulfilled a successful engagement at Hobart Town. The Prince of Wales Theatre will, we understand, be opened by him on Monday week.—*Sydney Herald*, July 10.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The Pyne and Harrison company has every reason to be gratified with its success in its new operatic home. The triumphant reception of the *Rose of Castille* at the Lyceum on its first production last autumn, was fully equalled by that accorded to it last Monday at Drury Lane. A more brilliant audience we have seldom seen at this period of the year in the old theatre. The appearance of the dress-boxes and stalls would almost lead to the belief that everybody was not out of London, and that some of the "light and heavy swells" of the season were really in town, allured from the breezy sea-side, or the smelling clover, where partridges may be said to hove, by the combined attractions of Balfe's music and Miss Louisa Pyne's and Mr. W. Harrison's singing. The "gods," too, mustered in strong force, and the denizens of the pit, the "would-be critics and won't-be gentlemen," vied with the supernals and the "upper ten" in numbers.

Of the *Rose of Castille*, having already said so much upon so many former occasions, we do not feel ourselves called upon to say one word ; nor is there anything new to preach to our readers about the performance, which, as regards the principals, more particularly in the hands of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, betokened the excellence of last year ; while the band, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, exhibited all its former efficiency and strength. Nor must the chorus be forgotten, which, culled from the choir of the Royal Italian Opera, were fully equal to all the demands made on their musical skill by Balfe's music.

The opera was received throughout with thunders of applause, and the encores were so numerous that they almost equalled the volley of bouquets thrown, at the fall of the curtain, at Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison—the Drury Lane audience naturally concluding that, although the fashion of flinging bundles of flowers at a male vocalist, however high he may sing, displays, to say the least of it, bad taste, they have as good a right to shower honours in this manner on their tenor, as Mr. Lumley's aristocratic assemblies on theirs. Is not Mr. Harrison as worthy of posies at Drury Lane as Signor Giuglini at Her Majesty's Theatre ? For our own parts we had rather pelt oranges or rotten eggs at the best tenor in the world, than fling flowers at him under any circumstances. And so Mr. Harrison must have felt on Monday night, since he did all he could to force the multitudinous presents on Miss Louisa Pyne—an act, of course, which brought down an extra floral shower.

After the opera, the national anthem was sung, our umquahile friend and old favourite of the public, Miss Rainforth, taking the solos. The return to the stage of this talented vocalist should have been distinctly alluded to in the prospectus.

The performances concluded with a *ballet divertissement*, in which, as we anticipated last week, Mdlles. Morlacchi, Pasquale, and Michelet exhibited their talents and graces to considerable advantage. Nevertheless, we are not of the belief that Drury Lane Theatre is the legitimate home of the ballet.

The success achieved by the *Rose of Castille* has completely set aside all idea of producing *Mariha* at present.

CARMARTHEN.—We have much pleasure in recording the following resolution passed at a meeting of the Kington Board of Guardians, held for the purpose of accepting the resignation of the Rev. John Brinley Richards, chaplain to the Union, who has been appointed to the curacy of Wareham, Dorsetshire. Mr. Richards is the third son of the late Mr. H. Richards, organist of this town, and brother of Brinley Richards, Esq., of London, the accomplished pianist and composer :—

"RESOLVED,—That the Board receive, with unfeigned regret, the resignation of the Rev. J. B. Richards as chaplain to the Union House, and the guardians feel it their duty to express their entire satisfaction, not only with the way in which he discharged his ministerial duties, but also with the affectionate and zealous manner in which he imparted spiritual instruction, and afforded religious consolation to the sick and dying inmates of this house.—BEN. BODENHAM, Clerk."—*Carmarthen Journal*.

OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN AT THE FREE-TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

We have already presented our readers with a correct description of the new organ erected by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine in the Free-trade Hall. A very numerous audience, including many persons from considerable distances, attended the morning performance on Tuesday.

Mr. Best, the eminent organist of the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, was warmly welcomed on his appearance upon the orchestra, and commenced his performances with a *pastorale*, by Bach, at the close introducing one of those pedal fugues by the same composer which are the great delight of connoisseurs of the organ. This Mr. Best played with that matchless perfection for which he is celebrated, the pedal passages telling out in a manner which proved that the builders had preserved a proper balance of power between this portion of the organ and the manuals. There was quite sufficient weight, and the tone was ponderous without being overbearing. The overture to the *Last Judgment*, by Spohr, we never heard so well played on the organ; all the points were capitally brought out, and the tremulous effect in the soft passages was most effectively introduced. Mr. Best introduced the clarinet stop in the adagio of Mendelssohn's sonata in C minor, and brought in the tubas near the close with fine effect. But it was in his own "Air with variations" that he displayed to the general audience most strikingly his unrivalled powers of execution. The variation in which he plays rapid passages, as a solo on the pedals, was interrupted by applause which would not be restrained till the close of the piece, which was a signal for renewed demonstrations, which resulted in so unmistakeable an encore that Mr. Best was compelled to return; when, instead of repeating his own composition, he gave the march in the *Prophet*, by Meyerbeer, in a manner which displayed the power of the instrument to great advantage. The organ will be a great acquisition to the Hall, and will prove of the greatest possible service in concerts generally, as it is capable of many orchestral effects, but more particularly in those of sacred music, whether as the sole means of accompaniment, or as used in conjunction with the orchestra. Of course, Mr. Best was the lion of the morning, but the intervals between the organ pieces were well filled up by Miss Armstrong and Mr. Mann. Miss Armstrong pleased us most in Haydn's "Now the dancing sunbeams play," and in the Scotch song, "John Anderson, my Jo," which she rendered very beautifully. Mr. Mann also showed that he possesses good knowledge of his art, and the cold from which he was suffering did not prevent him from making it evident that he has a pleasing voice. In the duets, the voices of both the vocalists blended harmoniously; and altogether the vocal selection was very favourably received. We believe that on this occasion Mr. George Freemantle came forward, for the first time, as pianoforte accompanist at the Free-trade Hall, and we are happy to record that he occupied the post in that efficient manner which must have been anticipated by those who are familiar with his performances at the Blind Asylum.

The evening concert was extremely well attended, and the performances were equally successful with those of the morning. Mr. Best's selection comprised one of the organ concertos by Handel, now in course of publication by Mr. Best, in which Mr. Best's dexterous use of the composition pedals may be noticed; prelude and fugue, in E, by Bach; air with variations, by Mr. Hatton, in which several points of the organ were displayed; and, in answer to an encore, the air, with variations, which Mr. Best played so finely in the morning; and, lastly, Handel's splendid chorus, "Fixed on his everlasting seat," in which the rolling bass passages played on the pedals were remarkably telling. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, and Mr. Mann. The first piece, the beautiful trio "Ti Frego," was charmingly sung, and without going into further particulars, we may say that the whole selection was exceedingly satisfactory. However, we may mention that Mrs. Sunderland was eminently successful in Haydn's exquisite canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," and in "Eve's Lamentation," by King; that Miss Newbound was much applauded in the favourite song by

Land, "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not;" and that Mr. Mann was encored in a song by Halt. (!) Mr. Walker ably accompanied on the pianoforte.—*Manchester Times*.

WATERFORD.—Messrs. Hill and Son, of London, have just erected a grand organ in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the largest instrument yet erected in Ireland. On Sunday, the 29th ult., the opening took place, when Pontifical High Mass was celebrated before an immense congregation. The organist on this occasion was Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, who fully displayed the great resources of the instrument. The organ contains 48 registers, including an admirably constructed *Vox Humana* and a pedal organ of 7 stops, including a 32 foot double diapason. The reed work of this instrument surpasses anything that this eminent firm has yet produced. The effect of the full organ (with four trumpet registers of 16, 8, and 4 feet) being truly magnificent. The following is a description in full of the new grand organ:—

3 Manuals and Pedal Organ.

Great Organ C C to F, 54 notes, contains:—1, Double diapason, metal, to 12 ft., G lower, 7 bourdons, 16 ft.; 2, Open diapason, metal, 8 ft.; 3, Open diapason No. 2, metal, 8 ft.; 4, Viol de gamba (German), metal, 8 ft.; 5, Stopped diapason, wood, 8 ft.; 6, Quint, metal, 6 ft.; 7, Principal, metal, 4 ft.; 8, Wald flute, wood, 4 ft.; 9, Twelfth, metal, 3 ft.; 10, Fifteenth, metal, 2 ft.; 11, Sesquialtra, 3 ranks, metal, 1½ ft.; 12, Mixture, 3 ranks, metal, 1½ ft.; 13, Positane, metal, 8 ft.; 14, Trumpet, metal, 8 ft.; 15, Clarion, metal, 4 ft.; 16, Trumpet, metal, 16 ft.

Choir Organ contains:—1, Cone gamba, metal, 8 ft.; 2, Keraulophon, tenor C, metal, 8 ft.; 3, Stopped diapason bass, stopped diapason treble, wood, 8 ft.; 4, Stopped flute, wood, 4 ft.; 5, Gemshorn principal, metal, 4 ft.; 6, Piccolo, wood, 2 ft.; 7, Cormorne, metal, 8 ft.

Swell Organ C C to F, 54 notes, contains:—1, Bourdon bass and double diapason, wood and metal, 16 ft.; 2, Open diapason, wood and metal, 8 ft.; 3, Dulciana to tenor C, metal, 8 ft.; 4, Stopped diapason, bass and treble, wood, 8 ft.; 5, Principal, metal, 4 ft.; 6, Susbe flute to tenor C, wood, 4 ft.; 7, Twelfth, metal, 3 ft.; 8, Fifteenth, metal, 2 ft.; 9, Sesquialtra, 3 ranks, metal, 1½ ft.; 10, Cornopean, metal, 8 ft.; 11, Oboe, metal, 8 ft.; 12, Clarion, metal, 4 ft.; 13, Vox humana, tenor C, metal, st. tone, 16 ft.

Pedal Organ, CCC to F, 30 Notes, contains:—1, Open diapason (wood), 16 ft.; 2, Violone (wood), 16 ft.; 3, Principal, (metal), 8 ft.; 4, Fifteenth (metal), 4 ft.; 5, Sesquialtra 3 ranks (metal), 3 ft.; 6, Trombone, (wood), 16 ft.; 7, Contra Bourdon, 32 ft. Stope: Great organ, 16; Choir, 7; Swell, 13; Pedal, 7; Couplers, 5; Total, 48. Pipes: Great organ, 979; Choir, 354; Swell, 774; Pedal, 210; Total, 2317.

Couplers:—1, Swell to great; 2, Pedal to great; 3, Pedal to swell; 4, Pedal to choir; 5, Choir to Swell; Three Composition pedals to great organ to act also on pedal stops; Three Composition pedals to swell organ; a tremulant for swell organ; a separate bellows for pedal organ; a deal-case of good design painted or stained with gilt front pipes; a pneumatic action to great organ to act also on coupler, so as to render the touch perfectly light; the whole of the mechanism, material, and voicing, to be of the very best description, and the work to be of the highest class.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Financially, as well as musically, our Festival is a great success. The receipts amount to nearly £7,500, and the expenses will not exceed £6,000. Thus there will be a very handsome surplus for the funds of the Infirmary, and a further addition will be made from the proceeds of a *cheap concert given in the Hall, and a grand ball in the same magnificent room*. It is greatly to the credit of the principal performers at this Festival that they have given very liberally towards the funds of the same excellent charity, having contributed in the aggregate, out of the money paid for their services, £150. The returns of the number of persons present at the performances are as follows:—Wednesday morning, 1,800; Thursday morning, between 1,800 and 1,900; Thursday evening, 2,000; Friday morning, 1,700; Friday evening, 2,000.

A VILE JOKE—(*Very properly rejected by Mr. Punch*).—The operatic performances at Drury Lane may be entitled the dessert of the musical season, in which the public are invited to taste several *Pines* and *A Melon*.

CATASTROPHE AT THE SURREY MUSIC HALL, SHEFFIELD.

A CALAMITY of the most fearful character, and attended with serious loss of life, occurred on Monday night at the Surrey Music Hall, Sheffield, an immense building capable of accommodating four thousand persons, and in which a variety of amusements were being carried on at the same time. A great crowd had assembled, and the entertainments were in full progress, when suddenly a report, as if from a pistol, was heard in the gallery, and the audience were filled with alarm. The proprietor, Mr. Youdan, however, instantly came on the platform, and after awhile succeeded in persuading the people to keep their seats, assuring them that no danger whatsoever was to be apprehended. A few minutes, notwithstanding, had hardly elapsed, when three or four men simultaneously rose in the gallery and cried aloud, "The place is on fire." A fearful scene then ensued. The audience, principally composed of young persons, frantically rushed to the various outlets of the building, while many jumped over the gallery front into the pit. All escaped safe from the pit, boxes, and upper gallery. In rushing from the lower gallery, one young man fell; others fell over him, and the staircase was blocked up. Three young men and one young woman were taken up dead, and two others were severely injured. Another man was killed by jumping out of a window. In the fright women were seen dropping children into the street, and jumping after them.

The cause of the accident, up to the present moment, is involved in mystery. At first it was supposed that a pistol had been fired in the gallery, and under this impression Mr. Youdan, when he came forward to allay the fears of the multitude, offered a reward of £5 for the perpetrator. The announcement that a pistol had been fired, and was the act of some scoundrel to create alarm, helped in some measure to restore quiet, and the people sat down apparently with the intention of devoting themselves to the business of the evening. They were not allowed to remain long undisturbed. On a sudden, from that part of the gallery whence the report issued, three men sprang forward to the front and simultaneously called out, "Fire! the place is on fire!" The effect on the audience was as if a thunderbolt had fallen amongst them. Screams and cries proceeded from all parts of the hall, order was at an end, and persons were seen leaping over the front of the gallery into the pit and on to the stage. Mr. Youdan ran at once to the steps leading from the gallery to the street, in order to stop the rush, and, if possible, restore confidence. He was not a little surprised to find a woman's mantle on fire. This had evidently been thrown on the steps only an instant before, and Mr. Youdan quickly trampled out the fire. All Mr. Youdan's efforts, however, to restore confidence failed, and he was pressed aside by the panic-stricken crowd. The professionals were alarmed at the presence of a large number of frantic persons running about the stage in search of a place to make their exit. A window was at last found, and the people dashed through it head foremost. Others in the top gallery made their way by getting over the front of the gallery, and descending by the pillars into the lower part of the building. The confusion and disorder, shouting and screaming, were frightful to hear, and beyond the power of describing. The crush was tremendous, and the wonder is that more accidents did not occur, and that more lives were not lost. Numbers were injured, more or less, by the compression, and others were thrown down and trampled under foot. Not until the place had become almost empty was the extent of the catastrophe known.

The coroner's inquest upon the five sufferers was opened on Tuesday evening, before Mr. Badger, coroner. From the evidence of William Henry Greaves, aged 19, it appeared that an explosion had taken place consequent on his striking a lucifer match to light a cigar. Another boy confirmed this statement, and both declared that previous to the explosion a strong smell of gas was perceptible. Here was a new light apparently thrown on the catastrophe, and the inquiry was adjourned until next Thursday, the jury directing that a close investigation

should take place regarding the escape of the gas, in order to ascertain whether the evidence of Greaves and his companion was correct. A strict examination by competent persons on Wednesday of the pipes in the neighbourhood of the place where the report was heard, showed beyond a doubt that there had been no escape of gas, and that consequently no explosion could have taken place. It remains therefore to be seen whether the two boys were framing a story, and for what purpose it was framed. It is scarcely credible that a conspiracy so horrible could have been devised. That it is a conspiracy, however, seems clear.

At the next inquiry it is to be hoped that some light may be thrown on the mystery, and that the perpetrators of so diabolical a crime may not escape detection.

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF PUBLIC PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

(From *The Times*.)

HERE is another "Surrey Music Hall" catastrophe. It is going the round of the provinces, and this time it has been reproduced, with the usual destruction of life, at Sheffield. The building was not even finished, and if there had been any wish to profit by the experience of our own "Surrey," there must have been the opportunity; but of all people in the world English architects are about the last to profit by experience. It certainly seems so in this instance. The two galleries are approached by winding stairs, the exact construction of which does not appear. They are divided, we are told by the local journal, into successive flights of half-a-dozen steps, and this is considered a provision against the consequences of excessive pressure. The narrative of the disaster, however, shows that two young women could precipitate themselves, or be precipitated, far enough down the stairs to be killed on the spot; two young men could be killed in the struggle on the stairs, and another young man could find his chance of ordinary egress so bad that he preferred throwing himself from a window, and was killed by the fall. Considering that the place held 3,000, of whom nearly half might be in the galleries, and considering, too, that it took a full hour to clear the building, the wonder is the deaths were so few. Indeed, we are bound to say that we have lately had no such catastrophe as that where eighteen persons perished at the Adelphi about the beginning of this century, and a still greater number at an execution, not to speak of the awful and ominous loss of life at the marriage of Louis XVI. Horrible as it may seem, an utterly inadequate egress imposes limits to such a disaster. As railway directors tell us that the safest course in the end is to lock up the passengers in their carriages and deny them means of giving alarm, so, perhaps, the safest course would be to put a door to every staircase in a theatre, to look it at the beginning of the performance, to forbid exit under any circumstances whatever, and then, perhaps, as a necessary supplement to these precautions, cage in the galleries as we have done the top of the monument and the Duke of York's column. In that case it might happen that once in five hundred years a whole audience would be burnt alive; but in the meantime we should not witness the minor calamity of half-a-dozen crushed in a staircase. It may, however, be worth considering, and the guardians of the public weal are certainly bound to consider, whether all is done that can be done to avert such horrors, whether in the gross or detail. It may not be easy to secure us altogether against the results of so mad and uncontrollable a thing as a panic, but if we cannot say what is the very best arrangements for egress from a crowded theatre, we can at least be sure that certain arrangements are insufficient and bad. The licensing magistrates, or the district surveyor where a building Act is in operation, ought to have the power to prevent any theatre or public hall from being opened till it had satisfied them in this respect.

So far from being at all surprised at the frequency of these disasters, our wonder is there are not more, and that they are not more destructive. Only think of the labyrinth of the narrow winding passages and stairs through which the greater part of the immense audiences of Exeter Hall have to accomplish their

exit. They are particularly requested not to rise before the conclusion of the performances, but from that conclusion it takes a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to get into the Strand. The first hundred would block up the exit, and the remaining three thousand would not be burnt alive, for we believe the building to be very safe from that, but they would be very uncomfortable for half-an-hour, and would probably kill at least a hundred of each other. The smaller theatres are nearly as bad. The new Italian Opera in Covent Garden appears to be an immense improvement on its predecessors, the corridors and staircases being both spacious and fire-proof. In that case there was warning. It was observed, at the destruction of the old theatre, that had the fire broken out any hour before midnight, instead of several hours after, when there remained only two or three hundreds out of as many thousands, we should have had not only such a disaster as that at Sheffield, but something like a real holocaust, so rapid was the progress of the flames. People are always told to sit still. Of course, it is their best course; at least, better than flinging themselves on a mass of people tumbling down a staircase; but the fact of such a theatre as old Covent Garden being burnt down in an hour does not encourage one to "sit still," when the fire is actually in progress. The old Olympic was a crazy fabric, chiefly composed of old ships' timbers. At seven o'clock carriages were still putting down company; at nine you could have carried in the palm of your hand, so we were told, all that remained of the inner theatre. Now, it is not everybody who can remember the exact materials or construction of an edifice burning over his head, or who can calculate to a nicety how long the flames will be reaching him, or how many degrees of Fahrenheit his constitution can bear.

Foreign architects have often observed that in our public buildings and larger private mansions, the staircase appears to have been an after-thought. In the country of Vitruvius and Palladio, and all over the Continent, the tradition of the open central atrium seems to have been kept up, so as to secure a large amount of hall and passage, and to procure breadth and effect for the staircase. An ordinary Italian hotel will often have a grander flight of stairs right to the top story than is to be found in the mansion of an English nobleman. The amphitheatres, however, are the very cases in point, and any one who has seen and inspected the Coliseum will readily believe that its 80,000 occupants could easily get safe to the street in five minutes. Round and under the seats it is all passages and stairs, and people, once under its massive archways, would feel themselves safe from every possible conflagration. That was the general plan of the amphitheatre to be found in every Roman town of any size. It is the best model for the modern theatre, whether in its open design or in its fire-proof material. Just now there appears to be a very laudable passion for building large rooms for public assemblages, such as that which the Queen opened the other day at Leeds, St. George's Hall at Liverpool, and a dozen others which have lately been described in our columns. As others are likely to be built, and as economy may suggest galleries, or even raise the hall a whole story from the ground, we beg to insist on the use of ample and easy stairs. The warning is not a bit too soon. We have not yet seen the worst catastrophe we are doomed to see of this kind. It would be invidious to single out a room, or a theatre, but when we see one ordinary doorway, not wider than the door of a bedchamber, the only aperture left to several hundred occupiers of stalls in the pit of a theatre, or the area of a public room, it has occurred to us to reflect, to little purpose, "What should we do in case of a fire!" That single door is generally in a corner, at the foot of several steps, and attainable only by crossing several benches, or climbing over chairs, which, under the supposed circumstances, would be full of people in the utmost terror and confusion. In these cases a strong man, with presence of mind, might shift for himself; but what if he had women and children with him? Our assurance-offices will tell us a theatre is liable to take fire, and if it does it is not often that the great cistern is full of water, or the key can be found, or the water is of any use. Nor would it follow, even if the fire should eventually be extinguished, that the audience had not been

burnt in the meantime. As guardians of the public, we are justified in calling for more attention to this subject, even if it should cost some of that space and that money which speculators would rather spend in increasing the seats or the stage. Time will show whether the caution is superfluous. Suppose, for example, that the Music Hall at Sheffield had been really on fire, and that the fire, spreading over head, had not been found so easy to be extinguished. What would have been the fate of the 3,000 people under that burning shower? It took an hour to clear the Hall, but would not half-an-hour, or even a quarter, have settled the fate of all who had not escaped?

MR. T. H. TOMLINSON'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE—(*From a North London Correspondent*).—This *soirée* took place (by kind permission) at the residence of R. Dawes, Esq., Abbey-road, St. John's wood. The concert commenced with the overture to *L'Italiana in Algeri*, as a duet for pianoforte (four hands) and flute, exceedingly well performed by Mr. T. H. Tomlinson, Master Dawes, and Mr. Dawes, after which "The Queen's letter" was sung with spirit and feeling by Mr. Robinson. The "event" of the evening, however, was the performance of Griffin's first concerto by Miss Dawes, whom we cannot praise too highly. Her playing was most surprising, taking into consideration that the young lady is but ten years of age. The first movement of the concerto was played with great brilliancy; the slow movement (which contains the air "The blue bells of Scotland") with an amount of expression that evidently pleased the audience, and the *piu moto* with remarkable precision, especially those passages requiring frequent crossing of the hands. The *piano* parts of the *rondo* were played with such lightness of touch, and the *forte* with so much power, that the audience were quite delighted. At the end of the concerto the young pianist was saluted with a storm of applause. Miss Dawes was then presented by Mr. Tomlinson with a handsome silver medal, on one side of which was engraved a wreath of frosted flowers (the rose, shamrock, and thistle) encircling the lyre of Apollo, resting on a music-book. On the reverse was the inscription: "Presented by Mr. T. H. Tomlinson to Miss Ellen Jane Dawes, as a mark of esteem for her musical talent in playing Griffin's first concerto at the age of Ten Years." The programme contained several other instrumental and vocal pieces, among which were "What shall my song be to-night?" (sung by a lady); Reichardt's popular *Lied*, "Thou art so near, and yet so far;" Balfe's new song, "I'm not in love, remember" (the two latter capably sung by Mr. Tomlinson); and Nicholson's *Fantasia* on "Oh Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me?" for flute and piano, played by Mr. Dawes and Mr. Tomlinson, in which the tone and execution of Mr. Dawes were heard to great advantage. The concert concluded with Mr. Hatton's popular song, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

LEICESTER.—Mr. H. Nicholson's first grand concert for the present season took place on Tuesday evening, for which the services of Madlle. Piccolomini, Signor Rossi, Vialetti, and Giuglini, with Signor Arditì as conductor, were secured. A very fashionable audience filled the spacious music-hall, and the concert gave entire satisfaction to all present, Madlle. Piccolomini achieving an immense success in all her songs.

LEEDS.—**PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CONCERT**—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Festival Committee most wisely determined, though late in the week, to let the "people" of Leeds hear on the Saturday night some of the music which had delighted the more aristocratic assemblies earlier in the week, and to see that noble hall which has so charmed all who are able to appreciate the grand and the beautiful. Professor Bennett conducted a solo and chorus from his *May Queen*; Mr. and Madame Weiss, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Helena Walker (the young and rising Yorkshire soprano), Miss Crosland, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Hinchliffe, the Festival chorus (Mr. Burton, conductor), and Messrs. Henry Smart and William Spark as organists, all contributed to interpret a programme of great variety and interest to the delight of some 3,500 people who crowded the hall in every part, and were enthusiastic with everybody and everything during the whole night. We hope to hear of many more such "people's nights," for Leeds has, indeed, the material now to give some

excellent concerts in one of the finest halls in Europe, and, we believe, with perfect success. The receipts, including Saturday night's concert, amount to £7,865 4s., and donations have been received from the following: Dr. W. S. Bennett, £20; Miss Arabella Goddard, £20; Mr. and Madame Weiss, £10 10s.; Mr. Sims Reeves, £10; Miss Dolby, £10; Mrs. Sunderland, £5 5s.; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, £5 5s.; Mr. Winn, £5 5s.; Mrs. Calverley, £10. It is calculated that £6,000 will cover all expenses, so that about £2,000 will be given to the Infirmary.

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

(Translated for *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

PARIS, MAY 1, 1844.

WHILE the Academy of Music has so sadly languished, and the Italians have dragged through their season quite as mournfully, the third lyric theatre, the Opéra-Comique, has risen to its most joyous height. Here one success has gone beyond another, and the money-box has had always a good ring. Yes, there has even been more gold than laurels reaped, which certainly was no misfortune for the Direction. The texts of the new operas, that have been given, were all of them by Scribe, the man who uttered once the great saying: "Gold is a chimera!" and who yet continually runs after this chimera. He is the man of money, of the ringing realism, who never mounts into a romantic, barren cloud-world, and who clings fast to the terrestrial reality of the marriage of reason, of industrial citizenship, and of the *tantième*. An immense success crowns Scribe's new opera, *La Sirène*, to which Auber has written the music. Author and composer are entirely suited to each other: they have the finest sense for what is interesting; they know how to entertain us agreeably: they dazzle and ecstasy us, indeed, by the brilliant facettes of their wit; they possess a certain flagrant talent for putting together the most charming trifles, and one forgets in them that there is such a thing as poetry. They are a sort of *Art-lettres*, who laugh away all the ghost stories of the past from our memory, and with their coquettish toyings, as with peacock's fans, brush the buzzing thoughts of the future, the invisible flies, away from us. To this harmless amorous tribe belongs also Adam, who, with his *Cagliostro*, has reaped likewise very easy laurels in the Opéra-Comique. Adam is an amiable, agreeable phenomenon, and his is a talent yet capable of great development. Thomas, too, deserves an honourable mention; his operetta *Mina* has had much success.

But all these triumphs have been surpassed by the popularity of "The Deserter," an old opera by Monsigny, which the Opéra-Comique has drawn forth from the portfolio of oblivion. Here is genuine French music, the liveliest grace, a harmless sweetness, a freshness as of the smell of wood-flowers, the truth of nature, in short, poetry. Yes, the latter is not wanting, but it is a poetry without the shudder of infinity, without mysterious enchantment, without sadness, without irony, without *morbidezza*—I might almost say, an elegant rustic poetry of health. The opera of Monsigny reminded me at once of his contemporary, Greuze, the painter. I saw here bodily, as it were, the rural scenes which he had just painted, and I seemed to hear the music that belonged to them. In listening to that opera, it became quite clear to me how the plastic and the reciting arts of the same period always breathe the one and the same spirit, and their master-works reveal the most intimate affinity.

I cannot conclude this report without remarking that the musical season is not yet ended, and, this year, contrary to all custom, sounds on even into May. The most important balls and concerts are given at this moment, and the polka even rivals the piano. Feet and ears are weary, yet they cannot rest. The Spring, which this time sets in so early, makes a *fiasco*; green leaves and sunshine go unnoticed. The physicians, perhaps especially the madhouse doctors, will soon gain plenty of business. In this motley tumult, in this fever of amusement, in this singing, springing whirlpool, lurk death and insanity. The hammers of the pianoforte work frightfully upon our nerves, and this great *vertigo malady*, the polka, gives us the *coup de grâce*.

LATER NOTICE.

To the preceding communications I append, from melancholy humour, the following leaves, which belong to the summer of 1847, and which form the last act of my musical reportership. For me, all music has from that time ceased, and I little dreamed, when I sketched the sufferings of Donizetti, that a similar and far more painful visitation was approaching me. The short Art notice reads as follows:

Since Gustavus Adolphus, of glorious memory, no Swedish reputation has made so much noise in the world as Jenny Lind. The accounts of her which came to us from England, border on the incredible. The journals are all ringing with trumpet blasts and fanfares of triumph; we hear nothing but Pindaric hymns of praise. A friend told me of an English city where all the bells were rung upon the entrance of the Swedish nightingale; the bishop who resided there celebrated this event by a remarkable discourse. In his Anglican episcopal costume, he ascended the pulpit of the cathedral, and greeted the new comer as a saviour in woman's clothes, as a lady redeemer, who had come down from heaven to deliver our souls from sin and evil by her song; whereas the other *cantatrici* were so many female devils who would trill us into the jaws of Satan. The Italians, Grisi and Persiani, must turn as yellow as canary birds with envy and chagrin, the while our Jenny, the Swedish nightingale, flutters from one triumph to another. I say our Jenny, for in reality the Swedish nightingale does not represent exclusively the little land of Sweden, but she represents the whole Germanic stock, that of the Cimbri as well as that of the Teutons; she is also a German just as much as her dull and vegetating sisters on the Elbe and on the Neckar; she belongs to Germany, as Shakspere, too, according to Franz Horn, belongs to us, and as Spinoza likewise, in his inmost nature, can only be a German—and we with pride call Jenny Lind our own! Shout, Uckermark, for thou also hast a part in this glory! Dance, Massmann, thy fatherland's most joyous dances, for our Jenny speaks no Roman gibberish, but real, Gothic, Scandinavian, most German German, and thou mayest greet her as a countrywoman—only thou must wash thyself before thou offerest her thy German hand.

Yes, Jenny Lind is a German; the very name Lind makes one think of lindens, those green cousins of our German oaks. She has no black hair like the Italian *prima donnas*; in her blue eyes swim northern sentiment and moonlight, and in her throat sounds purest maidenhood! That is it. "Maidenhood is in her voice,"—so said all the "old spinsters" in London; all prudish ladies and pious gentlemen with upturned eyes repeated it; the still surviving *mauvaise queue* of Richardson chimed in, and all Great Britain celebrated in Jenny Lind the song of maidenhood, the maidenhood of song. We must own, this is the key to the incomprehensible riddle of the immense enthusiasm which Jenny Lind has found in England, and, between us, has known well how to profit by. She only sings, they say, in order that she may be able soon to give up worldly singing, and, provided with the necessary outfit, marry a young protestant clergyman, the pastor Swenske, who in the meantime waits for her at home in his idyllic parsonage behind Upsala, around the corner to the left. It has since been hinted that the young pastor Swenske is a myth, and that the actual betrothed of the high maiden is an old hacknied actor of the Stockholm theatre—but this is surely slander.

The chastity of feeling of this *prima donna immaculata* reveals itself most beautifully in her shyness of Paris, the modern Sodom; this she expresses upon all occasions, to the highest edification of all the *dames patronesses* of morality beyond the channel. Jenny has most distinctly vowed never to offer her song-virginity for sale to the French public on the profane boards of the Rue Lepelletier; she has sternly refused all M. Leon Pillet's propositions. "This raw virtue startles me," the old Paulet would say. Is there any foundation in the story that the nightingale of today was once in Paris in her earlier years, and received musical instruction in the sinful Conservatoire here, like other singing birds, which since then have become loose green-finches? Or does Jenny fear that Parisian criticism, which criticises in a singer not the morals, but the voice, and holds the want of school to be the greatest sin? Be that as it may, our Jenny comes not

here, and will not sing the French out of their pool of iniquity. They are fallen irredeemably into eternal condemnation.

Here in the musical world of Paris all goes on in the old way. In the Academie Royale de Musique it is all the while gray, damp-cold winter, while there is May sunshine and the smell of violets without. In the vestibule stands, sad and sorrowful, the statue of the divine Rossini; he is silent. It is to the honour of M. Leon Pillet that he erected a statue to this true genius during his lifetime. Nothing is funnier than to see the grimaces with which jealousy and envy look upon it. When Signor Spontini passes by, he always stumbles against this stone. Our great maestro Meyerbeer is much more prudent, and when he goes to the opera of an evening, he always carefully contrives to steer clear of this stone of stumbling; he even avoids the sight of it. In the same way the Jews at Rome, even in their most hurried business walks, go always a great way round, in order not to pass that fatal triumphal arch of Titus, which was erected in commemoration of the downfall of Jerusalem. The accounts of Donizetti's condition are every day more melancholy. While his melodies are enlivening the world, while he is trilled and warbled everywhere, he sits himself, fearful image of imbecility, in a hospital at Paris. Only on the subject of his toilet he for some time showed a childish consciousness, and every day they had to dress him carefully, in full gala style, his frock adorned with all his orders; so he sat motionless, his hat in hand, from earliest morn till late in the evening. But that, too, has ceased; he recognizes no one any more; such is the fate of man!

CHARACTERS OF THE DIFFERENT KEYS.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

MANY ingenious attempts have been made to characterize the expression of the various keys in which music is composed. They are not very satisfactory. To be sure, there are some coincidences among the witnesses. There is no mistaking the broad noon-day *natural* expression of the key of *C major*; the triumphant, martial, hallelujah character of *D major*; the pastoral serenity of *F*; the sweet, unsatisfied, vague heart-yearnings (as in the "Moonlight Sonata") of *C sharp minor*. But what contradictory reports we get of many of the keys! What very various expressions they are all susceptible of, in various ways of using them. Here a correspondent sends us a curious conceit upon the subject, translated from the eccentric German, Schubart. The musician recognises not a little truth in what he says, and finds the whole by no means uninteresting, and quite suggestive. Yet how many of his characterisations go against all one's experience! Think, for instance, of his calling *A flat major* the "sepulchral key!" when in that key are written the adagio of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, the andante and variations of *Sonata Op. 26*, &c., &c.

Christian Frederic Daniel Schubart was born in Suabia in 1739. A child of very little promise, he suddenly developed an uncommon degree of musical talent. At Nuremberg, where he was at school, his taste for art found ample food, and somewhat later he gave up the study of theology for that of music. He led, however, so dissolute a life at that time, that the habits then formed had a ruinous effect upon his whole career. He officiated as organist in various small towns successively, married, and in 1768 was appointed director of music at Ludwigsburg, where he also delivered lectures on aesthetics. Here his life grew still more unbridled, in consequence of which his wife became deranged, and he was finally imprisoned for his immorality. Shortly after he was dismissed from his post and exiled, on account of a satirical poem on some influential person at court, and a parody on the liturgy. Subsequently he edited for some time a journal entitled *German Chronicle*, but in consequence of the liberal opinions expressed therein, was again thrown in prison, and remained in confinement ten years. Through the intervention of literary friends, he was at last liberated, and appointed director of music and the theatre at Stuttgart, in 1787. Here he published a volume of poems, "Ideas on the Aesthetics of Tone-Art" (from which we imagine the following curious compositions to be an extract), and several other similar works. So far as can be ascertained, he never stood remarkably high as a practical musician. He died in 1791.

(To be continued.)

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"Oh, take me to thy heart again!"	2 0	HARGITT (O. G.). "To-morrow" ("Oh bright and joyous were the days of childhood")	2 6
"One of the most charming melodies Mr. Balfe has ever composed."—Liverpool Mail.		MACFARREN (G. A.). "Paquita" ("I love when the sun has set") sung by La Signora Fumagalli	2 6
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CRUWELL (GOTTLIBE). "Mournfully, sing mournfully," with violin or flute accompaniment	2 6	Separate vocal parts each	0 6
"Where is the sea," with violoncello or tenor accompaniment	3 0	"Here, here on the mountain," Shepherd's song, with clarinet obligato	4 0
DESSAUER (J.). "Quick arise, maiden mine," sung by Mdlle. Jetty de Trefz	2 0	Violoncello or violin to the above each	0 6
ENDERSSOHN (M.). "Sweet little Jenny"	2 0	"Near to thee," with violoncello obligato	4 0
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POSTER (ALICE). "Merrily, merrily shines the morn," The skylark's song, sung by Madame Rudecors	2 0	PECH (DR. JAMES). "Weeds and flowers"	3 0
GREVILLE (The Hon. Mrs.): "Oh, I would wend with thee, love"	2 0	REICHARDT (A.). "Thou art so near and yet so far" (one of the most popular songs of the day)	3 0
"Bitto as a duet for baritone and soprano	3 0	ST. LEGER (S. G.). "The old willow tree"	2 0
"Quand on me donnerait," duet for soprano and tenor	2 0	VIVIER (EUGENE). "The Goat herd" (Lechevrier)	2 6
"Bitto as a Solo, with Guitar accompaniment	1 0	"The Exile" (L'Exilé)	2 0
English War Song, "Who fears to die?" The words by Alfred Tennyson	2 6	"The Fisherman's Song" (Chanson du Poissonier)	2 0
National Song, "Now to Arms"	2 6	"Where o'er the meadows green" (with Horn accompaniment), sung by Madame Viardot	3 0
"Mary O'Shane," Ballad, dedicated to Mina Rowland	3 6	Violoncello part to ditto	0 6
GROSVENOR (S.). "At early day's dawning," May song	2 6	YARNOLD (LOUISA). "The Troubadour's Lament"	2 6

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MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR.—The article on musical criticism which appeared in your last week's impression is a series of misrepresentations. "Never"—you say—"was musical criticism in this country at so low an ebb as at the present moment."

The exact contrary is the truth; for, until within the last twelve or fifteen years there was no such thing at all as musical criticism. We had in its place a sort of stenographic reporting, from which the amount of information to be obtained was confined to a record of "encore."

"With the exception of two or three of the leading journals"—you continue—"the articles which proceed from the metropolitan press would reflect discredit on the smallest newspaper in the smallest provincial town in the three kingdoms."

Equally untrue. I presume by "leading journals" you mean the morning journals, which you have done well to except, seeing that, in the majority of instances, their musical notices are contributed either by professed musicians, or by men who have made music the study of their lives, and whose opinions, for that reason alone, are entitled to respect. But these gentlemen are fully able to defend themselves, if necessary, even against *The Musical World*.

Having absolved the "leading journals," generally, it would have been as well to strengthen that act of clemency by a certain observance of moderation in your censure of the rest. Accusations levelled indiscriminately, and unsupported by argument, degenerate at last into mere "billingsgate." The first paragraph of your leader may be compared to the ravings of an inebriate fish-fag, who, blind and staggering under the influence of alcohol, is unable to distinguish friend from foe, but whose vituperation falls happily just as innocuous as it is aimless and obstreperous.

What organs of public opinion, may I ask, do you include under the head of "various London journals?" Which of them in particular is amenable to the charge of "incredible ignorance," "abnegation of all the graces of style," "defiance of reasoning" (is that a grace of style?), and other offences "hardly pardonable in the loosest and roughest penny-a-liner?" Am I to assume from the preamble—in which you magnanimously spare "two or three of the leading journals"—that your diatribe is intended for the entire press of Great Britain? Am I to understand that putting aside *The Times* and *The Morning Post*—or *The Times*, *The Morning Post* and *The Daily News* ("two—or three")—every serial—daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly—is open to such wholesale condemnation as the following:—

"Not only do the notices of music betray no acquaintance whatsoever with the art, but they almost invariably betoken an ignorance of the commonest rules of plain writing, to say nothing of style, *manner*, *diction*, and logic."

Taking you *au pied de la lettre*, I presume there is no alternative; in which case I beg leave to suggest that your arrogance is only equalled by your want of perception. The great "Quarterlies" frequently contain articles on music with indications enough of "style, *manner*, *diction*, and logic," to warrant their republication in the columns of *The Musical World*. But to say nothing of these giants, I would call attention to *The Spectator*, *The Examiner*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Atheneum*, &c. (it is needless to multiply instances), from whose musical notices even yourself, Mr. Editor, might learn some of those "graces of style," the absence of which pains you so much in others.

Even supposing this were not the case, there is nothing more unbecoming in a professed journalist, no matter what his special department, than the practice of attacking journalism in print. It is befouling one's own nest. Had you performed your self-imposed task in such a manner as to satisfy impartial readers of the soundness of your views, and your ability to promulgate them, you would still figure in no worthier light than that of an amateur scavenger. But you have lamentably failed in your attempt to shine at the expense of your brother-labourers in the field of periodical art-literature. After a flourish of trumpets summoning the whole of them to battle, you are compelled to fall foul of *The Shields Gazette!* Out of the mountain convulsed by your logic has issued, not a mouse, but a fly—an apt image of the greatness of your wisdom.

"Those who dwell in glass-houses should not throw stones." The old saw is well illustrated by yourself—Mr. Editor. You are merry about the "graces of style;" pray admire one or two examples of your own:—

"We must, at all risks, find room for as much of the affirmations on *Acis and Galatea*, and *Eli*, as we can possibly insert."

Here is a pretty pleonasm—here a grace of style! You must, "at all risks," find room for *as much as you can insert!* If you had found room for more you would have been a cleverer editor than I believe you—for in my judgment you were never born to play upon the *sistra*, but rather, as a bully-gladiator, ("quem de ruina Arena dimisit") to fraternise with the *Amphitheatralia Peggata*.

Another "grace":

"At present, however, we shall content ourselves with the inclosure, number two, which was sent us this week, and which it will be seen, reflects as severely on provincial criticism, as the *excerpta* given above does on our own metropolitan."

This is as much as to say that the article from *The Shields Gazette* reflects severely on *The Shields Gazette*—which, I should think, was scarcely intended by the writer.

You are fond of the word "perfunctory," and are in the habit of applying it to whatever may not happen exactly to hit your own taste. Allow me then to suggest that, under the circumstances, the concluding paragraph of your leading article is the very *beau idéal* of "perfunctory," and this notwithstanding the egotistical swagger that accompanies it. As you are evidently proud of your qualities as a "scribe" you will probably reperuse it with satisfaction:—

"Our sole desire and aim is to inculcate on proprietors, managers, directors, and editors of newspapers, that the talents and accomplishments required for the office of musical writer are as many and as great as those demanded for the dramatic. To criticise an opera or an oratorio is not less difficult than to criticise a tragedy or a comedy. We will not *just now* insist that a profounder knowledge of the subject is necessitated in one case than in the other. An equality of power and acquirements is all we contend for *at present*."

No doubt—Mr. Editor—"proprietors, managers, directors, and editors of newspapers" will feel infinitely obliged for this portrayal of the qualifications of a perfect musical critic; but before you contend for their recognition in your own person—at least with any hope of success—you should study to become more familiar with the amenities of the literary calling, "to say nothing of style, *manner*, *diction*, and logic." And with this suggestion, honestly meant for your benefit, I beg to subscribe myself,

A CONTRIBUTOR TO "THE SHIELDS

Shields, Sept. 21st, 1858.

GAZETTE."

A GROWL NOT QUITE GROUNDELSS.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have commenced their second essay in this large house, which was re-opened on Monday evening with *The Rose of Castille*. The cast of the principal characters was the same as at the Lyceum last winter; there was a crowded attendance, and the whole performance was honoured by unbounded applause and encores too numerous to specify. About the opera itself—one of Mr. Balfe's weakest—and its exceedingly silly libretto, there is nothing new to say. At the same time, we may confess to some astonishment that an English audience can be found to sit through three long acts of dreary commonplace with such undisturbed equanimity, laughing at jokes of the most vapid and senseless description—*ex. gr.*, Mr. G. Honey's continual reiteration of the interrogatory, "Why didn't you say so at once?" pronounced, too, in a dialect of his own invention, which is by no means funny—and recalling the singers at the end of each act as though the latter had been a company of *Marios, Bosios, Albonis, and Sims Reeveses*, engaged at their best in the execution of a lyrical and dramatic masterpiece. It is impossible to imagine anything more inane than the plot of *The Rose of Castille*, unless it be the verse and prose dialogue into which it is distributed. Nor is it surprising that Mr. Balfe should have fallen short of his usual standard with such materials to work upon.

Now that the managers of the "Pyne and Harrison English Opera" have made profession of faith in a printed circular, it is time to offer a word or two of counsel, lest in the end these honest speculators, who set forth claims to consideration in many respects preposterous, should deceive both themselves and the public. The following paragraph is an example of wholly unfounded assumption:—

"The question of the popularity of English opera may now be looked upon as settled. The flattering results of last season, and the continued and undiminished success which has followed the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company ever since, throughout their long provincial tour, sufficiently prove that the British public are prepared to patronise the opera of their native land, when placed before them in a fitting manner."

The words we have italicised insinuate:—first, that English opera was never popular until Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison recrossed the Atlantic, after a long period of artistic vagabondage, to open shop in Wellington-street, Strand; and secondly, that until the glad event thus specified our British public were not inclined to patronise any enterprise with English opera for its preferred object. It is scarcely necessary to insist that both propositions are manifestly untrue. English opera was popular long before either Miss Pyne or Mr. Harrison were born, and has never failed to attract when presented in a respectable manner. The paragraph above quoted ignores, with unblushing effrontery—or, if the framers prefer it, with an ingenuousness that verges on stupidity—the entire musical history of this country, from Purcell, through Arne and Bishop, down to Barnett, Loder, Macfarren, and Balfe. Have Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison never heard of any of these composers? Have they forgotten that Mr. Balfe—upon whose *Rose of Castille* (the only work from an English pen for which the public is indebted to them) must of course be based the singular claim they set up—had already written more than a dozen operas, beginning with *The Siege of Rochelle* in 1835? We wish success to the new undertaking, but if the spirit of puffery be allowed to preside at the counsels of the direction, we shall not be justified in prophesying it. And yet what but the spirit of puffery could have suggested such vain-boasting as is involved in the extract we have cited, and in the subjoined magniloquent and pretentious paragraph:

"The ambition of the present management has long been the establishment of English Opera upon a firm and permanent basis. They trust they may not be deemed presumptuous or premature in believing that—thanks to the liberal patronage already bestowed upon their endeavours—the foundation has been laid. Encouraged by this belief, they look forward to such a continuance of public favour as will enable them to rear the goody edifice until it reach proportions worthy of the land which it adorns."

The plain interests of truth compel us to retort that Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison were both "presumptuous and premature," when committing such inflated twaddle to paper. "The foundation has" not "been laid." Far from it. The "firm and permanent basis" upon which to establish a national opera must be constructed of other materials than those with which the Lyceum management went to work last year. A French comic opera, a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way,* defaced by interpolations of the most heterogeneous character; a grand romantic lyric tragedy,† little short of massacred; the faded feathers of Don Cesar de Bazan, and the tambourine of Maritana dusted and brought to light; and to conclude, a new opera, set to an English "version," or rather parody, of one of the very worst specimens of Parisian manufacture, can constitute the history of that first campaign which has emboldened Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison to address the public in such a strain of self-glorification and bombast.

After this sounding preamble we come to business. The pledges for the season are set forth with considerable typographical effect; and the following declaration evinces a strong determination not to mince matters:—

"For the coming season, at Drury Lane, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have spared no exertions to obtain the very highest available English talent; and they confidently trust that the result of their endeavours will enable them to present every opera with a completeness and excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking."

"The very highest available English Talent"—to take the managers at their word—is thus represented:

"The Operatic Company will comprise the following celebrated artistes:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Madlle. Pauline Vaneri, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, and Miss Rainforth. Mr. F. Glover, Mr. J. G. Patey (his first appearance on the English stage), Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Kirby, Mr. T. Grattan Kelly (his first appearance in England), Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. J. Terrott (his first appearance), and Mr. W. Harrison."

Now of all the so-called "celebrated artistes," one alone has attained eminence—Miss Louisa Pyne. The rest, setting aside that old public favourite, Miss Rainforth, are either beginners, mediocrities, or "unknowns." "The celebrated" Mr. J. Terrott (whose "first appearance," announced with such *nativus*, would seem to leave his celebrity an open question), "the celebrated" Mr. Kirby, *idem* Messrs. J. G. Patey, and T. Grattan Kelly, the former of whom makes "his first appearance on the English stage," the latter "his first appearance in England" (a distinction without a difference), are one and all strangers to us, even by name. Madlle. Pauline Vaneri appeared during the memorable performances of Italian Opera given under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith at Drury Lane Theatre, in the summer; but she only played once (*in Lucrezia Borgia*), and can hardly, on the strength of that single essay, be entitled to the epithet "celebrated." Nor would it be easy to find vouchers for the celebrity of the other "artistes" (why not artists?), unless Mr. W. Harrison's position as manager (which his rank as tenor singer does not) invests him with the privilege of being enrolled in the lists of fame as "the celebrated Mr. Harrison." But as we are neither desirous of flattering Mr. Harrison, nor of inquiring too curiously into his artistic status—

"Nil nimium studeo, Cæsar,§ ubi velle placere
Nec scire utrum sin albus an ater homo!"

we may pass to other matters. Amongst the pledges for the season is a new opera, written expressly for the Drury Lane management "by the most popular of living English composers, Mr. M. W. Balfe," whose *Rose of Castille* had such "a highly flattering run" (a "flattering run" is good) at the Lyceum, and to whom the prospectus thus further alludes:—

"Another triumph achieved since then by Mr. Balfe for the cause of native music, it may not be out of place to mention as a matter of

* Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*.

† Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*.

‡ *The Rose of Castille*.

§ Harrison.

congratulation—the successful production of his celebrated *Bohemian Girl* at Her Majesty's Theatre."

If not altogether "out of place," the above at any rate sorts inconveniently with the "firm and permanent base" upon which Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison lay claim to have established "English Opera;" and therefore had perhaps better have been left to serve for a paragraph in Mr. Lumley's next issue. The much-talked-of opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, by an American composer—Mr. George Bristow—is also to be produced: and in order that the "goodly edifice" reared by the joint-managers may have every chance of "reaching proportions worthy of the land which it adorns," an English version of the masterpiece of Herr Flotow*—which, we are coolly misinformed, was "the great triumph of the last season at the Royal Italian Opera"—is in preparation. The distribution of the *dramatic persons* in *Martha* further shows what weight should be attached to the assertion of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison that they "have spared no exertions to obtain the very highest available English talent." For Tagliafico (Lord Tristan), we have Mr. George Honey; for Graziani (Plumket), Mr. J. G. Patey; for Zelger (Sheriff), Mr. T. Grattan Kelly; for Nantier Didiée (Nancy), Miss Susan Pyne; for Bosio (Martha), Miss Louisa Pyne; and for Mario (Lionel), Mr. W. Harrison.

The most unobtrusive paragraph relates to what, next to Miss Louisa Pyne herself and Mr. Balf's new opera, are the very strongest points of the prospectus; we mean the band, the chorus, and Mr. Alfred Mellon. The band consists of 50 performers, whose names are guarantees of efficiency; the chorus of 40 picked voices from the Royal Italian Opera. The engagement of Mr. Mellon is thus modestly proclaimed:—

"The management have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. Alfred Mellon, whose acknowledged ability, and great care as conductor, contributed so greatly to the excellence of the *ensemble* last season, will maintain his position as Conductor and Musical Director for the present season."

The director of the music, we suppose, does not come within the category of celebrities—for which he is by no means to be pitied.

A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION.

(From *Punch*.)

MR. HARRISON, the vocalist, writes a sensible and satisfactory letter to the papers, stating that no accident can ever occur at Drury Lane Theatre, in case of a panic, as Miss Pyne and he have ordered so many passages and doors to be opened that the house can be emptied in ten minutes. While crowded houses are drawn by Mr. Balf's capital music, these precautions are desirable. But we think it was needless for the management further to provide for emptying the theatre by getting up *Martha*.

A STRANGE JUMBLE.

To the Editor of the *Daily News*.

SIR.—On Saturday evening last I went to the Surrey Music Hall, to hear that sublime oratorio, *The Messiah*. At the entrance I found it was postponed. Nevertheless, I went into the Hall, as I was told the usual concert was going on, and you may conceive the disgust I felt at witnessing a bespangled street mountebank balancing a something on his chin, and afterwards throwing up lighted torches, as they do balls, to the music of some half-dozen instruments. I felt grieved that this was substituted for *The Messiah*, and I reflected that on the very spot where stood this mountebank, in a few hours would the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preach the Gospel. Dancing followed, which was kept up till 12 o'clock, the dawn of the sabbath; and the dust of the feet of these casino dancers was scarcely laid, and the smell of tobacco had hardly left the building, when the pulpit was placed where just before stood the mountebank. This cannot be right. I am, &c., H. P.

Sept. 20.

[The shareholders in the Surrey Gardens, like the inhabitants of the vicinity of that place of public amusement, have cause to regret the secession of M. Jullien. The incident described by H. P. is only one of many others equally deplorable, which when M. Jullien held sway were simply impossible.—ED. M. W.]

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Continued from page 599.)

THE Festival of 1802 commenced a new epoch in the history of these celebrations. Before that time the operations of the committee, though energetic and in the main well-directed, had not possessed that completeness, nor been attended by that success, which can only be given and secured by the labours of one qualified person, bent on realising in the performance of one great task the ambition of a whole life. That person was found in our lamented townsmen Mr. Joseph Moore. This gentleman had rendered much assistance in planning and conducting the Festival of 1799, but it was not until 1802 that he was placed virtually at the head of the committee as their counsellor and director. From this time until the period of his death he devoted himself with unvarying assiduity to the Birmingham Musical Festivals, and from the moment he undertook their control, these meetings acquired rapidly and steadily increasing importance, both as regards their influence upon the development of Musical Art, and the assistance they afforded to the funds of the Hospital. The President for 1802 was the Earl of Dartmouth, the father of the noble Earl who has accepted the presidency of the approaching Festival, and whose family have always been ranked amongst the warmest and firmest supporters of both the Hospital and the Festival. At the meeting in 1802 (which commenced on the 2nd of September), the practice of devoting two mornings to miscellaneous concerts of sacred music was disused, and while as usual the *Messiah* was retained as the chief source of attraction, Haydn's oratorio of the *Creation* was performed on the Thursday for the first time in Birmingham, and, as might have been expected, it excited enthusiasm only second to that manifested for Handel's masterpiece. The remainder of the sacred music was selected exclusively from the works of Handel, and his compositions likewise furnished the chief portion of the evening concerts, at one of which was performed a selection from *Acis and Galatea*. The principal singers were Madame Dussek, Miss Tennant, Miss Mountain; Messrs. Braham, Knyvett, Elliott, and Denman. Mr. F. Cramer was the leader of the band, which was composed of the best trained performers in the kingdom, reinforced by the gentlemen of the Birmingham Private Concerts. The chorus was greatly enlarged, and was judiciously strengthened by selections from the metropolis, from the Lancashire Choral Societies, and from the Worcester and Lichfield Choirs. The whole orchestra consisted of more than one hundred performers. The gross receipts amounted to £3,829, of which the Hospital received £2,380. The pecuniary result shows at a glance the benefit derived from Mr. Moore's management, the sum received being more than £1,200 in excess of that taken on any previous occasion. One or two entries in the minutes for this year throw a curious light on the manners of our forefathers. Much care was expended by the committee in providing good eating and drinking for the persons attending the Festivals, but it was also an object to procure these necessary refreshments at a reasonable charge. Accordingly the committee agreed that ordinaries should be prepared at the two principal taverns—the Stork and the Shakespeare—but that the charge should not exceed 5s. per head, "including malt-liquor;" and it was further decided that not more than 9d. per head should be paid for tea at the ball. So determinedly indeed were the committee bent upon laying in a good stock of provender, that a month before the Festival they directed their secretary "to write to Lord Dudley's steward, to ask whether his Lordship means to send any venison against the oratorios." It is to be hoped that the secretary framed his letter in terms a little more polished than those of the resolution. From the circumstance that a similar application was made at the next Festival we infer that this was actually the case, and that the venison was duly sent and eaten. At a future period, as the attendance at the Festival became larger, the demands of the committee were extended, and the Earl of Aylesford and Mr. Heneage Legge (of Aston Hall) were laid under contribution for a supply of the "savoury meat." Following out the plan adopted in 1802, the band and chorus were still further increased at the Festival of 1805, vocalists of great renown were engaged, and the lists of composers from whose works selections

* *Martha*.

were made was extended so as to include Mozart, as well as Handel and Haydn. No oratorio besides the *Messiah* was performed, the place of a second sacred drama being supplied by a selection from the *Creation*, and the choicest *morceaux* of Handel's less known oratorios. Novelty was imparted to the performance of the *Messiah* by the introduction of Mozart's accompaniments. At this Festival the people of Birmingham had for the second time the gratification of hearing that great English singer Mrs. Billington, who was the principal vocalist. She was supported by Miss Fanny Melville and Mrs. Vaughan (the Miss Tennant whose name has been mentioned in connection with preceding Festivals). The chief male singers were Messrs. Harrison, Vaughan, W. Knyvett, and Bartleman. Efforts had been made to engage Bartleman for the preceding Festival, but he had taken offence at some fancied insult on a former visit, and in reply to the committee's application he complained that he had "been ill-used," and insinuated the propriety of an apology. The committee answered by demanding first an explanation, and then an apology from the complainant himself, but Bartleman does not appear to have given either, and the negotiation for his services dropped through. He was, however, too eminent a vocalist and too great a favourite in Birmingham to allow of his being passed over a second time, and so the "apology"—offensive to both parties—was quietly dropped, the committee probably contenting themselves with the reflection that it is in the nature of popular singers to give themselves unnecessary airs. In 1805, for the first time in the announcements of the Festivals, the name of the conductor was published—the gentleman who held that responsible post being Mr. Greatorex. The Festival commenced on the 2nd of October, under the presidency or stewardship of the Earl of Aylesford, and the patronage of all the principal nobility and gentry of the district. The proceeds were unusually large, and fully justified the liberal spirit displayed by Mr. Moore—the gross proceeds being £4,222, and yielding to the Hospital a profit of £2,202 17s. 11d. Of the gross sum not less than £1,056 was received at the performance of the *Messiah*, a circumstance which in itself sufficiently exemplifies the firm grasp that sublime work had taken on the affections of the musical public.

Gathering strength from the success of its predecessors, the Festival of 1808 excelled them all, both in its attractions and in its unprecedented pecuniary results. Like the meeting of 1805, it was not held until the beginning of October, instead of at the end of August, when it took place under the presidency of Lord Guernsey, the present Earl of Aylesford. For a third time Mrs. Billington worthily headed the lists of vocalists, her principal supporters being Messrs. Hawkins, Master Simeon Buggins (a local musical prodigy), Mrs. Vaughan, and Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Goss, Elliott, and Sig. Naldi. The conductorship was assigned to the celebrated Dr. Crotch, one of the most remarkable musicians of the age, of whose extraordinary ability a sufficient proof is afforded by his having at the early age of twenty-one taken the degree of Doctor of Music at the University of Oxford, an honour unprecedented for so young a man. The *Messiah* and the *Creation* were the oratorios performed; the latter being compressed into two parts, in order to allow of the performance of an organ concerto by Dr. Crotch, and a selection from *Jephthal*, admirably adapted to display the special powers of Mrs. Billington and Braham. The band and chorus were increased to two hundred performers, the largest body ever previously assembled out of London. The Birmingham Oratorio Choral Society, which had been organised that year by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Moore, added greatly to the strength and efficiency of the chorus. The total receipts at this Festival were £5,411, and the profits £3,257.

The Festival of 1811 commenced on the 2nd of October, and was presided over by the Earl of Bradford, who kindly placed his services at the committee's disposal, in consequence of the Marquis of Hertford, the president of the Hospital, being unable to attend. Great difficulty was experienced in fixing a time for the meeting. The first week of October was selected, but Mr. Macready could not give up the theatre for that period, because it was the fair week, and consequently the most profitable portion of his season. Mr. Macready was too good a friend

of the Hospital to be treated as Mr. Yates had been on a former occasion, and the Festival days were changed to the last days in September. But then a new difficulty occurred. Lord Bradford could not come, because he had engaged to go to Oswestry races. The only course left was to get the time for holding the fair altered, and this having been done all parties were satisfied—Mr. Macready could play on the fair days, Lord Bradford could go to Oswestry, and the Festival could be held in October as originally arranged. Hitherto the committee had been satisfied with getting a simple rector, or at most dean, to preach the opening sermon; but they now aspired to a higher church dignity, and were fortunate enough to obtain the services of the Bishop of Worcester. Still more fortunate, no doubt, they counted themselves in being enabled to engage Madame Catalani, who with Madame Bianchi, Miss Melville, and Miss Jane Fletcher, headed the female vocalists; whilst the male singers included the names of Braham, William Knyvett, Vaughan, Harris, Bellamy, and Signor Tramezziani. Amongst the instrumentalists, Cramer, Robert Lindley, Ashley, and Moralt held their accustomed places, while Dr. Crotch was succeeded as organist and conductor by Mr. Wesley. The band and chorus numbered two hundred and five performers. The *Messiah* was given on the second morning, and realised upwards of £1,600; the music for the other morning performances was selected from the oratorios of the *Redemption*, the *Creation*, *Judas Maccabaeus*, and *Israel in Egypt*. It is remarked as a feature of special interest, that "Sig. Tramezziani will sing the celebrated song that he sang at the cathedral in Lisbon, before the Court, on the day of general thanksgiving for the expulsion of the French from Portugal." The Festival was again successful beyond all precedent, the gross proceeds being £6,680, and the profits £3,629. Madame Catalani gave a donation of £52 10s., Madame Bianchi of £21, and Mr. Braham of £26 5s. There can be no doubt that in a great degree this success was owing to the engagement of Catalani, who was then in the full blaze of her triumphant career, and to hear whom the provincial amateurs displayed as much eagerness as had been manifested by their brethren in London.

It naturally resulted from Madame Catalani's former success that she was again engaged at the Festival of 1814, where Miss Stephens (the present Dowager Countess of Essex) made her first appearance. The difficulties attending the engagement of this lady caused the committee much anxiety, and it was not until the Marquis of Hertford exerted his personal influence that Mr. Harris, the Covent-garden manager, consented to allow Miss Stephens to appear at Birmingham. Miss Smethurst, Miss Travis, Miss Stott, Mrs. Vaughan, and Miss Russell, were the principal female singers. The male vocalists were Bartleman, Vaughan, Knyvett, Elliott, Denman, and S. Buggins, the conductor of the local Choral Society. The band was fuller than on any former occasion, and the Festival was again placed under the conductorship of Mr. Greatorex. The Earl of Plymouth was the president, and it is observed by the journals of the day, that the attendance of the nobility was much greater than at any former Festival. The music performed was the *Messiah*, part of the *Creation*, and a selection from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Pergolesi, and other composers. The proceeds (including donations from several of the vocalists) amounted to £7,144, and the profits to £3,131.

In 1817 the Festival was deprived of Mad. Catalani's services by her absence from England; but Miss Stephens was again engaged, and was assisted by Mad. Camporese (who had acquired considerable reputation from her recent successful *début* at the Opera House in the Haymarket), Mrs. Salmon, Miss Jane Fletcher, Mrs. Vaughan; and Messrs. Bartleman, Bellamy, Hobbs, W. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Braham. Mr. Greatorex again officiated as conductor and organist, and Mr. Weichsel succeeded Mr. Cramer as leader of the band. The duties of president were undertaken by the Earl of Warwick. The performances included the *Messiah* (which produced nearly £2,000), part of Haydn's *Seasons*, part of Mozart's *Requiem*, and selections from Beethoven's *Moult of Olives*, &c. At one of the evening concerts was performed a scene of Mozart's opera of *Don Giovanni*, and on the same evening "concertos" were played by Drouet on the flute, Weichsel on the violin, and Lindley on the violoncello.

The Festival commenced on the 1st of October. The receipts amounted to £8,746, of which the profits were £4,296. Such a result must have been eminently gratifying to the committee, inasmuch as the malicious act of a disappointed candidate for employment had nearly inflicted serious injury on the meeting. About the middle of September, when visitors were making their arrangements to come to Birmingham, a report appeared in the London papers that fever was making dreadful ravages at Birmingham. The report exercised much influence on the public mind; but happily the committee were enabled to contradict it on high medical authority, and the ill effect was happily averted. It is worthy of note, that in 1817 the patronage of the Royal family was first extended to the Birmingham Music Meeting, the Duke of Sussex having allowed the committee to use his name. His Royal Highness, had, indeed, formed an intention to be present, but private circumstances hindered him from carrying his intention into effect.

With the year 1820 the Festivals took a much higher position than they had ever previously attained. On the motion of Mr. Joseph Moore, it was resolved by the committee "that the next music meeting should be conducted on the grandest possible scale, in order to afford the highest musical treat which the present state of the art in this kingdom will admit." In conformity with this resolution, Mr. Moore submitted a plan for extending the Festival from three days to four, and for holding one ball instead of three as usual. An essential portion of Mr. Moore's plan was also to engage the very highest vocal and instrumental talent, equal to the performance of the choicest masterpieces of the greatest composers. The scheme drawn up by Mr. Moore was adopted by the committee, who proceeded to enlist, so far as was possible, the support of all the influential persons whose residence in the neighbourhood or interest in the musical art rendered them accessible. The Earl of Dartmouth consented to act as president, and the Bishop of Oxford to preach the sermon, but as the Festival was fixed for the 3rd of October and following days, neither the Earl nor the Bishop were able to be present, both of them being detained in attendance at the trial of Queen Caroline, whose defence was opened by Mr. Brongham on the very day the Festival commenced. Nevertheless the interests of the Charity did not suffer, the Earl of Dartmouth manifesting his interest in it by sending a liberal donation, and by obtaining permission for several members of the King's private band to be present as performers. On Tuesday, October 3, the Festival began with full choral service at St. Philip's, the whole choir of one hundred and thirty voices assisting in the service. On Wednesday morning part of Haydn's *Seasons* was performed, with words newly-arranged by the Rev. Mr. Webb, a clergyman formerly resident in Birmingham. On Thursday the time-honoured *Messiah* was given, and on Friday a selection of sacred music, including the *Requiem* of Mozart, which it is stated in the announcements "has never yet been perfectly executed in this country, owing to the want of some wind instruments, of which, by the gracious permission of his Majesty, the managers have been allowed to avail themselves from the Royal Household Band." On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings there were miscellaneous concerts at the theatre, and on Thursday evening a dress ball took place in the same building, when nearly fifteen hundred persons were present. Not only was the scale of the Festival thus greatly extended, but the performers engaged were more numerous than usual. Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, Signora Corri, Mrs. Salmon, Miss D. Travis, Miss Fletcher; and Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Bellamy, Beale, King, Evans, and Goulding, together with Signors Begrez and Ambrogetti, formed a phalanx of vocalists who could not then be excelled.

Led by Cramer, Spagnoletti, and Mori, the instrumentalists formed an equally powerful body, including nearly every notable performer in the kingdom. The whole were placed under the conductorship of Mr. Greatorex, whose previous services appear to have secured to him the confidence of the committee. The pecuniary result amply justified the adoption of Mr. Moore's bold and liberal policy. The total proceeds were £9,483, a higher sum by £1,000 than had been previously received, and the profits were £5,000, an amount which has only twice since been exceeded.

The successful experiment of 1821 emboldened the committee to resolve that in 1823 they would "make the performances finer and more perfect than any that have taken place in the kingdom." With this view engagements were entered into with Madame Catalani, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Travis, and other less known lady vocalists; and with Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Knyvett, Bellamy, Signor Placci, &c. The instrumentalists included every available musician of note. The performances consisted of full choral service on the 7th of October, in which all the principal singers took part; a new sacred drama, entitled *Gideon*, selected from Winter's celebrated *Timoteo*, part of *The Seasons*, part of Mozart's *Requiem*, and selections from a Mass by Jomelli, and from the oratorios of *Judah* and *Israel in Egypt*. The *Messiah* was of course performed as usual, and as this oratorio has never been omitted at a Birmingham Festival, it should be understood, even where not mentioned by us, to have always formed the most prominent feature of each triennial meeting. On the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings miscellaneous concerts took place; Thursday being as usual reserved for a ball. The president for this year was Earl Talbot, but owing to an unhappy circumstance the Festival was deprived of the benefit of his presence, and many other persons of rank and influence were compelled to absent themselves. The event to which we allude was the death of the Earl's daughter, the wife of the Earl of Dartmouth. This lady died at her father's seat at Ingestre on the Saturday before the Festival. Notwithstanding this drawback, and the occurrence of unfavourable weather, the performances realised the unexampled amount of £11,115, and produced to the Hospital the sum of £5,806.

(To be continued.)

MOZART'S SON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MILAN, 14th Sept., 1858.

SIR,—Either I, or your printer, made a sad mistake in the letter respecting "Mozart's Son," in your journal of the 4th inst., which has only just come under my notice.

I meant to state that *it was not true that he was in a state of poverty*; instead of which, it stated that "*it is not true that he is not suffering from poverty.*" The other part of my letter thus forms a complete contradiction to the first assertion, and must make your readers think "your Milan Correspondent" a very stupid person.

I might have committed such an error in my letter, from haste, but I can scarcely think I did, as, within an hour of writing it, I learnt from the very best source (viz.: the bankers who paid Carlo Mozart the money) that he has already received from Paris upwards of eight thousand francs on account of the "*droits d'auteur*" recently established in his favour as the son of the great composer. You are liberty to mention this circumstance, for the correctness of which I can safely vouch; and pray also be kind enough to relieve me from the stigma I at present lie under—of contradicting my own statements in the space of half a dozen lines.

YOUR MILAN CORRESPONDENT.

YANKER DOODLE.—The *National Intelligencer* says that the following letter has been received by a gentleman of Washington from the Secretary of Legation at Madrid:

"MADRID, June 3.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The tune 'Yankee Doodle,' from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged by persons acquainted with music to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Bi-cay, and yesterday, a professor from the North recognised it as being much like the ancient sword dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces, and proposes, in a couple of months, to give me the changes as they are to be found in their different towns, that the matter may be judged of and fairly understood. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are identically those of the heroic *Donza Espana*, as it was played to me, of brave old Biscay.

"Very truly yours,
BUCKINGHAM SMITH."

MUSICAL JUBILEE AT COBLENZ.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

A SECOND musical festival will take place at Coblenz, on the 9th and 10th of October, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Musical Institute, founded in 1808 and supported by the state. It was formerly under the direction of Herr Anschütz, but is now under that of Herr Lenz. Handel's *Samson* is the work selected for the first day. The chorus will contain 290 persons from Coblenz alone, and this number will be increased to 250, by amateurs in the surrounding places, especially Neuwied. The orchestra will consist of 130 instrumentalists. *Samson* will be preceded by Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The following is the programme of the second concert, on Sunday, the 10th October:—Part I.—1. Symphony No 4, in D minor, by Robert Schumann; 2. Tenor air (not yet definitively selected); 3. Scene from the third act of Gluck's *Orpheus* (Madille. Schreck, from Bonn); 4. *Gesangsscene* for the violin, by L. Spohr (Herr Otto von Königslöw, from Cologne); 5. Second finale from *Don Juan*, with the concluding movements. Part II.—6. Four songs, by the Kölner Männergesang-Verein; 7. The overture to *Euryanthe*, by C. M. von Weber; 8. Tenor air (still undecided); 9. Bass air from the *Creation*; and 10, Mendelssohn's finale to *Loreley*.

The solo singers already engaged are Madille. Shreck, named above, for the alto parts; Madille. Augusta Brenken, for the soprano parts; Herr Ernst Koch, of Cologne, for the tenor part in *Samson*; and Herr Carl Hill, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, as bass. Madille. Derritz, of Cologne, was also requested to lend her services, but was unable to do so in consequence of previous engagements. The assistance, likewise, of a former member of the Institution, now one of the first tenors in Germany, is expected.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—The following donations have (according to *The Musical Gazette*) been presented to the Leeds General Infirmary by artists engaged at the recent Leeds Festival:—Dr. W. S. Bennett, £20; Miss Arabella Goddard, £21; Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, £10 10s.; Mr. Sims Reeves, £10; Miss Dolby, £10; Mrs. Sunderland, £5 5s.; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, £5 5s.; Mr. Winn, £5 5s.; Mrs. Calverley, £10.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Monday, September 27th, and during the week, Her Majesty's servants will perform Bilo's opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*. Principal characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with a grand Ballet-Divertissement by Mdles. Zilia Michelet, Pasquale, and Morlacchi, with numerous corps de ballet. The band of fifty performers, and the chorus of forty voices, selected from the Royal Italian Opera. Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray; Stage-manager, Mr. E. Stirling. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past. Stalls, 6s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; First ditto, 8s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Upper ditto, 6d.; Private Boxes, 2s 6s., 2s 4s., 2s 3s., 2s 2s., 2s 1s. 6d., 2s 1s., and (for two persons) 10s. 6d. Box-office open daily from eleven to five, under the direction of Mr. E. Chatterton.

FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN

AS MANAGER OF THE

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THIS THEATRE will open on Saturday next, 2nd October, with the farce of *DYING FOR LOVE*. To be followed by the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, which play will be performed for a fortnight, and then withdrawn for the production of Shakspeare's Historical Tragedy of *KING JOHN*, which will be revived on Monday, 18th October.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

Immense excitement at the East-end in consequence of the appearance at this magnificent theatre of the greatest English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves. Crowded houses. Delighted audiences. Production of the beautiful opera of *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*, with all its original effects. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, to commence with the grand opera of *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*: Thaddeus, Mr. Sims Reeves; Devilishoo, Mr. H. Corrie; Count, Mr. Wallworth; Arline, Miss Fanny Turner; Queen, Miss Lavine. On Thursday, a grand opera, in which Mr. Sims Reeves will appear. On Friday, the close of the all-absorbing engagement will be celebrated in a succession of musical novelties, in which Mr. Sims Reeves will be supported by the greatest artists of the day, for the BENEFIT OF Mr. Sims Reeves. The splendid Band of the Princess's. Conductor, Mr. Isaacson. To conclude with a romantic drama.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF THE *MUSICAL WORLD*.

GENTLEMEN,

Allow me to inform the readers of the *Musical World* that I am not answerable for the leading article in your last impression (on the subject of musical criticism in England), and that I totally dissent from the views it maintains. A reply has been addressed to me personally, of which, in deference to the writer, who considers himself unjustly aggrieved, I forward you a copy for publication. At the same time, it is hardly necessary for me to add, that I just as much disapprove of the tone adopted by "A Contributor to the *Shields Gazette*" as of that assumed by the author of the aggressive essay which provoked his reprisal. However good an argument may be, such a manner of enforcing it is highly objectionable.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

J. W. DAVISON.

Sept. 20, 1858.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1858.

In another column will be found an article, borrowed from a contemporary (*The Literary Gazette*), which embodies, perhaps in language somewhat too forcible, the opinions entertained by a great many amateurs respecting the "Pyne and Harrison" speculation at Drury Lane Theatre.

The readers of *The Musical World* need not be reminded that we are favourable to this, as we have been to all undertakings of the kind. The thing is to make English Opera a fixture in the Metropolis. When that is effected there will be time enough for criticism.

We are not prepared to dispute a single assertion of our contemporary. Nearly the whole, if not quite the whole if what he says is more or less true. But the article is certainly mistimed. Granted, that the *Rose of Castille* is not a *Bohemian Girl*, nor even a *Castle of Aymon*; granted, Mr. Harrison is not a Sims Reeves, and that the Drury Lane company, Miss Pyne excepted, presents anything rather than a brilliant catalogue of names; granted, these and a dozen propositions of the same kind, the real question at issue remains untouched. Are we to have an English opera established in London, or are we not? We sincerely hope (and willingly believe) the former; and for this reason, if for no other, feel disposed to use such influence as we possess in encouraging every attempt that may lead to something better. We do not require to be told by *The Literary Gazette* what have been the sins, whether of commission or omission, with which the Pyne and Harrison management may be justly charged; but we are convinced that to comment upon them with severity at this moment is rather to injure than to benefit the cause which every lover of music should have at heart.

Further, *The Literary Gazette*, which is beginning to acquire both circulation and importance under its new management, will do wisely not to inaugurate a fresh era of prosperity by emulating *The Atheneum* and *The Saturday Review*. Two barking watch-dogs in the musical press are enough for all intents and purposes.

To conclude, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison

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have had the example of Mr. Alfred Bunn before them, by which, if they disdain to profit, it will be at their own cost in the end. Such a "shoppy" system *cannot* be revived. The public has had a surfeit of it.

"WHEN I perceive a man," writes Sir W. Bridges,* "incapable of deriving pleasure from more than one style of composition, and dogmatising on its exclusive merit, I pity his weakness and despise his presumption. When he narrows his curiosity either to what is old or what is new, when he confines his praise either to the dead or to the living, though in both cases he is ridiculous, perhaps his folly is more evinced in the last." It would be curious to inquire into the origin and growth of prejudice; how it first rose in the mind; how, like a fast-growing plant, it vegetated and flourished and spread its branches and towered on high and shot downwards and became ineradicable. The metaphysician might busy himself with speculations as to whether it was the natural offspring of some peculiar mental qualification, or the adventitious consequence of independent circumstance—whether, in short, it was born with the mind, or sprung from accident. Some minds are capable of entertaining only one idea at a time. In such prejudice finds a fertile soil for its growth. Others are by nature stubborn and inflexible, and what they have once received persist in to the exclusion of every secondary consideration. These are more dangerous than the former, inasmuch as there is less to hope from contumacy than incompetence. Example is a great encourager of prejudice, since few are capable of thinking for themselves, and education too frequently confirms our weakest prepossessions. The true critic is he who can see every colour on the prismatic spectrum without being fascinated and blinded by any individual ray. Inclination or disposition may lead him to select one hue before another as the object of his admiration, but he will not allow preference to merge into fanaticism.

The lover of music may congratulate himself that prejudice, that darkest foe to true appreciation, is dying a natural death in this country, and that the day is not far off when talent of every kind will meet with due acknowledgment. Time was—and that not very long since—when young England had very peculiar notions respecting the fine arts, and more particularly music; when Beethoven's later works were considered the efflorescences of a disordered brain, and when it was looked upon as an act of exceeding condescension to bestow praise on *Guillaume Tell*. Some members of the musical profession in London patted Rossini on the head and affirmed, that his last opera was capital, making, of course, all necessary allowance for want of learning, profundity, and sublimity. Before *Guillaume Tell* was written the author of the *Barbiere* was treated most scurvily; his very name offended the nostrils of the learned pundits, and when he was in London, his presence was avoided by them as a plague. "If certain musicians of that day," exclaims a writer of authority, "walking along Regent-street, happened to hear that Rossini was in Cramer's shop, they would have crossed to the other side." It is not many years ago, since we ourselves heard the term "disgraceful" applied to the introduction of Rossini's overture to *The Siege of Corinth* at the Old Philharmonic. No doubt this feeling against Rossini originated in prejudice. His extraordinary reputation, the reception of his works at the Opera, almost to the exclusion of every other composer, the idol worship of the aristocracy, the adulation of the public, and the infatuation of his admirers, naturally rendered him

disagreeable to a class of men, sensitive to a fault, whose works were known to be neglected, and whose persons were considered to be overlooked. That the prejudice in this instance was tinctured with jealousy is more than probable.

The appreciation of the French public differs widely from that of the English. French audiences desire to be entertained merely. Let their ears be tickled and their hearts touched—*voilà tout*. They go to theatres and concerts simply for amusement, and expect neither knowledge nor teaching in places of recreation. Hence oratorios, symphonies, and other large orchestral and elaborate works, generally bore them, while such operas as *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Fidelio*, as demanding greater attention than "listening by the ears," are *caviare* to their understandings. We doubt even if *Guillaume Tell*, although performed so frequently at the Grand-Opéra, pleases them entirely. It is too comprehensive and grave for those lovers of the brilliant and the dazzling. Fashion, however, in this instance, sways the public feeling, and an acquired love for the composer, who, by devoting the greatest effort of his genius to their national theatre, and by living among them so many years, almost naturalised, or denaturalised, himself, has exercised no little influence in recommending the work of the master. For the mere Parisian public, *La Juive*, or *La Favorite*, possesses, we are inclined to believe, as many attractions as *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Huguenots* or the *Prophète* more. There is, however, no affectation in the likings or dislikings of our lively and impressionable neighbours: what they prefer they acknowledge, and what is displeasing they do not hesitate to repudiate. The public of Paris includes to a large extent the professional body. The people and the musicians breathe together, consort together, and think together. The expression of a public opinion is almost invariably that of the artistic confraternity.

Now all this is very different in England. Musicians and the public, in many instances, as far as regards opinion, are separated as wide as the poles. Crowds rush to the theatres to hear Verdi's operas; English musicians will not tolerate *Rigoletto*, the *Traviata*, or the *Trovatore*. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* enchanteth the multitude and is coldly received by the *dilettanti*. If the public were allowed their choice, Verdi would reign supreme at the Italian houses; if the followers of the art had power to order matters, he would be banished altogether from the country. From this antagonism of sentiment, however, good arises. Frequent discussion and consideration compels the amateur to doubt the supremacy of his idol, and induces the connoisseur to be more generous in his strictures. Better far this clashing of impressions and judgments which leads to such important results, than that conciliating and hand-in-hand indifference, which may tend to unanimity and good fellowship, but is hardly constituted to further the interests of music. Better far prejudice with a fair prospect in view, than apathy and toleration from which no advantage is likely to follow.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

(Concluded from page 554.)

G. F. Anderson, Esq.
F. B. Jewson, Esq.
— Williams, Esq.,
(Principal Clarinet to Her Majesty).
Joseph Calkin, Esq.
J. Clinton, Esq.
H. J. Griesbach, Esq.
M. C. Wilson, Esq.

* *Censoria Literaria*, vol. viii., p. 214.

REVIEWS.

"TWENTY-FOUR STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE." By Charles McKorkell. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.

In his capacity of an able and useful labourer in the cause of sound musical instruction, Mr. McKorkell has, more than once, won and merited hearty commendation in these columns. The "Twenty-four Studies" before us, nevertheless, are, we think, superior to any of his previous contributions to the instrument of his choice. No young pianoforte player can study them without profit. Not only are they excellent, judged from a mechanical point of view; as musical compositions they are equally engaging. Each study, besides addressing itself to some special mechanical object, has a marked character of its own; while all are written with an elegance and correctness that befit the practised musician, and cannot fail to elicit the sympathy of those amateurs who prefer good music to bad.

"ABSENT FRIENDS." Romance sans Paroles, for the Pianoforte. By W. H. Holmes. R. Mills.

Although "*sans paroles*," this graceful and highly-finished little piece speaks with an eloquence which requires no words to make it understood. Its only fault is its brevity, for there is enough in the principal theme (the *moderato*—page 2) to admit of considerable development. Mr. Holmes has written nothing more charming and at the same time unpretending. The more such bagatelles the better. They not only entertain but refine the taste of the player.

"WHO CAN SHE BE?" Song. Written by Thomas Moore. Composed by Walter Maynard. Cramer, Beale and Chappell.

Mr. Walter Maynard has been more than usually successful in this song. The sentiment of Moore's well-known stanzas is happily caught, and the music, without aiming at any high flight, happily steers clear of the ordinary track. The transition into A flat, on the words, "Her shape in dreams," besides being good in itself, gives a certain importance to the song without being obtrusive. The return to the original key, too, is well managed, and introduced so as to aid the expression of the poetry.

MADAME PICCOLOMINI and a troop of opera artistes have taken berths for New York on board the Vanderbilt steamer, North Star, which leaves Southampton for America on the 30th inst.

MAD. ANNA BISHOP, after making an artistic tour which extended well nigh round the globe, has returned to London. She was last in England in 1846.

MEYERBEER has passed some days at Baden-Baden.

THE HAGUE.—At the National Fêtes, lately celebrated, a cantata by M. Gevaert, words by M. Victor Prilleux, was executed before the Royal family at the theatre.—*Le Guide Musical*.

LEEDS.—The meetings of the British Association, which are now being held in the Town Hall, have attracted large audiences. On Thursday evening a Conversazione took place, when the following selection of pieces were played on the organ by Mr. Sparks:—

1. Grand Offertoire—Lefébvre Wely. 2. Larghetto from the Symphonie in D—Beethoven. 3. Marcia Funèbre—Lindpaintner. 4. Pastoral—Kullak; Fuga—Spohr. 5. Wedding March—Mendelssohn.

RESULT OF THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.—As we stated on Saturday, the Festival has been eminently successful. No record has been kept of the precise number attending each performance, but we understand the average has been about nineteen hundred. Accommodation was provided for two thousand, and the hall was quite full on Thursday and Friday evenings, and on Saturday morning, the attendance at each of the other performances being nearly eighteen hundred. The total receipts have been about £7,500, and the expenditure is estimated at £6,000, leaving a balance of £1,500. In addition to this amount, however, several of the principal artists contributed sums amounting to £150; and the People's Festival, on Saturday evening, realised about £200 net, making a gross total of £1,850 in aid of the funds of the Infirmary.—*Leeds Mercury*.

M. HECTOR BERLIOZ has arrived in Paris.

THE NEW ADELPHI will be ready for opening the first week in December. Although not to appearances progressing very rapidly, every material connected with the interior is preparing in its various department, so that when once the roof is lodged the work will proceed most magically.

THE LONDON POLYHYMNIAN CHOIR.—This society, established for the practice and performance of part-music by male voices, and which created considerable sensation in musical circles last season, recommenced its weekly rehearsals on Thursday, 16th instant, in the Throne Room, Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate. A proposed enlargement of the society having been made known, several gentlemen presented themselves as candidates for membership. To complete the required number the ranks will remain open for a short period. The director, Mr. William Rea, inaugurated the season with an address to the members, which was received with great applause.

TODMORDEN.—The members of the Musical Union Society gave their first concert, for the season, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Todmorden, on Monday evening week, to a numerous audience. This society has been striving for some time to introduce into our neighbourhood the highest order of musical art. The first and second parts of Haydn's *Creation*, and a miscellaneous selection were performed. The principal vocalists were Miss Law-Messrs. J. Lord, R. Lord, A. Wild, and J. Chadwick. Principal instrumental performers:—flute, Mr. Stanworth; oboe, Mr. Jonson; violoncello, Mr. Wadsworth. The band was efficient. Mr. Baran was the leader. On the whole, the performance, as regards native talent, was one of the most successful that has taken place at Todmorden.—*Halifax Guardian*.

ROCHESTER.—On Thursday evening week, Mr. James Townsend, late M.P. for Greenwich, having taken to the stage, made his first appearance at the theatre here, and met with a most enthusiastic reception from a very large audience. The character he chose for the occasion was that of Richard the Third. Upon his first entrance he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers and applause; the latter being frequently repeated throughout the play, at the conclusion of which he was honoured with a call before the curtain, where he met with the same enthusiastic cheering and applause as at first; in fact, we do not recollect such a demonstration of feeling in favour of an actor in this theatre. Taken as a whole, his performance was admirable. At times we thought he dropped his voice too much, rendering himself scarcely audible, but no doubt he will overcome this when he gains more confidence. He was much better in the second and third acts, and was letter perfect throughout, having evidently well studied his part. His make-up was splendid, an amateur observing he had not seen one equal to it since he saw Edmund Kean perform Richard. At the conclusion of the play it was announced that Mr. Townsend would appear on Tuesday evening in the character of Othello, which was the signal for more cheering and applause.—*Rochester Gazette*.

GUERNSEY.—The promised concert of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the harpist, took place at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening, in presence of an audience which comprised most of the connoisseurs of the island. It is needless to particularise Mr. Chatterton's performances, although were we to make a selection we should take his execution of the "Souvenirs de Bellini," which created the greatest sensation. Mr. Chatterton was assisted on this occasion by Miss Eliza Hughes, from, we believe, the Royal Academy of Music, who achieved a decided success. Miss Hughes is gifted with a voice of much richness, volume, and freshness. It has evidently been well and carefully cultivated in a good school, and consequently her singing possesses a high degree of merit.—*Guernsey Journal*.

MONMOUTH.—Two concerts of sacred and secular music—styled by the projectors "Grand Anglo-Italian"—were given on the morning and evening of Tuesday the 14th instant, at the Borough Court. The singers were Madame Chierici, Mrs. R. Paget, Mr. Henry Morgan, Signor Chierici, and Mr. R. Paget, and Mr. S. Naylor presided at the pianoforte. The concert took place under the patronage of Colonel Vaughan and the officers of the Royal Monmouthshire Militia.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

(From *The Morning Star*.)

THE brief annual engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves, the justly celebrated tenor—our English Mario (with not a little, by the way, of the vocal refinement of Rubini, united to the passionate vigour of Tamberlik), and the legitimate successor of the elder Braham—may be regarded as the East London Musical Festival, and—the enormous and universal excitement it creates taken into account—with just as much claim to notice as any of those great provincial music meetings to which our contemporaries periodically devote so many columns. Mr. John Douglass, the enterprising manager of the National Standard Theatre, if we are not misinformed, pays Mr. Sims Reeves an almost unprecedented sum for twelve performances, but that he has invariably found the speculation as profitable and lucrative as it is spirited is evident from the result. The fact that Mr. Sims Reeves is the most popular singer of the day, without excepting any one of the great foreign vocalists, is unquestionable. His name is everywhere a tower of strength. No provincial festival can dispense with his aid, for, as is well known, he excels just as remarkably in sacred as in secular music. At the Crystal Palace, where the musical undertakings are at times so gigantic as to approach the fabulous, Mr. Sims Reeves is always the surest attraction. At Exeter Hall, the master-works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, and, last not least, Mozart, find in him their most versatile, ready, and effective interpreter. In short, the services of this gentleman are just as well appreciated by the renowned conductor, Costa, as by the indefatigable organists who find his co-operation wholly indispensable in sustaining the position and fortunes of those yearly assemblages of the cathedral choirs, which are at once a solace to charity and an advantage to art. This universality of acquirement—this intimate knowledge of every style of music, from the sublime oratorio to the simple entertaining lyric interlude—is a peculiarity which places his talent apart from that of contemporary artists. Mr. Sims Reeves—and every Englishman who loves the divine art should be proud that such distinction can be claimed by a compatriot—can say to the foreigner what no foreigner can say to him: "I can play Edgardo, Fra Diavolo, and Florestan (*Fidelio*) as well as any of you; but not one of you can sing 'Comfort ye my people,' 'The enemy said I will pursue' (*Israel in Egypt*), and 'Love sounds the alarm' (*Actis and Galatea*), letting alone 'The Death of Nelson,' and all the incomparable ballads and sea-songs of the immortal Tom Dibdin, as well as I." He would not say so, it is true, being too genuine an artist to boast of his achievements; but he might say so, and with none to contradict him. Another conspicuous element in the genius of our English tenor is its adaptability to delight and entrance the multitude. To the man of nerve and sinew who, thanks to the spread of musical taste all over this great empire, prefers laying out his modest spare cash at an opera or a concert, rather than waste it (and his own energies) at the tavern, the talent of Mr. Reeves is just as welcome and just as intelligible as to the wealthy aristocrat and high-born dame, who, though in their hearts affecting the alien, are, nevertheless, forced to admit the superiority of our countryman. The popular voice is above such prejudices—prejudices that, even in the time of *The Spectator*, were justly ridiculed by Addison and Steele. The popular voice is unanimous in praise of our genial and admirable native singer. The moment he appears he is recognised with a shout of delight. On Saturday night, for example, when the National Standard Theatre was absolutely crammed to suffocation, and the opera of *Guy Mannering* was given, the memorable exclamation of Edmund Kean, after one of his finest and most striking histrionic achievements, "Sir, the pit rose at me!" was forcibly recalled. When the popular favourite appeared, in the well-known costume of Henry Bertram, the pit literally rose at him—ay, and the gallery too, while the more dignified occupants of the boxes applauded with an earnestness and vigour that baffled description. Such a reception could only have been accorded to one who is unexceptionably the man of his age.

The opera was performed generally in that careful and efficient manner to which Mr. John Douglass has long accustomed his

patrons. Miss Fanny Ternan was really a charming Julia Mannering, Mr. James Johnstone, a quaint and humorous Dominie Sampson, Miss Lavine a more than respectable Lucy Bertram, and Mrs. R. Honner a picturesque and imposing Meg Merrilles. Of course, however, all attention was concentrated in the hero of the night—the joy caused by whose long-expected visit was only dashed by one shade of regret, owing to the unavoidable absence of his *cara sposa*—of Mrs. Sims Reeves, that excellent artist, whose voice has been so appropriately styled "sympathetic," and whose musical abilities place her among the most finished lyric performers of the day. But as the indomitable Grisi often sings and acts her very best when Mario (which occasionally happens) is "out of sorts," so Mr. Sims Reeves was evidently resolved to "*dédommager*" the audience for the absence of his accomplished partner. He never sang better—never with greater sweetness, power, and impassioned expression. His unequalled voice was in splendid condition, and everything he did was applauded with acclamations. The graceful ballad, "Be mine, dear maid," the engaging and melodious "Pretty Jane" (both given with exquisite feeling and touching simplicity) and the arduous and dramatic "Death of Nelson"—Mr. Reeves's delivery of which revives the traditions of Incledon and Braham, were all rapturously encored, and two of them repeated, in such a manner as to elicit renewed demonstrations of unbounded satisfaction. In short, the performance of Mr. Sims Reeves was a series of triumphs from beginning to end. The audience, jammed together closely as they were, literally "packed," seemed never tired of applauding, while the object of their enthusiasm was never tired of exerting himself, so as to merit the flattering ovations accorded him.

That the new engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves will bring with it a new lease of prosperity to the zealous and untiring director of the National Standard Theatre, is thus placed beyond the reach of doubt.

BLOOMSBURY COUNTY COURT.

IMPUDENT FRAUD UPON A PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER, AND ALLEGED FORGERY.—BROWN v. HANNABUSS.—Mr. Brown, a respectable old gentleman, who has for a great many years carried on the business of a pianoforte manufacturer, at No. 74, Great Portland-street, brought this action on Saturday last, against a lodging-house keeper, to recover £6 10s., the value of a pianoforte case, wrongfully detained by the defendant.—In the month of December, last year, a Miss Hartley, who was lodging with the defendant, called at the plaintiff's place of business in Great Portland-street, and arranged with him for the hire of a piano, at so much per month. The plaintiff made inquiries, and thought he should be safe in lending the piano, and on the 23rd of December, 1857, he sent it to the defendant's house, when a memorandum was signed, of which the following is a copy:—"I hereby engage not to detain for rent, or on any pretence whatever, the pianoforte now sent by Philip Brown, of 74, Great Portland-street, to Mr. Hartley, of 14, Upper Canning-street, Pentonville, residing in my house; and I undertake to deliver the same, whenever he may demand it, to Philip Brown on his order. HANNUSS."—This memorandum was not signed in the presence of the plaintiff's man, but was taken from him into a room, where he supposed the defendant to be, and brought back signed. Matters went on thus till the month of June, during which time the plaintiff could not get one farthing for the hire of his piano. He, therefore, applied for its return, and the defendant thereupon set up a lien upon it for rent due from the Hartleys; and one day, about that time, he, without the knowledge of the defendant, took out the whole of the inside of the piano, and let it down out of the window to one of his men. The case, valued at £6 10s., still remained. The plaintiff then made a second and formal demand for the case, which the plaintiff declined to give up, on the double ground that the signature to the memorandum referred to was a forgery, and that he had a claim for twelve weeks' rent, at 18s. per week.—After hearing the evidence embodied in the preceding statement, his honour said he was of opinion that the case, but for one circumstance, would have been one of great hardship upon the plaintiff; and it might serve as a warning to the trade generally to take care, and have such memorandums signed in the actual presence of themselves or their men. After some further remark, the judge said it was shown that at the time the demand was made by the plaintiff in July the defendant claimed to keep the article for rent them due. If the defendant had carried that expressed intention into effect at once it would have barred the plaintiff's claim. The fact was, how-

ever, that the distress did not take place till three weeks ago; and it could not be tolerated, and it was not the law, that landlords should be at liberty to retain property, on the ground that they may, at some indefinite time, distrain such property for rent due to them. His verdict would, therefore, be for the plaintiff, for the full amount, with costs.

CHARACTERS OF THE DIFFERENT KEYS.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

Concluded from page 608.

"*C major*—is entirely pure. Its character is that of innocence, simplicity, naïveté, child-language. *A minor*—pious womanliness and tenderness of character. *F major*—serenity and repose. *D minor*—melancholy womanliness, breeding spleen and vapours. *B flat major*—cheerful love, clear conscience, hope, longings for a better world. *G minor*—dissatisfaction, annoyance, worrying over a frustrated plan, fretful chafing of the bit; in a word, rancor and discontent. *E flat major*—the key of love, of devotion, of intimate communion with God; expressing, by its triple signature, the Holy Trinity. *C minor*—declaration of love, and at the same time, the lament of an unhappy love. All the yearning, languishing, sighing of the love-intoxicated soul lies in this key. *A flat major*—the sepulchral key. Death, the grave, corruption, judgment, eternity, lie in its compass. *F minor*—profound melancholy, funeral lamentations, the moans of deepest anguish and yearnings for the grave. *D flat major*—a squinting key, degenerating both in joy and sorrow. It can laugh, but not smile; it cannot howl, but can at least mimic weeping. It is therefore only possible to represent very unusual characters and sensations by this key. *B flat minor*—a singular fellow, clad mostly in the garment of night. He is rather sulky and rarely puts on a pleasant face. Mockery towards God and the world, dissatisfaction with one's self and everything else, preparation for suicide resound from this key.

"*G flat minor*—triumph in difficulties, free breathing on surmounted heights, the vibrations of a soul which has bravely struggled and finally conquered, lie in every application (*applikatur*?) of this key. *E flat minor*—sensations of vague terror, of the deepest oppression of the soul, of brooding despair, of the blackest melancholy, the darkest state of the mind. Every dread, every apprehension of the shuddering heart breathes from the chord of *E flat minor*. If ghosts could speak, they would speak in this key. *B major*—strongly coloured, expressive of wild passions, composed of the most glaring colours. Anger, rage, jealousy, fury, despair, and every freezing sensation of the heart lie within its realm. *G sharp minor*—moroseness, a heart heavy to suffocation, lamentation, sighing itself out in the double sharp; violent struggles, in a word, all that costs sorrow and trouble is the colouring of this key. *E major*—shouts of joy, laughing pleasure, and yet not quite the fullest enjoyment, lie in this key. *C sharp minor*—the pains of joy, intimate communion with God, our best friend, or the companion of our life; sighs of the most unsatisfied friendship and love lie in the compass of this key.

"*A major*—this key contains declarations of innocent love, contentment with one's situation; the hope of meeting again on parting with a loved one; youthful cheerfulness and trust in God. *F sharp minor*—a gloomy key; it tugs at passion like an ill-natured dog at a garment; grumbling and muttering are its language. It seems almost as if it felt uncomfortable in its situation. Hence it is ever longing for the repose of *A major*, or for the triumphant happiness of *D major*. *D major*—the key of triumph, of hallelujahs, of war-cries, of shouts of victory. Hence, all inviting symphonies, marches, festival songs, and jubilant choruses, are set in this key. *B minor* is, as it were, the key of quiet waiting for destiny and resignation to Divine Providence; therefore its lament is so gentle, without ever breaking out into offensive grumbling or whining. The application of this key is pretty difficult in all instruments; hence we find but few pieces which are exclusively written in it. *G major*—everything in the style of rural idylls or eclogues, every quiet and satisfied passion, all tender thanks for sincere friendship and faithful love; in a word, every gentle and peaceful emotion of the heart can be admirably expressed in this key. It is to be regretted that, on account of its apparent facility, it is much neglected at the present day. Modern writers do not consider that, in reality, there are no difficult and easy keys; but that these apparent difficulties and facilities depend alone on the composer. *H minor*—this key speaks of naïve, feminine, innocent declarations of love; of complaint without murmuring; sighs accompanied by few tears; of hope, whose near fulfilment lies in the purest bliss, resolving into *O major*. As it has, by nature, but one colour, it might be compared to a young girl, clad in white, with a bow of rose-coloured ribbon

in her bosom. From this key we once more return, with inexpressible grace, to the fundamental key of *C*, in which the heart and the ear find the most perfect satisfaction."

[The whole of which, we trust, the reader may estimate at its exact value.—ED. *M. W.*]

AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.

(From the *Birmingham Journal*.)

In the present dearth of musical novelty and excitement which generally accompanies this season of the year, it is difficult to find anything wherewith to interest our musical readers. Locally we expect this dulness, on the principle of the old adage, "After a storm comes a calm." We have just had our feast, and now must be content to endure its reaction in the shape of an unusual quietude. In vain every one turns to London, where, according to general supposition, everything may be found when wanted. There things are just as flat and dull as at home. The opera houses are closed; the professors are taking the ease or the hardships of a continental tour; and managers are amusing the public with a promising bill of what is to come. Fortunately, to fill up the gap, there has been a series of provincial festivals, which may be said to have kept the musical world on its axis. Hereford led off, Birmingham followed suit, and Leeds took up the key-note. Of the latter it is our purpose to speak now. Musical people were somewhat startled when there was an announcement put forth that Leeds was going to give a Festival that would eclipse anything and everything that had gone before it,—something that would annihilate Birmingham, completely shut up Bradford, and make the Three Choirs regret that they had ever given a Festival. Royalty was to inaugurate it—a new room, a new organ, new everything, were to add to its attraction—and all the most talented *artistes* of the day were to be engaged. The meeting took place last week, and its success has satisfied all moderate-minded and sensible persons. It was not to be expected that a festival could be got up by inexperienced hands without their being a little at fault somewhere. However, at Leeds everything was as complete as its best friends could have wished. It is true the programmes were not so well laid out as they might have been; a more judicious selection might have been made, and it might certainly have been better put together than it was. Pieces were made to follow each other, which, instead of heightening the effect, were from their peculiar nature and arrangement quite the reverse in their influence. Of the performances nothing short of success could be anticipated. With twenty principals, the Philharmonic band, and no less a person than Dr. Bennett for a conductor, what else could be looked forward to? Leeds has tried her best to get up a Festival that will rival or rather beat Bradford, and in future it will be Bradford *versus* Leeds, Leeds *versus* Bradford; the one will try to out-do the other. Which will ultimately be the great Festival of Yorkshire, the future must determine. We have considerable sympathy with the Bradford folks. They have had some excellent music meetings, and their chorus has become celebrated. It is in this latter element that provincialists have most to do with these festivals. The band is never local, and the principal singers are the produce of the Metropolis; so the chorus is left to vindicate the musical ability and taste of the place. Whether Leeds will get as good a choir as Bradford it is impossible to say; the voices at its command are spoken of as being of excellent quality, their only fault last week being a want of better balancing. Between the two towns, York seem likely to be forgotten. So little is said about it and so little done at it, with its beautiful minster and grand organ, that it is a wonder the inhabitants have managed to keep it the musical capital in the country. York used to be thought more of in the days of Neukömm, but lately it has sunk into quietude, and gives way to the more enterprising spirit of its neighbours. If they mean to make the Leeds Festival periodical, Yorkshire will be well off in a musical point of view. One thing has been done which must call forth the praise of all true lovers of English music. At Leeds they brought out Dr. Bennett's new cantata, the "May Queen," which has justified the highest expectations formed of it. All who know Dr. Bennett's works must admit his genius, confess his wonderful ability, and regret that he does not write more. He is said to be quite indifferent to a composer's honours, and cares little about exercising his talent in this direction. Be this as it may, it is certain he can write if he likes, and it is a pity he does not write more. His "May Queen" is said to be the best musical composition of the day, and a work of considerable magnitude. It is full of beauty, and replete with meaning, and has raised Dr. Bennett's reputation as a composer. Proud as we are of our Festival, because it has been the means of bringing to the word the greatest production of the present

age, we cannot help regretting it has not had the honour of bringing out this work of Dr. Bennett. That there was plenty of room for it there is no denying; that it would have been an attraction is likewise true. If there were any circumstance to prevent its production we are unaware of them. In times gone by, managers of concerts, and committees of festivals, were somewhat tardy in bringing out new works of English composers; but this feeling is happily dying away, and the effort now seems to be as to who can get the best new thing to bring out. This is a step in the right direction. It is an inducement and encouragement for those who can write to do so, and will doubtless ultimately lead to a school of English art. Hitherto our native composers have been sadly neglected, and consequently few take the trouble to write, when they are conscious the fruits of their labour will never be heard.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL announces her benefit at the Egyptian Hall, on Thursday, Sept. 30, under distinguished patronage. Among other promised novelties Mr. Paul will give a new character, that of a vegetarian, and the fair *beneficiaire* will give "Come into the garden, Maud," in imitation of a popular tenor, the likeness to whose voice is said to be extraordinary.

HALIFAX.—The first annual meeting of the Glee and Madrigal Society took place on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Mr. George Jackson occupying the chair. The accounts of the treasurer were audited, and the finances found to be in a satisfactory condition. The officers for the ensuing year were then elected, and are as follows:—President, W. I. Holdsworth, Esq.; vice-president, Mr. George Jackson; treasurer, Mr. Joseph Keighley; secretaries, Messrs. W. Foster and S. Wainhouse; conductor, Mr. R. S. Burton; committee, Messrs. S. Pollit, E. B. Keighley, E. J. Foster, W. Greenwood, J. Sunderland, W. Dennis, and J. S. Bates. Thanks were given to the gentlemen who had served in office during the first year of the society's existence, and who had been the means of establishing the society on sound and thoroughly respectable grounds. It was resolved that the practice should be resumed on Monday evening, the meeting place to be the Odd Fellows' Hall, as heretofore, the meetings to be held weekly, in order that the subscribers may be furnished with a concert next month. After business had been transacted, a number of glees were exceedingly well sung, thus rendering the whole affair one of a very gratifying character.—*Halifax Guardian*, Sept. 18.

RISTORI AND REVOLUTION.—The Paris correspondent of the *Globe*, writing on Sunday evening, says:—I spoke of Ristori's triumphant progress through Italian capitals as the representative of the heroine Juditta. That progress has now been stopped by the Austrian police. Her last display was at Venice, and when she broke forth into the grand passage, "Tell your children that they inherit from us a country, and the land that God gave them let them clear of all hostile invaders!" the cries of *encore* were so terrific, and the counter-shouting of Austrian officers from the boxes, that Ristori was forced off the stage, and a serious scuffle took place between her champions and the police, which ended in a proclamation against any further revival of the widow of Bethulia who dispatched Holophernes and scattered the Assyrians.

PARIS—(From our own Correspondent.)—Mad. Ferraris, the celebrated *dancuse*, has taken leave of the Parisian public, and is by this time en route for St. Petersburg. She bade her adieu on Wednesday, the 15th—at the Grand-Opéra, of course—in the favourite ballet, *Sacountala*, and was fêted and applauded to the skies. Mademoiselle Zina Richard, the charming artist who has proved so acceptable a successor to Fanny Cerito at the Royal Italian Opera, will succeed Madame Ferraris in *Sacountala*. Before this reaches the eyes of your subscribers Mad. Rosati will have made her *rentrée* in the *Corsaire*. The opening of the Théâtre-Italien is announced for Saturday, the 2nd of October. The season will extend, as it did last year, to seven months, in order, it is said, to afford Sig. Tamberlik an opportunity of giving several representations after his return

from the St. Petersburg campaign. Madame Penco has arrived, and will appear on the opening night. How comes it, may I ask, that this very clever artist has not found her way to London? With deference to Messrs. Lumley and Gye, I think she might be placed in the Haymarket or Bow-street. At which of the great houses I leave the managers to settle between them. The *Torador* has been revived at the Opéra-Comique. M. Troy succeeds M. Battaille in the character of Belfior, and Madlle. Lefèvre to Madame Ugalde in that of Coraline. The revival was successful, and the new sustainers of the parts of Belfior and Coraline were received with much favour. The triumphs of Madame Cabel, however, in *La Part du Diable* have not been interfered with. The fascinations and exquisite singing of the charming artist, coupled with Auber's sparkling music, attracts crowds to the Opéra-Comique nightly.

RICHARD WAGNER leaves Zurich, where he has hitherto resided, and proceeds to Venice, where he contemplates residing for a long period. The report that he had obtained the Emperor's permission to visit Vienna has not been confirmed.

MENDELSSOHN'S SYMPHONY IN A MINOR.

(From *The Birmingham Journal*.)

So much has been written about this admirable work, in which genius and the most accomplished musicianship have united in giving birth to a *chef d'œuvre*, that to attempt a new description of its character, a new analysis of its design, or a new panegyric of its innumerable beauties, would be altogether unnecessary. Suffice it, the symphony in A minor, about which Mendelssohn had long been engaged, was first publicly performed at the "Gewandhaus" Concerts, in Leipzig, on the 13th March, 1842, under the direction of the composer. In the summer of the same year it was played at the London Philharmonic concerts, again under the direction of the composer. On both occasions its success was triumphant. Since that time its popularity has continually augmented, and its fame has long been established, in the new as well as in the old world. This work at once placed Mendelssohn by the side of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as a composer of symphonies. His concert overtures had already shown his very high capabilities in the art of orchestral writing; but, as the symphony is the largest form, so it brings and merits the largest honours. The symphony in A minor has been named the "Scotch Symphony," because the principal ideas were first suggested to the author by the romantic scenery of Scotland, and certain incidents of Scottish life witnessed during a tour which he always remembered with delight. To the same tour we are indebted for the overture to the "Isles of Fingal." Some German critics (the late Robert Schumann among the rest,) confounded the "Scotch Symphony," when first performed at Leipzig, with the symphony in A major; generally known (for reasons similar to those already stated) as the "Italian Symphony," and proclaimed that "southern influences were clearly traceable throughout."* It was well known that Mendelssohn had presented the London Philharmonic Society with a symphony in A, just after his return from Rome; and the Leipzig quidnuncs, when the symphony in A minor was first brought out, concluded that this must be the identical one; and so discovered all those "southern influences," of which Mendelssohn in his "northern" rambles had been quite unconscious. But such misconceptions are not at all singular with the "aesthetic" style of criticism that has for some time prevailed in *Vaterland*. What must the Leipzig reviewers have felt when the "A major," the genuine Italian Symphony, with its *saltarello*, so instinct with Italian colour and the bustle of Italian carnivals, was first performed for their edification at the Gewandhaus? Perhaps they now revenged themselves by the discovery that northern "influences were clearly traceable throughout"—which would not have been a bit more absurd than the other.

* Lampedi, one of Mendelssohn's insufficient biographers, declares, with much naïveté, that he cannot agree in this criticism.

MUSIC FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.

"POPULAR RECREATIONS FOR THE VIOLIN."

A COLLECTION OF POPULAR OPERATIC MELODIES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.

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1. ROBERT, TOI QUE J'AIME	Robert le Diable	13. INTRODUCTION AND GALOP RIGOLETTO	Rigoletto
2. QUAND JE QUITTAIS	ditto	14. MISERERE—AH ! CHE LA MORTE	Trovatore
3. NOBIL SIGNOR	Huguenots	15. IL BALEN DEL SUO	ditto
4. NO CASO EQUAL	ditto	16. SI LA STANCHEZZA	ditto
5. VA PENSIERO	Nabucco	17. MERCI, JEUNES AMIES	Les Vêpres Siciliennes
6. ERNANI INVOLAMI	Ernani	18. AMI LE CŒUR D'HELENE	ditto
7. TUTTO E SPREZZO	ditto	19. JOUR D'IVRESSE	ditto
8. LA MIA LETIZIA	Lombardi	20. LIBIAMO, BRINDISI	Traviata
9. LA DONNA È MOBILE	Rigoletto	21. PARIGI O CARA	ditto
10. E IL SOL DEL ANIMA	ditto	22. DI PROVENZA	ditto
11. QUESTA O QUELLA..	ditto	23. AH ! FORSE È LUI	ditto
12. BELLA FIGLIA	ditto	24. SEMPRE LIBERA	ditto

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1. La Sonnambula, Bellini	4. Elisir d'Amore, Donizetti	10. Les Huguenots, Meyerbeer	15. La Traviata, Verdi	19. La Fille du Régiment, Donizetti
2. Lucrezia Borgia, Donizetti	5. Norma, Bellini	11. Il Barbiero, Rossini	16. Rigoletto, Verdi	20. Luisa Miller, Verdi
3. Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti	6. Don Pasquale, Donizetti	12. Don Juan, Mozart	17. Maritana, Wallace	21. Martha, Flotow
7. Masaniello, Auber	8. I Puritani, Bellini	13. Il Trovatore, Verdi	18. Le Prophète, Meyerbeer	
9. I Puritani, Bellini	14. The Bohemian Girl, Balfe			

ONE HUNDRED DANCES FOR THE VIOLIN.

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1. La Traviata Quadrilles. Pantalon—	26. Serenade Quadrille. No. 2, "This is the place"—Balfe	51. Ernani Quadrille. Finale—Jullien	77. Ophelia Valse. Second Figure—Wagner
2. Ditto L'Eté [Laurent]	27. Ditto No. 3, "Good night, Beloved!"	52. Marguerite Polka—Henri Laurent	78. Ethel Newcome Valse. First Figure
3. Ditto Poule	28. Ditto No. 4, "The Village Blacksmith"	53. Villikin's Valse. First Figure—Laurent	79. Ditto Second Figure [Laurent]
4. Ditto Trenise	29. Ditto No. 5, "The First Kiss"	54. Rigoletto Valse. First Figure—Laurent	80. La Gassier Valse—L. Venzano
5. Ditto Finale	30. La Traviata Valse. First Figure—	55. Rigoletto Valse. First Figure—Laurent	81. Annen Polka—Strauss
6. The Summer Flowers' Valse—Tinney	31. Ditto Second Figure [Montagne	56. Ditto Second Figure	82. Galop des Guides—H. Laurent
7. Ditto Second Set	32. Ditto Third Figure	57. Ditto Third Figure	83. St. Patrick's Quadrille. Pantalon—
8. The Aurora Valse. First Figure—	33. Ditto Fourth Figure	58. The Queen's Schottische—Daniello	84. Ditto L'Eté [Laurent]
9. Ditto Second Figure [Labitzky]	34. Ditto Fifth Figure	59. The Argyl Gulop—Laurent	85. Ditto Poule
10. Ditto Third Figure	35. La Varsoviana—Henri Laurent	60. The Amina Quadrille. Pantalon—	86. Ditto Trenise
11. Ditto Fourth Figure	36. Rigollette Quadrille. Pantalon—Tinney	61. Ditto L'Eté [Tinney]	87. Ditto Finale
12. The Bulgarian Polka—Montague	37. Ditto L'Eté	62. Ditto Poule	88. Dreams on the Ocean Valse. First
13. The Malakoff Galop—Laurent	38. Ditto Poule	63. Ditto Trenise	Figure—Gungl
14. Linda di Chamouni Quadrille Pantalon	39. Ditto Trenise	64. Ditto Finale	89. Ditto Second Figure
15. Ditto L'Eté [D'Albert]	40. Ditto Finale	65. Sylvan Valse. First Figure—Tinney	90. Ditto Third Figure
16. Ditto Poule	41. Spring Flowers' Valse. First Figure—	66. Ditto Second Figure	91. Italie Polka—Gavoli
17. Ditto Trenise	42. Ditto Second Figure [Tinney]	67. The Isabella Valse. First Figure—A.	92. Bride of Lammermoor Quadrille.
18. Ditto Finale	43. Die Elfen Waltz. First Figure—La-	68. Ditto Second Figure [Mellon	Pantalon—Tinney
19. Fenella Valse. First Figure—Tinney	44. Ditto Second Figure [Bitzky]	69. Ditto Third Figure	93. Ditto L'Eté
20. Ditto Second Figure	70. The Enchantress Polka—Juliano	70. The Enchantress Polka—Juliano	94. Ditto Poule
21. Deutsche-Lust Valse. First Figure—	45. Ditto Third Figure	71. Second Set of Lancors No. 1—Le-	95. Ditto Trenise
22. Ditto Second Figure [Strauss]	46. Olga Mazurka—Goria	72. Ditto No. 2 [rent	96. Ditto Finale
23. Ditto Third Figure	47. Ernani Quadrille. Pantalon—Jullien	73. Ditto No. 3	97. Dona Sabina Valse Espagnol—Henrion
24. Königsberg Polka—C. M.	48. Ditto L'Eté	74. Ditto No. 4	98. The Piccolomini Valse—A. Wagner
25. Serenade Quadrille. No. 1, "Happiest Land"—Balfe	49. Ditto Poule	75. Ditto No. 5	99. The Maud Valse—H. Laurent
	50. Ditto Trenise	76. Ophelia Valse. First Figure—Wagner	100. The Nightingale Polka—Wallenstein

ONE HUNDRED OPERATIC AIRS FOR THE VIOLIN.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Libiamo .. . La Traviata Verdi	Ah! non credea .. Sonnambula, Bellini	Gua! se ti sfugge .. Lucrezia Donizetti	Vedrai, carino .. Don Juan Mozart
Ah forse è lui .. .	Ah! non giunge ..	Ilafelice! ..	Il mio tesoro ..
Sempre libera .. .	Casta Diva .. Norina ..	Il segreto ..	Piff! Paff! ..
Parigi, o cara .. .	Ah! bella a me ritorna ..	M'odi, ah! m'odi!	Huguenots Meyerbeer
Ah! gran Dio .. .	Deh con te ..	Della crudele ..	Une dame noble ..
Tacea la notte .. . Il Trovatore ..	Mira, o Norma ..	L'Elisire d'Amore	Rataplan ..
Di tale amor .. .	Sì fino all' ore ..	Esulti pur la barbara ..	Della mossa ..
Stride la vampa .. .	Qual cor tradisti ..	Io son ricco ..	Un impero più ..
Perigliarti ancor .. .	La luna, il sol, le stelle, Puritani ..	Quanto amore ..	Air de Ballet ..
Il balen .. .	A ta, o cara ..	Una furtive lagrima ..	Marchio Triomphale ..
Di quella pér .. .	Son verxin ..	Com' e gentil ..	Bevia, chi tutte ..
Miserere. D'un'alma .. .	Suoni la tromba ..	Tornami a dir ..	Turn on, old Time.. Maritani Wallace
Ah! che la morte .. .	Vieni fà queste braccio ..	La morale in tutto questo ..	Yes! let me like a soldier ..
Questa o quella .. . Rigoletto ..	Torna, torna .. Lucia Donizetti	Guaracha ..	In happy moments ..
E' il sol dell'anima .. .	Sulla tomba ..	Amis, la matinée ..	There is a flower ..
La donna è mobile .. .	Verranno a te sull'aure ..	Du pauvre seul ami fidèle ..	Scenes that are brightest ..
Ernani! involami.. . Ernani ..	Sa tradirimi tu potrai ..	Voyez du haut ..	Gipsy Chorus .. Bohemian Girl, Balfe
Tutto è sprezzo .. .	Spargi d' amaro ..	Una voce poco fa .. Il Barbiere Rossini	Galop ..
Come per me .. . Sonnambula, Bellini	Fra poco a me ..	Io sono docile ..	I dreamt that I dwelt ..
Sovra il sen.. .	Di tua spiecasti ..	Zitti, zitti ..	The heart bowed down ..
Vi ravviso .. .	Senti, la danza .. Lucrezia ..	Finale ..	When other lips ..
Tu non sai .. .	Corn' è bella ..	Giovinezza, che fate .. Don Juan Mozart	Through the world ..
D'un pensiero .. .	Si voli il primo ..	Là ci darem ..	Happy and light of heart ..
Tutto è sciolto .. .	Di pescatore ignobile ..	Finchè dal vino ..	The fair land of Poland ..
Ah! perché .. .	Ama tua madre ..	Batti, batti ..	Let not the heart ..
		Deh vieni ..	Oh! what full delight ..

ONE HUNDRED BALLADS FOR THE VIOLIN.

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Come into the garden, Maud .. Balfe	Philip the Falconer .. Loder	The Arrow and the Song .. Balfe	Sally in our alley .. Carey
The low-backed car .. Lover	Reaper and Flowers .. Balfe	Farewell, my trim-built wherry Dibdin	My boy, Tammy .. Scotch
I remember the house .. Masett	The Rustic Gate .. Mori	The Green Bushes .. Scotch	Fair shining the Moon .. Verdi
Old folks at home .. Craven	Troika (Russian Driver's Song) Edwards	A Young Lady's "No" .. Anon	The first Violet .. Mendelssohn
Old dog Tray .. Foster	I do not watch alone .. Fricker	Polly, won't you try me? oh! .. American	The Angel's Whisper .. Lover
Will you love me then as now? .. Anon	The Land of the West .. Lover	I'm afrait .. Russell	Britannia, the pride of the ocean ..
The green trees whispered .. Balfe	Kate Kearny .. Morgan	Widow Mackres .. Lover	The Minstrel Boy .. Moore
Minnie Grey .. Craven	The Meeting of the Waters .. Moore	The Thorn .. Shield	Phoebe, dearost! tell, o! tell me Hatton
The Banks of Allan Water ..	The Moonlit Sea .. Trout	Bonnie Prince Charlie .. Scotch	Willie, we have missed you .. Foster
Sally, Sally .. Lover	A Thousand a Year .. Millard	When the swallows .. Abt	Tyrolienne .. Haas
My Mary Ann .. American	'Twas within a mile .. Scotch	Forgive and forget .. Lover	Oh! Sunmer Night .. Donizetti
Who shall be fairest? .. Mori	The First Kiss .. Balfe	The Bay of Biscay .. Davy	The Standard Bearer .. Liedpaintner
My heart's on the Rhine .. Speyer	Those dear old times .. Faithful	Annie of Tharaw .. Balfe	When the Moon on the Lake .. Masett
Good night! beloved .. Balfe	The winds are hushed to rest .. Campana	Wapping Old Stairs .. Percy	Jock of Hazeldean .. Scotch
'Twere vain to tell thee ..	O Nanuy, witt thou gang wi' me Carter	Wait for the Waggon .. American	Trot, Trot .. Kucken
Oft in the stilly night .. Moore	The Happiest Land .. Balfe	A Soldier's Life (Bohem. Girl) .. Balfe	Am I not fondly thine own? .. Himmel
Chide no more .. Linley	I'm not myself at all .. Lover	I dreamt that I dwelt (do.) ..	Where the bee sucks .. Dr Arne
Sweet stars .. Giulietta	The Ivy green .. Russel	The heart bowed down (do.) ..	I'll look for theo, Mary .. Masett
The Reefer .. Rockstro	The Scene of Home .. Balfe	When other lips (do.) ..	Sweet love, arise .. Henrion
Had I a heart for falsehood .. Moore	Oh! whistle, and I'll come .. Scotch	The fair land of Poland (do.) ..	Hearts of Oak .. Dr. Arne
This is the place .. Balfe	Pray Goody (Midas) .. Dr Arne	Yes! let me like a soldier fall .. Wallace	Five months ago .. Balfe
Molly Bawn .. Lover	What will you do, love .. Lover	In happy moments (Maritana) ..	In the eye, the heart doth dwell Abt
Home! sweet Home .. Swiss	Beautiful Star .. American	Scenes that are brightest (do.) ..	The Hazel Dell .. Worzel
The Rose's Errand .. Mackay	The Summer bloom hath passed Hay	There is a flwer (do.) ..	Hunting tower .. Scotch
Bobbing around .. American	The Nun's Prayer .. Obithur	Too late! too late! .. Pratten	Farewell, but whenever .. Moore

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1856.	
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1857.	
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30. Selection from Norma ..	Bellini ..
31. Selection from Fra Diavolo ..	Auber ..
32. Selection of Popular Russian Melodies, introducing the National Hymn ..	National ..
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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the *London Journal*.)

THIS young lady, who, at the age of two-and-twenty, has gained an European reputation, and a distinguished place among the greatest pianists of the day, affords a remarkable illustration of the fact, that high genius is almost uniformly precocious. Genius, indeed, seems to be intellectual power, thrown by peculiarity of temperament, or, perhaps, external influences, into a particular channel; and, accordingly, it is not only in poetry and the fine arts that precocity of genius has been generally observed, but also in philosophy, and the most severe and abstract science. We have had precocious Pascals, Newtons, and Bernoullis, as well as precocious Popes, Handels, and Mozarts. It has been said, indeed, that, in music especially, great genius has been found unaccompanied with general mental power. But this we have never believed; and the citation of the case of Mozart as a proof of this assertion, is founded on a most injurious misconception of that illustrious musician's character. Absorbed in his art, he was little conversant with the business of the world; but it is impossible to read the sad and affecting history of his life, so finely told by his biographer, Holmes; or his charming letters so full of deep thought, acute remark, and pure and lofty feeling, without perceiving that his intellectual strength was not unworthy of his artistic genius. The youthful subject of this slight notice, though no one has ever been more deeply devoted to music, is (as all who know her are well aware) by no means a mere musician, but possesses a well-cultivated mind, and the talents and acquirements which bestow a grace upon society.

Miss Goddard was born in 1836, at St. Servan, in France, where her parents were then residing. When a mere infant her musical propensities excited attention, and she made such progress under the instructions of her mother, that when she was four years and a half old, she appeared at a charitable concert in the above town, and played a fantasia in a manner which created general astonishment. She afterwards received lessons from Kalkbrenner, at Paris; and, on the return from her family in London, was for some time the pupil of Mrs. Anderson. Her last instructor was Thalberg,* from whom, doubtless, she acquired her exquisite beauty and delicacy of touch. But neither from him nor from any other instructor did she acquire those peculiar features of her artistic character on which her present pre-eminence is founded. It was by her native force of character, her active and inquiring mind, her indomitable energy and perseverance, that she was enabled to grasp the whole range of art, as developed in the works of the greatest masters of every age and every school.

It was in the year 1850 that Miss Goddard first appeared before the London public, at the National Concerts given at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was then only fourteen; but the remarkable brilliancy and finish of her execution were immediately noticed, and she became one of the chief attractions of those entertainments. As might be expected, her performances, in those days, consisted chiefly of the music of her principal instructor, Thalberg, and other composers of the same school; though even then she began to emancipate herself from its trammels, and by her playing some of the works of the great and almost forgotten old masters, to show the catholic spirit which she has since so strikingly displayed.

Soon after that period she made a continental journey of many months, chiefly, we believe, in Germany; in the course of which she visited the principal cities of that most musical land, eagerly profiting by all the opportunities of study and improvement which it afforded, while every one warmly welcomed the charming young Englishwoman, so eager and enthusiastic in the pursuit of her art. Her career since her return is well known to all who are acquainted with the state of music in London. From year to year her powers and her reputation have gone on increasing. Her presence at the principal concerts of the metro-

polis is deemed indispensable and essential to their success; and the same thing is becoming the case throughout the provinces. We are proud, in short, of our native artist; and the proverb that "a prophet has no honour in his own country" is reversed in the case of Arabella Goddard.

To be accomplished in any one branch of an art, it is necessary to be conversant with it in its whole extent. No mere performer was ever a great performer. To execute a sonata of Beethoven as it ought to be executed, the player must not only be animated with a spirit congenial with Beethoven's own, but must understand all those principles and rules of art employed by the composer in giving substance and form to his thoughts. This knowledge is possessed by Miss Goddard in an eminent degree; and hence she derives her wonderful faculty of identifying herself, as it were, with the musician whose conceptions she is interpreting. She utters the language of Bach, of Mozart, or of Beethoven, as Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven themselves would have uttered it. In the most severe and profound, as in the lightest and most ornate pieces, she is equally at home, but she is very far from feeling towards them equal attachment. She plays the popular music of the day as a sacrifice to fashion, but evidently as seldom as possible, her heart being with the great masters of an older time. To the study of Beethoven she has especially devoted herself; and the manner in which she has developed the profound and recondite beauties of those works of his latest days which have so long been a sealed book even to musicians, and made them as clear and bright as sunshine, even to the crowds of amateurs who flock to her performances, entitles her to the warmest gratitude of every real lover of the art.

In everything relating to the mechanism of pianoforte playing, Miss Goddard has come as near perfection as any performer has ever done. She has the rapidity of lightning; she can emulate the thunders of the full orchestra, or breathe the softest accents of the human voice. Indeed, by the exquisite pressure of her finger, she produces those sustained notes, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," which seem actually beyond the capacity of an instrument of this class.

These are not merely our own individual opinions of Miss Goddard's powers as a pianiste; we only echo the unanimous voice of the musical world. And if we have put no shades into our picture—if we have pointed out no faults or defects, it is really because we have been unable to find them out.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—A certain paragraph in the *Globe*, and a certain advertisement in the *Times*, have led to gloomy reports with regard to Her Majesty's Theatre. Those, however, who would like to see this venerable place of entertainment closed, and those who, while friendly to it, are still apprehensive for the future, must not lose sight of the fact, that Mdlle. Tietjens, Sig. Giuglini, Mdlle. Piccolomini, and other popular artists connected with the establishment since its re-opening in 1856, are engaged to Mr. Lumley for a series of years, on such conditions that if he has no London theatre at disposal he can employ their services elsewhere, at his own discretion. At this moment Sig. Giuglini is about to depart for Madrid, and Mdlle. Piccolomini for the United States, their engagements not being on their own account, but on that of Mr. Lumley. Experience has proved that it is not so easy to dispense with this in many respects justly celebrated *impresario*, who has evidently some lien on Her Majesty's Theatre, of which neither Lord Ward nor any one else has the power of dispossessing him. Moreover, the present "alarm" is not the first by many. Her Majesty's Theatre has been at the point of death (according to rumour) some dozen times at least, and Mr. Lumley cashiered. Yet, when the musical season was about to commence, a little yellow prospectus gaily informed the world of fashion not merely that "old Double" was alive and free, but that he had been busily employed during the interval in entrapping new singing-birds for its delight.—*Literary Gazette*.

DRURY LANE.—The production of *Martha* is postponed for the present, in consequence, as is alleged, of the continued success of *The Rose of Castile*. Digitized by Google

* There seems to be some error here. If we are well-informed, M. Thalberg had no more to do with Miss Goddard's classical education than Kalkbrenner or Mrs. Anderson.—ED. M. W.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Concluded from page 615.)

THE Festival of 1826 commenced on the 3rd of October, and was the first occasion on which the meeting was honoured by being permitted to place at the head of the list of patrons the name of the reigning Sovereign, a distinction which has ever since been retained. The president for the year was Earl Howe, and the preacher the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. The principal vocalists were Miss Stephens, Madame Caradori, Miss Eaton, Miss Bacon, the Misses Travis, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Knyvett, Phillips, and Signors Curioni and de Begnais. The choral body was greatly strengthened, and was aided by the Birmingham Choral Society, who have on all occasions, since their establishment, rendered most valuable assistance to this department of the Triennial Meetings. Amongst the instrumentalists were J. B. Cramer, De Beriot, Kiesewetter, R. Lindley, Nicholson, Moralt, Ashley, Distin, Puzzi, Harper, and most of the other leading metropolitan performers. Mr. Greatorex was again the conductor, and was assisted by our late townsmen, Mr. Munden. The musical selection comprised portions of Mehul's *Joseph*, Graun's *Tod Jesu*, the *Triumph of Gideon* (selected from Winter), part of Haydn's *Seasons* and of Handel's *Judas Macabaeus*, and the choicest *morceaux* from the works by Mozart, Beethoven, Marcello, Leo, Winter, and other composers. The receipts were £10,104, of which £4,592 were appropriated to the benefit of the Hospital.

We are not able to record the production of any important novelties at the Festival of 1829, which commenced on the 10th of October, under the presidency of the Earl of Bradford. Most of the works given at the morning performances were the same as those produced at the preceding meeting, with the exception of the introduction on Friday morning of a selection from the service written by Cherubini for the coronation of Charles the Tenth, King of France. The evening concerts, at the theatre, were diversified by a selection of operatic music, aided by the casual scenery and costumes in which the famous Malibran acquitted herself to the astonishment and admiration of a Birmingham audience, who now witnessed her performance for the first time. This lady, of whose wonderful power many of our readers still retain fond remembrances, was ably supported by Miss Paton, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Fanny Ayton, and Madlle. Blasis; whilst amongst the male vocalists the credit of the Festival was sustained by Messrs. Braham, Knyvett, Vaughan, Phillips, Bellamy, Signors Giubilei and de Begnais, and Signor Costa, who is better known by his English name of Mr. Costa. This was the last occasion on which St. Philip's Church was used for the morning performances. Before the next Festival was held the indomitable energy of Mr. Moore had secured the erection of our superb Town Hall, and in 1834 that edifice was inaugurated by a Festival, with a notice of which we shall commence our next and concluding article.

The third period of the history of the Musical Festivals commences with the celebration which took place in 1834. The Festival of that year was for many reasons more than usually interesting. The performances of sacred music were no longer given in St. Philip's Church, but in the Town Hall, an edifice which excited general admiration as the finest concert-room in the world. The organ, superior in capacity and richer in tone than any instrument then existing, was used for the first time. Further, a new oratorio, by a composer of whom great expectations were formed, was selected as a fitting complement to the noble organ and the magnificent Hall. The Festival began on the 7th of October, under the presidency of the Earl of Aylesford. The vocalists were, *trebles*, Madame Caradori, Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. Knyvett, and Miss Clara Novello; *tenors*, Mr. Braham, Signor Curioni, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Hornastle; *counter-tenors*, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Terrail; *basses*, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Machin, Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. Taylor. The morning performances were led by Mr. Cramer, the evening by Messrs. Wechsel, Mori, and Loder; the solo performers were Mr. Moscheles, on the pianoforte; Mr. Mori, on the violin; Mr. Lindley, on the violoncello; the Chevalier Neukomm, on the organ; and

M. Stockhausen, on the harp. Mr. Knyvett acted as conductor assisted by Mr. Munden, who had performed the duties of chorus master. On the first morning the performance consisted of a miscellaneous selection, chiefly from Handel, Haydn, and Cimarosa; a portion of Neukomm's oratorio of *Mount Sinai*, and the closing part of Spohr's *Last Judgment*. On the second morning the Hall was filled by an overflowing audience eager to hear Neukomm's *David*, in respect of which public curiosity was powerfully excited. We are not here called upon to criticise the work; but we should manifest undue forbearance if we did not say that the *David* fell short of the anticipation. So far as we know it has not been repeated. On the third morning a larger audience than had ever been present at a musical performance in Birmingham crowded the Hall to hear the *Messiah*. Every foot of space had its occupant; even standing room could not be found for the enormous number of applicants for admission, and hundreds retired unsuccessful and disappointed. The power of the organ and the capabilities of the Hall as a music-room were severely tested; but the test was admirably borne, and the high qualities of both the instrument and the edifice were demonstrated beyond the possibility of cavil. The oratorio was superbly performed: great as its effect always is, on this occasion it excited the audience to enthusiasm actually painful in its intensity. A writer who was present describes the effect of the Hallelujah Chorus:—

"The audience rose as one mass, silent, breathless, and expectant, awaiting the first grand burst of this imperishable monument of greatness. All that knowledge, power, and precision could do was done—the shout of hundreds, the blast of trumpets, the deep-toned diapason of the organ, the thunder of the drums, conspired to fill the mind with such overwhelming and indescribable sensation, that most trembled, while many wept as children, so uncontrollable were their feelings. During the performance of the concluding choruses—'Worthy is the Lamb,' 'Blessing and honour,' and the 'Amen'—so totally absorbed and lost was the understanding in the awful majesty of the music, and so deep, so universal, was the feeling that when the band had ceased a death-like silence prevailed, and it was not until after some minutes had elapsed that a foot was moved, a word was spoken."

Of the Evening Concerts two were given in the Hall, and one—at which scenes from *Otello* and *Anna Bolena* were performed—at the Theatre. The closing ball took place in the Town Hall, and was attended by more than 1,700 persons. The receipts at the Festival were £13,527, and the profits £5,489, out of which had to be paid £1,200 for lengthening the Town Hall, and £254 towards expenses connected with the organ, which had been erected mainly by public subscription. The sum actually paid to the treasurer of the Hospital was £4,035.

The Festival of 1837, which commenced on the 19th of September, under the presidency of Lord Willoughby de Broke, was marked by the production of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, conducted by the composer himself, who also performed *extempore* on the organ at one of the Evening Concerts, a *Concerto* on the pianoforte, written expressly for the Festival. Two new oratorios, *The Ascension*, by Neukomm (conducted by the Chevalier himself), and the *Triumph of Faith*, by Haeser, were likewise performed at this Festival; and on Wednesday evening the opera of *Semiramide*, in which Grisi appeared, was given at the Theatre. The great attraction, however, independently of the *Messiah*, was the *St. Paul*, to which more than customary interest attached on account of Mendelssohn's presence. If, however, the Festival was thus strong in point of the works to be performed, it was not less remarkable as regards the vocalists engaged, amongst whom were Grisi, Madame Albertazzi, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, and Signor Tamburini, none of whom had previously appeared in Birmingham; Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Clara Novello, Signors Curioni and Giubilei, Messrs. Bennett, Henry Phillips, Machin, Hawkins, Hobbs, Vaughan, and J. A. Novello. The instrumental performers did not vary much from those who had appeared at previous Festivals, with the exception that Mr. Turle and our lamented townsmen Mr. George Hollins, were the organists. Mr. Knyvett was again the conductor, and the orchestra was augmented to nearly four hundred performers. The Festival produced £11,900, the profit on which was £2,776, the long list of costly engagements having seriously increased the expenses,

The interest excited in 1837 by the visit of Mendelssohn was amply maintained in 1840, when his noble *Lobgesang*, a Hymn of Praise, was produced. This admirable work was conducted by its composer, who also took a considerable part in the other performances at the Festival, including the performance on the organ of a composition by Sebastian Bach. The main portion of the programme was composed of the works of Handel, including the complete oratorios of *Israel in Egypt* and the *Messiah*, together with selections from *Joshua* and *Jephthah*. The Evening Concerts were varied by the performance at the Theatre of Rossini's *La Gazzetta* and Gnecco's *La Prova*, each of these works being compressed into one act to bring them within the limits of a single evening. Another concert was enriched by the performance of Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The warmth with which Mendelssohn was received on his appearance at the Town Hall was very remarkable, and the keen appreciation of his works then manifested may not unjustly be considered to have done something towards procuring for Birmingham the high distinction of having been the place where his immortal work, the *Elijah*, was first given to the world. The list of engagements in 1840 afforded strong evidence, had such been needed, that the committee were animated by a determination not to suffer the least abatement of the reputation the Festival had acquired. Amongst the names of vocalists who had not previously appeared in Birmingham we find those of Madame Dorus Gras, Madame Caradori Allen, Miss Birch, Miss Maria Hawes, and Lablache. The engagements also included Mrs. Knyvett, Braham, Phillips, Vaughan, F. Lablache, Young, Machin, Pearsall, and Signor Musatti. The Festival commenced on September 22, under the presidency of Lord Leigh, the father of the present Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The total receipts were £11,613, and the profits £4,503.

The next triennial meeting, which commenced on the 19th of September, 1843, was not marked by the production of any important novelty. The *Messiah* was the only oratorio given in its entirety; but the programme included a selection from Handel's *Deborah*, part of Crotch's *Palestine*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Two of the evenings were devoted to the performance of operas at the theatre; the third evening was allotted to a miscellaneous concert at the Town Hall. The Festival closed as usual with a ball. The principal singers were Miss Clara Novello, Miss Rainforth, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Hawes, Signor Mario, and Signor Fornassari. Mr. F. Cramer led the morning and Mr. Loder the evening concerts. Dr. Wesley presided at the organ, assisted by Mr. Stimpson. Mr. J. H. Tully directed the operatic performance, and Mr. Knyvett for the last time filled the post of conductor. The receipts at this Festival were lower than they had been for many years, the total amount being only £8,892, of which, however, the hospital received £2,916. The president of the Festival was the Earl of Craven.

The Festival of 1846 commenced on the 25th of August, with Haydn's *Creation*, followed by a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in which Mario, Grisi, Miss Bassano, and the famous German basso, Staudigl, appeared. On the following morning was performed the *Elijah*, the production of which has conferred enduring fame upon the Festival of this year. His great work was conducted by Mendelssohn in person, and though we are tempted to linger over the recollection of the performance, we are precluded from yielding to the temptation, by the circumstance that the event is still fresh in the memory of our readers. The vocalists to whom the music of *Elijah* was allotted were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Miss Hawes, the Misses Williams, Herr Staudigl, Messrs. Hobbs, Lookey, Phillips, and Machin. A melancholy personal interest clings to the production of *Elijah*. The composer had been supported until he had achieved an imperishable work; but this done, he departed from amongst men. The year after his visit to Birmingham Mendelssohn died, worn out by the fatigue attendant on the composition and production of his masterpiece. The *Messiah* was given on the Thursday, and on Friday the morning performances closed with a selection chiefly from the works of Beethoven. There were not any operas performed at this Festival, their places being more agreeably supplied by miscellaneous concerts, in which the singers already mentioned, and in addition to Mr. Braham, took

part. One of the evening concerts included a piano-forte duet between Mendelssohn and Moscheles, who rewarded the attendance of amateurs from all parts of the kingdom by a brilliant performance, which those who were so fortunate as to hear still vividly remember. Dr. Gauntlett and Mr. Stimpson officiated as organists, and Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. Willy as leaders of the band for the morning and evening respectively. The president of the Festival was Lord Wrottesley. The receipts were £11,638, and the profits £5,508.

In 1849 the *Elijah* was repeated on the opening day of the Festival, Tuesday, September 4; and on the following day Mendelssohn's *Athalie* was performed, followed by a selection of sacred music. In conformity with ancient custom, Thursday was allotted to the *Messiah*, and on Friday morning *Israel in Egypt* was given. The principal compositions performed at the Evening Concerts were Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, his MS. overture to *Ruy Blas*, and his Symphony in A minor; in addition to which there were also given Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and other important selections from his works, and those of Weber and Rossini. Several vocalists of high eminence appeared for the first time at this Festival. These were Madame Sontag (then driven by her husband's misfortunes to return to the stage), Madame Castellan, Madlle. Jetty de Trefiz, Miss Catherine Hayes, Madlle. Alboni, and Madlle. de Meric, amongst females; and Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Calzolari, and Herr Pischek amongst males. The other principal vocalists were the Misses Williams, Miss Stevens, Madlle. de Meric, Signor Mario, Mr. Machin, and Signor Lablache. The instrumental performers were reinforced by Thalberg and Sainton; Dr. Wesley, and Messrs. Stimpson, Simms, and Chipp, officiated as organists, and the conductorship was for the first time entrusted to Mr. Costa, who has since retained it, and whose pre-eminent ability requires no eulogy from us. We may, however, for the sake of the Festival and for the interests of music, express a hope that many years will elapse before he retires from a position which he alone could worthily occupy. The president for 1849 was Viscount Guernsey, M.P. The gross receipts of the Festival amounted to £10,334, and the profits to £2,448. At this Festival a profqf was afforded of the affection with which the memory of Mendelssohn is cherished by the people of Birmingham. A subscription was raised for a colossal bust of the lamented composer, and ample funds having been obtained, the commission was entrusted to our townsman, Mr. Peter Hollins, who, although the task was beset with difficulties, succeeded in producing a highly characteristic work. On the morning of the performance of *Elijah* this bust was placed in front of the orchestra, and remained there throughout the Festival. It is the property of the committee, and is to be seen on the principal staircase of the Town Hall.

The Festival of 1852 commenced on the 7th of September, under the presidency of Lord Leigh. The principal vocalists were Madame Viardot Garcin, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Madame Anna Zerr, Madlle. Bertrandi, Miss M. Williams, Madame Clara Novello; Signor Tamberlik, Messrs. Lockey, T. Williams, Sims Reeves, and Weiss, and Signore Polonini and Belletti. The solo performers were—violin, Sainton; violoncello, Piatti; double-bass, Bottesini; pianoforte, Kuhe; organ, Mr. Stimpson. Mr. Costa, whose conducting had commanded universal applause at the previous Festival, was again appointed to discharge that all-important duty. For nearly the first time for fifty years we miss from the list of the leading instrumental performers the name of the venerable Robert Lindley, who was, however, worthily succeeded by his pupil, Mr. Lucas. Another famous name, that of Dragonetti, the celebrated double-bass, also disappears from the list, and is replaced by that of Mr. Howell, whose ability has averted the loss the orchestra might have sustained by the death of his eminent predecessor. The Festival opened with *Elijah*; on Wednesday the programme included Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's *Christus*, and an Anthem by Dr. Wesley; on Thursday, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the *Messiah* was performed; and on Friday Handel's *Samson*. At one of the evening concerts *Loreley*, part of an unfinished Opera by Mendelssohn was produced. The Festival receipts were £11,925, of which £4,704 were paid to the Hospital in the shape of profits.

The last Festival, held on the last days of August, 1855, under the presidency of Lord Willoughby de Broke, excited unusual attention in the musical world from the announcement that *Eli*, an oratorio composed by the accomplished conductor of the Festivals, Mr. Costa, would be produced. As usual *Elijah* was given on the first day, and was followed by *Eli*, which attracted an overflowing audience, amongst whom were most of the persons eminent for musical reputation, either as critics or performers. Those who were present, and recollect the ovation that greeted Costa as the sounds of the final chorus of his work died away, will not readily forget the scene, which was, indeed, not second even to the applause on the production of *Elijah*, stimulated as the public then were by the presence of Mendelssohn himself as conductor. Since 1855 *Eli* has frequently been repeated before the Court, and at most of the great London and provincial meetings. It will be again performed in Birmingham at the present Festival, and we are glad to learn that the applications for reserved seats auger well for the number and character of the audience on this interesting occasion. That—apart from a consideration of its high merits—much interest should be felt in *Eli* is very natural, from the circumstance that it was written for the Birmingham Festivals, and also on account of the singular disinterestedness which marked Mr. Costa's conduct on its production. Besides *Eli*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*—a novelty in Birmingham—was performed, and on the same morning were given Mozart's *Requiem*, and a selection from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. True to their principle of encouraging English talent, the committee produced at one of their evening concerts, Macfarren's cantata *Leonora*, and at another Glover's descriptive cantata *Tam o' Shanter*. The principal vocalists at this Festival were Madame Grisi, Madlle. Bosio, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, Madame Viardot Garcia; Signors Mario, Gardoni, Lablache (of whom death has since robbed us), Herr Formes, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Reichtardt. The gross receipts were £12,745, and the profits £4,091, out of which had to be paid about £1,000 for decorating the Town Hall, and ornamenting and repairing the organ.—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.

AN OPERA BY BERLIOZ.

(From the *Courrier des Bas-Rhin*.)

STRASBURG, 16th September.

ONE of those pieces of good fortune which seem denied to the provinces fell to the lot of the persons who assembled the day before yesterday in the saloons of M. Georges Kastner. Our learned fellow-citizen had been kind enough to invite them to hear M. Berlioz—who is stopping with him for a few days—read the book of an opera in five acts, composed for the Académie Impériale de Musique, and of which he has written both the words and the music. It may easily be conceived what an interest was felt to hear a work not yet produced read by the author himself, a musician and a poet at the same time, especially when that author is already so celebrated.

The subject of M. Berlioz's opera is taken from classic antiquity, but treated in the modern fashion, not without being adapted, as far as the scenic development is concerned, to that exceptional style to which the composer of *Romeo et Juliette* has devoted himself. This is tantamount to saying that, under the circumstances, M. Berlioz could not have found a better *librettist* than himself, and that everything will gain from the fact that the words and the music of the work, executed in a form and on a plan scarcely ever selected up to the present day, have proceeded from the same brain.

The book contains a great number of dramatic situations, many of which must produce a striking effect, to judge by that produced at the reading. As to the musical situations and the melodic motives, the poet has prepared them for the composer with quite a paternal weakness, which we fondly hope the audience of the Opéra will sanction. They result moreover from the very nature of the subject, taken, as we have said, from pagan antiquity, by which lyrical art was so highly honoured.

M. Berlioz has given his opera proportions which are strangely grandiose, and has taken care to surround it with all

the accessories indispensable at the present day for the success of a dramatic work. Thus the book suggests a brilliant *mise-en-scène*, which will call up our Homeric and Virgilian reminiscences; change of scene, mythological scenes, and a graceful and picturesque ballet, or, in other words, so many elements which will soften down the tragic nature of the action, and heighten the splendour of the spectacle. We must add that the symphonetic proportions of the score, to judge by the outline of the *scenarium*, gave promise of being gigantic.

The rehearsals of the—I was about to betray the title!—will commence, it is said, under the especial patronage of His Majesty the Emperor, and Paris will soon appreciate the opera of M. Berlioz, which is destined, on so many accounts, to produce a deep sensation, and of which, thanks to the courtesy of M. Kastner, we have had a literary foretaste at Strasburg.

RICHARD WAGNER'S "RIENZI"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*, writing from Dresden on the revival of the above opera, says:—

"The opera of *Rienzi* differs very much from Wagner's later efforts, to which, indeed, it forms a strong contrast. In *Rienzi* he entered on the path of grand French opera, and, with bold youthful fire, freed himself in it, to a certain extent, from the purely material elements then predominant in his nature. Empty phrases, full of tune, bombastic pathos, and coarse masslike effects, without delicacy of colouring, are there in full force. Deep, heartfelt expression, true character, real feeling, and that poetically conceiving, highly coloured style, which produces so great an effect in his later operas, rarely occur. It is true that the composer of 'the later operas' is sufficiently evident in many peculiarities and affected mannerisms, a special notice of which would here lead us too far, in many detached motives, in speculative technicality, and in the attachment to the rhetorically-musical element; but the forms are not yet free from the ordinary type, the style is altogether a mixed one, swaying from pathos to triviality, and Meyerbeer's influence is frequently visible, while in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Weber is the composer's romantic model. The sensual tone-painting, which, in *Tannhäuser*, works upon the imagination with poetic colouring, degenerates, in *Rienzi*, into coarse noise. But, however far the composer still was, in *Rienzi*, from his deeper intellectual development and enlightened conception, his great talent for dramatically-musical description and stage-effect, and his bold and daring mastery of technical difficulties, are indisputably manifest. The masses move with rhythmical certainty, while the recitative and *ariosos*, in a constant struggle with all the wind instruments, possess vigour and dramatic consistence. In the midst of the coarse tumult, which causes us to fear we shall soon have to stumble over vandal-like ruins in art, a freshly daring and fiery power are pleasantly perceptible, and every act contains certain pieces, not merely short fragments, but long, independent pieces, comprising sufficient of what is valuable, uncommon, and inspiring, to cause us to say—were only this first opera of Wagner lying before us—'The composer would be successful at some future period, if he really dedicated his talent to art.'—*Rienzi* has been produced at our theatre with great splendour, and with new and admirable scenery, the view of the Forum Romanum being particularly effective. After four hours' enjoyment of this real musical infliction, the inevitable result is a feeling of astonishment at the powers of endurance possessed by the singers and orchestra—especially by the wind-instrumentalists. The opera had been rehearsed with the greatest care under the direction of the *Capellmeister*, Herr Krebs, and the entire representation was a successful one; every person engaged exerted himself to the utmost. The performance of Herr Tichatschek, as *Rienzi*, was admirable for its dash, grand heroic style of expression, and the unimpaired freshness, powers of endurance, and still unbroken smoothness of the singer's voice. The highly fatiguing and dramatically important part of *Adriano* was sung by Madame Krebs-Michalesi, with excellent effect. Next to these two artists come Herren Mitterwurzer and Conradi, as the chiefs of the Orsinis and Colonnas. The applause from an overflowing house was very great; Madame Krebs-Michalesi was called on several times, and Herr Tichatschek after each act."

MANCHESTER.—There was a large attendance last week at the first of the Monday evening concerts. The vocalists were Miss Sara Dobson, Madame Amadi, and Mr. Mann, and part of the Manchester Vocal Union. Mr. W. T. Best presided at the organ. Mr. Banks was the conductor.

DANGERS OF THEATRES AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

The greatest danger which the audience of a theatre apprehend is from the firing of the building in which they are. Once give them ocular demonstration that due provision has been made against accidents of this nature, and the causes of panic will be most materially diminished. The dread of fire is less reprehensible and more excusable than may at first sight appear. On the occasion of the fire at Covent Garden Theatre, people were told that had the masques been numerous, hundreds must have been roasted alive before they could possibly have got out of the building, and calculating men have ascertained to a nicety how many could pass out of such or such a structure before it was entirely consumed, and, consequently, how many of the audience would be burned. None of these investigations are calculated to allay fear in the popular mind, or to prevent panics, and we repeat that panic is the cause of fatal accidents in nine cases out of ten.

Among the few good examples set us by our neighbours in theatrical matters is the ostensible provision they make against fire. In every Paris playhouse or similar place of amusement, firemen—*pompiers*—in their shining brass helmets may be seen. The audience know that at the first alarm of fire they would all be drenched to the skin, and as that would spoil their *toilettes*, they carefully refrain from raising an alarm. Unfortunately in English crowds there is generally some "fast" young fellow who imagines it to be fine fun to frighten his companions. But if the certainty of a sound wetting were present to his mind, he would refrain from indulging in so dangerous a "lark," and the audience themselves would take prompt justice of the offender. In every theatre or music-hall the local authorities should insist on mains being established, which should always be charged, and at high pressure. Nor would it be desirable that the mains should be hidden out of sight. They should, on the contrary, be made as evident as possible. It would not interfere with the ornamental appearance or convenience of the house if mains ran round the fronts of the different tiers of boxes and galleries. Indeed, in that position they would afford the means of cooling and purifying the atmosphere, and so improve the ventilation—to the great comfort of the audience. Around the box tier of the Porte St. Martin a water pipe is carried, which discharges at intervals small fine streams of water into the midst of groups of flowers, and which afterwards flow away to the drains. It may be that the water has an affinity for the noxious products of combustion of the gas, and for the scarcely less noxious aspirations of the crowd. The atmosphere certainly appears cooler and less disagreeable than in other theatres where this expedient is not resorted to. But should the effect of the water be actually very slight upon the atmosphere, it is very great upon the faculties of the audience. There is a sense of freshness, and perhaps of security, which the reader can readily understand, and we are sure would as readily appreciate. There is no reason why a similar arrangement should not be adopted in all our English places of amusement. The water-rate would be comparatively trifling, and well worth the improvement it would effect in the ventilation of the interior and the comfort of the audience, and the sense of security it would inculcate. People who saw streams of water issuing from all parts of the interior of a theatre or music-hall would be slow to believe in the presence of fire, from the very antagonistic nature of the two elements. It would be no less desirable to adopt some modification of the *pompier* system. A couple of policemen in the galleries and one in the pit, in charge of distributors supplied from the mains, would afford palpable evidence of due provision against fire; and, should a "fast" youth evince a desire for a "lark," by screaming fire to create a confusion, a well-directed volley from the barrel would wash the "fun" out of him. Those who sat by the side might be inclined to take summary vengeance for their wetting, and—provided no bones were broken—no one would regret the cuffs the simpleton would receive; for it is monstrous that people who go to be amused should be alarmed and killed because some fool chooses to cry Fire.

If we pass to the consideration of the architectural causes of the accident, it will be seen that it was due chiefly to two—the inadequate provision of means of egress, and that reprehensible system, which is growing more and more common every day, of applying a structure to its uses before finished or the work fairly set.

Taking the last-named evil first, it will be remembered how great a boast was made that at the opening of new Covent Garden Theatre the workmen left as the audience came in. It is quite true that the main substantial portion of the structure had been erected and tested previously; but it would have been infinitely preferable if everything had been carefully completed, and as carefully examined beforehand. It is now the fashion to do things in a hurry,—a very pernicious fashion, and destructive of all art and sound scientific construction. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and architecture hurried or

scamped is never worth the money it costs. There are limits to rapid building which cannot be transgressed without danger. We may build fast enough with glass and iron, but not with brick and stone. There must be sufficient time for the materials to set and acquire cohesive force, which in many cases is now hardly allowed. We believe that the fall of the Hampstead tunnel will be found mainly due to this passion for hurry, which led to the supports being removed before the brick arches had acquired sufficient solidity and cohesion to resist the superincumbent pressure of the earth. We are not the less lovers of diligence because we dislike hurry, nor shall we be deemed "slow coaches" because we disapprove of scamped architecture, believing that if it be persisted in it will result in some terrible accident which is yet without parallel.

At Sheffield there can now be little doubt that the accident was caused by the explosion of gas. Had there been less hurry, all the gas mains would have been tested before the public were admitted, and not, as it is now proposed to do, after the accident. The evidence of one of the witnesses, which carries with it the impress of truth, proves that the board over a gaspipe was blown off by an explosion of gas following on his lighting a lucifer match, and that previously he saw a workman twice put white lead on the top of the chandelier. The gas-fitter gives a somewhat different version, and maintains that the board was sprung, but not by the explosion of gas. His explanation is, that before the panic "he went with a man to the spot and unfastened the boarding to ascertain if there was a leak there. So soon as the investigation was finished the man refastened the boarding, but hurriedly, as the people were taking their seats; and the boarding not being sufficiently secured, sprung out of its place, as it would naturally do, being bent into a circular shape to fit the bend of the gallery." This evidence is unsatisfactory in more particulars than one; for unless an explosion had already taken place, how came the fitter to proceed to that precise locality to look for leakage? Great stress is laid upon an allegation to establish the non-explosion of gas—that the velvet on the top of the front of the gallery was not burnt, and that none of the ornamental work, though slight, was injured; but as it was positive that the volume of gas which exploded was small, and that it occurred in space, it is not at all surprising that the velvet was not singed. You may explode gun-cotton on the palm of the hand without inconvenience; but clench the fingers and the hand will be shattered. Which ever version of the evidence be accepted, the public can arrive but at one conclusion—that if there had been less hurry there would have been less chance of accident. The statement even about the board springing out of itself, and not admitting of being easily refastened, is conclusive evidence upon this point.

There is, however, another point showing the influence of hurry upon the accident. The audience knew the building was not finished. They saw the temporary entrance, the work going on in front, and it would not be unnatural that their minds should be filled with a sense of insecurity and predisposed to panic. Few would enjoy a meal with the sword of Damocles suspended overhead, and a dense crowd may be well excused for feeling alarmed in an unfinished structure. This brings us to the question of trustworthy supervision and inspection of public buildings. If the law is insufficient to secure sound construction in edifices of this class it must be amended, in order that they may not be opened to the public until examined and certified by a competent surveyor. No railway can be opened until examined adequately and tested by a government inspector. Every passenger ship must be surveyed before she can clear out; and yet in each case the number of lives that would be jeopardised by faulty construction is less than would be risked by an insecure theatre or assembly-room. In the Surrey Music Hall at Sheffield there were upwards of three thousand persons, whereas no railway train or emigrant ship carries anything like the number. We fully understand and concur in the jealousy experienced by people of government interference and control. We ask nothing from the State but that it will give the people the power to provide for their proper security. The magistrates and town authorities have now the licensing of all public places of amusement in the interest of public morals. Let an equal tenderness for people's lives be shown, and none will be found to object. Churches, chapels, theatres, music-halls, and lecture-rooms are not buildings of such constant occurrence as to call for the service of a large staff of surveyors. Where town surveyors already exist these duties could be added without being laborious; and in other cases the salary of a competent architect would not make a large deduction from the county cess.

The present uncontrolled and dangerous state of things should not be suffered to exist. It throws too great a burden upon the profession.—*Building News.*

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.—One Hundredth night of THE ROSE OF CASTILLE.—On Monday, October 4th, and during the week. Her Majesty's servants will perform Buile's opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE. Principal characters by Miss. Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. H. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with a grand Ballet-Divertissement by Mdiles. Zilia, Michelet, Pasquale, and Moriacechi, with a numerous corps de ballet. The band of fifty performers, and the chorus of forty voices, selected from the Royal Italian Opera. On Wednesday evening, a new grand Ballet-Divertissement, entitled LA FLEUR D'AMOUR, invented and arranged by M. Petit. The new music composed by Mr. Alfred Mellon. Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray; Stage-manager, Mr. E. Stirling. Doors open at seven commence at half-past. Stalls, 6d.; Dress Circle, 5s.; First ditto, 3s.; Upper Boxes, ls. 6d.; Pit, 2a.; Gallery, 1s.; Upper ditto, 6d.; Private Boxes, 25s., 24s., 23s., 22s., 21 11s. 6d., 21 1s., and (for two persons), 10s. 6d. Box-office opens daily from eleven to five, under the direction of Mr. E. Chatterton.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented, Shakspeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE: Shylock by Mr. C. Kean; Portia by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of DYING FOR LOVE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 2, will be presented A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. WITH HUSH MONEY. After which A TWICE-TOLD TALE. To conclude with TICKLISH TIMES.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

Another great engagement. Re-appearance of the celebrated actress Madame Celeste, with Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Harriet Gordon, who will appear every evening in the popular drama of THE GREEN BUSHEES, by the kind permission of B. Webster, Esq. First appearance also of the Great Wonders of the Age, the American Boone Children. No advance in the prices. On Monday, Oct. 4, and all the week, to begin with THE GREEN BUSHEES. Miami (her original character), Madame Celeste; Jack Gong (his original character), Mr. Paul Bedford; Nelly, Miss Harriet Gordon. To be followed by selections from the comedy of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, by the Boone Children. Irish Jig Danced by Gordon and Isabella Boone. To conclude with the laughable farce of THE VILLAGE IN AN UPROAR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRECIOSA.—Malibran, as well as Pasta, played the part of Otello as well as Desdemona in Rossini's opera, at the Italiens in Paris. She only sustained the character of the Moor once, however.

A. C.—In the Clemenza di Tito, not in Il Flauto Magico. The mistake, though foolish, is not of much consequence. The editor, not the publisher, is in fault.

L. L.—Madame Vestris, we believe, was the original Arsace in Rossini's Semiramide, in London.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2ND, 1858.

HENRY IV. of Castile, son to Juan II., and brother to the famous Isabella, succeeded his father in July, 1454. His temper was agreeable, and he expended his money so very freely, that good-natured calumniators named him the "liberal"—this expression not having the slightest reference to his political opinions. He kept in pay a body guard 3,600 strong, officered by nobles, and costumed accordingly. Thus did his popularity increase, while the maravedis oozed out of his strong box, but, not content to let well alone, he sought to become more popular still by proclaiming a crusade against the Moors. This plan did not lead to a fortunate result, for when Henry carried war into Granada it was to no purpose, and though he tried to excuse his own inefficiency by the affecting remark that he prized the life of one of his soldiers more than those of a thousand Mussulmans, the said soldiers laughed at the clap-trap instead of honouring it with bursts of applause. About a year after his accession he married Joanna, sister to Alfonso V. of Portugal, having put away his first wife, Blanche of Aragon, on frivolous pretences. The manners of the young

queen were of a kind to encourage the propagation of scandalous rumours. Beltran de Cueva, a cavalier of remarkably handsome appearance, was supposed to be the object of her affections, and when, in 1462, she gave birth to a daughter, the young princess, though christened Joanna, was generally nick-named Beltraneja, in the supposition that Beltran de Cueva was her real parent. An adulteration of the coin, and a state of anarchy that allowed every owner of a castle to become a bandit, afflicted the country, while the royal palace was the scene of the most shameless licentiousness.

All this was extremely disgusting to the ancient nobles, more especially to the Marquis of Villena and the Archbishop of Toledo, who, falling into disgrace, soon endeavoured to screw up the rest to their own level of dissatisfaction. The result was, that a body of aristocratic confederates met at Burgos, and there took a solemn oath that they would not re-enter the service of Henry till he had redressed their wrongs. The timid king, instead of attempting to crush the conspiracy by a vigorous blow, preferred the method of negotiation, appointed a committee of arbitrators, and then, being dissatisfied with their decision, repudiated the acts of his own nominees. Of course, the malcontent nobles were more disgusted than ever, and they adopted a very practical mode of manifesting their sentiments. In the vicinity of the city of Avila, they set up a scaffold, and upon a chair of state placed thereon, they seated an effigy of King Henry, adorned with all the insignia of royalty. A manifesto, showing the misconduct of the king, having been read to the multitude, the Archbishop of Toledo tore the crown from the head of the dummy; the Marquis of Villena deprived it of its sceptre, the Count of Placencia took away the sword, and the rest of the insignia was detached by the Grand Master of Alcantara and the Counts of Benavente and Paredes. After this dismantling, the poor dummy was rolled in the dust, and Alfonso, Henry's younger brother, a boy of eleven, was placed in the vacant seat and received the homage of the multitude. This extraordinary scene occurred in the year 1465.

We have been thus explicit with regard to a remarkable episode in the history of Castile, that we may prevent the more heedless of our readers from being charmed into the belief that Henry IV. had a wise Jewish minister, whose fall was closely connected with his own deposition. For there is a fascinator, named J. Wooler, who, aided by a very excellent actor, named W. Creswick, is now endeavouring with all the force of fervid eloquence and majestic blank verse, to make the crowds who throng the Surrey Theatre seriously think that such was the case. Therefore, we most solemnly affirm, in opposition to all the teachings of the tragic play, called the *Branded Race*, that Henry IV. never had a wise Jewish minister, nor, indeed, a Jewish minister at all—a fact deeply to be deplored, but a fact notwithstanding. Baron Rothschild sits in the House of Commons, and we rejoice to see him there, but a sort of vague uneasiness comes over us when we see a Jew in the cabinet of Henry IV. of Castile. Nor is our uneasiness at all diminished by the circumstance that the Jew keeps his creed a secret till the end of the play. That which doth not exist cannot put on a disguise; nothing weareth no breeches.

So, gentle reader, go and see the *Branded Race*—for it is really worth seeing, but don't be persuaded that Henry IV. had a Jewish minister. And, reader, if you want to know what became of Henry IV. after the strange scene in 1463, just look out for yourself.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE concert given on Tuesday, in which Madlle. Piccolomini made her first appearance at the Sydenham Palace, and took her leave of the English public previous to her departure for America, proved eminently successful. Although the terms of admission were raised, the ordinary charges at this period of the year being changed to half-a-crown and five shillings on the day, according to certain contingencies, nearly 10,000 people assembled, a larger number, unless our memory deceives us, than was brought together at any of the Royal Italian Opera Concerts during the regular season. So great a crowd furnishes undeniable proof that Mademoiselle Piccolomini has lost none of her *prestige*, and that she is as great a favourite as ever. Indeed, her most ardent admirers could hardly have anticipated for their "little pet" so warm a reception as was accorded to her on Tuesday, the welcome on her entrance and the farewell at the end vieing in persistence and intensity with the most frenetic demonstrations at Her Majesty's Theatre. The occasion was one, it must be owned, which never fails to elicit peculiar sympathies from the public. An artist, who, for three years had, almost without interruption, been endeavouring and with good success to please them, who had earned for herself a high and honourable name, and who was never known in a single instance to disappoint them, was about to depart for a distant country and to be absent for at least six months. Under the circumstances it was no wonder that so large a concourse assembled, and that the highest honours were paid to the lady. That London was not entirely denuded of fashionables was shown by the brilliant appearance of the company, while the fact that every reserved seat was secured further testified to the presence of the "upper ten."

In combining the services of Signor Giuglini with those of Madlle. Piccolomini the directors were fully warranted by his great reputation. Moreover the names of Piccolomini and Giuglini have become, as it were, inseparable, like those of Grisi and Mario, and when one appears the absence of the other is never contemplated. Although, of course, Madlle. Piccolomini constituted the prominent attraction of the concert, the announcement of the appearance of so renowned a singer as Mr. Lumley's "golden voiced" tenor could not have been without its influence. With Madlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini were joined three *stellar minores* of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the persons of Signors Aldighieri, Rossi, and Castelli. We annex the programme, which, it will be seen, comprises some of the most effective displays of the two principal singers, and is on the whole a very attractive selection of the miscellaneous kind:—

PART I.

Overture, "Siege of Rochelle"	Balfe.
Duet, "Se fato in corpo avete" (Il Matrimonio Segreto), Signori Aldighieri and Rossi	Cimarosa.
Aria, "Ah fors' è lui" (La Traviata), Madlle. Piccolomini	Verdi.
Romanza, "Spirito gentil" (La Favorita), Sig. Giuglini	...	Donizetti.
Duet, "Parigi o cara" (La Traviata), Madlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Giuglini	Verdi.
Finale, "Chi mi frena" (Lucia di Lammermoor), Madlle. Piccolomini, Signori Giuglini, Aldighieri, Rossi, and Castelli	Donizetti.

PART II.

Duet, "Il suon dell' arpe angeliche" (I Martiri), Madlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Giuglini	Donizetti.
Romanza, "Tu m' ami" (La Zingara), Sig. Giuglini	...	Balfe.
Aria, "Vedrai carino" (Don Giovanni), Madlle. Piccolomini	...	Mozart.
Terzetto, "Pappataci" (L'Italiana in Algeri), Signori Giuglini, Rossi, and Aldighieri	...	Rossini.
Romanza, "Convien partir" (La Figlia del Reggimento), Madlle. Piccolomini	...	Donizetti.
Brindisi, "Làbiamo" (La Traviata), Madlle. Piccolomini, Signori Giuglini, Aldighieri, Rossi, and Castelli	... Verdi.	
Conductors—Signor Arditi and Mr. Manns.		

The readers of the *Musical World* need not be told how the above *morceaux* were sung. When we have affirmed that Sig. Giuglini was in most exquisite voice, and that Madlle. Piccolomini, besides singing her very best, endeavoured more than

ever to inspire the audience with her energy, pathos, and dramatic feeling, we have said all that is required. The audience was enchanted beyond measure, and encored nearly every piece. The greatest effects were produced by Madlle. Piccolomini in the farewell air of Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*—a very apposite introduction, by the way—and in "Vedrai carino," and by Sig. Giuglini in the ballad from the *Bohemian Girl*. We were sorry that Madlle. Piccolomini, instead of repeating the lovely air from *Don Giovanni*, which she gave with remarkable point and expression, should have chosen instead the English ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," which, how much soever it may seem to have delighted the hearers, is not one of her most striking performances.

At the termination of the popular *brindisi* from the *Traviata*, with which the concert concluded, a burst of applause broke from the immense audience, and, increasing in intensity as it went on, lasted several minutes. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, gentlemen waved their hats, and cries of "Piccolomini for ever" were heard amid the din of voices and the clapping of hands. The fair artist, although accustomed to the most furious demonstrations, appeared overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of the audience, and endeavoured, in dumb show, to convey all she felt. When she retired a final cheer was given, and the crowd dispersing in a brief space of time, the central transept became comparatively deserted.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—The reproduction of *The Rivals* at the HAYMARKET has proved highly successful, and attracts crowds nightly. The cast in general is good, but one or two parts might be better supported. Mr. Braid, for instance, should not have been entrusted with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, of whom he makes a very clodhopper, a bog-trotter, or pig-driver, as far as the language is concerned. Nay, he violates propriety of speech, even though Sir Lucius in reality belonged to one of the above callings. The most uncouth and unsophisticated Hibernian who ever came from the bogs of Allen or the gorges of Connemara, would never convert "field piece" into "false pace." Of course allowance should be made for an Englishman undertaking an Irish part; but surely Mr. Braid is in the habit of daily meeting Irish gentlemen, and he must know that his dialect and pronunciation are gross caricatures. The Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Mr. James Wallack, if not eminently Irish, was eminently genteel, and a slight touch of the brogue was all that distinguished it from the English gentleman. Mr. Braid, who no doubt remembers Mr. Wallack, should endeavour to imitate him. That Sheridan intended the Irish baronet for a perfect gentleman of the old school, everybody must admit who knows the play of *The Rivals*; but which no one could believe who founded his opinion on the performance of the actor at the Haymarket theatre. Mr. Buckstone's Bob Acres is by far the best sustained character in the comedy. The scene of the meeting in the last act is incomparable. Mr. W. Farren is making rapid progress. A few years since we had little hope he would ever arrive at excellence. We now willingly admit that he is on the high road to that desirable goal, and promises to reach it before long. His performance of Captain Absolute was admirable, and in two scenes especially—that with Sir Anthony, in which the Captain pretends ignorance of the lady his father intended for him; and that with Mrs. Malaprop, when the old lady makes Captain Absolute read the letter sent to Lydia by the supposititious Ensign Beverley—could not be surpassed for spirit and genuine humour by any comedian on the stage. Mr. Chippendale's Sir Anthony Absolute is stirring and artistic, but somewhat dry. Mr. Howe's Faulkland is entitled to high commendation, and nothing could be better in its way than Mr. Rogers' David. We think the distribution of the ladies' parts might have been improved. Mrs. Wilkins, we fancy, should have taken Mrs. Poynter's place as Mrs. Malaprop; and Miss Reynolds, we are inclined to think, would have succeeded better in Julia than in Lydia Languish. On Monday, a fair *débutante*, in the person of Miss Eliza Weekes, from the Brighton and Glasgow theatres, made a decided hit as Louise in the comedietta of *The King's Gardener*. Miss Weekes is short and inclined to embonpoint, but prepossessing in appearance, and her counte-

nance is full of smiles and life. She played the part of the gardener's wife with great point and vivacity, and introduced two songs, which proved that, although she did not possess a voice of first-rate quality, she could sing a plain song with simplicity and expression. That Miss Eliza Weekes will constitute an acquisition to the Haymarket company cannot be doubted. Her reception on Monday night was flattering, and the retention of the *King's Gardener* in the bills proves that her success was genuine. Mr. Compton's Galochard, by the way, is one of the most amusing performances we have seen for some time.—At the SADLER'S WELLS, Mr. Phelps, as a matter of course, has commenced his season with Shakspeare. *The Winter's Tale* has introduced a new candidate for histrionic fame in the person of Miss Grace Egerton, who sustains the part of Perdita in a manner which reflects no discredit either on her christian or surname. A more successful first appearance we hardly remember. Face, person, and manner are all in favour of the lady, who, moreover, seems young. Her talent is undeniable, and Mr. Phelps has to congratulate himself on so desirable an addition to his company. Miss Grace Egerton has also appeared as Marian de Lorme in *Richelieu* with no less success than she did as Perdita in Shakspeare's play.

—The SURREY THEATRE opened on Monday with three new pieces—*The Branded Rake*; or, *The Fatal Secret; Harold Hawk; or, The Convict's Vengeance*; and *What's your Game?* The first is a serious play of grave pretensions, with sounding blank verse, strongly-drawn characters, and well constructed plot, from the pen of Mr. Wooler; the second belongs to the blue ruin and garotte school, and could only find mercy on the off-side of Blackfriars bridge; the last is a farce, or modern extravaganza. Everything succeeds at the Surrey Theatre, especially when supported by such favorites as Messrs. Creswick, Shepherd, and Widdicomb—in Lambeth and Borough opinions the *beau idéal* of tragic, melo-dramatic and farce actors, severally. It would be curious to inquire why the inhabitants of southern London display such strong sympathies for that class of entertainment coming under the denomination of "furioso," while northern London adheres to the "classical." Is Pentonville more learned and refined than Walworth? or has Mr. Phelps a happier knack of instructing his audiences than Mr. Creswick? Is Islington conservative, and Camberwell reformatory? or have the denizens of King's Cross acute reasons to stand by the ancients, while motives of pith and weight induce the occupants of the New Cut to yield their preference to the moderns? We pause for a reply, confident that no one will take the trouble to answer us.—The STRAND THEATRE, under the admirable direction of Miss Swanborough, is gaining for itself a fairer reputation than it ever could boast of before. It is now, indeed, a fashionable resort, and is a model of a theatre for the performance of vaudevilles and comediettas. Mr. Charles Selby is earning for himself the reputation of a Calderon or Lope de Vega. He has already written, we are assured, more plays than Shakspeare and Molière; and every week beholds a new work of pretension from his fertile pen. The Strand bills put forth no other author. The first piece is by Mr. Charles Selby; the second piece is by Mr. Charles Selby; the third piece is by Mr. Charles Selby; and the last piece is by Mr. Charles Selby. Mr. Charles Selby's last new piece is called *My Aunt's Husband*. It was produced on Monday, and met with decided success, being a very merry and neat little farce.—In the meanwhile, the OLYMPIC has not reposed on its laurels. A new *petits* comedy, entitled *A Twice Told Tale*, from the pen of Mr. Wooler, founded on, or more properly constituting a travestie of, the well-known story of King Edgar and Elfrida, was produced on Monday, and made a hit, although Mr. F. Robson was not employed in the cast. Mr. Lewis Ball sustained the principal character with great spirit.

NAPLES.—Thalberg has arrived here to recover from his long and fatiguing journey in the United States. He has refused to play in public. He will pass the winter in the *dolce far niente*. Verdi is expected, some time in October, to superintend the production of his last score, *Simon Boccanegra*, represented at the Fenice at Venice. *Aroldo* will be given afterwards.

FOUR LETTERS FROM BEETHOVEN TO CARL CZERNY.

COMMUNICATED FROM THE ORIGINAL, BY F. LUTE.
(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

THAT Carl Czerny, from his boyhood, to the 26th of March 1827, a day that excited universal and profound mourning, lived on terms of uninterrupted friendship with the hero of music, is a well-known fact. During this long period, extending over about twenty-six years, he received a great many letters from him. The earliest of these are, unfortunately, all lost; of the latter ones, Czerny gave away the greater number to friends of his who were desirous of possessing a specimen of the handwriting of the celebrated deceased, and thus, as far as I know, he had only nineteen left. These he preserved as a precious treasure.

Of these nineteen letters, the following four will probably possess a very great interest for the musical friends of Beethoven and Czerny, for which reason I now communicate them.

The explanations which, for the better understanding of them, I have thought it advisable to give, I had from Czerny's own lips.

I.

"Dear Czerny,—I cannot see you to-day, but I will come to your house to-morrow, for the purpose of speaking with you. I blurted out so yesterday; I was very sorry afterwards, but you must forgive an author, who would have preferred hearing his work just as he wrote it, however beautifully you played it in other respects."

"I will, however, publicly stand for this, when the violoncello sonata is performed. Let me assure you, that I, as an artist, entertain the very best feelings towards you, and will always endeavour to prove it."

"Your true friend, BEETHOVEN."

Czerny received this letter the day after his performing (1812) in Schuppanzigh's band, the E flat major quintet, with wind instruments, on which occasion, out of mere youthful thoughtlessness, he had taken the liberty of introducing several alterations; of increasing the difficulties of certain passages, of employing the higher octave, &c., &c. For this he was immediately and justly, reprimanded with great severity, by Beethoven, in the presence of Schuppanzigh, Linke, and other performers.

One alteration only—namely, the taking the ascending triplet-passages in the first movement in both parts, with both hands in octaves—Beethoven subsequently approved.

The violoncello sonata, mentioned in the second paragraph, was the one in A major, op. 58, which Czerny, in conjunction with Linke, played the following week to Beethoven's entire satisfaction.

II.

"My Dear Czerny,—Let me beg of you to treat Carl with as much patience as possible; though he may not, at present, get on as well as you and I could desire, he will, otherwise, do still less, for (but he must not know this) his powers are too severely taxed by the bad arrangement of his lessons."

"Unfortunately, this cannot be immediately altered, therefore, meet him as much as possible affectionately, though seriously. Things will then go better, under the circumstances, which are really unfavourable for Carl. With respect to his playing with you, may I beg you, as soon as he has got a proper system of fingering, and keeps time, as well as plays the notes tolerably without mistake, then first to direct his attention to style, and when he has got thus far, not make him leave off on account of trifling faults, but to point them out to him at the end of the piece. Although I have given few lessons, I always followed this method; it soon forms musicians, and this, after all, is one of the first aims of Art, and is less fatiguing for master and pupil."

"In certain passages, such as g a, f g, e f, d e, c d, b natural e, etc., I should like him, at times, to use all the fingers, as also in the case of d g, c e, d f, e g, f a, etc., g e, f e, e c, d b natural, etc., in order that d g may be stirred. Certainly d g sounds, as they say, 'pearled' (played with a few fingers,) or resembling a pearl; but people like, now and then, a different kind of ornament. More another time. I hope you will receive all this with the love with which I intend it to be said and thought. I have been, moreover, and still remain, your debtor."

"May my sincerity serve you, as far as possible, as a pledge of the future payment of the same. Your true friend,

"BEETHOVEN."

III.

"My Dear Czerny,—Please give this to your parents for my dinner the other day; I cannot, on any account, accept this for nothing. I do not, either, require your lessons for nothing, even those already given shall be reckoned up and paid you, only let me beg you to have patience for the moment, since I cannot yet ask anything from the widow, and I have had and still have heavy expenses. For the present, it is so much lent. The youngster is coming to you to-day, and I likewise shall do so later."

"Your friend,

"BEETHOVEN".

Both these letters bear the date of 1815, in which Czerny began giving lessons to Beethoven's nephew, Carl.

Czerny protested, naturally, against receiving any payment, not on one, but on several occasions, so that Beethoven's sensitiveness may have been excited; hence the strange notion, contained in Letter III., of wishing to pay for a dinner, of which, with his nephew, he had partaken at the house of Czerny's parent (who then resided in the Hohermarkt, near the Breiter Stein).

In how many instances Beethoven manifested a similar feeling of irritability towards his best friends is already sufficiently known.

That Beethoven's idea, contained in Letter II., concerning the propriety of not stopping the pupil during the lesson, however correct on the whole, is liable to very many exceptions, since much depends upon the natural capabilities of the pupil himself, and that it was not carried out by Czerny, are a mere matter of course.

IV.

"My Dear Czerny,—I have this moment heard you are in a position which I really never suspected. Only have confidence in me, and tell me in what way matters may be rendered more favourable for you (without any mean seeking for patronage on my side).

"As soon as I can take breath again, I must speak with you. Be assured that I prize you, and am ready to prove this, every instant, by deeds.

"With true esteem, your friend,

"BEETHOVEN".

In 1818, Czerny was requested by Beethoven, in a letter which the former gave, many years ago, as a present to Mr. Cocks, the music-publisher, of London, to play, at one of his last concerts in the Grosser Redouten-Saal, the concerto in E flat major, Op. 73.

Czerny replied, in strict accordance with the truth, that, having devoted himself exclusively to tuition, as a means of livelihood, and having for many years given more than twelve lessons a day, he had been obliged to neglect his own playing so much that he could not venture to perform the concerto with only a few days' notice (as Beethoven required). Hereupon, he immediately received the touching proof contained in the preceding letter of the interest Beethoven took in him.

He discovered subsequently, moreover, that Beethoven had exerted himself to procure him some permanent appointment.

ARTISTS FORMERLY AT LILLE.

(From *Le Nord Musical*.)

MADAME STOLTZ.

At the commencement of November, 1853, the manager of the theatre produced, for the first time at Lille, the charming opera of the *Pré-aux-Clercs*. The part of Nicette was played by a tall, slim young person, rather pretty than otherwise, and yet not pleasing. There was a disagreeable something about her which caused people to say: "that person is a shrew." As a singer she had a fresh voice, a shrill soprano—so shrill, that it pierced the ears, as a cork-screw does a cork. It was even asserted—unjustly, perhaps—that she sang out of tune. Sharp voices have a natural tendency to ascend. This is a sign of strength and harshness. At any rate, it is certain that, in the duet with Girot: "Les rendezvous de bonne compagnie," the young person tried to execute a *point d'orgue*, after her own fashion, and was lost in the clouds. The public began laughing, which is far worse than hissing, and every time our heroine executed a passage in the higher notes, which were her element, after all, the audience remem-

bered the *Pré-aux-Clercs*, and a number of ill-natured "hushes," prevented the pit from applauding, even when she sang well. It was interesting, at such times, to see the irritated actress glance round indignantly at the subscribers' boxes. Her finely arched eyebrows were contracted, and covered her eyelids; her lips were agitated convulsively, and her cheeks grew purple under her paint. Poor thing! She seemed to say, in her helpless rage, "Kill me! but do not humiliate me!"

Do you know the name of this by no means resigned victim of the caprice of a few young men? You would never guess, so I must tell you. Well, then, it was Héloïse Stoltz, the eminent artist, for whom, at a subsequent period, Donizetti composed *La Favorita*, and Halevy, *La Reine de Chypre*.

It is said that, when she exercised sovereign sway at the Grand-Opéra in Paris, she never liked to remember having once played at Lille. This does not astonish me. People are fond of dismissing disagreeable recollections from their minds.

What rendered the position of Mad. Stoltz still more irksome at Lille was that Mad. Marneffe made her *début* at the same time. This lady had a voice of infinite sweetness, and, though without beauty, without grace, without style, and without any experience of the stage, charmed by her very simplicity, and possessed real talent without appearing to know it. Thus, all the sympathy of the public was given to the one, and all their rigour to the other. Unfortunately, Mad. Stoltz was no greater favourite with her comrades than with the public. Her haughty and disdainful air rendered her the horror of the whole company. The ladies, who are not always kindness personified, christened her *la desséchée* (the shrivelled one), on account of her extreme thinness, and the musicians themselves—may heaven forgive them for such a want of charity—adopted the same unbecoming epithet, when speaking of Mad. Stoltz.

However, it is not all annoyance in this world. Despite her spindly arms, and her bust as flat as the plains of Flanders, the fair artist managed to inspire a young lawyer of Antwerp with so violent a passion, that he quitted his country, his court, and his clients, to come to Lille, and share the triumphs or partake in the reverses of the tender object of his flame. The two disproved, however, the proverb, "extremes meet," for one was not fatter than the other, a circumstance which gave rise to the following *good-natured* remark:—

One evening, as the lawyer and his fair client were talking on business matters in a dim part of the stage behind the scenes, the *dugazon*, who was near the spot, said, in a loud voice, to the *ingénue*, "Good heavens, my dear, what is the matter? I have just heard such a rattling of bones." "It's nothing," replied the other kind creature; "it's Stoltz and her lover embracing each other; do not be frightened."

You may fancy what was my astonishment, when, ten or fifteen years afterwards, I saw the actress, who had been so badly received at Lille, play at Paris in *La Reine de Chypre*, with that majestic beauty, that fulness of form, and that imposing grace, so different to the angular conformation for which she had been formerly celebrated. Her voice, too, had become full and sonorous, from practising the middle and lower notes. In a word, although her talent, thus matured and developed, could not make the public forget Madle. Falcon in dramatic parts, it assigned her, at any rate, a place among great artists; which no one has since been able to fill.

BRUN-LAVAINNE.

It was at Brussels, in 1832, that Madame Stoltz, under the name of Madame Ternaux, made her first appearance on the stage—in the chorus at the Théâtre-Royal. M. Snel, who was then conductor, perceiving her musical capabilities, gave her a few short parts. That same year, she was *seconda donna* at Spa, then at Antwerp, at Lille (1833), and Amsterdam (1834). She returned to Antwerp, and, a few months subsequently, to Brussels, where she was not at first much noticed. The character of Rachel, in *La Juive*, was a kind of transfiguration for her; she proved herself in it a passionate actress and a powerful singer (23rd December, 1835). It was in this part that she attracted the attention of Adolphe Nourrit, when the illustrious tenor, during his performances at Brussels (June, 1836), played with her. He recommended her in Paris, and, on the 25th August

1837, she made her first appearance at the Académie Royale de Musique. We know the rest.

Born in Paris, the 13th February, 1815, Madlle. Victorine Noel, otherwise Mad. Ternaux, otherwise Madlle. Héloïse, otherwise Mad. Stoltz, became, on the 2nd March, 1837, before one of the sheriffs of Brussels, the lawful wife of M. Alphonse-Auguste Descuyer, of Rouen, from whom, however, she was afterwards separated.—(Note of the *Brussels Guide Musical*.)

ENGLISH OPERA IN NEW YORK.

(From the *New York Musical World*.)

ABOUT this time—as the Almanacs used to say—expect English Opera, or the rumour thereof. With the regularity of monster pumpkins, and other feats of Nature, one or other is sure to come round to us in the Fall. This year we are blessed beyond mere promise. Thanks to the energy of Mr. Stuart, we have the reality—a substantial, if not a piquant, dish of the vernacular wedded to sweet sound.

Wallack's Theatre is a neat little place for opera. In point of size it is not an excessive exaggeration of a drawing-room, and every one knows that, for pure enjoyment, the music we hear in a drawing-room surpasses all other. We have never been able to understand why a small theatre should not prosper on music as on the drama. There is but a small difference in the expense of a first-class dramatic company and a company of English singers—at least, such a company as would suffice for a small house. The experiment is now being made, and we trust, for the sake of art growth, that it will succeed.

Mr. H. C. Cooper, the violinist, is at the head of the undertaking, and wields the *bâton* of conductor. So good a musician ought certainly to have obtained a better orchestra, not only for the sake of the enterprise, but of his own reputation. It grieves us to begin our notice with a complaint, but as it is the only one we have to utter, we may as well get rid of it at once. The orchestra, then, is bad. There are but two first violins, and an excess of coarse wood and brass. The gallant two saw away with vigour, and do the most under the stimulus of rosin, but the effect is not pleasant; particularly as one of them stops persistently out of tune. For the sake of mere softness, half a dozen more violins should be added. The chorus is sufficiently strong, and needs nothing but a little taming down.

Balfe's inevitable *Bohemian Girl*, the initiatory effort, was interesting as the medium by which three new singers were made known to our public. Miss Annie Milner has a good soprano voice, and sings like an artist. She may be compared to Louisa Pyne, without injustice to either. (!) The main difference lies in the fact, that whereas Miss Pyne was easy and lively on the stage, Miss Milner is not quite easy, and not nearly lively. We were astonished at the ability with which Miss Milner gave the music. When she has acquired more confidence she will leave little to ask for. (Pupil of Mr. Howard Glover.)

Mr. Miranda, the tenor, has a fine voice, and sings from the chest; not perniciously from the head, like so many English tenors. There is volume in his voice, too, and a quality which appeals. Mr. Miranda is young enough to make a reputation, and it will be his own fault if he does not. He created a *furore*.

The basso, Mr. Rudolphson, is, we should suppose, a German. He, too, has a fine voice—and knows how to use it. Mr. and Mrs. Holman were respectable. Dr. Guilmette completed the caste, and sang the music of the Count with his usual *grandiosity*. (!) Is it wrong to say that there is something tedious in the extreme deliberation of this artist?

Now all these voices are fresh, and all their owners young. Is it not a good prospect? May we not look forward to some pleasant evenings—growing all the more pleasant as the various members of the company become familiar with the trick of stage portraiture, in which, it must be confessed, they are a little deficient at present? Mr. Stuart's company is so much better than any other that has preceded it, that we cannot help thinking it destined to form the nucleus of a permanent institution.

The opera of the Academy of Music—writes the New York correspondent of *Dwight's Journal*, September 18—has been a decided hit, and there was an enormous house at the first appearance of Steffani, the tenor, in *Trovatore*. Of course he was

successful, his powerful telling voice being peculiarly adapted for the music of Manrico. After the "Di quella pira," at the close of the third act, he was thrice called before the curtain. The Azucena of Miss Phillips was greatly applauded, and Madame Gassier made a fair Leonora. Bernardi, in the Count, was almost a failure. The *Trovatore* will be repeated to-night, and it is rumoured that *William Tell* will be the next opera. Strakosch gives us, this week, a short operatic season of three nights at Burton's Theatre, with Madame Colson, Amodio, Brignoli, Labocetta, and Junca the basso. The opening opera is *La Figlia*, to be followed by the *Traviata*. The English Opera Company, at Niblo's, is acknowledged to be the finest English troupe we have had lately, and the tenor with the queer name, Mr. Miranda—who had been very absurdly and injudiciously puffed—has turned out to be a good singer. He is young, has a fine voice, and will some day take a first rank in the profession. This evening an English version of the *Trovatore* will be produced. The part of the gipsy mother will be undertaken by Mrs. Holman, a lady with a soprano voice, wholly unfitted for the part. The Harmonic Society, in accordance with an invitation from a number of distinguished citizens, gave a grand performance, last Friday evening, at the Crystal Palace, repeating the programme they performed at the Atlantic Cable Celebration.

PART I.—1. Overture, "William Tell"—Rossini. 2. Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work"—Haydn. 3. Ode, "The Cable," words by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, expressly for the Cable Celebration, to the air, "Star spangled banner." 4. Porter Song, from the opera of "Martha," Carl Formes—Flotow. 5. Ode, "All hail," words by Mrs. Stephens, expressly for the Cable Celebration. 6. Grand Hallelujah Chorus—Handel.

Between the Parts the Drum Corps of the 71st Regiment will, by permission of Col. Vosburgh, give the "Drum Polka."

PART II.—1. Overture, "Fra Diavolo"—Auber. 2. Hunting Chorus, "Seasons"—Haydn. 3. Trumpet song, "Messiah," Carl Formes—Handel. 4. Chorus, "Awake the harp" (Creation)—Haydn. 5. Duet, "The Lord is a Man of War" (Israel in Egypt), Carl Formes, and Mr. Nash—Handel. 6. Chorus, "The Heavens are telling"—Haydn.

In addition to the selections, Formes sang a "Hymn of Peace," the words written by John Brougham, the actor, and the music composed by Clement White, an English musician who has recently taken up his residence in this city. Between four and five thousand people were present.

LA SIRENE.—This opera, lately revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, was performed for the first time in Paris, the 26th March, 1844, and, in Brussels, the 18th November of the same year.

It would be difficult to combine a score with more intelligence, or to make the orchestra agree better with the stage. M. Auber knows how to keep up the interest of his audience by an ingenious variety in his motives, and by skilful contrasts. His vocal compositions are always pure, elegant, and animated, while his harmony is full of good taste and spirit. The following is an anecdote connected with this piece, and proving the facility with which the celebrated composer works.

At the last rehearsal of the *Sirène*, M. Auber, after listening to the overture, tapped his forehead and exclaimed:

"That is detestable. I will not keep music like that. It must be changed."

"That is impossible, M. Auber," said the stage-manager. "We have not got time. The piece is announced in the bills for to-morrow."

"Pooh! what nonsense! Tell the conductor, and let all the band return at midnight."

Nine o'clock was striking—nine o'clock in the evening, be it understood.

Installing himself in the theatre itself, M. Auber composed a second overture, superintended the copyists, and, at midnight, appeared with his new production complete.

"Here," he said. "Perhaps, it will be worse than the first."

It was magnificent. It is one of his best works, and is always favourably received, not only in the theatre, but at our concerts.—*Le Guide Musical*.

TWIN STARS.

(From *Punch*.)

"The people then took the horses from MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI's carriage, and dragged it," &c., &c.

"On CARDINAL WISHEMAN's arrival the horses were taken from his carriage, a few people drew it," &c.—*Irish Journal*, Sept., 1858.

Viva, Signore! Saluto te, Domine!

Who shall pronounce your ovation ridiculous?

Twixt the glory of gay Piccolomini,

See the proud cardinal, excellent Nicholas.

Which has the pull it would puzzle us direly;

Don't they ride on like a king and a queen?

Oh, they're an elegant couple entirely,

Prince of the Church, and Princess of the Scene.

His stockings are red as the ripest tomatoes,

Her eyes are as bright as the dew-drops on May-day:

She comes representing the dear *Traviata*,

And he as her sister, the good Scarlet Lady.

"Oh, isn't it pity," (young ladies are saying)

"The portly archbishop don't wear a moustache,

Then the dear little songstress would think she was playing

A part with her friend, the lamented Lablache."

Eh! it's a glorious procession that passes,

Boys, shall them brutes pull that couple along?

Out with the horses, and harness the asses,

He'll pay with a sermon and she with a song.

Who says that the Cardinal's looking but glumly,

Not so well off as is usual for soap;

Does he think the fair preacher, sent hither by Lumley,

Is turning more hearts than the pet of the Pope.

He mustn't be jealous, she's fresh in attraction,

While he's been well-hacked as a popular star,

And if triumph depends upon look, voice, and action,

The actress outshines the old actor by far.

Yes, *Ah non giunge*, in earnest simplicity,

As by our little somnambula sung,

Is better to hear than the best *Benedicite*,

Grown with full force of monastical lung.

But pull away, pull away, tatterdemalions,

And drag the good priest and fair lady for miles.

What luck for old Erin that rival Italians

Together contend for her shouts and her smiles!

WAS JOAN OF ARC EXECUTED?—This investigator, while examining the archives at Metz, in the year 1687, found an entry to the effect that, on the 20th of May, 1436, "La Pucelle Jehanne, who had been in France," came to that town; and "on the same day came her two brothers, one of whom was a knight, and called himself Messire Pierre, and the other Petit Jehan, an esquire," who thought that she had been dead; but, "as soon as they saw her they recognised her, as she did them." The document goes on to state that, on the next day, they took her to Boquelon, and procured for her a horse, a pair of leggings, a cap, and a sword; and the said Pucelle managed the horse very well, and said many things to the Sieur Nicole, so that he felt sure that this was she who had been in France; and she was identified by many signs as La Pucelle Jehan de France, who had consecrated Charles at Rheims." After going to Cologne and many other places, where she was looked upon as the genuine Maid, she reached Erin, where "she was married to Monsieur de Hermoise, a knight;" and soon after this "the said Sieur de Hermoise and his wife La Pucelle came and lived in Metz, in the house which belonged to the said Sieur." The Père Vigier did not set much value on this record (and we cannot blame his scepticism) until the next year 1683, when he happened to dine with a Monsieur des Armoises, who, after the entertainment, gave him the keys of the family library, where, to his surprise and delight, he stumbled on a marriage contract between "Robert des Armoises, knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, called Maid

of Orleans." This confirmation of the Metz record satisfied him. Monsieur Delepiere then refers to some documents found at Orleans in 1740, which contains charges under the years 1435 and 1436, for money given to a messenger, who "brought letters from Jehanne La Pucelle," and to Jehan de Lile (that being the title by which her brothers had been ennobled), "to help him in returning to his sister." There is a third entry: "To Jehanne Darmois, as a present, made to her on the 1st of August, 1439, after the deliberation of the council of this city, for the services rendered by her at its siege, 210 livres." As a last documentary evidence, there is a petition from her brother, previous to his being ennobled in 1444—a date contradicted by the Orleans charge, which was made in 1436. This petition represents that "he had left his native place to join the King's service in company with his sister, Jeanne la Pucelle, with whom, up to the time of her absence, and since then till the present, he had risked his life." M. Delepiere also urges that at the time of Joan's reputed execution, in the year 1481, there was a common talk that she was not dead, but that the English had put another victim in her place. Thus the Chronicler of Metz, after relating the story of her imprisonment, trial, and burning, concludes: "ainsi qu'on le raconte, car depuis le contraire a été prouvé." (As they relate, for the contrary has since been proved.)—*Dickens's Household Words*.

ADVICE TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.—We cannot close this notice without one or two earnest words to the managers of the Crystal Palace Railway regarding the great deficiency of railway accommodation provided for the public on leaving the Palace. So few and far between are the trains, that till a late hour in the evening accumulations of weary and worn-out visitors constantly encumber the station, and when, after long waiting, a train appears, the rush and crowding which ensue preclude all but stalwart men and sinewy matrons from availing themselves of the occasion: the frail, the tender, and the courteous, whatever their just claims may be, according to the good old maxim, "First come, first served," being invariably retarded until they have become reduced to a scanty residuum. Such disregard of the public convenience cannot but in the end tell fatally against the interests of the Crystal Palace.—*Morning Herald*.

MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday, the 22nd ult., M. Charles Hallé's second orchestral concert took place in the Free Trade Hall. Madame Clara Novello was the vocalist. Haydn's symphony in B flat, the overtures to *Athalie* and the *Syrène* were performed by the orchestra. M. Hallé played Weber's "Concertstück" and some Hungarian Airs in his accustomed finished manner.

BOLTON.—A "Limited Liability Company" has been formed for the purpose of building a Music Hall. A board of directors has been appointed. Mr. Stewart is to be the secretary.

WORCESTER.—The Harmonic Society's last concert was very successful. Miss Louisa Vining, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas were the vocalists. Mr. Davis (harp), and Mr. Mathews (flute), the solo instrumentalists. The band played a symphony by Haydn (No. 6). Mr. D'Egville was the leader. Mr. Turbutt presided at the organ, and Messrs. Haynes and Jones at the pianoforte.

RIO.—A great deal has been said of the cancelling of Madame Laborde's engagement. The management paid this lady 30,000 francs and gave her a clear benefit to annul it.

COBLENZ.—M. Herz lately gave a very fine concert for the benefit of the poor, in the rooms in which he made his *début*, when seven years of age. He had never played at Coblenz since that time. He will return to Paris about the end of the month, to resume his class at the Conservatoire Impérial de Musique.

PARIS.—The management of the Théâtre-Italien has just engaged Mr. A. Harris, the stage manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, to superintend the *mise-en-scène* of Verdi's *Macbeth*.

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And hurried landward far away,
Crying: "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest: "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said: "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms: "O chanticleer!
Your clarion blow, the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn:
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower:
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said: "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

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ISUOARD ORESTE PRAEGER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—I am only sorry that my name is always spelt wrong. The printer does not spell my name right. I. O. Praeger, but not G. Praeger. I should have like to sent the musical paper to my father, on the Continent. I pray you, my dear Sir, excuse my troubling, but I wish the printer will not forget that my Christian name is *Isuoard Oreste Praeger* or *I. O. Praeger*.

Will you allow me to ask you a question? What is the reason that Professor W. S. Bennett was not the conductor of the late Festival in Birmingham? I can assure I worship the name of Sterndale Bennett. I should not care to do anything in favour for that great genius, or that great musician, for this reason I take the liberty to act you that question. —

Yours H. servant,

Nottingham.

I. O. PRAEGER.

[Our Nottingham Correspondent must be rather ill-supplied with information on musical matters not to be aware that Mr. Costa has directed the Birmingham Festival since 1849.—*ED. M. W.*]

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Having read your advertisement of an organ for sale on the title of the last number of the *Musical World*, you will oblige by informing me where the instrument is to be seen; and as I have been an organist thirty years, I shall be happy to play a few choruses, fugues, or a portion of my own concerto for the organ (thirty pages long, with a solo for every soft stop and last movement, for the full organ and pedal bass, all through; published in 1831), if this offer suites your purpose. Trust to hear from you, I beg to ascribe myself, yours respectfully,

H. WILSON.

[The advertisement is not ours, and we know nothing of the whereabouts of the organ.—*ED. M. W.*]

THE LATE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—In the article from the *Birmingham Journal* quoted in your journal of the week before last, it is stated: "In times gone by, managers of concerts, and committees of festivals, were somewhat tardy in bringing out new works of English composers, but this feeling is happily dying away, and the effort now seems to be as to who can get the best new thing to bring out. This is a step in the right direction. It is an inducement and encouragement for those who can write to do so, and will, doubtless, ultimately lead to a school of English art." This, no doubt, sounds very fine, but, unfortunately for the credit of the *Birmingham Journal*, it is not true. As an instance, I may state that two or three oratorios were offered to the Festival Committee at the commencement of the present year, but as yet the Festival Committee have declined to acknowledge the receipt of the letters containing the said offers.

I beg to remain, yours truly,

TRUTH.

BRISTOL.—(From a Correspondent).—A grand concert was given, at Clifton, last Monday week, when Signor Ginglini made his first appearance in Clifton. The programme included the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, the overture to *Oberon*, and selections from the sacred writings of Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c. Signor Ginglini was loudly encored in the "Cujus animam," but spoilt Mozart's beautiful "A te fra tanti" by his carelessness—a fault unusual with him. The other encores were the solo and chorus, "Inflammatus" (Mrs. Weise), the quartet, *Quando corpus," and the air, "Pro peccatis" (taken by the bye, much too slow), which last was due to the national feeling of Bristol, as Mr. Merrick certainly did not deserve such rapturous applause. The band, under the direction of Mr. Curtis, were efficient, though they sometimes accompanied much too loud.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The organ of St. Paul's is vacant. Mr. Walter Farratt, who held it, has resigned, having received an appointment at Brighton.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN NEWCASTLE.

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

(Abridged from the *Newcastle Journal* of Sept. 4.)

For one of the grandest musical festivals ever afforded in Newcastle, we have, this week, been indebted to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Gateshead Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society, and their accomplished and respected conductor, Mr. Webbe. The occasion of this musical treat was the public opening of the New Town Hall or suite of corporate buildings in St. Nicholas-square, on Wednesday last. About this time last year, the subject of preparations for this opening came before the Town Council, on the receipt of a letter from the Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society, proposing to mark the inauguration by a musical festival, to give an additional éclat to which, it was proposed to invite the Prince Consort, and thus superadd the presence of royalty to the intrinsic attractions of the harmonic ceremonial. The Corporation responded to the offer; and since then, simultaneously with the carrying forward of the building to completion, the Harmonic and Choral Society have kept in view and been making arrangements for inaugurating it with, if possible, unrivalled musical honours. Meanwhile, although the project of inviting the presence of royalty appears to have been given up, it must be said that neither was the opening of a similar hall at Liverpool some time ago, not to mention Leeds, more worthy of a royal visit than was the opening of our Town Hall in St. Nicholas-square; and, whether as regards the beauty of the hall or the magnificent fete with which it was honoured, we venture to say that nothing would have more rewarded the royal visit, had it been made. As in the case of the wonderful bridge which spans the Tyne, the docks which form the marvel of the Tyne and the Wear, the commencement with our gigantic piers, and kindred works, our Town Hall has been destined to be opened and our musical festivals to be given without the auspices of either Queen or Prince. We notice the fact without in any respect regretting it; for much indeed do we fear that, amidst the paraphernalia of royalty, had it been present, the occasion of the meeting might have been less regarded, and the festival, for its own sake, less thoroughly enjoyed.

First, of the suite of buildings, the completion and formal opening of which was the occasion of the present festival. It is difficult to say whether it is most characterised by architectural beauty and artistic finish, or for adaptation to purposes of commercial and general convenience, characteristics which are the more conspicuous when viewed with a remembrance of the unsightly and unfinished erection which formerly disfigured the site. Now, the Corn Market has been reconstructed with additional conveniences and comfort, fronted at the southern end by a magnificent pile adapted for purposes of trade and business meetings, and having overhead, along its whole extent, this capacious and elegant Town Hall, which will afford facilities for holding concerts and public meetings to which almost any number may obtain admittance. In architectural outline, the shop story, in front elevation, may be denominated Doric; the principal story, Corinthian; and the attic, composite. The Music Hall is 142 feet long, 60 feet broad on an average, and 46 feet 6 inches high. Along the sides are raised benches or galleries which tend to render the appearance of the hall more elegant and light; and at the north end, opposite the organ, is an elevated gallery, calculated to seat some five or six hundred people. From this recital of the dimensions it will at once be seen that the hall is capacious and lofty. Add to this that it is admirably lighted during the day by a row of ten lofty Venetian windows along each side; that during the night twelve bosses of gas jets, placed in two rows at intervals along the ceiling, diffuse a steady and powerful yet mild and equable light to every part of the hall in a most marvellous manner, without sensibly increasing the temperature; that the ventilation is complete without discomfort, and we have the requisites of a large and comfortable place of meeting. But over and above all these the hall possesses a beauty and a charm, which may be said to be all its own, in that proportion of dimensions and adaption of parts, in that well-diffused but not elaborate ornamentation, and in the light chaste colouring, set off with pencilings of light buff, and

the introduction of scarlet and blue in the decorations, the happy union of all which together fills the spectator with a sense of the chaste and the beautiful from whatever point the hall may be viewed. Under the organ and orchestra are retiring rooms for the performers; adjoining the hall, and at each end of it, there are retiring and cloak rooms, and at the south end there is ready access to a most commodious and well-fitted-up hotel. By a convenient arrangement there are four entrances to the Music Hall, with six doors of admission from the street, so that the greatness of the throng will not be productive of any inconvenience. The building contains also the Council Chamber, the rooms of the River Tyne Commissioners, offices for the Town Clerk, the Farmers' Club Room, and other places, which it is unnecessary more particularly to enumerate, all tending to make the suite of buildings most elaborate, elegant, and complete. Mr. Johnstone is the architect; and the fact that his designs were selected from a number of competing plans at once stamps them with high merit, and in some measure accounts for the beauty and completeness of the structure. Mr. Robson was the contractor; and under him Mr. Beck was the slater, Mr. Henderson the plumber, and Mr. Grieves the painter, glazier, and gilder; Mr. Scott did the carving work, and Mr. Sopwith supplied the upholsterer's work; the iron girders and roof were manufactured by Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons, of Gateshead; the iron railings in front of the galleries were executed by Mr. Donkin, of High Friar-street; and the plaster work, which is extremely beautiful, is due to Mr. Ald. Dodds, who transferred his men to Mr. Robson to do the work in this very important department, since he, as a member of the corporation, was precluded from undertaking the contract. The foundation stone was laid by the then Mayor, I. L. Bell, Esq., on the 29th of August, 1855, so that up to this time it has occupied three years in the construction. The extreme length of the buildings is 300 feet; the extreme breadth, being that of the front in St. Nicholas-square, 100 feet, tapering backwards to a breadth of 45 feet, in order to preserve a certain prescribed width of street on each side. The entire cost is expected to be about £30,000, against which may be placed the rental which is put down at about £3,000. To each and all engaged in the erection credit is due for the successful result—to the architect more especially, to whom it must be satisfactory that in this work he has achieved the all but impossible task of pleasing every one, and reared a memorial of his architectural abilities which will cause them not soon to be forgotten.

One of the main purposes for which the great hall of this noble building was constructed, was to supply a place where first-class concerts, to which vast numbers would naturally be attracted, might be held. It was therefore with peculiar fitness that it should be opened by a musical festival, for attending which, it may be here remarked, the proclamation by the Mayor of a holiday, and its general observance, afforded additional facilities. The day was highly favourable as to weather, Saint Nicholas Church bells rung merry peals to usher in the ceremony, and, as the hour of opening approached, considerable crowds thronged about the building. About one o'clock, the Mayor and Corporation, who had come in procession from the Council Chamber, entered the hall, and were greeted with some rounds of cheering by the audience which already filled it. All classes were represented there. The galleries were crowded by an audience, of which a vast proportion were ordinary working people; the body of the hall, the side galleries, and the reserved seats, were filled by a highly respectable and fashionable assemblage, and, when thus filled with the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood, the hall, beautiful before, had now a most gorgeous appearance. The festival was arranged to open with Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*, to be followed by a miscellaneous concert in the evening, and close with Handel's oratorio, *Messiah*, on Thursday evening. In the performance of this programme, the Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society supplied the chorus, vocal and instrumental; and for the performance of the solos, the services, as vocalists, had been secured of Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss B. C. Whitham, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. L. W. Thomas. The principal instrumentalists were M. Kettenus and Mr.

Ainsworth (principal violins); Herr Hausmann and Mr. G. H. Weddell (principal violoncellos); Mr. J. T. M. Harrison, viola; Mr. Clinton, first clarionette; Mr. Kirkpatrick, second ditto; Mr. Smith, bassoon; Mr. Mann, first horn; Mr. Hooper, second horn; Mr. T. S. Watson, trumpet; Mr. Horton, brass trombone; Mr. W. Healey, alto trombone; Mr. Jennings, oboe; &c. &c. Of these M. Kettenus and Herr Hausmann were the principal performers obtained from a distance. The instrumental portion of the chorus was arranged in front and the vocal on each side of the organ; the principal singers being placed, of course, in front of the instrumentalists. The chorus numbered about two hundred, almost all of whom belong to the society; and the pitch of excellence which their performances in these concerts show they have attained is quite remarkable. Mr. Redshaw ably presided at the organ, which is a temporary one, erected by Mr. Nicholson, of this town, intended to be replaced by a larger organ, from the celebrated establishment of Gray and Davidson, of London, at the cost of £2,000. Mr. Penman officiated as chorus master.

The performers having taken their places, Mr. Webbe, the conductor, took his stand in front of the orchestra, and, waving his baton, the entire body of performers, vocal and instrumental, rose and gave the Hundredth Psalm in a manner which thrilled the audience, who stood the while, and prepared them for what followed, in the performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio.

Of the recitations, that sung by Madame Rudersdorff, as the widow, "Help me man of God, my son is dead," gave a tone to the whole performance; from that time, the performers, both singers and chorus, proceeded with augmented confidence, and the remainder of the oratorio was given with increased effect. The manner in which Mr. Thomas, who has a fine capacious bass voice, performed his part, especially in his altar denunciation of the priests of Baal, is entitled to particular notice, as full of sustained strength, energy, and expression. Miss Heywood and Miss Whitham ably acquitted themselves in the parts allotted to them, and both are artists of great promise. The performance of Madame Rudersdorff especially called forth marked commendation; and the admirable manner in which she wrought up her part in the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," was particularly conspicuous. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who has a fine tenor voice, also merited due praise. No department of the oratorio was, however, more ably performed than the choruses, which were given with remarkable precision, and varied from forte to piano, through all the intermediate stages, in a manner which showed careful training and appreciation of the music. The society and their conductor have, by this performance, merited the highest commendation.

In the second part the trio by Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Whitham, and Miss Heywood, "Lift up thine eyes" was encored, as was also the air, by Miss Heywood, "Rest in the Lord." The quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy," sung by the same ladies and Mr. Haddock, and answered by the chorus, were effective in the extreme. The air by Mr. Cooper, "Then shall the righteous," was beautifully sung. The same observations will apply to the performance of this part as to the first, and in every respect this performance of *Elijah* in Newcastle has been a great success.

The evening was devoted to the performance of a well-selected miscellaneous concert. The hall was even better filled than in the morning, and now, lighted up, and set off with the beauty and fashion of the town and neighbourhood, had a most magnificent appearance. Mr. Webbe, on taking his place in front of the orchestra, was welcomed by a hearty cheer from the audience, and at once commenced the following programme:—

PART I.—Overture, (*La Gazza Ladra*)—Rossini. Song, Miss Heywood, "Mio figlio" (*Le Prophete*)—Meyerbeer. Duet, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Thomas, "Flow, gentle Deva"—Parry. Song, Miss Whitham, "Softly sighs" (*Der Freischütz*)—Weber. Buffo Song, Mr. Thomas, "Che mi dara" (*Martha*)—Flotow. Grand Trio in D major (Op. 70), Mr. Webbe, Mons. Kettenus, and Herr Hausmann, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Beethoven. Ovatina, Mdme. Rudersdorff, "Robert, toi que j'aime" (*Robert le Diable*)—Meyerbeer. Quartet, Canon, Mdme. Rudersdorff, Miss Whitham, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, "Il cor e la mia fe" (*Fidelio*)—Beethoven.

Aria, Mr. Wilby Cooper, "Il mio tesoro" (Don Giovanni)—Mozart. Fantasia, violin, sur l'Opéra, Mons. Kettenus, "I promessi sposi"—Kettenus. Aria and Finale, from "Il Trovatore"—Verdi. Aria, "D'amore sull'all rosee," Mdme. Eudersdorff. Finale, "Miserere," Mdme. Eudersdorff, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Chorus.

PART II.—Symphony—Mozart. Trio, Miss Heywood, Miss Whitham, and Mr. Wilby Cooper, "Addio"—Curschmann. Song, Mr. Wilby Cooper, "Pilgrim of Love"—Bishop. Valse, Mdme. Eudersdorff, "Guarda o cara"—Randegger. Solo, violoncello, Herr Hausmann, Fantasia on Scottish Airs—Hausmann. Song, Miss Heywood, "Katy's Letter"—Lady Dufferin. Duet—Mdme. Eudersdorff and Mr. Thomas, "Se vederia a me non lice" (Belisario)—Donizetti. Part Song, "The dawn of day"—S. Reay. Song, Mr. Thomas, "The three ages of Love"—Loder. Ballad, Mdme. Eudersdorff, "She wore a wreath of roses"—Knight. Septet, Mdme. Eudersdorff, Miss Heywood, Miss Whitham, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Brandon, "Stay, prithee, stay"—Bishop. Finale, "God save the Queen."

This programme brought the full powers of the instrumentalists into play. Nothing could exceed the vigour and precision with which Rossini's overture was rendered, and the close elicited a burst of applause. The song of Miss Heywood, from the *Prophète*, commenced the vocal efforts of the evening. The duet, "Flow, gentle Deva," by Mr. Cooper and Mr. Thomas—tenor and bass, was well sung. In the song from *Der Freischütz* Miss Whitham received an encore, and then sang, "What's a' the steer kimmer," accompanying herself on the piano. The buffo song, by Mr. Thomas, was followed by the Grand Trio in D Major, one of the most exquisite pieces of Beethoven, and in the hands of Mr. Webbe, Mons. Kettenus, and Herr Hausmann it assuredly did not suffer. The cavatina by Madame Eudersdorff was sung with exceeding taste and brilliancy. An enthusiastic encore was the consequence, when the lady sang a different composition, requiring rapid, difficult, and occasionally grotesque transitions, which was also received with the utmost favour. The next remarkable performance was the fantasia by Mons. Kettenus on the violin. The audience applauded at every pause. The evening being far advanced, the performance was commendably shortened by the omission of part of what remained. Miss Heywood's song of "Katy's letter" produced an encore, and she substituted "Terence's farewell." "The three ages of Love" was sung by Mr. Thomas with justness and expression. The part-song was beautifully rendered. Mr. Reay, the author of it, a native of this town, was formerly of St. Andrew's and St. Thomas's Churches. He is now organist at one of the metropolitan churches. We are not surprised at the selection of this piece for performance at the opening of the New Town Hall, for it has recently been most enthusiastically received when sung by the Bradford choir, and at Buckingham Palace, before Her Majesty. It has also been performed at the Crystal Palace Concerts. It was noticed when performed by Leslie's Choir at St. Martin's Hall, London. The *Evening Star* pronounced it to be the gem of the evening. The ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," was finely sung by Mad. Eudersdorff, and the performance closed with the National Anthem, performed in a manner probably never before heard in Newcastle. Mr. Webbe presided at the pianoforte, with the same skill and taste which he displayed as conductor, and the entire performance went off with a spirit and enthusiasm which could not be exceeded.

Handel's oratorio, *The Messiah*, performed on Thursday evening to a yet more crowded audience, crowned the Festival with unbounded success. This well-known sacred effusion was performed in all its parts with spirit and excellence. The recitatives and airs were given by the solo singers with great success, and the magnificent choruses were delivered with extraordinary precision and effect. The chorus, "For unto us a child is born," was enthusiastically encored; and the Hallelujah Chorus wound up the second part amidst a burst of applause. The third part was opened by Madame. Eudersdorff with the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The air by Miss Whitham, in the second part, "But thou didst not leave," was encored; and the air by Miss Heywood, "He was despised," applauded. The great feature of the third part, after the opening song, was the air, "The trumpet shall sound," sung by Mr. Thomas, with trumpet obbligato by Mr. J. S. Watson, which

elicited an encore. It being late, the intervening parts were omitted, and the performance came to a close with the final chorus, amidst the unbounded applause of the audience, who called for and accorded a round of cheering to Mr. Webbe, in compliment to his exertions.

Thus has closed an inaugural Festival which has in every respect been attended with extraordinary success. Similar festivals have been, within the last few days, held at Birmingham and Hereford, for which the greatest singers of the day have been engaged, Mr. Costa has been brought down as conductor, and the performances have almost been regarded as national events. We question, however, whether, take our own Festival all in all, it has been exceeded by either of the festivals to which we refer. The *Messiah* was well known, though never probably performed in this town in the same style in which it was performed on Thursday night; but the production of *Elijah* in so superior a manner was quite a feat. To Mr. Webbe, the able and accomplished conductor, this success is universally and justly attributable.

On Friday evening an entertainment, under the title of a "People's Concert," was given at reduced prices, to enable the poorer classes to see the New Hall, and to afford them a treat without putting them to extra expense. The prices were two shillings, one shilling, and sixpence. The same artists assisted as on Wednesday and Thursday, and the selection, of course, embraced most of the popular *morceaux* of the day. This concert was not less successful than those of higher pretensions which preceded, and its result cannot fail to suggest to the directors the policy of providing an entertainment of the same kind frequently, after the manner of the "People's Concerts," at Manchester and elsewhere. A new seam, in fact, has been discovered, and it behoves the proprietors to see that it be worked with advantage.

[The paper which was sent us, containing the above article, was mislaid, and only came to light this week. The importance attached to the opening of a new music hall, however, together with the merits of the inaugurating Festival, justify us in giving the report insertion, although nearly a month behind time.—ED. M. W.]

NEW YORK.—"The performance of Opera in English," says a correspondent of *Dwight*, "with a new company, is an event fitted to excite much musical attention. The troupe at Wallack's now is composed of Annie Milner, *prima donna*; Mr. Miranda, tenor; Mr. Guilmette, baritone; Mr. Rudolphson, bass. The opera presented on Thursday evening, Bellini's *Sonnambula*, gave prominent employment to the three first-named artists." Of Miss Milner the writer speaks as follows:—"Annie Milner has hitherto been known only in the concert-room, but during some months she has been studying hard for the stage, and now we have the fruits. The lady has very great aptitude for the theatre, else she would not have achieved so much in so short a time. She is generally easy in her action and gesticulation, and a little more time will certainly show improvement. Her voice is a fresh, beautiful soprano, with great facility in the upper notes, much flexibility, and capabilities for a sustained slow movement equally with rapid, florid passages. She is prodigal, too, of the trill, so often eschewed for its difficulty by artists. In appearance she is intensely Saxon; fair complexion, light hair, and sweet expression. She looks Amina, supposing what sometimes happens—that the Italian *contadina* has these light-toned characteristics."

LIVERPOOL.—"The last of Mr. Reynold's "People's Concerts" was well attended. The artists were Miss Louisa Vinning, Madlle. Finoli, Messrs. Cooper and Winn, as vocalists; and Miss Freeth (a talented pupil of M. Alexandre Billet), the pianist, and Herr Wilhelm Ganz, the accompanist at the piano.

LEEDS.—(From our Correspondent).—The Town Council have advertised three successive evening concerts, to take place in the new Town hall on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd inst., the profits arising from which are to be devoted to the funds of the Leeds Dispensary. It is currently reported here that the new Dean of York intends to revive musical festivals in the noble York Minster, and that next year they will be commenced.

ORGAN-GRINDERS.

(From *The New York Evening Post*.)

"Semper eg' auditor tantum? Nunquam ne reponam?"—JUV. I. 2.

The origin of organ-grinders justifies their extinction, as does also the doom with which they are threatened. This race is derived from Jubel, the sixth in descent from Cain, who was "the father of all them that handle the harp and organ;" (here note the accuracy of description in the word *handle*.) The seed of Cain, who destroyed his own brother, may with justice be destroyed in turn.

Later in history a trace of the race is detected in the patriarch's pathetic outcry against the "instruments of cruelty" in his sons' tents. In Egypt, and in Pharaoh's time, they seem to have been swept away. Egypt was a wisely-governed country. Had they existed, Pharaoh might have been spared nine of the plagues, since an hour's infliction of this one must have softened the rock of his hard heart, and forced him to send the tribes trooping forth to the desert, with their minstrels at the head, playing the rogue's march of the period. In that age, surely, organ-grinding was one of the lost arts. There is hope, then, that it may again become so strengthened by the cheerful prediction, that in the latter days "the sound of the grinders shall wax low." The law permits the destruction of a nuisance. Organ-grinders are a nuisance. It is, therefore, lawful to kill them.—[*Vide Judge Shaw's Decision ad fin.*]

Public policy requires their extinction. The race consists chiefly of Italian refugees, banished for turbulence from their own country, making a trade of revolutions here, and revenging themselves by the murder of music, for their inability to destroy order. It is, therefore, courteous and polite in us, as a nation, to kill them.

Humanity pleads for their abolition. They are a wretched people, born out of time, who rear a wretched progeny. It is, then, generous and merciful to themselves to kill them.

Political economy demands that they should perish. They are wholly useless, never doing a hand's turn of work, though many a hand's turn of play. It is, therefore, prudent for society to kill them.

Upon this foundation of reasoning may be built a strong tower of authorities in favour of their extirpation. That rigid and moral generation, the Puritans, regarded the organ with horror, as the Devil's box of pipes, even when used for sacred services. How much more would they have been moved with holy zeal for the destruction of his wandering emissaries, who bear the abominations from door to door.

Shakspere makes the practical genius of Othello speak with contempt of hearing "a brazen can'tick turned," in evident allusion to grinding organs.

It is true that Lord Bacon composed a work known to scholars as the *Novum Organum*, or New Organ. But this only proves the hatred of that great and wise man for old organs.

The French style them "*orgues de barbarie*," or barbarian organs. To banish them and their barbarian supporters is one of the first duties of a civilised people.

Having settled the lawfulness, humanity, and prudence of ridding the world of organ-grinders, it should be considered how this may best be done.

Not, perhaps, by individual efforts. The remembrance of suffering might darken an act of justice into revenge. Nor would it suffice merely for the State to put a stop to organs, seeing that the addition of a stop to those they have already, would but increase their power of mischief. There are wiser plans, too, than that of execution upon the scaffold, which might create a morbid sympathy. For example; make them the instruments of their own destruction, by setting them, in some secluded place, to play each other to death. Or they might simply be exiled to Tunis.

The public ear is large and patient; the need of this reform once forced into it, a proper plan will not be wanting. Then will discord be driven from the land, and peace and quietness return; while the grinding-organ shall decorate museums, and be wondered at by our descendants as the last and most cruel of the instruments of torture that disgraced an age calling itself refined.

THE THEATRE IN SANS-SOUCI.

(From *The Berlin Echo*.)

Such is the title of a highly interesting paper by Herr L. Schneider, in No. 2 of the *Neues Deutsches Theater-Archiv*, from which we select the two following very remarkable cabinet orders of Frederick the Great. For the reception of the Russian Grand Prince, afterwards the Czar Paul, at the Prussian court, in July, 1776, all kinds of festivities were projected, and the king busied himself with the most trifling details connected with them. All sorts of interesting documents relating to the dramatic performances to be given are still preserved, in the Royal Secret Archives. As early as the 20th of June, Herr Reichardt, the *cupellmeister*, had to go to Sans-Souci, and compose an allegorical prologue to the opera of *Angelica e Medora*, for Porporino and Tosoni, as well as an aria for Mad. Mara. The latter's husband, a personal enemy of Reichardt, succeeded in prevailing on her to write and tell the king, "She could not sing such music." The result was an order to the Baron von Arnim, which affords us a glance at the manner in which the great king ruled the little kingdom of his theatre at Sans-Souci:—

"Vous pourrez dire à la chanteuse Mara en réponse à la lettre, qu'elle vient de M'dresser que Je la payois pour chanter et non pour écrire que les airs étaient très-bien, tels qu'ils étaient et qu'elles devoit s'en accomoder, sans tant de verbiage et difficulté. Sur ce etc. etc.

"A Potsdam le 30 de Juin 1776." "FRÉDÉRIC.

("You may tell the singer Mara, in answer to the letter she has just sent me, that I paid her to sing and not to write; that the airs were very well, as they were, and that she ought to be contented with them without so much idle talk and fuss. In consequence, etc. etc.

"Potsdam, the 30th June, 1776.") "FRÉDÉRIC.

Underneath there was a note in the king's own handwriting:

"Elle est payée pour chanter et non pour écrire."

("She is paid to sing and not to write.")

At the same time, the above-mentioned individual, Mara, who was one of the royal private band, was sent to Spandau. This reduced the Baron von Arnim, who dreaded some hitch in the operatic representations, to a state of despair. His remonstrance on the subject to the king was followed by the remarkable order, written in German—an exception in theatrical matters—of which there are several copies still extant, instead of running thus: "The Mara shall sing," are as follows: "The — shall sing."

"My best, and very dear faithful Arnim! I perceive from your observations of the 4th inst., that you are very tender-hearted, and a very great friend of the Mara and her husband, because you espouse their cause so warmly, and speak up for them. I must, however, tell you that your tender-heartedness is very badly applied in the present instance, and that you would act much more sensibly, if you did what I order you, and did not accustom yourself to argue the matter; for I will by no means suffer this, and you must not let such things enter your head. The Mara shall sing the air, as I require her to do, and not be obstinate, unless she wants to be served just like her husband, and he shall stop in prison till further orders; to that he may make up his mind. For your part, you must not fancy you are my privy counsellor. I did not take you into my service for that, so you had better busy yourself with rendering *partition* to my orders, if you wish me to continue your gracious king.

"Potsdam, the 5th July, 1776." "FRÉDÉRIC.

YORK MUSIC MEETING.—The success of the Leeds Festival is already bearing fruit. York, once at the head of English musical provincial towns, is about to revive its music meetings, which have been abandoned for more than a quarter of a century. The Dean has relented; the Cathedral will be acceded; and a York Musical Festival, if report errs not, be once more held in 1859.—*Literary Gazette*.

[If this be correct, Yorkshire will henceforth hold musical festivals annually—one year at York, the next at Bradford, and the next at Leeds. It is to be hoped the two manufacturing towns will lend the old cathedral city their earnest and hearty co-operation.—ED. M. W.]

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

THERE was an overflowing house on Göthe's birthday, to witness the second part of *Faust*, with music by Hugo Pierson. The version chosen was the excellent one adapted for the stage by Wohlheim. The performance was highly successful, for the representatives of the principal characters, and the chief stage-manager, Herr Vollmer, were tumultuously called on several times.

No theatrical work has been regarded with so much suspicion as the second part of *Faust*. Even after the great success it had in Hamburg, people in other places still continued to think it was unintelligible. Here and there, too, those who wield the pen would not confess it had been successful, because they were not the persons who had been fortunate enough to produce a good stage version. With regard to the music, also, it is true that both critics and public in Hamburg pronounced it original, beautiful, and worthy of the poem; but then Pierson is a man who belongs neither to the party of the Musicians of the Future, nor to any other. For years past, ever since he resigned his office as Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, he has kept aloof from taking part publicly in musical matters, and busied himself only with composition, to which fact, his grand oratorio, *Jerusalem*, his songs and other small pieces, as well as the opera he has just completed, bear honourable testimony.

But, however this may be, the second part of *Faust*, according to Wohlheim's stage version, and with Pierson's music, has triumphed, here in Frankfort, over prejudice and envy. This is a fact which can no longer be disputed.

The music was very well performed, under the direction of the excellent *Capellmeister*, Herr George Goltermann. The audience welcomed each member with the greatest interest, evinced either by devotional silence, as, for instance, in the case of the magnificent introductions to the fourth and fifth acts, or by loud applause, in which they indulged after the chorus: "Heilige Poesie," the concluding chorus, the "Te Deum," etc.

That portion of the music which is omitted, because it is impossible to extend the time of representation, which is already very long, in the case of this drama, is to be found in the piano-forte edition published by Schott's sons in Mayence. Herr Goltermann has, however, publicly stated that he will shortly give the the whole of the music at a concert. This will be a great boon to the numerous admirers of Pierson's compositions.

MR. MIRANDA.—The New York *Times* says of the new tenor in Mr. Cooper's English Opera troupe, Mr. Miranda (pupil of Mr. Howard Glover):—"We have had no such voice in this city for very many years. Compared with the ordinary run of English tenors, he is as Tamberlik to the three cent paper man. His voice is manly, clear, sympathetic, and of unusual power. In this opera he knows how to use it to advantage, not only in the solos, but in the concerted pieces. His success was unequivocal and deserved."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Hon. Robert C. Winthrop once spoke of the Atlantic Telegraph as the grand ocean harp. Wideswarth thus writes:—

"Oh grandest miracle of Time,
What mighty joy will spring,
When men of diverse tongue and clime
Shall listen to the heavenly chime
That sounds the strains of peace sublime
Upon a single string."

Old Roger, on reading the above, asked the Professor if he knew the key-note upon which that string was tuned. He allowed that he did not. "Why, it is very plain," said the jolly old fellow, "that it must be on the lower C." As this joke is about fifteen hundred feet deep, all are not expected to fathom it.—*Dwight's Boston Journal*.

A FINE BASS FIDDEL.—They say Mons. A—— plays a fine Bassfiddle, but we dont know, as we never heard anybody try it before.

PHRENOLOGICAL OPINION BY DR. S. T. HALL.

(From the *Derby Reporter*).

THAT "there is in souls a sympathy with sounds" has this week had one of the most forcible and beautiful illustrations ever given in the town of Derby. The popular outline of a biography of the Brousil Family, recently published in all the papers, is too familiar to our readers to need repetition now; but the anticipations it inspired have been more than realised on their visit, and we do not wonder that empresses, princesses, and poets, as well as musical artists themselves of high celebrity, should on various occasions have expressed the greatest delight in their wondrous genius and skill, their power to thrill every chord of human feeling—nay, all the chords at once,—by their consummate performance on the violin, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte. But the sight of the family is of itself a great treat: to say nothing of their power to charm the ear. Viewed in relation to phrenology, physiognomy and expression, they furnish a most interesting study. They look music, as well as perform it, and that without the slightest affectation or effort. The head of Bertha is one striking development of tune, time, method, motion, momentum, ideality, wonder, imitation, and aspiration; and hence it is that her violin laughs, wails, moans, shrieks, whistles, shouts, whispers, or warbles, by the most rapid and marvellous transitions. Hence, too, it is that the whole family, organised and trained more or less in harmony with her, chord so rapturously with the key-note she strikes, and excites every possible emotion, from the most mirthful to the most tender, in all who hear them. The least boy, Aloys, is a master in miniature. He is at home and at ease in all he does, not from assumption, but because it is as natural for him to play with perfect accuracy, taste, and feeling, as it is for a bird in the bower to chant in concert with the vernal quire. Viewed either way he is a prodigy: if what he accomplishes with his little instrument be the result of art, it is wonderful; and if without art, it is equally so. The child evidently, too, enjoys the pleasure he is giving to others, and that he does it without the slightest air of vanity only makes it more charming. His organs of causality, order, and time, are, if possible, more developed and active than his tune, which gives him a power of inference, apprehension, arrangement, and adaptation, that may in some degree account for his innocent self-possession—his mind being over a little in advance of his part. We should be grieved, however, to appear invidious and unappreciative of the rest of the group, while thus making specific mention of these two. Little Cecilia is a worthy sister of such a brother as Aloys, as he is worthy of her. And though Albin, with his violoncello, from being of fuller growth, may be less of an orchestral novelty, and Adolphe, by the less conspicuous though not less effective parts he takes, be thrown a little into the shade, there is not one of them who, were the others away, could fail to excite the wonder and win the approbation of the most tasteful minds, while the occasional piano accompaniments by their elder sister are deserving of all that has been published in their praise.

[We quote the above as a curiosity.—ED. M. W.]

LADY ORGANISTS' ASSOCIATION—(*Communicated*).—We learn that a Society is in course of formation, having for its object the bringing more prominently before the public the position and claims of ladies qualified for situations as parochial organists, who are too much in the habit of having their applications disregarded, and their qualifications depreciated, when applying for public appointments of this kind. The Society will not be limited to lady members, but gentlemen, and especially professional men, will be invited to join; and as the opinion of first-class organists has been frequently given in favour of the claims of ladies, it is hoped and believed that this subject will receive the attention of many of the influential of both sexes who take interest in the advancement of public opinion respecting female occupation. Few spheres of occupation seem more appropriate to the gentler sex than that of the musical profession, and it is believed that this association will do much to silence the paltry rivalry and clamour which is now obviously rife at most organist elections—a rivalry in great measure confined to amateurs—as well as to raise the character of female performance upon the noble instrument in question. Any information respecting the Lady Organists' Association can be obtained from Miss G. Couves, 38, Stanley-street, Chelsea, or Miss Boughey, 5, Palatine-place, Stoke Newington-road.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

PRODUCTION OF PLOTOW'S "MARTHA."

102ND, 103RD, AND 104TH NIGHTS OF "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be represented (first time in English) Plotow's celebrated opera *MARTHA*, characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patcy (his first appearance on the English stage), Mr. T. Grattan Kelly (his first appearance on the English stage), Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (102nd, 103rd, and 104th times), Bulle's highly successful opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*, characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albany, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with each evening, a new Ballet Divertissement by M. Petit, the music by Mr. Alfred Mellon, entitled *LA FILLEUR D'AMOUR*, supported by Mademoiselle Zilia Michelot, Moriachi, and Pasquale. Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past. The Box-office open daily from eleven till five, under the direction of Mr. E. Chatterton.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented, Shakespeare's play of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*: Shylock by Mr. C. Kean; Portia by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of *DYING FOR LOVE*. Last Six Nights of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE* in consequence of the production of *KING JOHN* on Monday, 18th inst.

Royal OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 8, will be presented *A DOUBTFUL VICTORY*. With *HUSH MONEY*. After which *A TWICE-TOLD TALE*. To conclude with *TICKLISH TIMES*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Positively the last four nights of *THE GREEN BUSHS*, which must be withdrawn for the production of the Adelphi Drama of *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*, with new scenery, &c., in which Mad. Celeste will sustain her original character. On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, to commence with (last times) *THE GREEN BUSHS*: Miami, Madame Celeste; Jack Gong, Mr. Paul Bedford; Geraldine, Mrs. R. Bonner; Nelly, Miss Harriet Gordon. Re-appearance of Mr. Charles Dillon. On Friday, *VIRGINIUS*: Virginia, Mr. C. Dillon. To conclude with *THE MUSKETEERS*: D'Artagnan, Mr. Charles Dillon. On Saturday, *BELPHEGOR*, Mr. C. Dillon. To conclude with *THE MUSKETEERS*. To conclude, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, with a Drama called *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*. No advance in the Prices. The Theatre entirely redecorated. New Centre Chandeller. New Parisian Saloon, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.—Our correspondent's letter arrived too late for insertion this week.

TEMPO.—As Weber did not indicate the metronome himself, we are of opinion that no importance should be attached to any directions of the sort.

W. H. C. (Plymouth).—We have received no information on the subject from the publishers of the *Musical World*, with whom all such arrangements are effected.

CLEMENCE.—Apply to Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent-street.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9TH, 1858.

"As when some notable performer, not having yet arrived behind the scenes, or having to change his dress, or not having yet quite recovered an unlucky extra tumbler of exciting fluids,—and the green curtain has therefore unduly delayed its ascent—you perceive that the THOROUGH-BASS in the orchestra charitably devotes himself to a prelude of astonishing prolixity, calling in *Lodoiska* or *Der Freischütz*, to beguile the time, and allow the procrastinating histrion leisure sufficient to draw on his flesh-coloured pantaloons, and give himself the proper complexion for a Coriolanus or a Macbeth—even so, had Sir Sedley made that long speech requiring no rejoinder, till he saw the time had arrived when he could artfully close with the flourish of a final interroga-

tive, in order to give poor Pisistratus Caxton all preparation to compose himself and step forward. There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence, in that rarest of gifts—*fine breeding*."

Thus writes Pisistratus Caxton, Esq.—in chap. 5, Book II, of the "Family Picture" bearing his family name, and probably, notwithstanding some fine passages here and there, about as dry a compilation as would have proved the *Magnum Opus* of his moon-struck sire, which Uncle Jack had the malicious intention of giving to the world, through the instrumentality of the "Great Anti-Bookseller Publishing Society."

If, in *The History of Human Error*, the elder Caxton failed to devote a chapter to the perverse blindness of some lettered men with regard to the art of music, and to the readiness with which nevertheless they occasionally speak of it, the *Magnum Opus* would be an imperfect monument of that respectable gentleman's laborious dulness. Had Pisistratus Caxton, Esq., alluded to painting, sculpture, or any other art, except music, in terms so absurd, he would at once have been set down as an impostor. Mr. Brougham, in his celebrated review of *Hours of Idleness*, justly rated the young and noble author for confounding a musical instrument with a musical composition. "A pibroch"—said the future Chancellor and apostrophiser of Newton—"no mere means a tune than a duet means a fiddle." But the blunder of "George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor"—which, after all, might have been a mere slip, a *lapsus calami*, or something like "St. Peter," "for the sake of the metre"—was innocent in comparison with the ignorance displayed by that immaculate scion of an immaculate stock (almost as virtuous and quite as great bores as the *Aubways* in *Ten Thousand a Year*), Pisistratus Caxton, Esq., who, though born under Cancer, "circumlocutory, sideways, and crab-like," was nothing if not prudent.

"The Thorough-Bass in the orchestra charitably devotes himself"—

This is the first time in our remembrance that Thorough-Bass has been personified. Before, with graceful urbanity, investing the art upon which is founded that of counterpoint with such a dignity, Pisistratus, Esq., should have consulted his father, whose classic lore would have revealed the fact that the personification of arts and sciences is generally confined to the female gender. The muses are women to a muse; and though we never yet heard of the muse of Thorough-Bass, we will bet long odds that it is not a male one.

But we are fighting against a shadow. Pisistratus is not personifying Thorough-Bass, he is emulating Lord Byron, and confounding Thorough-Bass with something else. For it appears from the context that Thorough-Bass, Caxonically, is a man, and therefore masculine:

"The Thorough-Bass in the orchestra charitably devotes himself to a *prelude*—"

Thorough-Bass all hail! We never heard of thee playing before. Upon what instrument, however, Pisistratus informs us not; nor does he explain the seeming incongruity of a single man "in the orchestra" being allowed to introduce preludes of "astonishing prolixity" *ad libitum*, "calling in *Lodoiska* or *Der Freischütz* to beguile the time." The mere choice of *Lodoiska* and *Der Freischütz* out of an infinite series of preludes, almost as astonishingly prolix as the digressions of

* By Samuel Warren, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., one of Her Majesty's Counsel, Recorder for Hull, author of *The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age*, &c.

Augustine or Austin Caxton himself—"coquus vitam agens"—is another proof of the deplorable ignorance of "the young Anachronism" (as Pisistratus is humorously designated by the unconscious author of his baptismal affix). *Lodoiska* belongs to the last half century, while *Der Freischütze* is as much a fashion of the present day as of the day in which it came hot from the teeming brain of Weber. As well might we say "calling in Pye or Tennyson to beguile the time!"*

Let us, however, be charitable; Pisistratus, after all, perhaps, did not take Thorough-Bass for a fiddler, but for a fiddle,—a big fiddle, the double-bass or *contra-basso*, in short. This shows that his "deambulations" by the peach-wall, in company with his father and the lame duck, could not have led to many discussions on music. "Dusius, the Teuton fiend, or Nook, the Scandinavian imp," must have possessed a progenitor who, crammed with various knowledge, refrained from giving his son and heir some notion of an art which the Greeks themselves held in such veneration. Was the old Caxton—"sol scientiarum"—one of those pedants to whom music is nought but "a tinkling cymbal?"—or was his head so stuffed with "the puerilities of Agrippa and the crudities of Cardan," while following the stream of error through the middle ages, as to deaden his sense of harmony and cotton up both his ears? Oh! by the Goddess Moria—"or Folly," as "my father" would eagerly explain)—that "one corner of the brain" which Austin Caxton was so fearful lest Pisistratus should leave empty here gapes like a vacuum in his own. Had the "Marcites, Colarbarsii, and Heracleonites," the "Archonticks, Ascolhypse, and Cerdionians" been set aside, for a deambulation or so, in favour of an art that refines just as much as it delights, Pisistratus would not have committed himself so egregiously. "*Papa!*"—but it would have been better for father and son, better for *The Caxtons*—*a Family Picture*, better for the young Anachronism, and better for Sir Lytton, his man-midwife, to whom in this particular instance the Ciceronian pun—"rem acu tetigisti"—which the elder Caxton approvingly launches at his wife, can hardly be addressed with propriety, and who would never otherwise have allowed the child of his fancy to exhibit so little intellectual sharpness, so little of the needle of the metaphor, as to confound the art of rudimentary harmony with the drawer of a horse's tail across the bowels of a sheep. We do not exactly hold, with *The Saturday Review*, that in his late novels Sir Lytton has become "the apostrophiser of stupidity;" but, after carefully perusing *The Caxtons*, we cannot help quoting what Robert Hill said (Pisistratus thinks) of Dr. Kippis:—"He had laid so many books at the top of his head, that the brains could not move." Sir Lytton has time, however, to remove one or two of them; and we strongly recommend him to begin with the ten volumes folio of Hieronymus Cardanus ("Lyons edition, 1663"), of which we doubt whether he has read, or intends to read, many pages, and which might still serve for Mrs. Primmings to sit upon, as in the journey to Uncle Roland's (*de Caxton's*) tower. "The business of a body like yours—*Papa!*" (said my father, addressing Mrs. Primmings), "is to press all things down—to keep them tight!"

"Corporis officium est quoniam omnia deorsum."

It is better for Mrs. Primmings to sit upon the Cardanian volumes, and "keep them tight," than for the Cardanian

* It may be safely assumed that Pisistratus meant Kreutzer's *Lodoiska*, and not Cherubini's—"abyssus crudelitatis" as he would fain appear, like his garrulous parent before him.

volumes to squeeze into absolute flatness the pericranium of our highly honoured novelist,—may whose erudition never be vaster, for, even if it was, he would fail to rival Sterne by the process of attenuation, or surpass *The Doctor* in the scattering of mottoes.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *The Athenaeum*, in an article headed *Fine Art Gossip*, passes in review some of the photographic portraits of eminent men, which now may be inspected at the establishment of a well-known photographer. After noticing sundry statesmen, historians, &c., the writer comes to Sterndale Bennett, whom he apostrophises in the following very original manner:—

"The unknown organist's son, now a great musician, the pupil of Mendelssohn, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, is grave, formal, and solemn as any Methodist-saint mounting the pulpit with the intention of anything but trifling away an hour. Only one of our great artists can approach this great musician, to judge by his portrait, for cold gravity. How deep the heart must lie that composed the delicious, tender gracefulness of *The Mill Stream and the Fountain*. The brow is twitched painfully, as if struggling with nervous thought."

We have not seen the photograph, but if it exhibits Professor Bennett in the colours above noted, it must have caught his physiognomy under a very peculiar aspect. That the face of our admirable musician is *thoughtful*, none can question; but that, even in his most serious moments, he could be made to look "solemn as any Methodist saint," or to put on the appearance of "cold gravity," is what we cannot believe; nor shall we be convinced of it except by a view of the portrait itself.

Here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to correct a very prevalent error—viz.: that Professor Bennett was a pupil of Mendelssohn. One of the most intimate friends of that illustrious man he was, no doubt—but never at any time his pupil.

Alluding to *The Mill Stream and the Fountain*, the writer in *The Athenaeum* employs epithets which, however complimentary, cannot properly be applied to either of them. *The Mill Stream* is a *presto agitato*, *The Fountain* a *prestissimo leggiero*. "Delicious tender gracefulness" is rather the quality of the first of the three pieces—*The Lake*, an *andante espressivo*, which our contemporary has seemingly forgotten, and which, nevertheless, must have originally inspired him with the sentiments of admiration he transfers to its equally beautiful, but certainly not "tender" companions.

We take the very warrantable liberty of reiterating the assertion that we made last week under the head "Dramatic Intelligence," that "Mr. Charles Selby is earning for himself the reputation of a Calderon or Lope de Vega," and we again call attention to the fact, that the bills of the Strand Theatre put forth no other author. Prolific Charles Selby! Then all his farces within the last few months have been so capital! *The Last of the Pigtails* is a very nice little comedy, in which the battle between conservatism and progress is fought with spirit and with courtesy, so that fogeydom, though vanquished in the end, is treated with generosity. Lighter in texture, and likewise inferior as to pretension, is the *Bonnie Fish Wife*; but it fully answers its purpose of showing Miss Patty Oliver in an idealised costume of humble life, and of allowing her to sing "Caller Herring" in a very

* Three sketches—the Lake, the Mill Stream, and the Fountain—composed and dedicated to J. W. Davison, by William Sterndale Bennett." These were first published by the late firm of Coventry and Hollier, in 1856.

delightful way, the sparkle of the eye being no trifling auxiliary to the charms of the voice. *My Aunt's Husband* is another little bit of comedy, awfully pointed against too ready a belief in matrimonial felicity. Towards the end, the piece does indeed become a little farcified; but then Charles Selby must be "funny," in spite of all considerations, however important; and whatever worship he is inclined to pay to the more dignified Thalia, there is a little laughing muse of farce that is pretty sure to lure him into a heresy. And what does that matter at the Strand Theatre? People go to laugh—and they *do* laugh. We ourselves, albeit of a grave turn, roar incontinently at the merry jests of Charles Selby.

The talent for "fitting" a company which Mr. Charles Selby has recently displayed is very remarkable. There is a compact little *troupe* at the Strand Theatre, and he knows how to turn every member of it to the best account. Long as Mrs. Selby has been on the stage, we will venture to say that her merits were never half known till within the last few weeks, during which she has given delineations of character worthy of any actress past or present. It is Charles Selby—it is her devoted husband who thus makes her shine out in the plenitude of her talent. Mr. Swanborough, doomed for some time to pine in obscurity, and forced to think himself happy when he could raise an occasional laugh as a very small fop in a very large assembly—Mr. Swanborough, we say, now stands forward as the *beau idéal* of an exquisite. Nothing can be better than Mr. Swanborough's representation of the languid military man of fashion in *My Aunt's Husband*. And it is Charles Selby who has plucked the diamond from the mine, and made it flash before our astonished eyes. Charles Selby is an industrious mason ever hewing pedestals that shall raise figures, unjustly passed over, to a proper degree of eminence. How well has he worked for the fame of the beautiful Miss M. Ternan, whether he has made her the primmest of wives or the smartest of *soubrettes*. No one will ever forget the effect that she produced in *The Last of the Pigtails*, when, taking off an unbecoming head-dress, she allowed a fountain of raven tresses to gush over her shoulders, and made the stalls gaze in speechless admiration. Who contrived that effect?—Charles Selby. Even the more recognised talents may regard him with reverence and with love. Where has the delicate Miss Swanborough—where has the vivacious Miss Oliver, felt more completely at home than in the delicious little dramas wherewith Charles Selby has blessed the boards of the Strand Theatre?

But above all the persons who should look up to Mr. Charles Selby with enduring veneration we would name Mr. J. Clarke, the low comedian of the Strand Theatre. Three months ago, if anyone, discoursing of the stage, mentioned the name of "little Clarke," everybody assumed, as a matter of course, that the person designated was the very diminutive and facetious artist, who, from time immemorial, has played small parts with great *éclat* at the Haymarket, and is supposed by antiquarians to have been originally engaged by Samuel Foote. Now there is another "little Clarke,"—yes, a small man, whose fame, fostered by the genial care of Mr. Selby, is growing every day more lusty, and whose entrance is as sure a provocative of mirth as that of H. Widdicomb at the Surrey. People look out anxiously for J. Clarke as a contrast to more sober pleasantries, and if he puts on a grotesque attire, they go into convulsions. Selby, greatest of discoverers, has discovered a new "little Clarke," unless, indeed, he has produced him as Frankenstein produced Mr. T. P. Cooke, or Wagner elaborated the Homunculus.

There is, however, one defect in Mr. Charles Selby's last piece—a serious defect—he does not act in it himself. If there is a pleasant spectacle on the surface of the earth, it is that of Mr. Charles Selby playing in one of his own pieces. As an actor, he is always conscientious and artist-like; but when the piece is his own, and the audience welcome it with cordial laughter, the hilarity is reflected in his own face after a fashion that baffles description. He looks like a benevolent spirit, calmly enjoying the happiness he has diffused,—a beneficent divinity, who has just created a world, and smiles on it before its golden age has passed away. With what unction does he deliver his own dialogue—and if a little scrap of flirtation is required in the course of his work, how delightedly does he abandon himself to the spirit of the scene.

Let no one deny there is happiness in the world, so long as Charles Selby writes farces and acts in them himself.

DON'T be blown away by every wind of doctrine, gentle reader. About nine months ago you were taught to believe that Professor Wiljalba Frikell was the first man in the world as a professor of the "severe" school of conjuring, and you were taught correctly. Therefore neither be shaken in your belief by some other "severe" professor who boasts that he too can conjure upon a simple table, nor allow yourself to be dazzled by some practitioner of the decorative school, who insists on dazzling your eyes with the lustre of a gorgeous apparatus. All is not gold that glitters. Vases that sparkle may have double bottoms.

Admire, too, the urbanity of Professor Wiljalba Frikell. There is no doubt that he is not only a native of Finland, the home of magic, but one of the Shamans or seers of the Finnish race, who govern winds and communicate with all sorts of spiritual essences. If he pleased, Wiljalba Frikell could convey all his spectators into the pocket of his coat, and transport them into the midst of an assembly of Lapland witches. But he mercifully abstains from the exploit, and is contented with giving just such a sample of his power as shall astound without injury. As for the trifle that is paid at the door, Professor Wiljalba Frikell does not in reality require it. He knows where are situate all the treasures beneath the earth and below the waters—including the wreck of the "Royal George"—and he has gnomes at his command who can fetch them at his good will and pleasure. But he also knows that in this money-getting country things that are offered *gratis* are lightly esteemed. The Earl of Shaftesbury will tell you that schools which teach for nothing command few pupils. Circé herself might have turned her friends into swine in the middle of Trafalgar-square, but she would not have drawn a crowd without a familiar spirit to collect contributions in a hat.

And, reader, when you find yourself at Polygraphic Hall, marvelling at the prodigious powers of Wiljalba Frikell, do not let wonder deprive you so completely of all presence of mind, that you forget to purchase the little book (price 6d.) which is entitled "Lessons in Magic," and gives instructions how to work seventeen miracles. If you study, that little work with assiduity, who knows that you may not in time become a real Shaman yourself.

Sig. ROMMI has arrived in London, after a tour through France, Italy, and Germany.

FORMES AT PITTSBURG.—Carl Formes was serenaded to-night at the Monongahela Hotel, by several German musical societies, and made a handsome speech to the crowd.—*Pittsburg Paper*, Sept. 22.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

AFTER a prosperous run, *The Rose of Castile* is beginning to exhibit the natural symptoms of decay consequent upon every work of whatsoever magnitude, and will be withdrawn on Monday, to make way for M. Flotow's *Martha*, for which a great success is anticipated. The entire strength of the company is included in the cast, and we have no doubt that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison will leave nothing undone to ensure such a result. We are only sorry they should not have chosen a work of higher merit, and one better suited to the means of their company. We shall be delighted, nevertheless, to hear Miss Louisa Pyne sing "The last rose of summer," and trust she will not substitute words by the poet of the establishment for those of Tom Moore. We likewise hope that the score will not be treated after the fashion of the *Crown Diamonds*, as performed last winter at the Lyceum Theatre, and that the patrons of English opera may be allowed to judge of M. Flotow on his own unaided merits. Nobody doubts that Miss Louisa Pyne is a first-rate florid singer, and the public does not require to be reminded of the fact nightly. That the fair artist is an accomplished vocalist in the expressive school has also been abundantly demonstrated, so that she may be supposed to be equally at home in the music of Auber and Flotow. For the sake of variety and effect it might have been as well had the composer introduced a cavatina into *Martha*; but, since he has not thought fit to do so, let him have his own way. The acceptance of his work by the Drury Lane managers *a priori* implied—or should have implied—respect for it. Let it therefore be respected. The music of Lionel is well adapted to Mr. Harrison, who should do it eminent justice.

On Wednesday a new ballet-divertissement, entitled *Fleur d'Amour*, from the pen of M. Petit, was produced and received with much favour. As we had received no explanation of the plot, and are not felicitous in the solution of problems, it is impossible for us to say what the *divertissement* was about. Of course a love incident was the upshot, and the audience were entertained with the usual caprices, coquettings, tergiversations, quarrels, and recriminations of the melting pair, together with the inevitable paternal interferences, mollifications, reconciliations, and beatifications, at the end. The chief parts were supported by Mesdilles. Zilia Michelet, Morlacchi, and Pasquale, who bounded and pirouetted to the very utterance, and were applauded to the ceiling by "men and gods," and the "columns" that helped to reverberate their shouts. The music, by Mr. Alfred Mellon, as might be expected from so ready and accomplished a pen, is graceful, airy, and characteristic. A tarantella, written in the true Neapolitan vein, and smacking both of Rossini and Auber—as who that composed a veritable tarantella could, by any ingenuity, eschew comparison with such models!—cannot fail to make its way into all dance-saloons, public and private, even though that most famous of all the *pas* of southern Italy stand no chance of importation into London. In a word, the new *ballet divertissement* was entirely successful. The Drury Lane public, albeit unused to the vaulting mood, seemed to enjoy thoroughly the gyrations, vibrations, librations, and poetical poses of the fair triad of *dansesuses*. The curtain fell amid loud applause on all sides.

MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES having recovered from his late severe indisposition, is at present residing at Rothsay. He preached last Sunday in Victoria Hall, both forenoon and afternoon, to a most crowded audience, every inch of room being occupied. The forenoon lecture was an exposition of the 16th chapter of *St John*, and in the evening an able discourse on the well-known consolatory text, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In the course of his discourse, as he glowed with the noble theme, we thought we could feel with and understand the motive that caused the tempest-tossed actor and author to fall back on the pulpit as a more congenial haven than that which attends a successful literary career, even whilst accompanied by the applauding hosannahs of an admiring public. Mr. Knowles is quite recovered in health.—*Glasgow Mail*.

HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL.

THE great natural magician has varied his entertainments during the week with an exposition of the means by which some popular tricks are accomplished, and on Monday night entirely laid bare the deception practised daily at fairs, races, and in the streets, too, in the case of the trick with the Indian rings, one of the best feats of itinerant jugglers, which used to be the wonderment of our own boyhood, and which, no doubt, sent many a yokel away impressed with the belief that the stout man in the tight dress besprinkled with spangles had occult dealings with the Evil One. The trick is simple, but requires expert fingers combined with much practice to render its accomplishment easy. This part of the performance was received with ecstatic delight by the whole audience, as everybody thought that with a few brass rings and a little adroitness he might be enabled to constitute himself the Wiljalba Frikell of a minor circle. Moreover, the professor has published a little book of "Lessons on Magic," in which the tyro is taught the way to execute some apparently astounding feats without the least difficulty, and, in fact, how to become an embryo conjurer. The little *brochure* is well written and contains some very pertinent remarks in the preface. "The 'Magic' I practise and expound," writes the magician, "by presenting marvels professedly due only to human ingenuity and dexterity, and showing how, by the simplest means, every sense may be effectually deceived, is the best safeguard against the effects of that weak credulity which, it is proved by constantly recurring instances, affords even in the present day, and among persons of education, so productive a field to a host of cunning impostors." True, professor, most true! But if you only knew how we love to be deceived! Do leave us to our credulities a little! Don't explain everything! We yearn not to be as wise and crafty as yourself! Prythee, let something be left to the imagination! Keep in reserve certain of your most miraculous achievements, else we shall not bow down to you as our superior any longer, and shall accustom ourselves to look upon you as a very moderate gifted necromancer—a poor every-day enchanter—an unmighty wizard! Let some of your deeds still linger in the shadows of darkness!

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN ON TUNING.

(From *The Athenaeum*.)

OUR musical readers are aware that when the two notes of a simple consonance are a little out of tune, though only to the extent which common temperament allows and requires, a beating pulsation is heard—a *wow-wow-wow-ing* kind of performance—which keeps itself within decent bounds on the pianoforte, but becomes rather an annoying defect on the organ. The theory of these beats, as very obscurely laid down, though with perfect correctness, by Dr. Robert Smith in his *Treatise on Harmonics*, has received but little attention. The beats themselves have been used in tuning, and they furnish the only method known, except the unassisted judgment of the ear, for tuning on any given system. The subjects of beats has been recently treated by Professor de Morgan in a paper which has just been printed as a part of the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. X., now in the press. On the simplification of the theory of beats which this paper points out there is no occasion to say anything; but a postscript contains some suggestions on the subject of tuning, which we think it worth while to lay before our readers. All tuners begin by properly adjusting an octave, or a little more than an octave, which contains what are technically called the *bearings*. The rest of the scale is then tuned from the bearings. These bearings are obtained by taking one standard note from a tuning fork, and then tuning fifths upwards and octaves downwards, making the fifths a little too flat, as required in the system employed, usually that of *equal temperament*, in which all the fifths are made equally flat. This the tuner generally does by the ear; and if, as he comes towards the end of his bearings, he finds that he has overflattened or underflattened the earlier fifths he has to try back. Every new chord which comes into the adjusted part is a new test of the success of the process so far. An adroit tuner does this well;

and there are some who have not often to fall back. That is, there are some who soon please their own ears, and others who are much longer about it. But there are no tuners who precisely agree with one another, and few, if any, who at all times agree with themselves. It is the experience of the organ-builders, with their best tuners, working on different compartments of the same organ, that though each can make his compartment pleasant enough by itself, the compartments are frequently not fit to work together. Prof. De Morgan proposes that the bearings should consist of one octave, each of whose twelve semitones is obtained from a separate tuning-fork. But who is to answer for the tuning-forks? The manufacturers are to adjust them by making the consonances beat the number of times per minute which it shall be calculated from the system of temperament chosen that they ought to beat. Supposing the manufacturer to have a good standard set of his own, on any given system, it will be easy enough to make copies by unisons. Nor should the manufacturer object to a proposal which will, if carried out, make the demand for forks just twelve times what it is. The alleged advantages of the proposal are as follows:—First, the saving of time in obtaining the bearings; it is easier to get unison with a fork than to make the unassisted ear give a fifth too flat by two per cent. of a semitone. Secondly, the certainty of attaining the end proposed: for the system to be attained is stereotyped on the forks, independently of the state of the tuner's ear, temper, or indigestion. Thirdly, the practicability of making a true trial of different systems of temperament; the tuner's ear being wholly insufficient to discriminate the minute differences between one system and another. Prof. De Morgan considers equal temperament as an insipid dead flat; and prefers the variety which exists in passing from key to key under varied temperament. He has given the requisite table of beats in each of four different systems. First, equal temperament, as commonly used. Secondly, gradual change of temperament, first upwards and then downwards, in passing dominantly through the twelve major keys. Thirdly, major thirds everywhere equally tempered, with the greatest change of temperament in passing from key to key, which this condition admits of. Fourthly, the same extreme variety with the minor thirds everywhere equally tempered. The calculation of beats for a given system is of little difficulty; but as there are many practical musicians to whom, in calculation, great difficulties and little difficulties are all one and the same thing, we should recommend any organ-builder who seriously meditates trying any system of his own, to ask Prof. De Morgan to furnish him with a table of beats.

RICHARD WAGNER'S LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

"WHOEVER judges Richard Wagner's operas by the scores, is an ass; whoever does so by the pianoforte editions is simply an idiot." Keeping this lively assertion in mind, an assertion we have heard repeatedly from the lips of Richard Wagner's disciples, we took great care not to indulge in expressing any opinion on *Lohengrin*, until we had seen it sweep, in all its glory, over the stage. And, indeed, Richard Wagner's music, to speak more especially of it, cannot be separated from scenic representation, without becoming absolutely wearisome. It is true that we have to pay dearly enough for the small advantage accruing to us, when we hear it brayed forth from the stage through the various instruments of the orchestra.

We are not going to relate the plot of *Lohengrin*. It is already sufficiently well-known to our readers. We are accustomed not to examine the *librettos* of operas with too great an amount of critical minuteness, regarding them, as we do, as mere accessories. But Richard Wagner's *librettos* are by no means intended to be thus judged, and he would protest against the bare notion of such a thing. His object is, above all, to present us with a drama. We have not the slightest objection to this, and if R. Wagner's efforts should help to disgust us, at length, with the empty, vapid puppet-show subjects, which are served up to us again and again in operas, we should account this fact alone as a praiseworthy action. But, in art, intentions are not worth much; on the

contrary, everything depends on the manner in which they are realised. Competent judges, however, will perceive, at the first glance, that neither *Tannhäuser* nor *Lohengrin*, considered simply as dramas, will bear serious esthetical criticism, and all persons, whose opinion on matters of literary criticism in Germany are worth anything, have always been unanimous with regard to their trifling poetically-dramatic value.

What! are these dramatic, and consequently, as people are pleased to assert, "purely human" conflicts, "borne by the atmosphere of the time," which are presented to us in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*? are these dramatic characters? and is this the language of a specifically organised poetical mind? Are we to be especially edified by this wretched, coarse exposition of dualism in human nature, of which Goethe's *Faust* offers such a powerful and all-comprehensive picture, of that "holy Gral," which was certainly an unknown greatness, for most persons, before R. Wagner dragged it forth from the honourable darkness of the middle ages? To recognise in R. Wagner, as the author of the dramas of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, specifically poetic qualities, would be tantamount to confessing that we did not know what are the first principles of all poetry, especially dramatic poetry. Some people have been bold enough to assert that the structure of the verses in *Lohengrin* is very excellent; nay, a model worthy of imitation, but it is easy to prove the contrary from every page of the *libretto*. It is not without objective justification that, in the parody of *Lohengrin* with which it lately attempted to amuse its readers, *Figaro* laughs at such verses as the following:

"Wo Ihr des Königs Schild gewahrt,
Dort rechtdurch Urtheil nun erfahrt!
Drum ruf' ich klagend laut und hell:
Elsa erscheine hier zu Stell!"

or:

"Vor den König sollt Ihr sie geleiten,
Dort will ich Antwort ihr bereiten!"

We might multiply at pleasure passages like the above, which we have selected at hazard. We are sufficiently liberal to attach especial importance to defects of this kind in an "opera," but we have to deal with a "drama" and a "poet," and, under these circumstances, such things cannot be permitted to pass unnoticed.

It is, however, a strange position in which we are placed towards Wagner. If we attack Wagner the poet, Wagner the composer will be thrown in our teeth, and vice versa; nay, if we attack him in both these capacities, we are, at last, referred to Wagner the reformer, who has written the *libretto*, the opera and the drama. The case is a peculiar one. Even most of those who are altogether opposed to Wagner's works, believe themselves bound to come to the general conclusion: "It cannot be denied, at any rate, that we are presented with a great and important creation." But, however people may think on this head, there is something really astonishing, namely, the energy and perseverance with which Wagner first writes thick theoretically-speculative works on his double art, and with which he then himself knocks together the verbal scaffolding of his operadramas, and then ends by crowning his triple task by that part of it which he knows very well will be the most important one of all, that is to say, after the pen of the poet has done its duty, he nibs that of the composer. Everybody, however, who has in any degree investigated the nature of the human mind, either by the light of speculation, or by the aid of history, will look with a great deal of suspicion on this fact. If we reflect what an amount of energy is required to produce a true drama, and what warmth of feeling must be exhausted, when a man finishes such a work, he must ask, "with astonishment:" What? and is not this problem yet solved for you? On the contrary, was this only the scheme, and do you, at present, intend to go again through the whole process, naturally rendered more difficult? This apparently simple question, might, perhaps, give rise to more speculations than people would at first suppose, so we must leave our readers to indulge in them for themselves, and turn our attention exclusively to the musical part of *Lohengrin*.

It is by no means a bad joke of *Figaro's*, when *Lohengrin* is

made to reply to Elsa's question as to his name and descent : "My name is Lohengrin, and I am son of Tannhäuser." The following malicious verses run thus :

"Ich geh' nach Zürch zum Richard Wagner,
Der mich in mehren Opern noch verwenden wird."

"I am going to Zurich, to Richard Wagner, who will employ me in several other operas."

The fact is the music of *Lohengrin*, in its essential attributes, nay, only too often in its outward structure, bears a very close family resemblance to that of *Tannhäuser*. We will, therefore, first consider R. Wagner's musical capabilities generally, and then add a few strokes of the pen to characterise more especially *Lohengrin*. Our readers must allow us to adopt, exceptionally, the plan of dividing our notice under separate heads.

(To be continued.)

WORCESTER.—By far the most successful concert given in this city for many a month was the second of the Harmonic Society's series, at the Music Hall. That capacious building was quite full, the large attendance being induced partly from the fact that some of the proceeds were to be devoted to the fund for the restoration of Spetchley church and partly from the attraction held out by the assistance of Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Louisa Vining, and Mr. Thomas, assisted by Mr. Mathews, solo flute, and Mr. Davis, solo harp, who all gave their services gratuitously as a mark of esteem for the worthy rector, the Rev. R. Sarjeant. The society's band was also strengthened by many additions, and an excellent programme had been selected. Haydn's Symphony, No. 6, opened the performances, the first violin (Mr. D'Egville) doing especial service. The first part of *Robin Hood* followed, in which Mr. Sims Reeves sang the air "Under the greenwood tree" with such grace, ease, and brilliancy, as to create a *furore*. In the "Rose of the Morn" he was encored, returned and made his bow, but very sensibly declined to repeat it. Indeed we were glad to observe that during the whole evening the absurd custom of encores was much in abeyance, only two instances having occurred—Mr. Reeves in "Come into the garden, Maud," and Miss Vining in "Home, sweet home," when she substituted "Comin' through the rye." This young lady was never heard to better advantage. Mr. Thomas "did" the bishop in "Robin Hood" with much dramatic force and fine execution, and Mr. Topham's "Little John" was by no means amiss. One of the most effective pieces of the evening was the "Miserere," by Miss Vining and Mr. Reeves, with organ accompaniment and chorus. The choruses and concerted pieces were well done, with the exception of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, which was dragged along somewhat too slowly; but the gorgeous music of *William Tell*, and the choruses "O hills," "Strike the harp," and "Now morning advancing," delighted the most critical ears. Solos were executed by Mr. Davis on the harp and Mr. James Mathews on the flute. Mr. D'Egville was leader of the band, Mr. Haynes and Mr. Jones presided at the pianoforte, Mr. Turbutt at the organ, and Mr. Jones conducted.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Elijah* was given in St. George's Hall, on Wednesday evening week, by the Liverpool Vocal Union. The solo vocalists were Mr. and Madame Weiss, Mrs. G. Holden, Miss Hiles, Miss Sharpe, Mr. Mann, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Pearce. Mr. Best presided at the organ, and Mr. Armstrong conducted. The local press speak very well of the society, and predict a successful career.

SIR WILLIAM DON ON ETIQUETTE.—At the Sunderland police-court, Sir William Don, Bart., who has been fulfilling a week's engagement at the Lyceum Theatre in that town, was charged with having wilfully assaulted Edgar Burchell, a performer at the same theatre, and with doing wilful damage to a hat, coat, and shirt, his property, to the amount of £1 5s. The complainant stated that on the evening previous he was playing the character of "Glimmer" in the interlude of *The Two Buzzards*, in which piece Sir William was "John Small"—that having gone on to the stage with his hat on, Sir William asked him to take it off, telling him that if he did not he would knock his head off. The

same thing occurred a second time, but after the curtain went down he went to offer an explanation to Sir William, who seized and dragged him to the window of the property room, knocked him against some lumber, tore his shirt, crushed his hat, tore his coat, and nearly strangled him—that he had brought this charge not to extort money, but to expose his brutal conduct. Mr. Young addressed the Bench on behalf of the defendant, and admitted the assault. Mr. Young then proceeded to say that it was the custom of every well-bred Englishman in private to remove his hat in the presence of ladies, and that his client was only doing his best to have the rules of etiquette strictly adhered to, and became incensed on finding that complainant did not comply therewith, by not taking his hat off. The magistrate convicted Sir William of the assault, and fined him £1 and costs, and 10s. 6d. for damages to the man's clothes. On the following evening, Sir William took his benefit, and his physical pugnacious attractions evidently had a tendency to make him a very good house.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY WITH CHORAL SERVICE.—A correspondent writes to us :—"Sir, Within the last few weeks, much has been said and written upon the subject of the wedding ceremony, with full choral service. Perhaps you will allow me to give a very short account of an interesting marriage that took place at Reigate church this morning. The service, which was performed by the Rev. J. C. Wynter (rector of Gatton), assisted by the Rev. J. N. Harrison, vicar of Reigate, commenced with an appropriate voluntary on the organ (a very nice-toned instrument by the way). The responses after the prayers were given by the choristers; and after the minister's blessings two psalms were chanted (single chants). At the close of the service Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' came pealing forth its joyous strains as a concluding voluntary. The whole service was admirably performed by all who took part, and I do feel that the musical service, as introduced at Reigate church, is a great improvement; and, in my opinion, the 'service of song' could not be more appropriate than on such an occasion. I ought to mention that the musical portion of the ceremony was entirely under the direction of Mr. Thurnam, the organist. Not wishing to impose upon, or exhaust patience by any farther remarks, and trusting you will excuse the liberty thus taken,—I am, &c., A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Redhill, Sept. 24."—*Daily News*.

MARY, I'M THINKING OF THEE.

(From "Songs, by John Ellison.")

I.

On the blue deep,
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea ;
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

II.

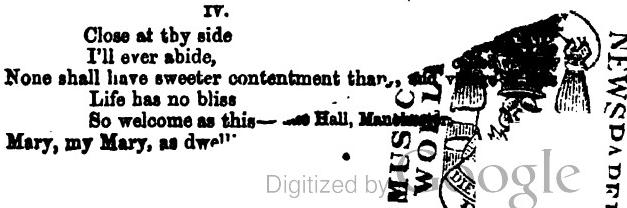
From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as fair as an angel's can be ;
Oft thy dear form
I see 'mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

III.

The waves bear my store,
But dearest, far more,
I worship the land where my best treasures be ;
Joy lights my breast
To think of the rest,
Mary, my Mary, I'll soon find with thee.

IV.

Close at thy side
I'll ever abide,
None shall have sweeter contentment than I,
Life has no bliss
So welcome as this—*Hall, Manchester*,
Mary, my Mary, as dwe'll."



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have	
should	
puppet-show	
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action. But, in art, inter-	
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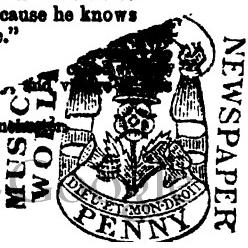
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PRECENTORS AND THEIR DUTIES.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR.—The inquiry which has just terminated at Carlisle, with regard to the removal of the Rev. T. G. Livingston from his office of Precentor and Minor Canon, is calculated, I hope, to do some little good for the cause of cathedral music. It is not my intention to discuss the decision of the bishop which has reinstated the reverend gentleman, although there is some reason for supposing that had there not been some informality in the document by which the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle dismissed him, the result would have been a very different one. The few remarks which I am going to make are intended merely to apply to the *musical part of the question*, and the benefit which ought to arise in consequence of the authority of the deans and chapters of cathedrals being ascertained.

It is pretty well known that our cathedral establishments are governed by statutes, some of them dating from Henry the Eighth, of which Carlisle is one. These statutes define the duties and authority of the various members of the establishment, from the dean, downwards. Now the Rev. Mr. Livingston claimed, by virtue of the statutes, the entire and independent control of the musical service of the Cathedral; that he had the right of selecting all the music to be sung; to sing solos himself; and to conduct the choir in all their performances. Now the organist, it appears, very naturally resisted these absurd pretensions as derogatory to his own position, and also to the profession of which he is a member; and it is fortunate that the statutes allow something like a common-sense application to meet the circumstances of the present day. Mr. Livingston may be a very excellent priest, and a sound theologian, but he certainly is not a musician, and therefore the claim to superintend high musical offices is obviously ridiculous; and if the reverend gentleman has pressed his ideas of his office as a matter of conscience, the statutes being the rubric which he considered himself bound to obey, all I can say is, that it is a pity that his conscience was not sufficiently sensitive to prevent him taking upon himself an office which he is manifestly, and upon his own showing, incapable of fulfilling—for not the least droll incident in the inquiry was Mr. Livingston's admission that he passed a very bad examination in the common rudiments of music, but that he considered, nevertheless, that a person might be a very good musician without knowing anything of musical grammar, as the Rev. Canon Harcourt expressed it. If Mr. Livingston means to state that a man may be a good classic without knowing the Latin grammar, he certainly must have a very odd notion of education. But it is a great pity that the examination, with Mr. Livingston's answers, was not brought forward at the inquiry before the bishop; and I should recommend the organist, if he has the papers, to publish them now.

But a very few words, I think, will be sufficient to dispose of the question which has been raised at Carlisle. At the time that the statutes were written music was in a very different state, in fact scarcely can be said to have been permitted in the church beyond *unisonal chanting*, and no doubt at that time the precentor did lead or conduct what was sung; but as soon as music of a complicated character, and in parts, was introduced, it at once became necessary to employ professional men, and I believe that Tallis and Dr. Tye were among the first lay-organists appointed to our cathedrals. This being so, much that formerly belonged to the authority of precentor changed hands also, for no musical service could be efficiently conducted upon the notions of the present Carlisle precentor. The unsatisfactory performance of our cathedral service in many cathedrals may be, perhaps, ascribed to an evil of this nature, and the sooner it is remedied the better. The remedy is now, without doubt, in the hands of deans and chapters, and I sincerely trust they will avail themselves of it. Although, perhaps, there has not been really a doubt as to the authority of the deans and chapters over the subordinate members of their cathedral churches, yet the question had not been ventilated, and therefore precentors have assumed an authority at variance with the *real spirit of the statutes*, and at still greater variance with COMMON SENSE. But

at Carlisle common sense appears *practically* to have prevailed for some time past, and the dean and chapter and their organists deserve to be commended for stepping in and preventing the absurd vagaries of Mr. Precentor Livingston. Nothing can be fairer than the rules which the dean and chapter laid down for the guidance of Mr. Ford and Mr. Livingston in their respective offices; and those rules were not considered by the bishop, or by anyone else, repugnant either to their spirit of their statutes or to the authorities of the very reverend the dean. It appears that the organist has been in the habit of writing out the list of music for the ensuing week, and that this has been handed to the precentor in order that the latter might urge ecclesiastical objection to anything the organist had appointed, the objection to be stated in presence of the organist, to the dean, or canon in residence every Saturday morning—the dean's decision, of course, being final. Mr. Livingston at various times resisted all this, and was guilty of other improprieties—such as ordering the singers to remain silent, in order that he might sing verses and solos himself. I think nothing could be more admirably written than Dr. Close's decision upon these points. It shows that the dean entertained such a proper view of the duties of both the organist and precentor, that I quote his letter *in extenso*—

"REV. SIR,—Having ascertained that on Thursday last, during the performance of divine service, you silenced the chief bass singer, intimating to him that you would take his part in the quartet yourself, I must request that this may not occur again, as such an interference with the parts previously assigned by the organist, on whom the practising of the choir depends, must lead to confusion and irregularity. As there appears to be some doubt on your mind as to the division of duties between you and the organist, I wish, once for all, to impress upon you the necessity of compliance with this my order—viz., that after you have, in conjunction with the organist, and with my sanction, or with that of the canon in residence, settled the weekly curriculum of services and anthems, your power of interference with the musical duties of the choir must end. Your duties, then, are simply ecclesiastical, moral, and ceremonial. The regular attendance and decent conduct of the men and boys are in your hands; but the assignment of parts to the several singers must absolutely rest with the person who under our authority, teaches, trains, and practises the voice—namely, the organist.

"Yours truly,
F. CLOSE."

Now why the precentor was not satisfied with this it is difficult to conceive, for I must say that I think that both his own position and the spirit of the statutes were fairly and properly represented by these regulations. By attending to the decorous conduct of the men and boys during the service, and by marking their regular and punctual attendance, he certainly was responsible, as the dean and chapter pointed out to him, for the proper performance of the musical service; but what on earth led him to arrogate to himself duties which only an educated and well-trained musician could undertake, I am perfectly at a loss to comprehend. Would Mr. Livingston, for instance, be guilty of the absurdity of saying that the head-masters of Eton or Rugby are to be dictated to in the examination and teaching of their classes by a person ignorant of Greek or Latin? Everybody is perfectly aware that there cannot be two masters at the same time; and if the dean had to choose between the organist and the precentor whose authority and opinion in musical matters was to be paramount, he undoubtedly exercised a most wholesome and wise discretion in entrusting professional matters to a professional man, and I think the organist only exercised proper self-respect by resisting the insulting and derogatory position which the precentor endeavoured to force upon him.

It was in consequence of the precentor refusing to submit to the authority of the dean, and claiming undisputed power over all the musical arrangements of the cathedral without the intervention either of the dean or organist that he was at last suspended from his office. With regard to the other alleged improprieties of Mr. Livingston's conduct, it is not my purpose to enter upon them. In fact as the bishop stopped the inquiry at a certain point, without allowing the dean and chapter to produce evidence, or go fully into the circumstances, which as it were compelled them to the course they adopted, no very correct judg-

ment can possibly be formed, though enough transpired to prove that he had behaved on various occasions most improperly to his ecclesiastical superiors, and therefore his being reinstated by the bishop into his offices without even censure is a piece of such good luck that I should not advise him to try a similar game over again.

There is, however, one point in the bishop's judgment which is of the highest importance, and which is the main object of my letter. The bishop was compelled to admit the power of the dean over all matters touching the celebration of divine service, subject, of course, to the general ecclesiastical law. The dean and chapter are therefore confirmed in the authority they claimed over the precentor. It is then clearly in the hands of deans and chapters to govern the musical arrangements of their several cathedrals. They, of course, engage professional men as their organists, and it is to them that authority should be delegated to conduct, train, and teach their choirs, as well as to select the music to be performed—the capitular bodies always having it in their power to prevent any music or words being introduced into divine service of an objectionable character. A small number of voices under discipline and good training can be made to sing together very effectively. It is true that the salaries at most of our cathedrals are not large enough to secure great vocal talent, and a little augmentation would work wonders. The income also of the organist should be such as would enable him to devote considerable time to instruction and rehearsal of the cathedral service with the whole choir. No public performance can possibly be effective without this necessary drudgery. I trust, therefore, that this inquiry which has provoked so much discussion will be productive of this good, viz.:—that deans and chapters will insist upon having the choral parts of the service, and the discipline of their choirs, wholly under the governance of the professional musician who fills the situation of organist.

With many thanks, Mr. Editor, for allowing me so much space, I beg to remain, yours, very obediently,

MUSICUS.

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, WALWORTH—ITS ORGAN, &c.

ON the 12th ult. a new organ was inaugurated in the new church of St. Paul, Walworth. The instrument has been built by Messrs. Bates and Son, of Ludgate-hill, at the extremely low price of £270. It is set out for a rather extensive organ, but much of the pipe work is as yet absent, and intended to be supplied as funds for the purpose shall be forthcoming. It is as follows:—

Two rows of keys, Great Organ and Swell, compass of each C C to F, with Pedals C C C O to E.

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL.	
1. Open Diapason.		1. Bourdon.	
2. Stop Diapason.		2. Double Open Diapason.	
3. Do. do. treble metal	}	3. Open Diapason.	
4. Dulciano.		4. Stop Diapason.	
5. Principal.		5. Principal.	
6. Twelfth.		6. Fifteenth.	
7. Fifteenth.		7. Tierce.	
8. Sesquialtra—3 ranks.		8. Trumpet.	
9. Mixture—2 ranks.		9. Hautboy.	
10. Vacant slide.		10. Vacant slide.	
11. Do. do.			

PEDALS.

- 1. Open Diapasons, 16 feet.
- 3 Couplers and 3 Composition Pedals.

St. Paul, Walworth, one of the latest of the new metropolitan churches, completed at the latter end of 1856, and consecrated the day before Christmas Day of that year, is situate midway between the roads to Clapham and Camberwell that diverge from the Elephant and Castle, and about a mile by either line from that well-known house of call. It stands in the centre of Lorrimore-square, inclosed by a dwarf wall spiced with iron, and presents a very picturesque appearance, and a favourable

specimen of a cheap church. The structure is Gothic, after the early English style of the thirteenth century, and built of rough stone in irregular courses, with Bath stone for the finer parts. The plan is cruciform, with tower standing at the north-east side surmounted by a spire octagonal in plan, and perforated in its sides by three tiers of lancet windows, and terminating at a height of 122 feet from the ground.

Internally the transepts are but slightly marked, but the chancel is of the ample depth of 26 feet. The nave—large, with high-pitched roof, showing its constructive timbers—has side aisles, separated by stone columns alternately of circular and octagonal form, with plain moulded capitals. The timbers of the roofs, pewing (which is low and open), and all the other portions of the wood work, are of deal, stained and varnished. The floors are laid with tiles in red and black lozenges. There are four double-lancet windows and one single at the side of each aisle, with mullioned and traceried windows in the various gables. There is no western gallery, but a sort of temporary gallery standing back of the columns occupies each aisle, supported on slender iron pillars in front, and at the back by corbels in the wall.

The gas lighting is by standards placed at intervals about the church, they are of brass, and of tripod character. The font, a carving in stone, of octagonal shape, is placed at the western end of the nave. The chancel is separated from the nave by a lofty arch, its roof close boarded and panelled, the eastern wall has a rood screen composed of eight small pointed arches on columns, the two in the centre larger and canopied, contain the decalogue. The pulpit and reading desk are placed against the piers of the chancel arch, and between them a small eagle desk, from which the lessons are read. A small chapel on the south side of the chancel forms the vestry, which communicates with the sanctuary by a "priest's door." The organ is placed on the north side of the chancel, in a recess formed in the basement of the tower, and quite unseen from the body of the church. The instrument is not inclosed in the usual case, but a row of its diapasons in their native colour (tin), burnished and set in a frame, is made to form a screen between it and the chancel. The chancel is benched on either side longitudinally, and the choir, habited in surplices, occupy these benches in the ancient Decani and Cantoris style; the arrangements and appointments throughout being on the most approved Tractarian model, and the sacred services are performed in accordance with the views of that compact, which comprehends choral service with intoning of the prayers, or what is familiarly denominated "Puseyite," yet, after all, the correct and proper formula of the Protestant worship, as instituted at the Reformation by King Edward VI., and subsequently confirmed by Queen Elizabeth, and which ordinance has never been revoked or in any way altered to this day. The practice of reading or "saying" of the service, which has generally obtained in our churches, being by the same ordinance, as it were, permissive only. The choir here is composed of gentlemen (musical amateurs) and boys whose services are gratuitous, and the effort (artistically speaking) very creditable. The choir-master and organist is Mr. Paul Jerrard, composer of one novelty, at least, in church music—viz., a service for the solemnisation of matrimony, and first used on his own interesting occasion at this church some months back, and noticed at the time in the *Musical World*.

This church has been built at the very moderate cost of £6,500, from designs by Mr. Jarvis, architect, of Trinity-square, on land the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, who possess large estates in the neighbourhood. They also gave £1,000 towards the erection, and endowed the living with £150 per annum.* The Church Commissioners supplied £750, and the Incorporated Society £400, stipulating, in consideration for the same, that 600 of the sittings, (half of the accommodation of the church,) should be for ever free. The subscription list shows gifts of £100 from St. Thomas's Hospital, the Trinity Corporation, Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Mr. G. R. Hart, and the

* The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have also engaged to do precisely the same thing in respect to another church about to be erected in the same neighbourhood.

Church Extension Society, and £50 from the late Bishop of London, Mr. E. Cazanove, and Mr. Chester. The funds, however, being inadequate to the completion of the church, £2,000 borrowed for that purpose forestalls, for interest, £100 per annum of the endowment, a position of things which it is to be hoped the parishioners will not allow long to remain. An ecclesiastical district containing 12,000 persons has been appropriated to this church from the district of St. Peter, Walworth, parish of St. Mary, Newington. The Rev. T. Mitchell is the incumbent, and the Lord Bishop of London diocesan.

F. C.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS, CUM MULTIS ALIIS.

(From the *Illustrated Times*).

On Tuesday, Mademoiselle Piccolomini took her second and last farewell of the British public, before starting for New York; where she is anxiously awaited by the *habitues* of the "Academy of Music." The scene of the *adieu* was the Crystal Palace, and so determined were the young lady's admirers to see and hear the last of her, that no less than ten thousand of that respectable class assembled to "assist" at the leave-taking. In speaking of Madlle. Piccolomini's last appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, we told our readers of the enthusiasm of the audience, and of the affecting tenderness of the departing one. The emotion on both sides was equally great at the Crystal Palace—that is to say, equally great in proportion to the numbers present, for, speaking absolutely, it was four times greater. The ten thousand spectators and listeners clapped their twenty thousand hands and shouted "Bravo!" (those who wished their neighbours to think they understood Italian shouted "*Brava!*") while Madlle. Piccolomini responded to the plaudits with a cordiality and emotion that were really touching, and which, to those who believe in Madlle. Piccolomini's talent, must have been profoundly affecting. No one knows how to receive applause so well as the unvocal little soprano, who fulfils so imperfectly an author's intentions, and acts so skilfully to the pit. She acknowledges it in the most charming manner almost before it is offered to her, just as she is always ready to repeat an air in answer to the faintest "*encore*," or to bow, smile, and retire with looks of equal gratitude if the *encore* be evidently not insisted on. But, really, in whatever character she has appeared, Madlle. Piccolomini's success has seldom, if ever, been a doubtful one, and as success is the only thing the public believe in (probably from vanity, because each individual member feels that he has contributed something towards it), one triumph leads naturally to another, and the same people who applauded the successful vocalist on the night of her *début*, applaud her a hundred times more vehemently on the eve of her departure. Doubtless, too, the Irish row, of which Madlle. Piccolomini's appearance at the Dublin theatre was the pretext, has added materially to that lady's reputation—"La réputation c'est un grand bruit"—and the noise inside and outside the Dublin theatre was something tremendous. The Irish, in their humorous manner, treated the pleasant, good-natured, vivacious, audience-loving Piccolomini, as some goddess of song. Did they not sacrifice a dove to her—a poor innocent dove—who was dragged on to the stage by ropes, and whose back was nearly broken by the weight of an unusually ponderous volume of Moore's melodies? Of course there is some connection in the Irish mind between doves, Moore's melodies, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini. The Irish have a talent for connecting all sorts of dissimilar things, voluntarily when they are witty, and involuntarily when they make bulls. But, however that may be, Dublin has added to the Piccolomini reputation; and the Crystal Palace (a city in itself) has (with due allowance for the coldness of the Anglo-Saxon temperament) endorsed, or re-endorsed the opinion of Dublin. In about seven days from the publication of the present number of our own journal, Mademoiselle Piccolomini will step from the deck of the "Vanderbilt" steamer on to the quays of New York, she will enter an equipage, which will be in readiness to receive her, and the New Yorkers will behave like a set of horses (that is really the quadruped we mean), in so far that they will harness themselves to her carriage and

drag her to her hotel. Of these events we might have heard in eight days or even less, but, alas! the Atlantic cable will not work! In the meantime, we sincerely hope that Mademoiselle Piccolomini will meet in New York with even more success than she obtained in London; for it would be mortifying if the *habitues* of an American opera were to discover what the audience never seem to have found out, or, all events, never seem to have cared about, at Her Majesty's Theatre—namely, that Madlle. Piccolomini, with all her proficiency in the art of pleasing, is far from being a great singer.

Of course at her farewell concert Madlle. Piccolomini did not sing alone. She was supported by Sig. Giuglini and Sig. Aldighieri—almost the best tenor, and almost the worst barytone of the day. Sig. Giuglini sang "Spirito gentil," from *La Favorita*, and "Tu m'ami," from *La Zingara (Bohemian Girl)*, and sang them with all possible taste and feeling. This admirable vocalist, who possesses that rare gift among the tenors of the present day—a voice that is neither uneven nor tremulous—is, it appears, engaged at Madrid, but we shall doubtless have the pleasure of hearing him in London next season. It has been said that Mr. Lumley will not open; that Lord Ward is tired of his speculation, &c.; but whatever Lord Ward may feel inclined to do, we cannot believe that Mr. Lumley would have engaged Titiens and Giuglini for a term of years (which he has certainly done), unless he had intended to avail himself of their services. But for Mr. Lumley, we might never have heard either of those singers, and we should look upon it as a misfortune to the public if Her Majesty's Theatre were not to re-open. Managers are born avaricious (though it is customary to call them liberal in newspapers), and if Mr. Lumley were to abandon Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Gye would lose no time in cutting down his expenditure at Covent Garden.

But our contemporaries are fond of circulating wonderful and incredible stories about musical matters. Thus, in a recently published memoir of Miss Arabella Goddard, we find it stated that her last master was Thalberg, who left England when Miss Goddard was about thirteen years of age, and never afterwards gave her a single lesson! In addition to this, it is well known that Thalberg never played *one* of those pieces which our great English pianist always executes at her own concerts and at the Philharmonics. Thus, according to the memoir-writer, Miss Goddard never received a lesson since the age of thirteen; while the influence of Thalberg upon her has been so extraordinary, that, instead of performing his fantasias, she always selects some work by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, or some other classical composer, of whose music Thalberg never played a note!

Mr. Sims Reeves has left the Standard Theatre, and we suppose is now waiting until some other manager will offer him fifty pounds a night. It is an offer which, if we were the directors of an operatic theatre he would very soon receive. It does not come to more than about ten pounds an air, or, to put it differently, about five shillings a bar. Certainly there are tenors who would sing for a great deal less, but they wouldn't sing so well. The letting of twenty or thirty stalls and a dozen of boxes, at fair prices, will always suffice to pay Mr. Reeves' salary; and he never sings anywhere without filling the entire house. By the way, if Mr. Sims Reeves ever sings at the Standard again, he owes it to himself to insist on being supported by a better orchestra. There are some vocalists who would sing to an accompaniment of tin kettles if the manager only paid them their salary punctually. It would become Mr. Sims Reeves to show that he is not one of them. We have said that our great English tenor has temporarily retired; but his double has appeared at the Egyptian Hall. And those who like to hear Mr. Tennyson's and Mr. Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud" executed as only Mr. Sims Reeves—and his double—can execute it, had better attend one of the representations of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul's *Patchwork* without delay. The sham Sims Reeves, who sings so very much like the genuine one, is, indeed, Mrs. Howard Paul herself. We always knew that this lady had an admirable contralto voice, but we were not aware until last Monday night that she could, at will, transform it into a magnificent tenor. But it is not the voice alone

that reminds us of Mr. Sims Reeves. We have the same tones, the same manner of phrasing; in short, the most perfect imitation of his singing that can be imagined. To imitate his bearing and gestures, is, to an accomplished actress, scarcely more difficult than to wear a coat and shirt like his, or a wig fashioned after the model of his luxuriant head of hair. But, still, there are certain peculiarities about Mr. Sims Reeves' manner which every one would not have noticed, and which Mrs. Howard Paul mimics very happily. There is one point, too, in which the copy is better than the original. The inevitable encore is accepted with a much better grace by the sham tenor than by the real one. Various other interesting additions have been made to the *Patchwork* entertainment, which is now even more successful than it was on its first production. Mrs. Howard Paul's best character—we are speaking now of *real* characters—is still her Irish girl, sighing for her soldier and for a cup of strong tea. Mr. Paul is, perhaps, seen to most advantage as the American, who comes over with a letter of introduction to the Queen, addressed "Victoria, Buckingham Palace, Pimlico Way." He it is whose wife gives him tea "so weak that it can scarcely get out of the pot;" and whose child, having attained the mature age of eleven without being baptised, announces to his parents that if they cannot agree as to what his appellation shall be, he intends to "name himself and take the consequences."

ONE HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF BALFE'S "ROSE OF CASTILLE."

(Communicated.)

ON Saturday, Oct. 9th, Balfe's *Rose of Castille* was performed for the 100th time, and there was a perfect *furore*. The house was crowded; and in addition to an amount of enthusiasm not often witnessed, there were several very pretty compliments got up by the audience. Flags, bouquets, wreaths, and other trophies, were thrown on to the stage in really extraordinary profusion (I am telling you just what happened—I am not writing for effect!). One flag thrown to Miss Louisa Pyne bore an inscription from the opera itself: "Real gems like you are scarce in all countries." "To the sweet Rose of Castille." Another thrown to Mr. Harrison was inscribed: "To the renowned Muleteer, Mr. W. Harrison." A really beautiful basket of artificial flowers, with two fine stuffed birds of paradise surmounting it, was handed up from the stalls at the end of the opera; and a lady sitting in one of the stage boxes took off a very handsome wreath from her own head and handed it down to Miss Louisa Pyne. Balfe was called for, the audience naturally supposing he would be in the house on such an occasion. He appeared, and a very fine laurel-wreath was thrown to him. Besides what I have mentioned, the expression of good feeling and hearty congratulation on the part of the audience was unmistakeable.

NEW YORK.—The Harmonic Society gave a fine concert at the Crystal Palace on Friday, when about four thousand people listened to choruses by the society, and several solos by Formes, among which were the "Porter Lied" from *Martha*, and a new "Song of Peace," the music by Clement White, a celebrated English composer, who has lately taken up his residence in the United States. Mr. John Brougham wrote the words. The song was received with great enthusiasm and was encored. Mr. Formes was in splendid voice, and the whole affair was eminently gratifying to all concerned.—In the theatrical world *Jessie Brown* has carried all the town to Niblo's Garden. Neither the piece nor the charming performance of Miss Agnes Robertson, as the heroine, seem to have lost anything with the public. So there will be more *Jessie Brown* every night this week. Mr. Boucicault is engaged upon a new drama of Parisian origin, and containing some new effects.—*New York Herald*.

AN ELECTRIC QUINTET.—A Hungarian, Mr. Leon Aumar, has, according to a Brussels paper, made a new and curious application of electricity. In a public concert at the National Theatre, he played by means of electric wires, on five different pianos at the same time. The electric battery which worked the wires was in an adjacent room.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—Your impression of last Saturday contains a letter from a correspondent inappropriately signing himself "Truth," who chooses to criticise an article printed in your columns a week or two ago from the *Birmingham Journal*. It would appear that "Truth" had not well considered his subject, for after denying the correctness of that part of the above-referred to article, noticing the increasing disposition for bringing out new compositions, he goes on to give his reasons for discrediting that statement, and says, "two or three oratorios were offered to the Birmingham Festival Committee at the commencement of the present year, but as yet the Festival Committee have declined to acknowledge the receipt of the letters containing the said offers." Now I am not going to defend the want of courtesy exhibited on the part of the official in not answering these letters, but does "Truth" imagine that managers of festivals can bring out any and every new composition that is sent them. Is "Truth" aware that at all these meetings it is an imperative necessity to perform certain standard works; and will "Truth" deny that at nearly all the late provincial festivals some new work has been produced. If the Birmingham Festival was to bring out every new composition that is sent, it would last four weeks instead of four days, and nice rubbish some of it would be; but I think I have said enough to show "Truth" is erroneous for once, and as the rule of contrary seems to be observed in the anonymous signatures to newspaper letters, will content myself by remaining (hoping you will find me a corner) yours truly,

ANANIAS.

MOZART'S JUPITER SYMPHONY.

(From *The Birmingham Journal*.)

The symphony is not only the most extended but the noblest shape that instrumental music can assume. The greatest masters, from Haydn—who first perfected the form now universally accepted as the canonical—to the most renowned musicians of the present century, have delighted to exercise their genius in this high branch of composition. Mozart, who, though born after Haydn, died before him, wrote symphonies which excel the most finished models of his predecessor, contemporary, and survivor; and among these is the "Jupiter," thus entitled, not by the modest and gifted composer himself, but by certain enthusiastic admirers, struck with its colossal proportions, and, above all, amazed at the prodigious combination of learning and genius displayed in the last movement, a fugue, with episodes, made out of four subjects, which, in the end, are worked consitaneously. The symphony in C major—No. 4 of the so-called "Grand," universally known as the "Jupiter"—was one of three composed between the months of June and August, in 1788—the year after the production of that undying masterpiece "Il Dissoluto Punito, ossia Il Don Giovanni"—consequently when Mozart's genius was in the full strength of its maturity. The other two symphonies, in E flat, and in G minor, are equally masterpieces in their way, though the first is far less ambitious in design and far less elaborate in detail. Opinions are divided as to which is the greater of the two, the "Jupiter" or the G minor; but we cannot help thinking where such admirable workmanship and such consummate beauty are observable on either hand, comparisons, if not "odious," are at least indiscreet. However, there cannot possibly be two opinions about the grandeur and magnificence, the prodigal melody and unsurpassed and unsurpassable ingenuity of the "Jupiter." That Mozart must at first have taken Haydn for his model, in the composition of orchestral symphonies seems as reasonable to suppose, as that, subsequently, he so greatly surpassed his original as to induce Haydn to return the compliment. To the truth of the latter proposition, the fact that twelve grand symphonies composed by Haydn for the concerts of Mr. Salomon, the violinist, were not commenced till the year of Mozart's death, bears unquestionable testimony. Mozart was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756 (three years before Handel died). Haydn came into the world nearly a quarter of a century earlier—at Rohran, March 31, 1732. Mozart died at Vienna, December 5, 1791, at the age of thirty-six; Haydn seventeen years later, in the same city, May 31, 1808.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL SERVICES.

THE Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and the committee associated with them, have commenced various works in the cathedral for the following purposes :—

1. To provide for the largest congregation possible at the special evening services within hearing distance of the pulpit.
2. To regulate the temperature of the cathedral, and make other arrangements for the comfort of the congregation ; and to take care
3. That nothing so done clash with the architecture.

"For the first object," says the committee, "it is evident that the great central area of the dome can alone offer sufficient space. It has also been found by experiments in 1851 to be the part of the cathedral best adapted to the voice. With a view to the comfort of the congregation, the first thing is to secure a reasonable amount of warmth. To attain this, the crypt, which underlies the whole cathedral, offers considerable facility—viz., by warming the crypt thoroughly, and forming openings in the pavement to allow the heated air to circulate. For this purpose a number of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's patent stoves have been already placed there, and openings have been formed in the pavement, hereafter to be covered with ornamental brass-work ; such additional stoves and gratings will be added as the result of the trial of those at present provided shall suggest. It is for the purpose of this experiment, and this only, that at present the nave is separated from the rest of the church by a screen of white calico, which will be shortly removed, when the requisite number of stoves has been ascertained. The admirable foresight of Sir C. Wren permits the chimneys of these stoves to be carried up to the top of the cathedral, without in any way injuring the structure, or introducing danger of fire. The pavement of the central dome and the contiguous parts of the arms of the cross is to be covered with a kind of matting called campulicon ; and almost the whole of the congregation will be seated on chairs. This space, during Divine service, will be enclosed with crimson curtains of the American leather cloth, which material has been found at Sydenham to be successful in confining sound. The whole is to be so arranged that curtains, chair-, and even the greater part of the matting can be readily put aside on Monday and replaced for Sunday's use on Saturday afternoon ; so that they will in no way interfere with the architecture. An additional organ will be provided should the present organ be found ill-placed for the congregation under the dome. The lighting will be mainly effected by the means of the corona of gas which was left round the whispering-gallery at the time of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The committee continue to look forward with confidence to the support of the public in the important object of enlivening the present naked and unfinished appearance of the interior of the cathedral by solid and permanent embellishment, in accordance with the views of Sir Christopher Wren, so far as they can be ascertained.

MUSICAL ON DR.—Signor Ludovico Graziani, the tenor, brother to the well-known barytone, has achieved a very decided success at the Italiens in Paris, in the *Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. Madame Penco, also, was most favourably received as Violetta in the first-named opera.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have taken Covent Garden for three months, and commence operations therein at Christmas.—Mr. Lumley has gone to Paris, and Mr. Gye has departed for Italy.

LEEDS MADEGAL AND MOTET SOCIETY—(*From a Correspondent*).—The ninth season of this Society was commenced in St. George's School-room, on Wednesday evening last, when nearly one hundred members were present, including a large proportion of the fair sex, who have of late shown considerable interest in the performance of choral music in the town. Mr. Spark, the musical director, occupied the chair. Mr. John Piper, jun., honorary secretary, read the eighth annual Report, an exceedingly satisfactory document, showing the Society to be in a most flourishing condition. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed to the conductor, the honorary secretary, the treasurer, and the committee, and the various officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—If the Hughes instrument prove to be the successful medium of communication for submarine telegraphs, as its inventor confidently expects, it may be of interest to the musical world to know that Music has her claim to put on record, in the perfecting of the great wonder of the age, as appears from the following account of the construction of the Hughes instrument. The Albany *Journal* thus sketches the principal feature of this new invention:—"The Hughes instrument is a combination of the Morse and House inventions. In the Morse instrument, two or three pulsations of the electric current are required to indicate one letter. In the House instrument, it requires from one to twenty-eight pulsations. In the Hughes instrument, it requires but a single pulsation for each letter. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is simple, though the principle on which it is based is complex. The type-wheels at the respective stations revolve to print the message, and their revolutions are governed by vibrating springs. These springs cause them to revolve in exactly the same time. There is an acoustic principle involved, viz.: that two springs which give the same musical tone, while vibrating, vibrate the same number of times per second. The springs are therefore chosen and regulated by sound. This instrument, it is evident, economises both time and electric power. Its exceeding sensitiveness to the least perceptible pulsation of the electric currents, adapts it especially for long lines and submarine cables. It is capable of writing forty words a minute, with about one-tenth of the battery power of other instruments, and sends messages both ways at once ! At least, so its inventor claims, and it is to be tried on the Atlantic cable."—*Dwight's Journal of Music*.

THE ALHAMBRA PALACE, LEICESTER SQUARE.—An application was made at the Middlesex Sessions on Friday last for a licence for music and dancing for the Alhambra, Leicester-square. Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Sleigh appeared in support of the application, and Mr. Le Breton appeared on behalf of the parochial authorities of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mr. Bodkin said the applicant in this case was Mr. E. T. Smith, and the building was the Alhambra, in Leicester-square, formerly called the Panopticon. It was built for the purpose of Science and Art, but that was a failure. When Mr. Smith took it, the magistrates were so pleased that they granted him a wine and spirit licence, and he now sought to introduce first-rate concerts and balls. Mr. Smith was an enterprising and improving person, and was well-known for the admirable manner in which he conducted Drury Lane Theatre, of which he was the leasee. There was a petition in favour of the licence, signed by 182 resident rate-payers, one of whom was the churchwarden of the parish. The building cost £3,000 a year, and it was only by first-class concerts that an income could be obtained. Mr. Le Breton said the petition against the licence was signed by the Rev. W. G. Humphry, the vicar of the parish ; and he denied that the Alhambra was a fit place for concerts. It was a room of monster proportions, a hundred feet in length, and delicate shades of music would be entirely lost there. There would be not only music and dancing at the Alhambra, for Mr. Smith had a wine and spirit licence ; and the orgies and debauchery that would take place were fearful to contemplate. Mr. Metcalfe opposed on the part of Mr. Nind, the proprietor of the Hotel Sablonière, and Mr. Wolridge, the proprietor of the Hotel Provence, Leicester-square. Mr. Smith, in answer to Mr. Metcalfe, said it was not his intention to open the Alhambra as a casino, but as a place for balls, for particular purposes. He would not, however, give any pledge upon the subject. Mr. Metcalfe then proceeded to argue upon the assumption, that Mr. Smith would open the place as a casino, if it answered his purpose. Alderman Salomons thought they should have some assurance that Mr. Smith would not conduct it as a casino. Mr. Smith said he pledged his honour not to conduct it as such ; and then the licence was unanimously granted.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Augustus Harris, stage-director of the Royal Italian Opera, has signed a lease for the Princess's Theatre, of which he takes possession at the termination of Mr. Charles Kean's tenancy at the end of the present season. Mr. Harris is about proceeding to Paris, where he is engaged at the Italian Opera to get up Verdi's *Macbeth*, in which Madame Grisi will play the principal part.—*Globe*.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

GREAT SUCCESS OF FLOTOW'S "MARTHA."
100TH, 106TH, AND 107TH NIGHTS OF "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be repeated Flotow's celebrated opera *MARTHA*, characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patay, Mr. T. Grattan Kelly, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (103rd, 106th, and 107th times), Bulfe's highly successful opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*, characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Proscott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albany, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bertleman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with each evening, a new Ballet Divertissement by M. Petit, the music by Mr. Alfred Mellon, entitled *LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*, supported by Müller, Zulù Michelot, Morioch, and Pasquale. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented Shakspeare's historical tragedy of KING JOHN: King John by Mr. C. Kean; Constance by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 16, will be presented the comedy of LADIES BEWARE! To be followed by the drama of THE RED VIAL. To conclude with A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

First night of the great Adelphi drama of THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST, written by the author of THE GREEN BUSHES. Produced with new scenery, dresses, appointments, and all the original effects. Madame Celeste in her celebrated character of Cynthia. Mr. Paul Bedford in his original part of the Kingfisher. On Monday, and during the week, to commence with THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. Cynthia, by Madame Celeste; the Kingfisher, Mr. Paul Bedford; Lemuel, Mrs. R. Bonner; Starlight Beau, Mrs. Weiss, late Miss Harriet Gordon. To conclude with the comedietta of THE FAMILY DENTIST, supported by the company. On Saturday, the celebrated Flexmore and Madame Auriol will appear in a Grand Ballet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LETTER about Martha and the Drury Lane company was evidently misdirected to the Musical World office. It has been forwarded to the proper place, not far from Temple Bar.

T. W.—The "Westminster Palace Ball" next week.

T. REYNOLDS, Norwich.—William Bird was a pupil of the celebrated Tallis, and son of Thomas Bird, who belonged to the choir of Edward VI. His compositions were mostly written in Latin words. He was undoubtedly, therefore, in his earlier life, an adherent of the Romish Church; yet he must have conformed to the Reformed Church, since he was organist of Lincoln Cathedral, in 1583. In 1589 he was appointed gentleman to the Chapel Royal. He died in 1623, about eighty years of age. He is the author of the canon "Non nobis Domine." The anthem, "Bow thine ear," was first published in 1589, in a work entitled, "Sacrarum Cantorum," but has long been sung to the English words.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16TH, 1858.

A "Handy-Book of Musical Art, with some Practical Hints to Students"—By the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—just issued by James Blackwood, Paternoster-row—merits notice apart from our ordinary column of Reviews. This little work may be commended as something to be read, not only by amateurs, but by musicians also, with profit and pleasure. An instruction-book it is not, but whatever course of instruction the musical student is undergoing can hardly fail to be aided and enlivened by its perusal. The dedication may be cited, as succinctly and gracefully revealing the intentions of the author:—

"To my daughter Alice, for whom these pages were originally

written, with a view to form her musical taste, and assist her judgment in matters of musical art, and chiefly that she might trace the direct teaching of Nature in the established principles of harmony, and see the evident marks of design and wisdom exhibited in the connection that exists between musical science and the natural laws of sound, this little work is dedicated."

The "Handy-Book" is divided into eight chapters, in the course of which, and by regular gradations, the art of music is regarded philosophically, historically, theoretically, practically, and critically, the general object being—as the honourable and reverend author modestly declares in his introduction—"to lighten, if possible, the labours of the musical student, and suggest some plain and useful hints, which he may afterwards enlarge by more extensive reading." There is something good in every chapter, and a tone of purity about the whole which must elicit the warm sympathy of every right-minded person. We have seen no work which could be placed with such advantage in the hands of young persons, more especially females, who are studying music earnestly, and not merely as a frivolous recreation. Of the importance of music as an art that refines and elevates, and of its ineffable beauty as a medium of expression, Mr. Skeffington entertains strong notions; and wherever he apostrophises it from these points of view, it is with a simple and unaffected eloquence calculated alike to excite attention and secure conviction. Such doctrine, too, from the pen of a clergyman, is the more consoling to those who hold music in veneration, since it carries with it double weight, and may serve as a wholesome antidote against the many bigoted opponents which short-sighted sophistry has created.

The subjects included in the *Handy-Book* are thus distributed:—Nature and Office of Music; History of the Musical Art; Development of the Appliances of Art, or Musical Instruments; Theory of Music; Sacred Music; Art of delivering Musical Sounds; Musical Composition; and General Remarks as to the Present State of Musical Art. Each of these is briefly touched upon, without exception in a lucid and engaging style. In the chapters on Theory, we would especially call attention to the remarks about the arbitrary nature of the minor semitonic intervals—a point that must baffle the inquiries of all who endeavour to trace the derivations of chords from harmonic roots. Until theorists, indeed, can explain the mystery of the minor third, the artificial nature of the minor key must be accepted as an indisputable fact.

Some of Mr. Skeffington's general observations tend to show that in his opinion the art of music is on the decline. This may be the case, but we are not prepared to attribute it to the same cause as the honourable and reverend gentleman—viz.: the want of patronage in high places. The German princes have still their chapel-masters and court-musicians; only these chapel-masters and court-musicians are no longer Handels, Haydns, and Mozarts. What follows is, we think, more to the purpose:—

"We cannot fail to notice the prevailing habit of the day, which is to give young persons a bare smattering of pianoforte-playing by way of accomplishment, without the least regard to the question of talent or inclination shown for the study. Further, the false system under which they are taught, and the taste corrupted from the very commencement by fugitive compositions of the lightest kind; added to this, the rage and avidity with which everything that is popular in the ballad, dance, or romantic style is run after and *despised* for a time; the haste shown to commit pieces of music to memory for the evening's display, and the distaste for sight-reading and playing such music as is good and classical: all these things do certainly inspire painful forebodings as to whether we have not passed the zenith of our musical greatness, and whether good music and honest musicians will

not have to yield to the force of pressure, and float along with the evil current of the day."

Again, in the preface, we find the subjoined :—

" Never was there a time known when music was so universally cultivated as it now is, never perhaps a time when the true principles of the art were less understood and less carried out. And the reason is plain—the principles of instruction are out of course and unsound; the foundation of musical knowledge, too often, is ignorantly laid, and the fabric unskillfully built, the superstructure or summit is alone crowned by competent hands;—in plain words, students learn to walk at home, and go to London for a few finishing lessons in the art of running. Nor can the author overlook in this statement the almost unaccountable neglect of harmonic science which is conspicuous in the musical teaching of the day, the practical part being the sole end and object of every teacher; plainly showing that any knowledge beyond this is not held in the slightest account. Often with astonishment has he heard an executant of no mean order not only confess freely their ignorance of harmony, but even almost seem to derive merit of grace from the deficiency. If parents would confine the teaching of music to such only of their children as showed a marked talent for the thing, and then give them sound instruction from the very first, we should have fewer players but more musicians."

It is here the shoe pinches. But surely we have experience to show that the taste for the ephemeral and vicious does not last; that it is usually vested in the majority; and that though there are always, and in every department, a larger number of fools than of wise men, the wise men carry their point in the end, and what they predict will endure, endurea. Then, again, Mr. Skeffington himself affords us consolation :—

" It should be matter of rejoicing to every lover of the divine art that he has the noble text-works of the great masters, the concentrated fruits of well-directed genius, profound skill and careful elaboration to guide his judgment and assist his studies."

And further :—

" I will not lay much stress on the dearth of musicians at the present time, for the apostles of art are always to be found in groups and in company."

Nothing can be truer, and nothing more certain, than that an increasing love for the works of the really genuine masters is a sign of the times. With regard to the piano, while we have our Sterndale Bennetts, our Arabella Goddards, and such uncompromising adherents to what is good and great and pure in art, we need not repine—we need not in the least apprehend that decline of which the excellent author of *The Handy-Book of Musical Art* apparently stands in fear.

A *Monstrous Concert* is rather a dangerous affair to meddle with. Whoever hitherto has tried it—with one or two exceptions—has burned his fingers. Even the prince of *entrepreneurs*, M. Jullien, could not turn the speculation to good account, when he projected and carried out his series of "Concerts Monstre" on so magnificent a scale at Exeter Hall. Had the huge palace of Sydenham been granted him, however, in place of the hall in the Strand, giving him scope and space for his gigantic imaginings, we have no doubt he would have achieved a different result. Now, Mr. Distin appears to entertain but one idea of a concert on a large scale, namely, to get all the singers and instrumentalists he possibly can to put their names down in his programme, to advertise liberally, promise largely to excite public expectation, and leave the rest to chance. Upon such a principle was his "Grand Vocal and Military Festival," given at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday last, carried out. Fifty artists, together with two "Unions,"—to say nothing of the Military and Crystal Palace bands—lent their names to adorn the

swelling scheme, and forty-three pieces were set down in the bills for the fifty to perform. This loosearray of half-a-hundred, having no head to direct them, no one to fix their periodicitiees and times in the orbit of the performance, and no one to whose command or authority they could succumb, having arrived at the Sydenham Palace, some too early, and some too late, as no notice had been sent them at what hour the performance would commence, wandered about like a flock of geese in the Lincoln fens that had lost their leading gander and were liberated from all control. The concert was announced to take place at twelve; it did not begin until one. Forty-three pieces were announced to be sung or performed; not more than twenty were given. The visitor who paid sixpence for the printed programme might as well have furnished himself with a copy of the Koran, so little information did he obtain from it of what was going forward. Everybody wanted to sing first; and he or she who had not what was reckoned a favourable place in the programme, felt considerably aggrieved. Poor Mr. Distin! We can fancy him in the retiring room, praying, entreating, imploring the artists, in his peculiar vernacular, to lay aside their petulancies, jealousies and priorities, and go forward to the rescue of his good name. It was unprecedented at the Crystal Palace to hear on all sides nothing but censure and abuse. Many left their seats early, disgusted with the proceedings, and not one single person, we are certain, of the immense audience, quitted the concert-room without great dissatisfaction.

Upwards of fourteen thousand persons attended the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the greater number no doubt attracted by Mr. Distin's "Grand Vocal and Military Festival." We repeat, not one person went away satisfied. We accuse nobody, but there must have been gross mismanagement somewhere. Mr. Distin should not have obtained the services of artists without securing to himself at the same time the power of disposing of them in the programme as he thought fit. The vocalists and instrumentalists, when they engaged to sing and play for Mr. Distin, should have made up their minds to submit to his or some delegated authority. Above all, it behoved the directors of the Crystal Palace to have taken care that the public were not mis-informed and misled; that what was promised under their sanction should not have been withheld; that a serious entertainment ushered forth as "under the special patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and the Right Hon. Sir R. W. Carden, M.P., Lord Mayor," and emblazoned on the forehead of the bills as a "Grand Festival," should not have turned out to be a snare, a mockery, and a delusion.

For the sake of the directors, for the sake of the shareholders, for the sake of the public at large, for the sake of the artists engaged and the speculator who engages them, we trust such another exhibition may never occur again within the walls—we mean the windows—of the Crystal Palace.

WILL no one write a new equestrian drama, that has something like an aspect of permanence about it? Years ago a great hippodramatic genius, named Amherst, composed the *Battle of Waterloo*, and not only was it found worthy repetition, whenever business was flat, but it actually founded a school. There was the *Campagne in Moscow*; there was

some war in the Peninsula; there was something else somewhere else—all fashioned after the fantastic pattern of the *Battle of Waterloo*. The story of this class of drama was not intensely interesting, and the connection between the scenes was not always to be detected without difficulty; but, nevertheless, they were distinguished by a large consumption of gunpowder, and by severe conflicts between multitudinous supernumeraries, while certain scenes or figures gave a kind of historical character to the motley exhibition. Mr. Gomersal's *Napoleon* was famous in its time. Who at the present day gains fame at Astley's equal to that of Gomersal.

Then, not quite so many years ago, we had *Mazeppa*, as the type of a more regular hippodrama—a piece with a regular plot, and with quite interest enough for an Astley's audience. The duration of *Mazeppa* is altogether incalculable, for even now it is found more attractive than any novelty, and a season never passes without its revival as one of the leading features. The present *entente cordiale* between France and England prohibits a reproduction of the *Battle of Waterloo*, but *Mazeppa* is perennial beyond the reach of politics.

The dramas written with reference to the Crimean war acquired that popularity which belongs to everything connected with an absorbing topic of the day; but before the actual contest had come to an end, the mimic conflict had lost its interest; whereas the *Battle of Waterloo* was totally independent of contemporaneous events. If we set aside these Crimean plays, the history of equestrian dramas for the last ten (if not twenty) years is totally devoid of a single record that can arrest the attention or stimulate the memory. During the successive managements of Messrs. Batty and Cooke we have been frequent visitors of the time-honoured amphitheatre, but if we try to recollect any one piece that has been produced upon the stage, a number of vague pictures press upon our eyes, distinguishable from each other by name, and by scarcely anything besides.

Shaksperian dramas, with horses thrust into them by hook or by crook; novels turned into plays without regard to the exigencies of the theatre; old incidents badly connected by the fragile thread of an unintelligible plot; the spectacle is indeed varied after a fashion, but, alas, after a fashion it is extremely monotonous.

Mr. W. Cooke has newly painted and decorated his house, and his ring is enlivened with the choicest diversions. But why won't he make an effort on his *stage*? Surely the only equestrian stage in London might be turned to better account than by the production of such a nou-spectacular spectacle as the *Covenanters*.

WORCESTER GENERAL INFIRMARY.—The musical arrangements for the forthcoming concert in aid of the Funds of the Infirmary are nearly matured. Our readers will be glad to learn also that the profession generally have evinced much sympathy in the cause. Miss Arabella Goddard, the eminent pianist, has most handsomely given a donation of ten guineas to the charity. Madame and Mr. Weiss, with the other London artists, have materially reduced their professional terms; and our fair neighbour, Miss Gilbert, who has relinquished all public engagements, has kindly volunteered her services. It also gives us great pleasure to add that the Worcester Harmonic Society and the other resident artists have, with their usual liberality, come forward to aid gratuitously this benevolent object. We do trust therefore, that the public generally will respond most handsomely to such a combination of efforts to increase the funds of an institution so well deserving the cordial support of every one.—*Worcester Herald.*

OLD SONG.

(To be newly set to music.)

Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—The friends and admirers of this accomplished singer will be delighted to learn that she has returned from America and purports in future prosecuting her artistic career in England. Madame Bishop has only arrived in London a few days, and already, we understand, she is secured for a concert at Oxford, and engagements are pending with the directors of the Crystal Palace to make her *entrée* at Sydenham before a London audience.

DRURY LANE.

THAT M. Flotow's *Martha*—produced in an English uniform for the first time on the English stage, on Monday night—in the estimation of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, is an opera of higher worth than Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, must be taken for granted, seeing the greater amount of pains expended in getting up the former, and the greater respect paid to the score. At the Lyceum, the *Crown Diamonds* was converted into an *olla podrida*, several songs, foreign to the work, being interpolated. At Drury Lane, on the contrary, the managers have made their bow to M. Flotow, and have not permitted a bar of *Martha* to be discarded or altered. Hand-in-hand with reverence for the score went the determination to present the opera in the fairest possible light. Mr. Alfred Mellon, the zealous, energetic, and indefatigable leader, had not much difficulty in bringing his cohort to do their work irreproachably. The chorus, under the able direction of Mr. Smythson, the chorus-master, were in every respect equal to the music entrusted to them. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable and striking. The costumes—with one exception, which we shall allude to presently—were splendid and appropriate; and, to conclude, the three principal characters were excellently supported. With such care and pains, with such splendour and fitness, no production could fail of success. Had the audience on Monday night considered the music only, we doubt if the same results would have been achieved. But gratitude and good nature prevailed; to be satisfied was the general desire; and every round of applause was a testimony to the manager's enterprise, not a tribute to the composer's genius. That *Martha*, for a work that has obtained a certain reputation, is one of the weakest ever composed, no one with musical feeling and appreciation, we believe, can deny. The ideas, at no time original, are few and far between, and when they do come the ear in vain seeks for tune. In fact, take away "The last rose of summer," and *Martha* is literally deprived of its only melody. The frequent recurrence of the lovely old Irish air has invested the opera with a beauty and a vitality which will keep it in existence for some time; but once laid aside it is irretrievably buried.

The cast of the opera at Drury Lane is as follows:—Lord Tristan—Mr. George Honey; Plunket—Mr. J. G. Patey (his first appearance on the English stage); Sheriff—Mr. T. Grattan Kelly (his first appearance); Lionel—Mr. W. Harrison; Lady Henrietta—Miss Louisa Pyne; Nancy—Miss Susan Pyne. Miss Louisa Pyne sang the music of Lady Henrietta, or *Martha*, with exquisite taste and skill, but, except in the case of the "Last rose of summer"—which created a furor—did not produce any great effect. The part, indeed, does not afford scope to exhibit to advantage Miss Louisa Pyne's excellences as a vocalist. M. Flotow does not write well for the voices, and in the instance of *Martha*, does not appear to have written the music of the heroine for any extraordinary singer. "The last rose of summer" met with a tumultuous encore, while the other solos assigned to *Martha* passed off comparatively without a hand.

Miss Susan Pyne made as pert, vivacious, and spirited a representative of Nancy, the *ancilla* or hand-maiden, as the poet

himself could have desired. She gave the music, although by no means well suited to her, with excellent effect. For the costume of Nancy in the third act we must call Mr. Buchan to a strict account. It was nothing short of preposterous. Nancy is the waiting-maid of Lady Henrietta, and yet, in the third act, when there is no thought of, nor reason for, disguise, Miss Susan Pyne appears as one of the ladies of the court attendant on the Queen, attired for the hunt, and even outshining all the fair Dianas in the magnificence of her dress. How such an absurdity could have originated with Mr. Buchan, it is as difficult to surmise as to understand how it could have passed the *surveillance* of the stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling, or have escaped the supervision of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison. Such an inconsistency is fatal to the *vraisemblance* of the story.

Although the part of Lionel is somewhat too sentimental and, so to say, lackadaisical, for Mr. W. Harrison, the performance of that gentleman, whose style is essentially manly and vigorous, was entitled to high praise both in the singing and the acting. The music, as in the case of Miss Louisa Pyne, is not well adapted to him; nevertheless, he sang throughout in his best manner, and achieved one of the encores of the evening, in the romanza, "She appear'd clothed in light," ("M'appari tutt'amor," in the Italian version), which he gave with touching expression and feeling. Mr. Harrison, however, required, and the audience felt he required, some bold strain like "The fair land of Poland," or "I'm a simple muleteer," to bring out his peculiar powers.

Mr. George Honey made an amusing caricature of Lord Tristan, but was not always to be praised for his extravagances. Mr. J. G. Patey, who made his first appearance on the London stage in the character of Plunket, is a novice, but gave indications of decided talent. His voice is a barytone of good quality, and he is far from being an unskillful singer. His pronunciation, however, is open to exception. He has a habit of making one syllable into two when it contains the letter *r*. He says, "Lionel sure-a-ly (surely) will die;" and "Ere-a love his poor harrit (heart) be betrayed." Those who heard the late Mr. Wilson, the celebrated ballad-singer, will remember his singing, "I'll remember-a thee." This is a fault Mr. Patey would do well to get rid of. As an actor, he seems entirely unacquainted with the stage. Mr. T. Grattan Kelly, whose name unmistakably indicates his country, is even a greater novice than his fellow *débutante*. He is a tall, thin, upright young man, with, as far as we could make out, a deep bass voice. For an Irishman, his diffidence was excessive and unprecedented. Of his capabilities we cannot even hazard a guess.

The English translation has been effected by Mr. T. H. Leynoldson, a gentleman not entirely unknown in literature, and who wrote the English version of the *Sonnambula* for Malibran—an immortal honour. The translation of *Martha* shows more ingenuity and facility than taste or poetic sentiment. It abounds in redundant phrases, such as "one single," "depart away, &c.;" and the comedy is by no means free from vulgarity—witness the chorus of servants at the fair. We will quote one of the songs, which will afford an excellent specimen of the style of the whole translation. In the beginning of the third act, Plunkett and chorus sing the following apostrophe to the national beverage of the period:—

I.

Tell me, good friends, now if you can,
What pleases most an Englishman?—
Can no one tell? not one?—
'Tis John Barleycorn's good cheer,
Strengthening, healthful, home-brew'd beer!
When foaming high and sparkling clear,
No drink can match it under the sun!
No, John Barleycorn is old England's king!
John Bull his praises will ever sing!

Hurrah!

There's no drink like this under the sun!
No, none!

CHORUS.

John Barleycorn is old England's King, &c.

II.

Tell me another thing, if you can;—
Whence comes the strength of an Englishman?
Can no one tell? not one?—
'Tis from John Barleycorn's good cheer,
Strengthening, healthful, home-brew'd beer!
When foaming high and sparkling clear,
No drink can match it under the sun!—
John Barleycorn is old England's king!—
John Bull will ever unto him cling!—

Hurrah!—

There's no drink like this under the sun!—
No! none!—

CHORUS.

John Barleycorn is old England's king, &c.

The performance was received throughout with great applause, and all the artists were recalled several times. The enthusiasm, nevertheless, was not so unbounded as we have witnessed on many occasions when an opera was presented for the first time to a Drury Lane audience. *Martha*, notwithstanding, from its reputation, endorsed by its recent reception at the Royal Italian Opera, and the admirable manner in which it has been put upon the stage, cannot fail to obtain a certain amount of public favour, and may serve for some time to alternate the performances with the *Rose of Castille*, as it is announced to do—a proof, by the way, that its success on Monday night was not triumphant.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The first appearance of Mr. Charles Mathews since his return from America, with the first appearance on the English stage of Mrs. Charles Mathews, of whom rumour had spoken very highly both as to talents and personal attractions, drew an overflow to this theatre on Monday. The play was Dion Boucicault's *London Assurance*, Mr. Charles Mathews sustaining his popular character, Dazzle, and Mrs. Charles Mathews that of Lady Gay Spanker. The welcome given to Mr. Charles Mathews when he first stepped upon the boards was enthusiastic in the extreme. Cheer followed cheer in quick succession, each round being more vociferous and persistent than its antecedent fellow, until the audience seemed fairly wearied with applauding. Mr. Charles Mathews, whose modesty and diffidence are not on all occasions excessive, appeared quite taken aback. Nevertheless, he did not lose his self-possession, but demeaned himself under the circumstances with his customary tact and coolness. To a performance so well known as the Dazzle of the actor we need not allude. The part was written expressly for him by one of the shrewdest of living dramatists, and fits him as a kid glove—one of M. Piver's best French—fits the hand. As an exemplification of mingled audacity and *nonchalance* Mr. Charles Mathews's Dazzle is incomparable. Mrs. Charles Mathews's reception was hardly less warm than that of her *cara sposa*. She is exceedingly prepossessing in looks and figure, and captivates with a glance. As an actress she is graceful, natural, and *piquante*, but has hardly fire enough and impetuosity for a character written for Mrs. Nisbett's peculiar powers. A part less bold and vivacious than Lady Gay Spanker would, to our thinking, suit the fair *débutante* better. We therefore believe that Mrs. Charles Mathews will be seen to greater advantage in another character, and wait for the pleasure of witnessing it before pronouncing further as to her merits. *London Assurance* has been played every night during the week.

OLYMPIC.—Idiocy, theft, murder, and the Morgue—such are the materials from which Mr. Wilkie Collins—we beg pardon, Wilkie Collins—has wrought his new play, *The Red Vial*, and with which he has endeavoured to indicate a new mode of infusing vitality into the declining drama. To strive to produce something novel is very laudable in a writer of the present day; but, when deviating from the beaten path, care should be taken not to lose sight of it entirely. In his attempt to achieve something original, Mr. Wilkie Collins has, like vaulting ambition,

overleapt himself, and lighted on the unnatural. In some respects *The Red Vial* betrays great ingenuity, and even indicates power, but the "horror on horrors" which the writer accumulates, he has not poetical force or elevation of sentiment to assuage or modify, and the facts are left to their own naked repulsiveness. Less finely acted, the drama would have been summarily dismissed from the stage on the first night of its performance. Mr. Robson acts the part of the idiot with astonishing energy and truthfulness; but in his acting less proximity to nature would be desirable, since the effect on the audience is not that which an author contemplates, nor an actor aims at—an immediate desire to get up and leave the theatre. We were never before so deeply impressed by Dr. Johnson's observation, that "futility is not the proper prey of the satirist," as after witnessing *The Red Vial* on Monday evening. It is to be lamented that the first entirely serious part written for Mr. Robson should not have been a success. Although Mr. Wilkie Collins' new play must be pronounced a failure, he must not, therefore, be told to write no more. Let him eschew imitating the nude abominations of the modern French melodramatic school; nor seek in German charnel houses for subjects to place in all their unsophisticated loathsomeness before his English audiences. He may then produce something worthy of himself, since his talent is undeniable.

STRAND.—A new burlesque, entitled *The Maid and the Magpie*; or, *The Fatal Spoon*, taken from the old and oft-used story, by Mr. Byron, author of *The Bride of Abydos* and other pieces, has been produced during the week with well-merited success. The old tale is closely followed, and the parts are well sustained and travestied by Misses M. Oliver, Marie Wilton, and Ternan, Messrs. J. Bland, J. Clark, and Ternan. The piece abounds in puns of the most audacious and unexpected kind, some of which are exquisitely vile and far-fetched. Several nigger melodies are introduced with capital effect. But why, in a burlesque of the *Maid and the Magpie*, the author has forgotten to turn Rossini's *Gazza Ladra* to good account, we cannot understand; unless it is that the author never heard of Rossini and knows nothing of his opera. Miss Marie Wilton's Pippo would have been the most sparkling and irresistible performance in the piece, but for Miss M. Oliver's Ninetta, which is not better. Mr. J. Bland's Isaac, the pedlar, is inimitably grotesque and loud.

MOZART'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.

(From *Fraser's Magazine*.)

THE pianoforte of Mozart's day had established its superiority over all keyed instruments of the quill-and-wire tribe by the roundness and sweetness of its tone, the fine gradations of power which it yielded to the hand, and its freedom, without hardness and dryness, from all offensive vibration. The harpsichord, patronised by Handel and Scarlatti, and organ players in general, was not without a certain grandeur; but no one could make it sing a melody, or produce upon it those melting effects of *decrescendo*, or harmonious blendings of intervals, to which many of us have listened "all ear" when a J. B. Cramer sat at the pianoforte. Touch became on this instrument a peculiar art, developing the finest feeling. It was distinct from the elastic digital power which brings out passages with clearness on the harpsichord or organ, and might rather be compared to that gentle pressure of the bow, or enforcement of the breath, with which the accomplished violin player or singer gives prominence to a beautiful idea. The expressive mystery of a fine touch, it is easier for the musician to feel than to explain; the attack and retreat of the fingers, the holding down of notes their full time, and the degree of force with which the keys are struck, may all be well accomplished, yet shall we not be greatly moved by any performance in which the soul of the artist does not animate his finger tips. A little prelude—a careless arpeggio of half-a-dozen chords, serves mostly to reveal the qualities of a player, and to announce him either as a musician or a musical mechanic.

Not only did Mozart devote himself to the *legato* style, but Beethoven prized it so highly, that while he possessed his sensi-

bility of ear and touch, he never played in any other way; and it was this which made him say in one of his conversations with Ferdinand Ries, "that of all the pianoforte players he had ever heard, he preferred J. B. Cramer." This interesting testimony, by the way, which is published in Ries' "Notizen," respecting Beethoven, should not have been excluded from Moscheles and Schindler's biography of that composer.

Towards the middle of the last century every house in a certain class of society in Germany possessed its pianoforte; and in the southern districts, Stein of Augsburg was a manufacturer of these instruments in great repute. The cultivation of music was at this time merely a means of introducing an elegant pleasure at home. It gave an occupation to the young, which, as the simple, earnest compositions of the day evince, was as yet untainted by the vanity of display. Music pleased for herself alone. But good teaching in respect to mechanism was very rare; and the steps by which a finished artist is raised to perfection, from childhood to full maturity, were almost undiscovered. Mozart's father was one of the first who comprehended the true principles of the modern execution—kept the arm in complete stillness, and moulded the hand into that rounded position in which the fingers seem to grow to the keys. Leopold Mozart and his daughter were much occupied in teaching, and, as we learn often talked themselves out of breath, in the conscientious discharge of their employment. While they were explaining the mysteries of fingering, and showing how passages of great apparent difficulty could be neatly and elegantly brought under the hand, it was the business of the young composer, even from eight years of age, to form and train the soul.

From this early period the solicitations to compose for this or that individual talent, which beset him throughout life, had their origin. Whatever related to capacity in his own art, its exact degree, its character, and importance, was known to him in any individual with whom he conversed, as if by intuition. The tone of a voice, the air of a countenance, the social vivacity of a young person, seem to have enabled him to read with facility whatever nature had imprinted of the musician. The mere shape of an exquisitely-formed hand, without a general repose and harmony of character in the whole human structure, would, perhaps not have satisfied him; but both together made him more certain of his subject than either Gall or Spurzheim could have been by any investigation of the musical bumps which enter into the system of phrenology.

Even in his moments of deepest abstraction, when playing extemporaneously, Mozart was able to preserve a part of his mind free to notice the effect of his music upon others, to inform himself how far he might pursue one track of invention, or when it was time to strike into a new one. He had his own prepossessions in point of taste; and there is no master in whose works we can place a finger on a passage, a bar, or even a note, and say with greater confidence, "this the composer enjoyed." But though he gently led the way, and insinuated his own preferences in melody in strains of tender and melancholy grace, he appears rarely to have approved his own first conceptions until he had tried their influence upon others. This practice, which he early commenced among the visitors who listened to him occasionally at his father's house, became so strong in him by habit, that he was able at last to carry it out in public among the numerous audiences collected at the theatre, where—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The dramatic poet and musician are the kings who proverbially have "long arms." The chief element of their being is knowledge of the world within and without; they multiply themselves, and extend their own identity into all the infinite forms and varieties of the human family, and strike chords of passion which vibrate by sympathy through the whole. In Mozart's mystic language of inarticulate sounds there may be discovered a perpetual process of reason, as well as of imagination. The precision with which, as a minister of pleasure, he adapted the means to the end—hitting the mark always, restraining the luxuriance of his fancy amidst all its roving temptations, and preserving himself just within the limits of the

object to be accomplished, exhibits the logical composer in an aspect in which he is unequalled among musicians.

Not any writings which Mozart has left show the man and the musician more interestingly than these collected pianoforte compositions. They are, for the most part, living witnesses to the amiability of his disposition, being mostly free gifts to one and another of his acquaintance of all ages and talents; sometimes evidently costing him no more trouble to write than that of moving the pen; at others displaying the exertion of his greatest powers in design and construction. To one who can enter with full sympathy into the day-dreams of the charming artist-family whose abode in Salzburg near a century ago renders that locality still a shrine of musical enthusiasm and devotion, it is pleasant to travel once more into the past on the wings of these compositions. Images of happiness and hope will surround us while we witness the content of the yet youthful father and mother of Mozart in the opening genius of their son; and so we have resolved to write our Salzburg "re-visited." Glancing a little to our right as we ascend the broad staircase of their dwelling, we discover in the deep vista of a warehouse, fragrant with the scents of Italian edibles and culinary merchandise, Mozart's landlord, that immortal drysalter, M. Hagenauer. The ladies, the officers, the ecclesiastics, the musicians, who from time to time mount to the *dritter Stock* (third floor) to talk about or hear music, thus need not forget in going or coming where to renew the exhausted Parmesan or stock of maccaroni. But we quit these sensualities and enter the apartments of the Mozart family. In a room well stored with musical instruments and books, and ornamented with prints, busts, and flowers, a boy sits at a table composing. That is Mozart. A canary bird chirps in a cage at the open window; and a favourite cat, who has established herself on the table near his music-paper, looks the picture of domestic quiet and content.

"Wolfgang," exclaims the boy's sister, "the young countess, my pupil, is just returned from Paris. She has been taking lessons of Schobert, and is much improved. You remember how well she promised, what a nice clear finger she had, and what a graceful feeling for melody. You must write something for her, either variations or a rondo; but, whatever it is, I must take it with me next week." "Well; I'll think of it. I have just finished the procession march for Haffner's sister's wedding, and the new minuets for the ball in the evening. This afternoon we drive out to the Nonnenberg, and to-morrow I must practise my concerto, to play to the archbishop's Italian friends at the palace. What a lazy thing that is," he adds, contemplating puss, "I wonder when I shall find time to enjoy being lazy?" "Oh, there will be plenty of time," interposes the father. "For what?"

"For composing the piece which your sister wants. And, Wolfgang, you know that M. l'Evêque, who has been in Italy, and talks to us so much about Italian fugues and counterpoint, will be sure to stand beside the little countess as she plays; so let your music be a rondo, in which you can bring in the subject in the bass, and make some of the passages move in canon. This will strengthen the young lady's left hand, and give the gentleman an opportunity of displaying his science when he speaks of the construction of the piece."

The scene changes. The Mozarts are in London, in their modest lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. A German friend of theirs whose visage beams with delight and admiration, congratulates them on the pleasure which they gave to the king and queen at Windsor, a few nights before. It is the queen's music-master, J. C. Bach. "His Majesty was delighted with the sonata, which he heard played off-hand by two great hands and two little hands alternately. It was a novelty; and here in England"—addressing the boy—"they like nothing so much as novelty!" "Have they ever heard four hands on the pianoforte together?" asked Wolfgang. "Never; no duets for a keyed instrument have yet been published in England. But do you try your hand at some, and we will play them together to some musical friends, whom I intend shortly to collect at my house." The duets in D and B flat (Nos. 43 and 57 of the catalogue *thématisque*, Potter's edition) are quickly produced and played. A Berlin professor of counterpoint, well versed in Marpurg, fidgets a good deal in his chair, and then rises to criticise.

"The *adagio* of that second duet is certainly a heavenly melody, M. Bach; but I observe that, in the second line, there are about thirty-three consecutive octaves in succession in the middle parts." "They accompany the melody very well," said Bach, laughing. "But, my dear friend, such counterpoint!"—"I was not thinking of counterpoint; I was thinking of pleasing," interrupted the boy. "The second violins and tenors sound very well so in an orchestra." "And I notice more octaves still in the *andante cantabile* of this duet in D," said the professor. "There I meant to imitate the bassoon." "So you turn the pianoforte into an orchestra, and place pleasure above counterpoint! What is to become of music if composers at your time of life set up taste and emotion as supreme guides? It must be quickly reduced to a chaotic jargon." The professor was waxing warm. "My revered father, John Sebastian," said M. Bach, quietly, "was wont to compose in what you call the strict style; and yet he would break a rule at any time rather than injure a good melody, or spoil a neatly-constructed passage."

Mozart's wonderful childhood is passed, and he is not a little pleased to see himself wandering from Munich to Manheim and Paris in quest of a permanent settlement. His pianoforte playing is in great request at the houses of musicians whom he visits; he engages with young people in parties of pleasure, dances, and excursions, ready at any time of day to make the candid confession of youth—

"Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard."

And so, as Carl von Weber tells us, that German girls much delight in new waltzes and musical keepsakes (MSS.), which they pay for by a squeeze of the hand, Mozart, as a matter of course, was obliged to dispense his services and take the usual wages. Sonatas by the dozen, full of elegant Italian melody, and of the neatest construction for fingering, attest what he has given away at the solicitation of the fair; nor could even mamma be denied if her little favourite longed for a pretty air with variations. The language of refusal was scarcely in the vocabulary of the compliant and obliging man.

Mozart is walking one morning in the English garden at Manheim, with a musician belonging to the Elector's chapel. "Nothing," says the composer's friend, "ever surprised and pleased me more than what you did yesterday when we went with Holzbauer and Cannabich to the pianoforte warehouse to choose the new instrument for the palace. To play on five or six instruments in succession, on each in a different manner, with a perspicuous design in every improvisation—that I call the test of masterly invention and readiness. It is extremely embarrassing, when in walking from instrument to instrument, with great hearers, one is reduced to show one's poverty, to repeat oneself, or become quite vapid." The idea of such a situation made the composer smile. "A peculiar fantasia," he returns, "is necessary when one would try a pianoforte. I have thought much of this impromptu music, and I sent my conception of such a fantasia in notes the other day to my sister. It should differ from the orchestral fantasia, in which we may blend *adagio* and *allegro*, sweet air, solemn modulation, and various rhythm, within the compass of one prelude; and also from that in the round or organ style, which usually ends with a fugue. I intend some day to make designs of these different fantasias."

Last winter, when we met in London M. Neidhardt, of the Berlin choir, we were well reminded that Mozart had kept his word. The fantasia in C minor, arranged by him for a large military orchestra, forms a splendid piece, and we have heard it ourselves in Berlin with great pleasure.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—But there was something that outdid them all; and that was a beautiful face I had the pleasure of sitting opposite to. I shall not give you the least intimation of the name or whereabouts of the owner of this face; suffice it to say that she was a wife and a mother, and thus wearing on her brow the perfect crown of womanhood. Vain would it be for me to attempt to convey to you the charm of this countenance by any enumeration or inventory of its features—by telling you of the rich dark hair, so massive and yet so soft, and braided as Raphael would have braided it—of the steel gray eyes, spirited

[OCTOBER 16, 1856.]

and sweet, under such eye-brows and eye-lashes as would have made any eyes handsome—of the clear, pelucid complexion, as delicate as it is possible to be and not lose the charm of health—of the pure and sculptured lines of the cheek and chin—of a mouth gently grave in repose, but easily rippling into the most dazzling smiles. All this gives you no notion of the sweetness, the purity, the refinement, the gentle-heartedness, the ethereal peace, that breathed from this lovely face and threw over it a charm not borrowed from form or colour. And her dress, of simple white muslin, high in the throat, with purple ribbons, could not have been improved if a committee of artists had prescribed it. I have been somewhat about the world, my dear C., and as you know I have an eye in my head; and I assure you there is nothing on earth so fine as American beauty in its rarest and highest type—such as was here before me. Its leading and characteristic trait is that of extreme refinement; of fineness in its literal and exact sense, as opposed to coarseness. In no country so often as in our democratic America will you see faces that look as if they were the perfect result of many generations of the most select and fortunate influences. This peculiar charm is often found in such excess, as to become almost a defect; from its so inevitably suggesting fears of evanescence and early decay. Why should I not be permitted to rave a little in this absurd way, upon the subject? Why should beauty gather all its tributes from lovers, poets, and boys? Why may not mature age, long tried and trained by life, lay an offering on this altar? What beauty is there like that of the human face? Milton in that pathetic passage in which he sums up the deprivation of his blindness, puts last, and as the climax of his bereavement, his losing sight of the "human face divine:" no lightly-considered or chance-gathered epithet. Had the light of day again visited those dim orbs, can we doubt that their first glance would have sought some human face! It is one of the compensations in growing old, or at least ceasing to be young, that our sensations if less strong are finer; more ethereal if less tumultuous. The serene emotion which the sight of beauty now awakens within me I would not exchange for the more impetuous fervours, the coarser thrills, of twenty-five. Certainly I never looked upon a new-blown rose with a more passionless admiration than upon this fair young creature who had crossed my path but for a moment, and yet thrown upon it a perennial satisfaction; for if a "thing of beauty" be "a joy for ever," how much more is a being of beauty.—*Boston Courier*.

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CHILDREN.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

'Tis to the world are children,
Through them 't feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

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A popular and useful edition of the most favourite songs from the modern Operas, newly edited and revised by a well-known Professor of Singing.

Rigoletto.		a. d.
"	1. La donna è mobile (F and A flat)	.. 1 6
"	2. Caro nome (D)	.. 1 6
"	3. Questa o quella (F)	.. 1 6
"	45. Bella figlia dell'amore (A flat)	.. 1 0
"	54. E il sol del' anima—Duet	.. 3 6
"	68. Song (F)	.. 1 6
"	69. Figlio mio padre—Duet (D)	.. 3 6
"	4. Ah! i perche non posso (B flat)	.. 1 6
"	5. Ah! i non giunge (G)	.. 1 6
"	6. Come per me sereno (F flat)	.. 1 6
"	7. Vi ravviso (A flat)	.. 1 6
"	63. D'un pensiero—Duet (C)	.. 2 6
"	64. A fooco cielo—Duet (B flat)	.. 3 0
"	65. Prendi l'anel—Duet (A flat)	.. 1 6
"	12. Qui la voce (D)	.. 1 6
"	13. Son virgin vergosa (B flat)	.. 1 6
"	14. A te, o cara (A flat)	.. 1 6
"	15. In questo semplice (C)	.. 1 6
Betyl.	16. Ernani, Ernani, involami (G)	.. 1 6
Ernani.	67. Ah! morir potessi—Duet (F)	.. 2 6
"	56. Come rugiada (A)	.. 1 6
"	67. Infelice e tu (A flat)	.. 1 6
"	58. Lo vedremo—Vieni meco (G)	.. 1 6
"	17. Nella fatal (B minor)	.. 1 6
"	18. Di pescatore (D and F)	.. 1 6
"	19. Il segreto (C)	.. 1 6
"	20. Com' e bello (C)	.. 1 6
Nabucodonosor.	21. Va pensiero (F)	.. 1 6
Fille du Régiment.	22. Chascun lo dice (D)	.. 1 6
"	23. Apparvi alla noce (E flat)	.. 1 6
"	24. Convien partir (D)	.. 1 6
Luisa Miller.	25. Quando le sorelle al placido (B flat and F)	.. 1 6
"	35. Lo vedi, s' primo (C)	.. 1 6
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Favorite.	26. Scesa dal ciel (G and C)	.. 1 6
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Norma.	28. O mio Fernando (C)	.. 1 6
"	29. Casta diva (D)	.. 1 6
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Frigione d' Edimburgo.	31. Una furtiva lagrima (D flat)	.. 1 6
"	32. Sulla poppa (A)	.. 1 6
Don Pasquale.	61. Dormi, dormi (F)	.. 1 6
"	33. Com' e gentil (F)	.. 1 6
"	34. La morale (B flat)	.. 1 6
Anna Bolena.	35. Al dolci giudami (E flat)	.. 1 6
Linda di Chamouni.	36. O luco di quest' anima (A)	.. 1 6
"	71. Da quel di—Duet (G)	.. 2 6
"	59. Se tanto in tra (F)	.. 1 6
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"	38. Di quella pira (G)	.. 1 6
"	39. Ah! si ben mio (B flat)	.. 1 6
"	40. Deserto sulla terra (C)	.. 1 6
"	41. D' amor sull' ali roseo (G)	.. 1 6
"	42. Tacca la notte placida (F)	.. 1 6
"	43. Il balen del suo sorriso (A)	.. 1 6
"	44. Ah! i che la morte ignora (B flat)	.. 1 6
"	70. Si la stanchessa—Duet (B)	.. 2 6
"	46. Un di felice (F)	.. 1 6
"	47. Parigi, o cara—Duet (F)	.. 1 6
"	48. Di Provenza il suol (G)	.. 1 6
"	49. Libiamo ne' lieti calici (G)	.. 1 6
"	50. Se una pudica vergine (C)	.. 1 6
"	51. Un di quando le veneri (A minor)	.. 1 6
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SWEET LITTLE JENNY.

(From "Songs," by John Ellison.)

I.

O, a sweet little darling tormentor is she!
My heart knows no rest for a minute;
Her smile is as bright as the rosebud to me,
But a thorn's ever lurking within it.
And yet, of all flowers in the beautiful bowers,
I love her the dearest of any;
And I never will try from the fetters to fly
That bind me to sweet little Jenny?

II.

I will hope for the day when I proudly shall say
Such a treasure is mine, and mine only;
For I fancy the rose then no thorn will disclose,
To make me all cheerless and lonely.
O happy my lot, when they twine round my cot,
The blossoms so sweet and so many;
But the fairest of all I ever will call
My own little charmer—my Jenny!

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. WALESBY, of Waterloo-place, writes: "Many erroneous accounts having appeared in the papers respecting the notes of the bells for the new Houses of Parliament, and the reading of the chimes, I have been led to sketch the following particulars: The four bells for indicating the quarters of each hour are to be of such notes that we may say they would be respectively the first, second, third, and sixth, of a peal of ten; or, in musical notation, G sharp (first bell), F sharp (second), E (third), B (sixth), the hour bell being the tenth, or E (third space in the bass), an octave below the third bell. So far so good, provided that each proves satisfactory as regards quality of tone, relative pitch, &c. I subjoin the 'solos' which are likely to be played upon the bells during every hour:

INDICATED BY BELLS.

First Quarter	1, 2, 3, 6.
Second Quarter, or Half Hour	3, 1, 2, 6—3, 2, 1, 3.	
Third Quarter	1, 3, 2, 6—6, 2, 1, 3—1, 2, 3, 6.
Fourth Quarter, or Hour	... {	3, 1, 2, 6—3, 2, 1, 3—1, 2, 3, 6 —6, 2, 1, 3—10.

"Now, with the utmost deference to the gentlemen entrusted with these matters, I think the above may be called a very tedious and inappropriate arrangement for such very heavy bells, the respective sounds of which will be so grave as to render it necessary to strike each bell in considerably slower succession than is usual with any other chimes in this kingdom. The following brief and simple composition, if performed upon the bells in very slow time, would, in my opinion, proclaim the quarters in a more intelligible and melodious manner:

INDICATED BY BELLS.

First Quarter	1, 3.
Second Quarter, or Half Hour	1, 2, 3.	
Third Quarter	3, 2, 1, 3.
Fourth Quarter, or Hour	... 1,	2, 3, 6—10.

"In order that all persons who hear the chimes may clearly understand which quarter is indicated without becoming impatient of listening, I have, it will be perceived, inserted only, two notes for the first quarter, three for the second, and four for the third, concluding in each instance with the third bell (E, the key note), thus affording repose to the musical ear. There are also four notes for the fourth quarter, which, however, is distinguished from any other by the introduction of the sixth bell (B, the dominant note) which calls for and is followed by the tenth, or hour bell (E, the fundamental note), with grand effect."

* Set to music by M. Enderssohn.

The following are the 'solos' as figured above :

The following is Mr. Walesby's composition :

TOM HOOD'S REASONS FOR NOT PUBLISHING HIS LIFE.—"My whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those 'bald biographies' that content the old-gentlemanly pages of Sylvanus Urban. Lamb, on being applied to for a memoir of himself, made answer that it would go into an epigram; and I really believe that I could compress my own into that baker's dozen of lines called a sonnet. Montgomery, indeed, has fore stalled the greater part of it, in his striking poem on the 'Common Lot'; but in prose, nobody could ever make anything of it, except Mr. George Robins. My birth was neither so humble that, like John Jones, I have been obliged amongst my lays to lay the cloth, and to court the cook and the muses at the same time; nor yet so lofty, that, with a certain lady of title, I could not write without letting myself down. Then, for education, though on the one hand I have not taken my degree with Blucher; yet, on the other, I have not been rusticated at the Open Air School, like the poet of Helpstone. As for incidents of importance, I remember none, except being drawn for a soldier, which was a hoax, and having the opportunity of giving a casting vote on a great parochial question, only I didn't attend. I have never been even third in duel, or crossed in love. The stream of time has flowed on with me very like that of the New River, which everybody knows has so little romance about it, that its head has never troubled us with a tale. My own story then, to possess any interest, must be a fib. Truly given, with its egotism and its barrenness, it would look too like the chalked advertisements on a dead wall. Moreover, Pope has read a lesson to self-importance in the Memoirs of P. P., the parish clerk, who was only notable, after all, amongst his neighbours as a swallower of loaches. To conclude, my life—'upon my life'—is not worth giving, or taking. The principal just suffices for me to live upon; and, of course, would afford little interest to any one else. Besides, I have a bad memory, and a personal history would assuredly be but a middling one, of which I have forgotten the beginning, and cannot foresee the end. I must, therefore, respectfully decline giving my life to the world—at least till I have done with it."

KAISERL. KONIGL. POLIZEI-DIREKZION.* DIRECTION DE LA POLICE I. R.		
Meldzettel.		Billet d'annonce.
Stadtviertel	Haus Nro. Zimmer-Nro.	Hausschild
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Karakter oder Beschäftigung Caractère ou occupation		
Geburtsort und Vaterland Lieu de naissance et la patrie		
Wo anfassig Domicile		
Religion Religion		
Alt Âge de		
Kommt von Vient de		
Gedenkt sich aufzuhalten und wie lange Durée du séjour		
Allein oder mit wessen Begleitung Seul ou avec		
Prag, den	Name und Karakter des Unterstandgebers.	
Jeder Fremde ohne Unterschied ist verpflichtet <i>sogleich nach seiner Ankunft</i> in Prag die in diesem Meldzettel vorgeschriebenen Kuden deutlich und vollkommen auszufüllen.	Chaque étranger, sans distinction de qualité, est obligé de donner immédiatement après son arrivée à Prague tous les renseignements indiqués sur le présent billet d'annonce.	
Die Ungabe eines falschen Namens oder Karakters oder eines andernunwahren Umstandes unterliegt der gesetzlichen Bestrafung.	Toute déclaration non vérifique, soit à l'égard du nom, du caractère ou d'une autre circonstance, subira la rigueur de la loi.	
Jeder Fremde, der in Prag verweilen will, hat sich spätestens am nächsten Tage nach seiner Ankunft im Passamte der k. k. Polizei-Direktion wegen Erhalt einer Aufenthaltskarte unter sonstiger Ahndung zu melden.	L'étranger intentionné de passer quelque temps à Prague doit, sous sa propre responsabilité, demander au plus tard le jour suivant son arrivée à la Direction de Police le permis de séjour.	
Jeder Gast-oder Unterstandgeber ist unter den gesetzlichen Strafen verpflichtet, die Meldzettel über die bei ihm eingekehrten Fremden täglich längstens bis 10 Uhr Vormittags an die k. k. Polizei-Direktion einzusenden.	Le billet d'annonce sera présenté à la Direction de Police jusqu'à 10 heures de matin.	
Von der k. k. Polizei-Direktion in Prag.	De la Direction de Police i. r. à Prague.	

KEIGHLEY.—On Wednesday, the 13th inst., Mr. W. S. Sunderland gave a concert at the Mechanics' Institute. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Thomas; violin, Herr Molique. A new song, "Merrily shines the morn," sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, was, with other pieces, encored. Herr Molique was enthusiastically received and his solo redemanded. Signor Randegger presided at the pianoforte.

* Worth consideration before setting out for Prague.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., ON MUSIC.

(From our own Reporter.)

LIVERPOOL, Saturday Night, Oct. 16th.

It has long been the custom with the Northern Mechanics' Institution, which has its home in Lord Nelson-street, Liverpool, to give cheap concerts on the Saturday night for the recreation of the working classes, of whom its members almost wholly consist. At one of these entertainments this evening the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., presided. It was calculated that nearly three thousand persons were present, and though the vast majority were working men, a fair sprinkling of working women was visible throughout the assemblage. The platform was graced by the presence of a number of ladies. Having, during an interval between the first and second parts of the concert, been thanked, on the motion of Mr. Caine, for the honour he had done the institution by presiding.

Mr. Gladstone spoke at some length. In the course of his remarks he said:—

"What shall I say on the subject of this entertainment? Do not be afraid if I go back to the beginning of the world, for I promise you I will not stay there. (Laughter.) But if I mention the words, it is only to say that those who consider music to be a powerless thing, who think it ranks among the trifles of existence, are in gross error; because, from the beginning of the world—and that is the only time you will hear the phrase from me—from the beginning of the world down to the present day it has been one of the most powerful instruments both for training, arousing, and governing the mind and the spirit of man. The foundations of it lie deep in your nature; they have been placed there by the Author of that nature, and it is in a remarkable sense doing this work to cultivate the gifts with which he has endowed us. (Applause.) There was a time when letters and civilisation had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown; on the contrary, it was so far from being a mere source of entertainment, of common and light amusement, that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that music so much so that there was not a poet who was not a musician—there was not a verse spoken in the early ages of the world except where music was adopted as its vehicle, showing thereby the serious consciousness that in that way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart of man. (Applause.) Listening to the notes we have heard to-night, observing their character, I ask whether it is possible to imagine instruments better designed for maintaining in us the love of country and the recollection of the glorious traditions of Old England, than the songs which you have received with such rapturous applause? And the duties of the citizen, the attachment to the land in which we live, the desire to serve it by the improvement of its laws, and by the performance of our personal duties, are rendered stronger by the influences that you receive during the moments now current, from the notes struck on the pianoforte, and from the voices you have heard. (Applause.) There have been cases, ay, and many cases too, when music has been exalted to uses more blessed still. No doubt it is true that, like every other human gift, it may be polluted and perverted; but it is to the honour of this great science that, of all the music now existing in the world—of all the music which the geniuses of ages has accumulated, no small part, and perhaps the very finest and most commanding, is the music which has been dedicated strictly to the purposes of the offering of the solemn worship of Christians to the Author of their being and of their redemption. (Applause.) And, so long as 1,400 years ago, one of the greatest and most eminent Christian men—the great St. Augustine—left upon record, as one auxiliary instrument of his conversion from heathenism to become a pillar of the Gospel, the influence which the sweet strains of the Christian Church exercised over his yet untutored soul. (Applause.) Now, I have said that such a gathering as this tends to patriotic purposes; and although I admit that as a nation we have, like other nations, our weaknesses and our faults, and enough of them, yet, I say that the sight now before me, is a sight which, while it gladdens the heart, must also, or should do, make anyone thankful to bear the name of Englishman; for we see in this assemblage a living, practical protest against all vices and all degrading pursuits. (Cheers.) The force of temptation is great, and far be it from me to pronounce censures on the infirmities of my fellow-men. But, without pronouncing censure upon any one, I may be allowed to feel satisfaction, I may be allowed to utter the voice of thankfulness if I find that this vast assemblage, composed, as is evident, from the classes from which it purposed to be composed,

namely, from those great classes, the staple and the strength of a free country—the working men of England—that on a Saturday night, after the toil of six days, and with the prospect of its renewal on Monday, the hours which are allowed to be devoted to temporary recreation, are not spent in search of violent excitements, but are spent in paying money to hear a concert, and partake of amusement of a character which administers no excitement other than the gentlest and the purest, and the whole results of which ought to tend to unmixed benefit and advantage. Thirty years ago it was the fixed belief of English society that Englishmen in general were not fond of music. Now, I do not speak of Lancashire and Yorkshire, because, as long as they have been Lancashire and Yorkshire, everybody has known that these counties and some others were devotedly fond of music. But I venture to assure you, from my own experience, that thirty years ago the common opinion was that Englishmen in general were devoid of any gift by which they could themselves execute music, or by which they could appreciate it; and that the appreciation and the gift of music were reserved as the exclusive inheritance of the few. But within that period we have had many changes—I trust, many improvements—and there has been no greater reform wrought in the country—I will venture to say, at any rate, none more singularly successful—than the musical reform. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Thirty years ago, music was taught in none of the common schools of the country, or if in any, in so few that the exceptions only made the rule more conspicuous, and there prevailed the erroneous belief—as we may now call it, the stupid belief—(hear)—that although the Germans and Italians were fond of music, Englishmen in general were incapable of enjoying it. That fallacy has been scattered to the winds. (Hear.) Great as is this demonstration, admirable as this institution is in its present condition, I frankly own I hope we shall see, as time goes on, as those who have been taught music in their early days grow up, we shall see domestic music—(hear)—we shall see music find its way into the homes of the labouring classes of this country. (Applause.) It is my duty as one of those who have for many years been called upon to represent the people in Parliament, sincerely and conscientiously, but often very feebly, to labour for their welfare. Here I feel that we are upon true ground; but entertained as I am, and delighted as I am with that which we have heard, I much more rejoice in what I see than in what I hear, and the ~~experience of to-night will end me hence with more cheerful and sanguine convictions than I had entertained before entering this hall, with respect to the disposition and habits of my fellow-townsmen, the people of Liverpool.~~

The right hon. gentleman sat down amidst deafening applause.

CHARLES MACKAY.

(From the *Brighton Guardian*)

THERE is truly no reason why we should not suppose poets to be included in the cyclical order of the universe. And so it seems to be. For a long age—from Moses and Miriam, Asaph, David, and Solomon—the poets were *persons*; they not only wrote, but also, in fact, sang. So Sappho sang, and by the “sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse,” enchanted her nation. Apollo himself with godlike presence inspired the muses. Old Hesiod, Pindar, and mighty Homer, like Moses and David, “showed themselves unto the people,” whilst the bards, scalds, and troubadours of early Europe were as much a visible institution as the *Times* newspaper is to ourselves. But all this suffered change, and for a period again as long the poet has been but a book. The alternation was gradual, and the old desire to see the bard sometimes grew rampant, as when Petrarch was summoned before the people to be invested with the laurel crown. So in the middle ages the Court poet was a miserable relic. During many generations, even for centuries, the poet has been, like the Arabian genius Hatif, “heard, but never seen.” Latterly, indeed, with some aristocratic exceptions, not only was the person of the poet unknown, but his very residence was ignored. If some uncommon incident brought him for a moment into public view, he disappeared no one cared whither. “Grub-street” and “a garret” were the undefined localities of the modern Parnassus. But again there have been indications of a change. Almost within memory of the present generation, Germany could no longer resist the impulse to see their poet, and Schiller was called to “show himself to the people.” As he passes through an avenue of his uncovered countrymen, they shout, “Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!” and holding up their children, say, “That is he!” A like interest in the persons of their poets has of late years been strongly felt by the English. Byron, knowing his personality to be intensely cared for, with false bashfulness hid himself. Walter Scott was much seen, and (as also Macaulay, Lookhart, and Aytoun) ministered to a revived taste for bardic strains

as from the *visible* poets of other ages. At the present day the cycle appears to approach towards completion. In banqueting, and in scientific or benevolent associations, on platforms and on “hustings,” the bards and sages of our time are summoned to give personal testimony of their existence, and to receive ovations. One by one we see them all, hear their oracular voices, and judge “what manner of men” they be. Thackeray and Dickens—both deserving to be counted with the poets—read, like the bards of old, their compositions to the multitude. And now we are to see at Brighton in his bodily shape Charles Mackay, the lyrist, to whom we owe many of the most popular, patriotic, and spirit-stirring songs of the generation to which we belong. We are to see him whose strain of cheering and graceful poetry has so often delighted us—him whose “fancy,” as he says in his *Dionysia*,

“travelled back three thousand years
To find the meaning of the ancient days,
And disencumber their simplicity
From the corruptions of a later time”—

who sang “The Death of Pan,” who told us of “The Invasion of the Norsemen,” and carried us back to the heroic age by that fine ballad, “The Sea-king’s Burial”—him from whom we have learned more deeply to reflect upon the claims of benevolence and justice, and whose one thought seems to be—to lessen the evil and increase the good. We understand too, that in lecturing at Brighton next week, Dr. Mackay presents himself for the first time, publicly, before his countrymen.

What the poet will do, how he will sing, we know not. Will he come with a lyre, a venerable countenance and gray streaming locks? Will he sing to us a new paean? or will he by turns excite our patriotism with his “Battle of Inkermann,” and then melt the soul into pious humility by his “Magdalen of St. Stephan?” Will he sing “Old Tubal Cain was a man of might”? Will the poet tell us somewhat of other poets as well as of himself? Will he not only show us what he can do, but also how to do it? We shall see.

A WAIL FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

ONCE, lately, in poetic mood,
When night had gather’d darkly,
I sought an inspiration high
From foaming draughts of Barclay.
The room was snug, the fire was bright—
The doors and windows barr’d in;
There mote not be a happier wight
Than I near Covent Garden

The theme that tempted then my lay,
In Music’s chosen dwelling,
Soon made me, to Amphion’s lyre
A sonnet loudly swelling—
I sang how its enchanted string
By ancient story’s showing,
Made lofty walls and stately tow’rs
And palaces be growing.

And there was one, in well-worn coat,
And boots of faded varnish,
In wide-mouth’d wonder listen’d he,
The whiles my lay I garnish.
Good soul, he reck’d not classic lore,
But said “It’s very funny,
To think how artists once were paid
And made a mint o’ money!

No doubt the man you mention now,
Might be a good musician—
Indeed he must have been, and I
For such good luck am wishing.
The fidler who a house can build
Is now a lucky fellow—
I know I scarce can pay my rent
With my old violoncello!”

October, 1858.

OLD Bows.

HOLMFIRTH.—The choir committee of St. John’s Church, Upperthong, have appointed Mr. James Sykes, of Scholes Moor, organist for the newly-erected organ in the above church.

RICHARD WAGNER'S LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 658.)

1. RICHARD WAGNER endeavours to characterise the heroes and more prominent situations of his operatic dramas by fixed and constantly recurring motives. This endeavour was previously to be found in the operas of C. M. von Weber, especially in his *Euryanthe*. The system is much more consistently and comprehensively carried out in *Lohengrin* than in *Tannhäuser*. There is no objection to the principle, but, in this instance, likewise, everything depends on the way in which it is executed. If the latter is delicate, intellectual and skilful, if the motives are perceptible, merely as bright flashes in the background, an indisputable advantage is gained for the opera, and the musical unity of this complicated art-form, nay, we should not hesitate long in declaring such a plan to be the sole correct and sufficient one. We must be allowed to remark, however, that the manner in which the principle is employed in *Lohengrin* is an exceedingly clumsy, and, so to speak, sententious one, inasmuch as, to each figure and situation, a placard is, as it were, stuck, which announces, "loud and clear," "Now I am coming, and here I am." Should anyone, however, think that the motives which characterise, or, rather, typify *Lohengrin*, Elsa, Friederich von Telramund, Ortrud, the King, and the holy *Gral*, are important of themselves, this is a mere matter of taste. We do not consider them so. They are certainly characteristic, but in the ordinary sense; that is to say, their character is such as abstract understanding in combination with a slight degree of education can always produce with little trouble. Their principal importance, too, does not consist in the invention, which, as we have already said, is not particularly great, but in the orchestral colouring. It is not the phrases with which Friedrich von Telramund, the King, and the Holy *Gral*, announce themselves, which play the principal part, but the double-basses, the trumpets, and the flutes. Is there any such very great art in this, or have we not rather an instance of the means by which a mind possessing but little fancy tries to effect its purpose? The manner in which Wagner employs the principle leads to insupportable monotony, and weariness, nay, as far as the trumpets are concerned, to torturing discomfort. By the adoption of such a form, however, the demands made by an opera upon the composer as a musically creative being, are certainly very much modified. Instead of being always new, and displaying his mastery in the maintenance of the fundamental tone and similarity of character, the composer simply repeats what has gone before, with slight variations, and a completely material and increased gradation, etc.

2. Richard Wagner despises Melody and does not care much about her. The feeling appears reciprocal, and it is, perhaps, out of mere spite, that R. Wagner speaks so rudely of the gentle virgin in his books. Melody or no melody is a subject about which we will not quarrel, but what we require from every work of art, connected with stringed or wind instruments, is well-defined, palpable, nay, we would almost say, plastically perceptible forms, and thoughts which flash before us, as if they proceeded from a distant star! We are sorry to say that scarcely the slightest trace of such forms and thoughts was visible to our weak mind, during the four hours *Lohengrin* took in representation. In fact, we will speak our opinion honestly and boldly: this psalmatically-recited, musically-unmusical declamation wearied us indescribably, and yet shall we not be allowed to confess it? Such a protracted application of this principle was, certainly, never practised by any composer since Lully (and most undoubtedly not in any way by Gluck) before Wagner, and the mere putting such music to paper would have produced a very narcotic effect on Mozart for instance. Whenever R. Wagner steps out of the phrases which are at everyone's command, and only employed by him with more prudence than by many others, and endeavours, in some degree, to present us with more definite forms, we are immediately reminded of C. M. von Weber, nay, of Mendelssohn and Spohr. In this particular, *Tannhäuser* is more original and less poor than *Lohengrin*. The scene of Venus's grotto in the former opera is the only composition at all comprehensive, as well as decidedly

bold and successfully carried out, which Wagner has yet been able to produce.

3. Music is an art free as the birds of the air. It possesses no laws, not even of acoustics, which the artist has to respect. This principle is announced "loud and clear," in Wagner's scores, and his disciples follow him in this particular with wonderful sagacity. There are two laws of organic musical construction which have not the slightest existence for R. Wagner: the laws of the various keys, and of harmonic combinations. With regard to the first, somebody once observed to us, rather wittily and appropriately, in reference to *Tannhäuser*: "The four-and-twenty keys do not afford a good basis for the ear." Now, let anyone, bearing this in mind, go through *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, and he will find it is a rare exception when R. Wagner remains for eight, nay, only four bars, in the same key. Thus, for instance, the Herald gurgles out his short recitative before the sacred court is held, in six or seven keys, and on account of the unnatural springs taken by the harmony this single piece might in future be given to every singer for the purpose of testing his powers; whoever could get through it would be available at all times, and for all the scores of the Music of the Future for which we may yet hope. The notions, however, which Wagner appears to possess of harmony and the succession of chords, etc., must, to judge by the results, be actually barbarous; at any rate, all our own auricular nerves revolt at them. If the reader will only turn to page 20 of the pianoforte edition, line 3, and realise, "loud and clear," the return from F to A major, or, at page 47, in the first four bars before the fight, the harmonical succession: G, B flat and A major, then G, E, and D major, and, at page 63, the last few bars—especially the fifth, and, lastly, if he will only reflect on the horrible transition from A to B flat major at page 62, he will, perhaps, pardon us, if despite the celebrated name with which our investigations are connected, we exclaim: "This is mere bungling, nay, it is filth, the most despicable violation of the rules of art!" and if anyone should cry out and tell us that we are stupid, because this music does not please us, we appeal to a far more certain organ than the brain, and reply: "You cannot possess ears, if you are fond of revelling in such discord."

4. When ideas fail, a word is introduced at the right time." Wagner employs everlasting the same means. If there were no chromatics, no *tremolo* of the violins, and no trumpets and trombones, Wagner would be obliged to lay down his commander's staff, for we have named the principal forces with which he fights his battles. C major, C sharp major, D major, E flat major, E major, serve to portray passion, affright and excitement, and the reader will be able to open but few pages of the score without finding a climax of this description. In order to express a mysterious feeling, on the one hand, and, on the other, a horrible, demoniacal feeling, was not Apollo gracious enough to allow us to discover the *tremolo* of the violins and basses? What more do we want, since we possess this? The trumpets and trombones, however, are Wagner's pets, and whenever, by way of exception, he soars into the realms of melody, he is fondest of employing the above instruments, especially the latter, to support him. O, it is something magnificent to have a song of joy (that shall, for instance, celebrate a marriage feast) brayed forth by a collection of trumpets and trombones. Who would deny the result? Wagner understands effect, we mean clumsy, material, coarse effect, as well as anyone of his predecessors. He frequently approaches closely to Verdi, and is indebted for his best things to Meyerbeer and Berlioz, from whom he takes his treatment of the orchestra, although in some particulars he goes beyond them. Exactly like Meyerbeer, Wagner is fond of letting the greatest sounds, the "sweet" toying of the violins and the lisping of the flutes and oboes, sweep over the stage after the most overwhelming outbursts of braying noise. We first have unmeaning tumult, striving to appear like strength that would move the world, then unmeaning cooing, striving to represent the tenderest sensations; in one place, untruthfulness and unnaturalness, and, in another, the gradations Wagner employs "to carry away" the spectator with him, heaping up, in order to depict a forcible situation, the tone-masses from imperceptible beginnings, as it were, to colossal

proportions ; all this is imitated pretty nearly, from the well-known chorus of the conspirators in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Wagner surpasses in all material details his model Meyerbeer, the connection with whom he thought he could not repudiate more effectually than by abusing him to his utmost, but Meyerbeer is far superior to him in intensity of specifically musical capability ; compared to Wagner, he is an absolute Croesus. It was lately remarked with great justice, that Wagner reverses the natural mode of constituting the orchestra. The wind instruments, especially the brass ones, occupy nearly always the first places, while the violins are generally employed in the highest passages. If people choose to call this kind of music new, the reputation of a great musical discoverer would belong to Richard Wagner, so far as he was really the first to discover all these things, but he found them, one and all, ready to his hand, and merely pushed them to the most extreme, most unlovely and most inharmonic lengths.

But enough of this. We hope we have satisfactorily explained the reason why we cannot enlist ourselves among the admirers of Wagner's muse. But, some one may probably object, if such is the state of the case, to what is the success attributable ? Let the reader turn over the history of the immediate as well as of the more remote Past, and call to mind what triumphs, by no means transient, it chronicles. Success certainly amounts to proof, which exceeds the authority of any mere individual, however high-placed, but then it is only that success which can look back hundreds, nay, thousands of years, and not the success of ten, or twenty, which is as readily granted to the most preposterous as to the most worthy things. Besides, may not a great portion of the present success be really set down to the unusual nature of Wagner's operatic subjects, to the enormous scenic splendour they require, the colossal masses they set in motion, to the varied interest connected with Wagner personally, as poet, composer, author, agitator, and reformer, and to the excessively active exertions of a party, very devoted to him, and who, by incessant announcements, keep the world in excitement and suspense ?—all things which lie far beyond the actual artistic productions. His success, like his works themselves, certainly does prove something for Wagner ; it proves that we have to do with no insignificant person, but with one distinguished by varied intelligence, and endowed with energetic mental powers, for without these, such success and such works would be impossible. But a man may be still richer in gifts of this description and yet knock in vain for admittance at the gates within which eternal art resides.

While endeavouring to describe R. Wagner's muse generally, we have characterised the music of *Lohengrin*, and shall add only a few more observations. In a musical point of view, the third act is the most successful piece of composition. The scene between Lohengrin and Elsa, in the bridal chamber, contains much that is beautiful, and, now and then, is marked by agreeable touches of warm feeling. Wagner sometimes manages the choruses—and large masses generally—in a very skilful manner, and frequently imparts to them, even musically, a certain antique stamp. The first chorus, for instance in the first act, at Lohengrin's arrival, is admirably carried out, and surprisingly effective, while the effect of the concluding chorus depends on the ordinary common operatic means, and that of the nobles, preceding the bridal procession, endeavours to produce an impression by a coarse imitation of nature, and excels by a constrained and unnatural treatment of the voices. But Wagner uses us worst in the second act. We hope we shall never hear such a braying of trumpets and trombones again till the Day of Judgment, and we confess that, as often as the horrible trumpeters, who always announce the approach of the king, appeared on the stage, we began to tremble in all our limbs, like children, when they know there is going to be a volley of musketry, or a discharge of artillery.

The opera was received, on the whole, favourably. The audience welcomed the first and third acts with tolerable warmth, but were somewhat more indifferent about the second. A portion of the success may be fairly attributed to the perfectly exquisite manner in which the opera was produced. The first place belongs to Herr Ander and Madlle. Meyer, who sung and

played the parts of Lohengrin and Elsa with nearly ideal perfection. Had we not already long valued Herr Ander as a thinking artist, we should be obliged to do so now, after this admirable performance. Throughout the opera he recollects the part he had to represent, and never assumed a tone or indulged in a look or gesture, which did not befit the "holy knight." Madlle. Meyer has evidently thrown her whole soul into the part of Elsa, and we blame her the less as all the advantage falls to our share. She was rich in the most beautiful and most touching points. Herr Beck (Friedrich von Telramund) possesses in his wonderful voice such a natural gift, that he requires to exert himself but little to captivate us. Mad. Hermann Czillag (Ortrud), and Herr Schmid (King Heinrich), were, on the whole, deserving of praise, although we should not say the latter could be entranced by the ascetic demeanour his part imposes on him. Nor must we forget Herr Hrabaneck, who acquitted himself with certainty of the exceedingly difficult part of the herald. Both the chorus and orchestra were admirable, and the wonderful precision which distinguished the opera as a whole reflects the greatest credit on Herr Esser, who, as *Capellmeister*, directed the performance, and Herr Eckert. Lastly, scene-painters, costumiers, stage-managers, etc., honestly contributed their share towards the success, and we think that the management need not fear producing *Tannhäuser* next year, for R. Wagner should be heard. To this he has a right.

C. D.

COME WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE SLEEPING.

(BALLAD FOR MUSIC.)

BY JAMES HIPKINS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MADAME WEISS.

One eve as on my couch I lay,
A voice like heavenly music's strain
I heard, and twice ere dawn of day
The same sweet music came again ;
Methought some loved-one* whom I ween
In form and graceful majesty,
By far excelling all I'd seen,
Thus soft and sweetly sang to me—
"When the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is o'er night's stillness creeping,
Come then, and meet me in the vale,
When the lovely flowers are sleeping."

"How beautiful in pearls of dew
The gentle spring is smiling now,
Young leaves, and flowers of every hue,
Come laughing forth from earth and bough ;
Each bird, each brook, each breeze now pours
Its soft sweet music through the air,
On wings of love each insect soars,
And seems to say—' I'm free from care.'
"When the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is over the stillness creeping,
Come then and meet me in the vale,
When the lovely flowers are sleeping."

"Hush,—hush, methinks they're slumbering now,
With curtains-green closed round each head,
Refresh'd by rills which sport below,
They'll wake, and sweeter fragrance shed,
And softly-sighing southern-breezes
Will breathe perfume o'er plant and tree,
Such treasures will thy fancy please
And all be dearly prized by thee.
"Now the nightingale's sweet mystic tale
Is over the stillness creeping,
Oh ! come and meet me in the vale,
While the lovely flowers are sleeping."

Erato—the Muse of love-poetry

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.
 On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday will be repeated Flotow's celebrated opera *MARHTA*, charmers by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. J. Patey, Mr. T. Grattan Kelly, Mr. Kirby, and Mr. W. Harrison. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday (108th, 109th, and 110th times), Balfe's highly successful opera *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Preacott; Mr. F. Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellou. To conclude with, each evening, the new Ballet *Divertissement LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*, Mdles. Zilia Michelet, Moriochi, and Pasquale. Commence at half-past seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY and during the Week will be presented Shakspeare's historical tragedy of *KING JOHN*: King John by Mr. C. Kean; Constance by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce of *AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY*. On Monday, 1st November, Shakspeare's tragedy of *MACBETH* will be revived.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 23, will be presented the comedy of *LADIES BEWARE!* To be followed by the drama of *THE RED VIAL*. To conclude with *A TWICE-TOLD TALE*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Second week of the original Adelphi drama of *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST* and the celebrated actress Madame Celeste, with Mr. Paul Bedford and Mrs. Weiss, late Miss Harriet Gordon. Engagement of the inimitable Flexmore and Mdile. Auriol, who will appear every evening in an entirely new BALLET COMIQUE. On Monday and during the week, by permission of B. Webster, Esq., *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Cynthia, her original character, Madame Celeste; The Kluchin, Mr. Paul Bedford; Lemuel, Mrs. R. Honner; Bass, Mrs. Weiss, late Miss H. Gordon. To be followed by a new ballet, entitled *MY FETCH*, in which Mr. Flexmore and Mdile. Auriol will appear. To conclude with *OUR FAMILY DENTIST*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARK.—There is a Philharmonic Society at Gildersome. The Norwich Philharmonic Society has existed now for nineteen years. There is a Philharmonic Society at Redditch.

A RESIDENT IN BATH.—The passage is as follows:—"Musical science has been cultivated very successfully here, by professors and amateurs. In addition to those specified by Mr. Monkland, we may mention the two of 'Auld Robin Gray,' which was composed by the Rev. W. Leeves, minister of Laura Chapel and rector of Wrington. Of the late Henry Field, one of his eulogists has said he 'was one of those energetic and gifted beings sent to the world only at the distance of ages.' In the histrionic art, Bath can mention the celebrated Mrs. Barry. Cooper (the well-known tragedian, and the leading professor of elocution in London for many years), and Daniel Terry, were both natives of Bath. The same may be said of Mallinson, whose powers of delighting are still remembered. His song, 'Pretty Polly Hopkins,' even now resounds in our ears in going through the streets."

J. M. (Glasgow.)—Apply to Messrs. Boosey, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Our correspondent's suggestion has been anticipated.

READING.—We cannot decipher the signature of our correspondent. The paper which he mentions has not come to hand.

A. G.—We are unable to give our correspondent the information he desires.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23RD, 1858.

To SHINE above our fellows is one of the great instincts of our nature. Every man likes to display his superiority—to show how much better and wiser he is than others. If Jack slaps Tom on the shoulder in the way of compliment, or blows him up for some lapse of sense or language, it is not so much to acknowledge merit in his friend, or to find fault with him, as to indicate how similarly he would have acted in the one case and what he would have avoided in the other. We are all born counsellors, and are all ready to proffer advice at every opportunity. Each man, in his own

opinion, is pre-eminent in some respect; if he cannot aim at accomplishment, he knows how to appreciate; if he cannot speculate he can practice. Self-judgment is never lowered, self-esteem is never annihilated, self-love is ever omnipotent, and the end is, that the majority of mankind are preachers, sermonisers, howlers in the wilderness.

When Mr. Gladstone at the "Working Men's Concerts" at Liverpool proclaimed in rhetorical flourishes the virtues of music and its ennobling influence, and apostrophised the rough artisans assembled, lauding them for their preference for, the fine arts over potations and tobacco, did not the speech of the honourable and learned gentleman tacitly imply, that his auditors were a set of ignoramuses who required to have their feelings and sympathies explained to them, and that he, a great and gifted man, had come to tell them all they required? Mr. Gladstone is no musician, and knows nothing about music; why, therefore, should he go to Liverpool, and address a large audience on the subject? Why travel so far, and put himself to so much trouble and expense, to talk truisms and propound platitudes? Were not the mechanics of Lancashire aware before Mr. Gladstone informed them of the fact, that music was cheering and enlivening, and that a concert, after a hard day's work, was an agreeable relaxation? Why deliver a lecture to prove that of which the support of the humbler classes for many years had left no doubt?

Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, would have exhibited a sounder judgment and have elicited more unqualified eulogium had he adhered to his truisms and platitudes, instead of venturing upon opinion, and touching, however lightly, upon the unsafe ground of criticism. "They who consider music to be a powerless thing," he exclaims, "who think it ranks among the trifles of existence," etc. Who, we ask, consider music to be a powerless thing—who rank it among the trifles of existence? Not the mother when she lullabies her baby to sleep; not the ploughman when he guides his horses or steers as much by his whistle as his hand; not the soldier when he is fired in the battle by the blast of the trumpet or the beat of the drum; not the exile when he hears afar off the strains of his native home; not the poor maniac when his frenzy is soothed by plaintive airs; not the groves when awakened by the songs of birds; not the stars when listening to the melody of the spheres. The right honourable Member was in the position of one who did not know exactly what to say. Ignorant of the art on which he was about to discourse, but called specially to the task, and not liking to refuse, he was determined to make a hail-fellow-well-met affair of the whole transaction, and, heedless of conservative strictures or aristocratic condemnations, to fraternise for once with the coal and cotton population, to "go in" for music, as the saying is, to eulogise everything and glorify himself. How well he accomplished his desire everybody knows. The gathering was immense, the speech flowery, brilliant, and to the purpose—the purpose of the honourable member—the fraternization was complete, the glorification perfect. Mr. Gladstone spoke like Demosthenes; the crowd applauded like the Athenian plebs. Where most dust was thrown in their eyes, they shouted most; where the golden speaker flattered most, they clapped and pounded hardest. A Lancashire mob is not to be out-done in civility by a parliamentary orator. Moreover, the gratitude was greatest on the side of the audience. What they did not understand, politeness compelled them to accept as complimentary. The balance was consequently in their favour. The scene was in the highest degree exciting. It was also

instructive. Much was to be gained by speculating on the fact, that a gentleman entirely unacquainted with the art, was discoursing about music, and explaining to the people what the people knew and could better have explained to him.

When next the right honourable Member for the University of Oxford has the temerity to stand up in the pulpit of the musical professor, we strongly advise him—presupposing the new speech to be founded on the old—to omit the following statement, as not having the slightest foundation in truth:—

"I venture to assure you, from my own experience, that thirty years ago the common opinion was, that Englishmen, in general, not of one class of the nation, but of all classes, were devoid of any gift by which they could either themselves execute the music, or by which they could appreciate it, and that the appreciation and the gifts of music were the reserved and exclusive inheritance of the few."

We cannot exactly make out what the learned gentleman means by "the gift of music," but surely he is young enough to remember some of those who could "execute" music thirty years ago, of whom we need only mention the names of Braham, Sinclair, Kitty Stephens, Mrs. Wood, Mad. Vestris, Wilson, &c., to say nothing of a host of ballad singers, a class of vocalists too much neglected in the present day. No doubt music has made most rapid strides within thirty years, but the Past must not be belied to exalt the Present. In his ecstasies the famous rhetorician only considered how he might please and amuse, bequeathing the art of instructing to those who knew something about the matter. He was eminently successful.

THE other day we found, under our street-door, a paper eloquently describing the talents of a certain mender of broken-glass. The paper was ingeniously drawn up, so as to convey one meaning, when held at such a distance, that the large letters were alone legible, another, when the small letters were, by increased proximity, rendered legible also. Afar, the printed discourse alluded in brief and mysterious terms to surgery, capital punishment, and mad politicians; but on close inspection we found that the chirurgical art of which profession was made was confined to the healing of broken utensils; that the hanging which at first sight looked so formidable merely referred to chandeliers, and that the "mad politicians" were lugged in by head and shoulders as possible breakers of decanters, and therefore as possible customers of the advertising artist.

And after the perusal of this paper, we admired greatly with what a genius must Mr. Thingummy be blessed to heal patients whose wounds are apparently so difficult of cure, and then to describe his own proficiency in terms so eloquent and alluring! With these thoughts in our heads we went to the Olympic Theatre, that for a second time we might witness a performance of the *Red Vial*.

We saw and we marvelled. Our admiration for the metaphorical gentleman, who vaunted his skill as a repairer of glass and porcelain, vanished altogether. What was his talent compared to that of the man who could mend such a completely broken bottle as the *Red Vial*? On Monday week we saw that unlucky vessel consigned to "immortal smash." It shivered before our eyes, amid the denunciation of a heartless multitude, and the mere collection of the fragments, to say nothing of their rejunction, seemed utterly impossible. Instinctively sympathising with the falling party, and therefore preferring the Trojans to the Greeks, we wished that the *Red Vial* had been

a leathern bottle of that tough nature immortalised in the excellent song which Mr. W. Chappell is doubtless about to republish. But we might wish what we pleased—Dagon himself was not more completely smashed than the *Red Vial*.

But now—*mirabile dictu*—the *Red Vial* is again an entirety. The public demolished, Mr. W. S. Emden has repaired, and defies the world to see the faintest indication of a crack or a rivet. This is something like a talent. We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. W. S. Emden could collect all those broken bottles that fortify suburban gardens against fruit-stealing urchins, and convert them into fitting recipients for port and sherry. For never was bottle so thoroughly demolished as the *Red Vial*, on Monday week; never did bottle show so little sign of a fracture as the *Red Vial* now.

Admirable repair! But we are not quite sure that the article was worth repairing.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.—The revival of *King John* at the theatre in Oxford-street, has been the single novelty of the week. This is not the first time this play has been produced by Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's. In 1852, if we mistake not, *King John* was brought out, Mr. Wigan performing the part of Falconbridge, and Miss Kate Terry, Prince Arthur. It had a long run, although, apart from the acting, it did not challenge any large admiration from the public. Upon the new revival, as may be imagined, a far greater amount of pains and care has been expended. The same opportunity, however, is not afforded in *King John* as in some other Shakspearean historic dramas for the exhibition of gorgeous scenery, magnificent processions, splendour of costume, and variety in the decorations. With great judgment discarding costliness where no costliness was needed, Mr. Charles Kean directed his attention to chronological correctness, and has accomplished what he aimed at. In no production at the Princess's Theatre has the appropriateness and fidelity of the dresses and the fittings been surpassed; but the general effect is not so striking as in *Henry the VIII.* and *Richard the II.* In the portraiture of the usurper, Mr. Charles Kean has betokened his usual skill and discrimination; but the part of King John is not congenial to his rapid impulses and varying emotions. In two scenes the actor is eminently fine—the scene with Hubert, and the death. Mrs. Charles Kean only requires a little more power to render her Constance irreproachable. Mr. Walter Lacy wants a dash of chivalry in his bearing, and more refinement in his manners, to become the *beau idéal* of the gallant Falconbridge; while the Hubert of Mr. Ryder is, in many respects, the most striking character in which we have seen that gentleman.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE JULLIEN ERA.—There is at least one man who can anticipate the tendencies of the age. While the other powers of Europe are engaged in preparing their bands for the fearful work of discord, one man has organised his band, unlike the armies which we noticed last week, literally and directly to promote the great work of concord. M. Jullien is in every sense a great man; he can do nothing except upon a large scale, and what he undertakes he does well. His popular concerts, which were so critical a problem before they were performed, became an obvious truth as soon as he had made the public practically acquainted with his idea. No man has done more to familiarise this metropolis and its least artistic classes with the heartfelt truths of music. Like all rhythmical geniuses, he is fond of finishing off with round numbers: M. Jullien finds that his next series of concerts will be his twentieth; it will be his "last,"—not, we trust, in this life, or in this country, but his last, "before his departure for his universal musical tour." He calls the series his Concerts d'Adieu, and he will be a whole month nightly taking leave of the United Kingdom in this its capital. We all know the soul and energy which he will throw into that reiterated farewell.—*Spectator*.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS ADAMS, who for so many years held appointments at St. George's Church, Camberwell, and St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, died on the 18th ult., at his residence at Addington-place, after a short illness, at the age of seventy-three. Mr. Adams was born in 1785, and received musical instruction at the hands of Dr. Busby. He was successively organist of Carlisle Chapel, Kennington, St. Paul's, Deptford, St. George's, and St. Dunstan's. The two latter situations he retained to the time of his decease, and, with powers of extempore facility, unimpaired by age. In his use of the organ, Mr. Adams seems to have regarded it chiefly as a means of displaying his own peculiar style of composition and powers of execution. His published compositions are not very numerous. The most important are, perhaps, "Six Organ Pieces," (Novello); original fugues; and fugues on subjects by great masters (see Novello's select organ pieces); miscellaneous pieces for the organ and pianoforte, including, amongst other things, a "Collection of Ninety Interludes," or short pieces, to be played between the verses of the metrical Psalms in public worship.—*South London Journal.*

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—Professor Wiljalba Frikell, who is not inaptly called "the magician of the nineteenth century," was born at Scopio in Finland, in the year 1818. For three years he studied at the High School at Munich, and in 1840 made the grand tour of Germany and Hungary. He then visited the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Egypt, India, the Peninsula, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. Everywhere his extraordinary performances obtained for him the admiration and patronage of royalty. His original idea of performing his tricks without the aid of apparatus, opened a new field, and attracted the wonder of all who had been accustomed to the usual glitter surrounding a professed conjuror. He has been decorated and rewarded by most of the sovereigns of Europe and Asia. The King of Denmark bestowed on him the Danebrick Order for Civil Merit. From Mehemet Ali (Viceroy of Egypt) he received a gold medal and other presents. The Emperor of Russia presented him with two diamond rings, and the Empress appointed him her professor and *physicien* in ordinary. The "decorative school of conjuring" had been so long in the ascendant, that it was a hazardous experiment to overthrow the system, and come before the public in "plain clothes." Professor Frikell, however, was the "right man in the right place," and his undertaking has been crowned with success. Another peculiarity of Herr Frikell's performance is that he tells beforehand what the results of his operations will be, and thus exposes himself to the severest test, by putting his audience on the right track to find out the way in which he deceives them; but sharp as the eyes of the audience may be, Herr Frikell is always too quick for them. One great attraction of Herr Frikell is his quiet and gentlemanly manner; at the same time he is full of fun, and the observations he makes during the performance of his tricks frequently excite roars of laughter. Professor Frikell has given upwards of three hundred performances in London, and his *séances* have been attended by a large number of the aristocratic and noble families of England, and, to crown all, he had the honour to receive the royal command to give his "Two Hours of Illusions" at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal (now the Princess Frederick William of Prussia), and all the other members of the royal family. A little book, which may be obtained for sixpence, entitled *Frikell's Lessons in Magic*, should be purchased by all lovers of legerdemain.—*Pictorial Times.*

Egyptian Hall.—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have succeeded in establishing their *Patchwork* in public favour, and night after night finds the elegant *salle* filled to overflowing. Among the new characters that hit the popular taste we may mention Miss Aurelia Gushington, a sentimental creature who adores moonlight and Byron. Her pretty song (by Herr Wallerstein) is given with the perfection of archness and *espiglerie*. Mr. Howard Paul's "Miss Fry," a whimsical compound of Mrs. Partington and "malaproped old-maidism," is highly amusing, and elicits roars of laughter. Where does Mr. Paul get the dresses he wears in this impersonation? They could not have been

made less than a century ago. Mrs. Howard Paul introduced an imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves in Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," the voice, manner, and appearance of the great English tenor being counterfeited to admiration.

RICHMOND.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed gave their well-known entertainment of Popular Illustrations in the large room of the Castle Hotel, on Thursday evening, before a most brilliant and enthusiastic audience. The celebrated artists were greatly applauded throughout their performance, and no doubt will be induced, by the success of this visit, soon to favour the Richmondites with another.

GRAND BIRD SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Great preparations are being made to give fitting *éclat* to the forthcoming Show of Canaries and other choice British and foreign birds in November. The directors of the Crystal Palace are resolved, that the lovers of natural history, and the keepers of birds in cages, shall have an unexampled treat. This has induced them to throw open the show to unlimited competition, which will of necessity bring together not only an immense number and a vast variety of beautiful living specimens, but will gratify a taste for natural pursuits, which we rejoice to see is greatly on the increase. No exhibition on so grand a scale has ever before been attempted. The public will be pleased to hear, that the tropical department of the Crystal Palace has been set aside for the purpose. Here the birds, and other tame animals, will be brought under one view; and Mr. William Kidd, whose services have been secured for the occasion, will daily deliver an interesting and familiar lecture on the Philosophy of Bird-Keeping, Bird-Breeding, Bird-Taming, &c. The advantages of an exhibition like this cannot be too much dwelt upon. Fathers, mothers, teachers, students, children—all are alike interested in it. As for the exhibitors, they hardly need be told that the show being under the authority of the directors, the most perfect good faith will be kept with every individual. When we add that the management of the whole has been entrusted to Mr. William Houghton, the gentleman who has so ably conducted the various poultry shows at the Crystal Palace, nothing remains to be said in praise of this national exhibition of choice birds. The entries close on the 23rd of this month.—*The Cottage Gardener.*

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. Alexander Rowland gave a concert at the Victoria Rooms, on Thursday the 7th instant, assisted by the members of his glee class, and Messrs. H. Lazarus (clarinet), George Collins (violincello), and William Watson (violin). The success of his last concert, three months ago, the selection of music offered in the programme, and the names of the professional gentlemen assisting, attracted a large and fashionable audience. The concert opened with Spohr's string quartet in G minor, by Messrs. Watson, Bauer (an amateur who acquitted himself with great credit), Rowland, and Collins. This fine quartet was played with great delicacy, and was highly applauded, particularly the slow movement, which is so impressive and poetical. The next instrumental performance was a *Romance* of Mr. H. Lazarus for clarinet, with pianoforte accompaniment by its author. Mr. Lazarus has obtained a degree of perfection on the clarinet almost unequalled, and his performance was beyond criticism. He played a solo, introduction, and polonaise, in the second part, which entirely carried away the audience, who demanded an encore, in lieu of which he played a Swiss melody, with variations, introducing a well-known Scotch air, which equally delighted the listeners. Mr. Rowland's *Nocturne* for piano and violincello, played (we believe for the second time in public) by Mr. Alexander Rowland and Mr. George Collins, afforded evident pleasure. Mr. William Watson played two solos on the violin. The "Airs Styriens," in the second piece, was much applauded. The *Souvenir de St. Pétersbourg*, solo for the violincello, was played by Mr. George Collins. The pizzicato variation was wonderful, and a staccato passage all in harmonics sounded as from a violin only. This was encored, and the second time Mr. Collins played other variations. Mr. Alexander Rowland played the whole of the accompaniments on the piano with his usual power and ability. The gem of the concert was Mozart's trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and violincello, by Messrs. Rowland, Lazarus, and Collins, which opened the second part of the concert. Each instrumental performance was alternated by a glee, by Mr. Rowland's Glee Choir. We have to congratulate Mr. Rowland on the progress his class has made since the last concert.

TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.

ON Wednesday a *soirée* and conference of persons interested in the promotion of vocal music in schools, homes, and congregations was held in the theatre of the Aldersgate Institution, convened by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, and consisting of a numerous assembly of the teachers and friends of vocal education; the object of the conveners of the meeting being to obtain a full representation of all the different educational parties, and of the friends of various singing systems. Amongst those present (including a large number of ladies) were—Mr. E. W. Hickson, Mr. Crampton, Mr. J. T. Tilleard, Mr. G. W. Martin Messrs. Sugden and West, Westminster Training College; Mr. Murby, Normal College, Borough-road; Mr. J. Entwistle, Royal Schools, St. Ann's Society; Mr. Reynolds, Home and Colonial School Society; Mr. Dunning, Mr. E. C. Daintree, Highbury College; Mr. Curtis, Normal College, Borough-road; Mr. Langler, Westminster Training College; Mr. Drew, Homerton College; Mr. Runtz, of the Birkbeck Schools; Mr. Goodchild, Educational Institute, Stockwell; Mr. Marshall, Coborne, Endowed Schools, Bow; and the Rev. John Curwen, the principal promoter of the movement, which it is stated now numbers throughout England some 60,000 pupils under elementary training.

Mr. Hickson took the chair, and explained at some length the nature and progress of the methods and principles advocated by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, inviting at the same time statements from the advocates of other systems in relation to other methods. The chairman proceeded to narrate the origin and progress of the movement during the last two-and-twenty years, until at length Government had patronised a popular system of vocalisation and music as a branch of national education. No doubt diversities of opinion prevailed as to the best system to be adopted; but he would urge on Government, and on all generally, to be actuated by a spirit of catholicity in the matter, and so arrive at harmonious results! (Cheers.)

Messrs. White (Spitalfields schools), Sarsons (Blue Coat schools) Frampton, Daintree (Highbury), Roberts, Drew, Millard, Graham, Young, and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting at considerable length on the specialties connected with the Tonic Sol-fa, and Tedrachordal, and other systems of singing, and resolutions were passed to the effect that in the opinion of the conference vocal music, when truly adapted to the capacity and natural tastes of childhood, was admirably fitted to promote the healthy development of the organs of the voice and the attainment of a correct pronunciation, and that it supplied a means of brief recreation in the course of the school studies of the greatest importance for relieving the attention and elevating the feelings. That the principal and most important advantage of singing in schools must arise from its power of cultivating right emotion in connection with moral and religious subjects, the charms of good poetry combining with those of good music to fix just sentiments on the memory, and develop true sympathies; and, consequently, great care should be taken that the songs used in schools should be thoroughly adapted, on the one hand, to the simple, joyous character of childhood, and, on the other to the elevation of the moral feeling. That, whatever other musical attainments might be required from young teachers leaving our training schools, the principal requirement should always be the indispensable knowledge, without a book, of a small selection of school songs, the capacity of singing them correctly and expressively, and the power of teaching them by whatsoever method the teacher liked best. These primary qualifications the conference considered to be far more important than the most correct mastery of musical notation, of the science of harmony, or even the mere methods of teaching to sing could possibly be without them, it being, moreover, important that all students of normal institutions, who leave such institutions, should be able to sing at sight, and teach others to do so.

The resolutions were passed with much applause.

Mr. Martin, who conducted the great concert of school children recently given at the Crystal Palace, protested (amid applause) against any preference being given to the tonic sol-fa

system over any other. It was a mistake to suppose that the tonic sol-fa system was easier or simpler than any other. Its advocates aimed at teaching songs too much by ear (No, no), and after learning it its pupils must come eventually to adopt the ordinary musical notation. (Hear, hear, and No, no.) Having explained this in a long professional exposition,

Mr. Tilleard rose to propose, as a concluding resolution, that all methods that aimed at usefulness in schools should be scientifically truthful and progressive, introducing new topics in such a manner as to sustain a freshness of interest, and enabling the teacher to take one truth at a time, and to assist his pupils in discovering it. The lessons and exercises should be in themselves attractive and easy to teach, making small demands upon either the physical powers of the teacher or the invaluable time of the schools.

Several gentlemen here rose to contend that as this proposition comprehended the whole cardinal point of the important question which it was incumbent on the conference to decide on categorically, and the other canons of melody to be adopted having been approved of *nem. con.*, it was proposed, and approved of, that the meeting should be adjourned to that day fortnight for a special discussion on the disputatious points involved in the resolution, and connected with the conclusions to be come to by all interested in the results of this vocal controversy.

During the evening a band of children sang a few school songs to the audience in illustration of the peculiar merits of the tonic sol-fa system.

MONMOUTH—(*From a Correspondent*).—Miss Waugh's annual concerts (morning and evening) took place on the 6th inst. at the Borough Court, which were attended by fashionable and full audiences. Miss Waugh on this occasion engaged the services of the Misses McAlpine, from London; also Miss Moss, as vocalists. Mr. G. F. Davis and Captain Carter and Miss Waugh were the instrumentalists. The Misses McAlpine sang several solos and duets, in all of which they were loudly applauded; several pieces were redemandied, but as the programme contained no less than twenty-three pieces, they modestly declined the honour paid them; but resistance was vain in the case of Balfe's pretty duet, "Trust her not," which the audience unanimously insisted on being repeated. The duet from *Martha*, "Questo duol cho si," was very charmingly sung, and redemandied, but was not repeated, the Misses McAlpine merely returning to the orchestra and bowing their acknowledgments for the compliment paid them. Miss Moss sang all her songs in a highly creditable manner, and was deservedly encored in the quaint song of "Kately's Letter." She likewise sang "The Skylark," by Benedict. Miss Waugh in all her solos on the pianoforte proved herself perfect mistress of the instrument over which she presided, and although young is greatly improved since last year, and with perseverance will class among our cleverest pianists. Capt. Carter played two solos on the flute, and Mr. Davis two solos on the harp, and the concert seemed to give great satisfaction to all present.

NORTHAMPTON—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Choral Society gave a Grand Festival Concert on the 14th inst., which was attended by a large audience, including the nobility and gentry of the county. It was also honoured with the presence of the Earl of Westmorland and Lord Burghersh, the former being President of the Society. The noble peer is well known as a liberal patron of music, and on this occasion his Lordship generously provided a complete orchestra from London, to augment the local band, which is destitute of wind instruments, &c. The Society, therefore, have reason to be grateful for this proof of Lord Westmorland's zeal for its welfare, and the occasion excited great interest at Northampton. The concert consisted of the *Mass* composed by his lordship, and a selection from *Eli*. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Mrs. Winn, Miss Whyte, Miss Fosbrook, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Winn. The principal instrumental performers were M. Sainton (leader), Messrs. Packer, Isaacs, Amor, Folkes, Cureton (violins), R. Blagrove (viola), Aylward and Pettit (violoncelli), Blakeson and Corley (bassi), Bunting (flute), Horton (obos), Bergmann (clarinet), C. Harper and Standen (corni), Waetzig and Chisholm (fagotti), and T. Harper (trumpet), besides several others. Mr. McKorkell was the conductor, and his pupil, Mr. Woodward, presided at the fine German organ, built by Schulze, which, besides its prodigious tone, possesses the rare excellence of mixing well with an orchestra. The concert afforded great satisfaction, and reflected much credit on the society and its indefatigable conductor.

SOUTHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday evening, the members and friends of the Institution enjoyed a musical treat of the most finished character, and one of the best of its class that has been given in Southampton for a very long time. The performers were Miss Julia Bleaden, Mr. Henry Nicholson and Mr. Alfred Nicholson, and the entertainment was entitled *Operatic Sketches*. Miss Bleaden, who possesses a graceful delivery, and a sweet voice, gave a sketch of the state of the Opera, both Italian and English, in this country at different times, in the course of which her illustrations, selected from the works of most of the great masters, were sung with much taste and feeling, and elicited loud applause from an audience so closely packed, that the room was crowded to the very entrance-doors. Her anecdotes of the Opera, too, were prettily related, and well selected for the illustration of her subject. The Messrs. Nicholson on the flute, oboe, and pianoforte, ably assisted Miss Bleaden, and gave the utmost satisfaction.—*Hampshire Independent*.

HUDDERSFIELD.—On Sunday, 10th October, Mr. James Battye, a man very highly respected by all classes of his fellow townsmen, especially those engaged in the musical profession, was taken from amongst us, after only a very short illness. For thirty years Mr. Battye has held the office of clerk of our parish church, the duties of which he has discharged with great credit and efficiency. Mr. Battye was well known to musicians throughout the whole of Yorkshire, having successfully competed for several musical distinctions. His anthems and glees gave evidence that their author was a man who understood and felt what he wrote, and in his character as conductor of the Choral Society's concerts he gained the esteem of all persons. His remains were interred in a vault at the parish church on Thursday morning, being followed by a large number of musical friends and private residents. On the death of Mr. Horn, organist of St. Paul's, Mr. Battye wrote a chant to be sung on the occasion, and on Thursday last the same chant was sung over his own mortal remains.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

NOTTINGHAM.—The workmen employed in the excavations near Nottingham, July 2nd, accidentally found what is supposed to be a curious musical instrument of the Saxon period, resembling petrified stone; two united tubes $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches diameter, the left having three apertures or conical shaped holes, the right two also, and one underneath, discovered in the caves of Snovenzham, the Saxon word meaning the home of caverns.

MEYERBEER is at Paris. The representation of his new work at the Opéra-Comique, whether it will take place during the present or be deferred till the ensuing season, will depend on his return from Nice, whither he is gone to recruit his energies.

MILAN.—A letter dated the 9th, relates the following:—"Two years ago a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with one of the sisters Fergui, the well-known violinists, and one day asked their father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000 fr. a-year. Ferni replied he would so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying anything further; but a short time ago Ferni received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered. Ferni repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at La Scala; but they had not long been there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bella Venesia, and repeated his suit. Madlle. Virginia, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. 'Is that your fixed resolution?' asked the Sicilian. 'It is,' replied the young lady; on which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap, and then stabbed himself with a poniard. The consternation of the Ferni family may be imagined; surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters above-mentioned was addressed to the police of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her he loved. This sad event has created a great sensation at Milan."

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN HAMBURGH OF BACH'S "PASSIONS-MUSIK" ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW.

At the commencement of last June, a number of musicians and amateurs assembled, at the invitation of Herr Ave-Lallement and Herr Graedener, to make arrangements for producing, during the sitting of Convocation in September, Johann Sebastian Bach's grand *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, to a Hamburg audience for the first time. Only persons acquainted with Hamburg can conceive how difficult a task it was to give a performance of Bach's great creation, especially at the period just named, on account of the number of families in the country, of the horse-races, boating clubs, the absence of the vocal associations, etc. Such were the usual obstacles in such a case. In that of Hamburg more especially, we have to take into account the small acquaintance of the inhabitants with Bach's works, and, consequently, the small amount of reverence entertained by them for his name; the dislike felt by many persons for the Convocation; the departure of the troops, taking with them some excellent instrumentalists to the camp at Nordstemmen; and, lastly, business, always business, the Exchange, always the Exchange! But still there was a starting-point for the undertaking; the Bach-Verein, founded, in 1855, by Herr von Roda. Incredible but true! This very association, which had set itself the task of rendering the public acquainted with Bach's music—this very association held aloof, from the outset, and refused to take any part in the proceedings! It based its refusal on reasons which it summed up, in an official notice issued by its own committee, in the two following sentences: "1. The work is too 'great'—according to the experience we have gained—to be studied and 'worthily' performed in the short space of three months; and, 2. The Hamburg Bach Society cannot, as a corporation, co-ordinate with any other association, in a performance of any of Bach's music." But all this, and a great deal more, did not deter him who had undertaken the trouble of getting up and directing the work. With every rehearsal there was an increase in the number, and (for how could it be otherwise?) in the enthusiasm of those who collected to execute the grand production. Madlle. Jenny Meyer, Herr Sabbath, of Berlin, and Herr Schneider, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, most readily promised their co-operation as solo singers, and when, on the 10th of September, the first of the four rehearsals with full band took place, lo and behold! the stage erected in the Catharinen-Kirche for more than 200 vocalists, and about 70 instrumentalists, was scarcely capable of accommodating those present. We may be allowed to add, in a few words: In the whole double chorus of singers and instrumentalists, there was not a single person who was not thoroughly penetrated with the lofty seriousness, and the elevated dignity of the four choruses, with the religious inspiration of the chorales, and with the fanatical fury of the Jewish choruses, and who did not strive, heart and soul, to reproduce the impression made on himself. In all the audience, which filled every nook and corner of the imposing church, there was not a single individual who did not listen with eager attention, for three full hours, to the tender or mighty strains; and who did not leave the church completely satisfied, and with the consciousness that something "great" had passed before his soul. What shall we say about solo singers? All three (who are so well-known that they do not require any lengthened eulogium) performed their difficult task with dignity, piety and inspiration, but we may boldly add that, without such an Evangelist as Herr Carl Schneider (formerly of Leipsic, but now engaged at Berlin), or at any rate, without anyone approaching him in recitation, understanding, and feeling, the execution of the work is almost an impossibility. The festival was consecrated musically by the presence of the artist who had undertaken the incalculably difficult task of reducing the score, by unwearyed collating, to the form in which it is at present published by the German Bach-Verein—we mean Herr Rietz of Leipsic, to whose complaisance and readiness to give advice, moreover, the directors and committee have owned themselves deeply indebted. May the work be soon again be performed in the same place and by the same executants!

THE THIRD "MITTELRHEINISCHES" MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

In our 29th number, bearing the date of July 15, 1857, we gave an account of the foundation of a musical association by the Middle-Rhenish towns of Darmstadt, Mannheim, Mayence, and Wiesbaden, and described the second musical festival given by the association, in Mannheim.

The place selected this year was Wiesbaden, and the days chosen for the musical solemnity, properly so speaking, were the 26th and 27th September. The town itself, its environs, the splendour of the *Cur-Anstalt*, the ducal court—all these are so many powerful attractions for strangers, that a musical festival in the midst of such a number of sources of amusement is almost too much of a good thing, especially if we recollect that Wiesbaden, like all the watering places on the Rhine, overflows in summer with *virtuosi*, who—celebrated or not celebrated—try to make a harvest, and, if they do not precisely ruin the taste of the public, divert it from that quiet attention and earnest love of what is highest in art, with which the classic works of the great masters ought to be heard.

What might have been predicted with tolerable certainty, really happened. From Saturday the 25th, to Wednesday the 29th September, the town was visited by numerous strangers, especially from the surrounding districts. Thousands were brought, in endless lines of carriages by the Mayence railway and others, and triple extra trains were not sufficient to take the multitude back again at night. The town presented a festive appearance such as we scarcely ever saw at a musical festival. The building (of wood) erected for the performances was of majestic proportions, and richly, nay, almost too richly, decked out with flags, garlands, and flowers; while a gay and motley crowd of persons, of all classes, swayed to and fro in the streets and gardens, the grand procession by which the singers and musicians of the associated towns were welcomed on their arrival on Saturday, and conducted with songs, music, and waving banners, all the ladies being seated in elegant carriages, to the temporary hall, was magnificent. The interior of the *Curhaus*, as well as the colonnades and springs outside, was very beautifully illuminated. But, on the very first day of the festival, which was, moreover, a Sunday, the hall was not quite full, though their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess, attended by their suite, honoured the concert with their presence, and though Haydn's *Creation* is certainly one of the most popular oratorios. At the second concert, on the 27th September, scarcely half the numbered places were occupied, and even the places at the back of the hall exhibited many vacancies. The ball, however, on Monday evening, was crowded to suffocation, and all the rooms of the *Curhaus* filled with persons pushing about and being pushed. On the third day, too, when there was no concert, but only festivities on the Neroberg, and fireworks in the evening, it is said that there were from twenty to twenty-five thousand persons present. The town was evidently fuller on this day than on any other. The following is a list of the vocalists:—

Associated Towns.	Sopranos.	Altos.	Tenors.	Basses.	Total of the Verein.	Grand Total.
1. DARMSTADT:						
a. Musik-Verein ...	25	15	18	14	67	
b. Mozart-Verein ...	—	—	17	27	44	
c. Harmonischer Sängerkranz ...	—	—	18	10	28	134
2. MAYENCE:						
a. Damengesang-Verein ...	36	28	—	—	64	
b. Liedertafel ...	—	—	83	58	91	155
3. MANNHEIM:						
Musik-Verein ...	34	13	11	16	74	74
4. WIESBADEN:						
Cäcilien und Männergesang-Verein ...	55	34	46	68	203	203
	160	90	138	193	566	566

According to this, the chorus contained about 100 members less than that at Mannheim, last year, but there was no deficiency of fresh, good voices. The sopranos and altos were powerful and clear, only the higher passages were not quite correctly intonated once or twice by the former. Knowing that several *Liedertafeln* would be present, we expected to find the male choruses stronger; the tenors were well represented, but we could have desired more sonorosity from the 179 basses—which, at any rate, was the number given in the index of the book of the *Oratorio*.

The orchestra consisted of fifty-three violins (at whose head were Herr Baldenecker, *Concert-meister*, of Wiesbaden, and Herr Becker, of Mannheim), sixteen violas, eighteen violoncellos, sixteen double-basses, a double set of wind instrumentalists, seven horns, four trumpets, five trombones, one base-tuba, and kettle-drums. The regular orchestras of the Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, and Mannheim Theatres, and the members of the town band of Mayence, formed a very excellent body, in which most of the wind-instrumentalists distinguished themselves by their tone, and the excellent execution of their solos. On the other hand, we cannot conceal the fact that there were some instances of neglect arising from inattention or indifference, and that, despite all the technical excellence, we frequently missed dash and spirit in the execution—qualities which cannot be supplied by rapidity and technical skill. As instances of carelessness, we will mention only the prematurity of the clarinets in the second part of the *finale* of Schubert's Symphony, the absence of the flute solo for full five bars in the E flat major trio (in the final chorus of the second part) of the *Creation*, which, as the whole of the passages for two voices, *Poco adagio*, up to the entrance of Raphael, are accompanied only by wind-instruments, was perfectly incomprehensible, unless the flute had gone out for a walk. We cannot, generally, blame the orchestra for neglecting to pay attention to the conductor during the performance of the symphony, for, on account of the indescribably fast *tempo* at which it was taken, the only thing possible was to distinguish coarsely the *fortissimo* from the *piano*. Anything like delicacy of expression was quite out of the question.

It could not escape the notice of anyone present, that Haydn's *Creation* produced no very deep impression on the first day of the Festival. But an explanation of this indisputable fact was sought where it should not be sought. For instance, it was said: "The chorus are taken too little into consideration." "The character of the oratorio is not suited for masses," and so on. Really, after the miserable performances of the *Creation*, by large masses, performances which, ever since its first production, have taken place all over Europe, and always been successful, such an assertion is strange. "And there was light!" not calculated for masses! And the eleven grand choruses, also, not calculated for masses! Instead of such excuses for a failure, let us at once, with the disciples of the school of the Music of the Future, declare the *Creation* *bullshit* of the old perriwig style, and then we shall, at least, know what we are about.

The fact is that many of the choruses wanted spirit and dash, and that the fine collective force under the command of the conductor could not be heard to advantage on account of his strange mistakes in the *tempo*. Herr Vincenz Lachner exaggerated the time of most of the choruses and solos, in a manner which agreed neither with tradition, although this has been handed down to us pretty accurately, in the case of Haydn's two oratorios; with the words and music; nor with the directions of the composer. Not only did he take "rather quickly"—for he did this without exception—but he completely disfigured, by his hurried *tempo*, in the first part, the chorus in A major, *allegro moderato*, the aria with chorus in C major, the concluding chorus, "The Heavens declare," which at length degenerated into a more and more exaggerated *presto*; in the second part, the soprano air, inscribed *moderato*, the chorus with trio, "Derr Herr ist gross," with the *bravura* passages for the solo parts, the bass aria in D major (*Maestoso*!), and, as the *ne plus ultra* of all, the E flat major duet, "Hölde Gattin," in the third part.

What might have been done by the forces at his disposal was

shown by the few choruses, especially the final chorus of the whole work; which were sung in better time than those already mentioned.

We must not, however, forget the fact that, for the perfect success of the *Creation*, the execution of the solo parts is of more importance than in many other oratorios. But, apart from the incorrect *tempo*, of which we have previously spoken, in some of them, and which was partly attributable to the solo singers themselves—Madille. Lehnmann sometimes hurried on perceptibly in her airs—of the three solo singers, Madille. Caroline Lehnmann and Herr Lipp, from the Wiesbaden Theatre, and Herr Karl Schneider, from the Frankfort Theatre, and now at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, only the latter was satisfactory as an oratorio singer. His air in C major, "Mit Würd' und Hoheit angethan," given in the right time, with a fine voice and expressive manner, which announced a true artist, was the only solo piece which merited and met with applause. The audience, at least the Wiesbaden portion of it, received Madille. Lehnmann in a very friendly manner, but she was not equal to the expectations we must form of the singer of the soprano part in the *Creation*, even if we had not heard Jenny Lind, who, it is true, will not soon be equalled by anyone in this music. Her voice is full and agreeable in the middle notes, but at the two-lined F, it begins to be sharp, and, indeed, displeasing, while, for oratorios, she is deficient in musical education, artistic expression, taste, and warmth. *Brawura* passages and shakes will not stand artistic criticism. Perhaps our judgment may seem somewhat severe, and we will confess that it partly arises from the disappointment we experienced, caused by exaggerated praise. It is possible that, in the theatre, where the public has become accustomed to overlook so much, Madille. Lehnmann may produce a favourable impression. Herr Lipp, *basso*, possesses a flexible voice, but it is deficient in nobleness of character. We believe, however, that careful study may gradually cover this defect, especially if it produces more light and shade, more expression and warmth in his style.

From what we have said, the reader will perceive that, if the *Creation* did not, on this occasion, produce the enthusiasm it usually excites among the public, this was, in no way, the fault of the magnificent work itself, but of the manner in which it was executed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

(From the *Christian Examiner*.)

THE scriptural idea of public worship is that the public are the worshippers. The choir in Solomon's temple, though larger than the largest modern congregation, did not monopolise, but only led, the service. All Israel assembled must lift up the chant responsive at the noise of many waters.

Throughout the Bible, commands to sing praise are addressed, not to the select few, but to the many. "Let all the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee." "Kings of the earth, and all people; princes and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord."

Yet though this is plainly the true scriptural idea of public worship, and though many laudable efforts have been made to realise it, the results thus far have been far from encouraging. Except in Germany, congregational singing hardly exists, save in name. Public worship is merely nominal. Nay, too often in our churches it may with truth be said, the worship stops when the musical performance begins.

To bring on a true performance by the people of the people's work, to make it general, hearty, good and enduring, is a vast labour, demanding incredible toil, and beset with almost insuperable difficulties. If music were taught in our public schools as thoroughly as reading and writing, the case would be different. The same multitude that hesitates not to read the hymns in their hymn-books, could read at sight the tunes in their tune-books; and then choirs might use their liberty of selection *ad libitum*, without excluding the populace.

Again, if our churches were built for singing purposes, the difficulty would not be so great. It would seem to be a first principle of common sense that a public building should be constructed with reference to its special uses. Every edifice is the embodiment of some idea. When the sacrificial idea becomes thus embodied, it gives us a cathedral, with the altar specially developed and prominent, and the pulpit dwarfish and thrust aside. Enter such imposing fane and everything reminds you

that sacrifice, not doctrine, is the grand idea; that sensuous impression, not appeals to reason and conscience, is the architectural law.

Hence the extreme Puritan reaction from Romanism incarnated itself in a church without an altar, without sensuous appeals, and with a pulpit, as the prominent feature, because doctrine, instruction, appeals to purely spiritual powers of the soul, was the enthusiastic purpose. Not only, however, was sensual appeal eschewed, and justly, by the Puritan reaction, but unfortunately the idea of worship was, if not eschewed, yet undervalued.

The Puritan loved psalmody indeed, but abhorred organs and choirs.

But such congregational singing, deprived of the instrumental aid, and unsustained by the choir of trained voices speedily degenerates into the worst description of solo performance,—a solo voice here, and a solo voice there, uncultivated, discordant, and wholly abominable. From this to choirs the reaction was inevitable. If we must have solos, duets, quartets, let them be at least cultivated ones; and if we must have an organ, let it not be the nose.

But as choirs arose, so did the question what to do with them. Architecture had provided them neither local habitation nor name. If there be a gallery, let them go up thither. * * * *

Having thus the choir in the worst possible place to be found for it, and the organ so disposed as to make the least possible disturbance, let the people sing if they can. The people will not attempt it; first, because they cannot, and second, because the cultivated choir do not wish to have them. So the people are dumb, and public worship becomes a Sunday opera.

But of all causes fatal to popular participation in sacred song, the most radical has been the principle of singing the same hymn to different tunes. The principle is universal in this country and in England, and so unquestioned, that it possesses all the sanction of an intuitive truth. A common-metre hymn is sung to-day in Mear, to-morrow in Dundee, the day after in St. Martin's, or in any other tune of that metre.

If the truth were known, the true philosophical secret of German congregational singing is that in Germany a hymn is married to its tune, and is never divorced; so that the tune, instead of being named Akrabbim, Bangor, or China, is named from the first line of the hymn that is wedded to it.

We have only to consider a moment the natural result of the opposite principle. The effect is, that tune-books, being a separate article of merchandise from hymn-books, begin to multiply. American genius is fecund. The greater the variety the better the selection. Every year brings forth new collections by the score. Every choir will cull from the pages of from two to half a dozen, until a given hymn will hardly chance to be sung twice to the same tune in a lifetime. Now under such a system the people do not learn the melodies by heart,—melodies often unmelodious, ever-changing, evanescent. They form no heart attachment then to the tune; no affectionate association between a favourite hymn and a favourite air. All is perpetually new, cold, and purely scientific. And as association and sympathetic emotion are the strongest of all popular forces, it follows inevitably that the people soon know nothing and care nothing for the whole business, except to listen, to be amused, or to criticise.

On the other hand, the same cause nourishes exclusiveness in the choir. Having unlimited range and well-exercised vocal organs, they are tempted to choose new and difficult pieces, to gratify their own taste, display their power, and prevent popular intrusion.

Thus it happens that the whole service is corrupted and perverted in its inmost spirit and feeling. Worship expires. The love of applause becomes paramount. Everything in the existing system tends to foster approbative ness. In the concert-room or opera we know how human nature is affected. Why must not similar causes produce similar effects in a church? The audience in either case listen to a finished performance. Can they escape the instinctive tendency to criticise? The singers know what the audience are thinking about. Can they in turn resist the temptation to propitiate criticism and elicit approval? Both parties, in the church as well as at the opera or concert-room, are thrown into the same relative mental attitudes, and the temptation is exquisitely adapted to develop the result. The organist exhibits his skill of finger and toe; the choir display their execution; the audience are entranced with delight, and God, whom all should adore, is nearly forgotten—forgotten it is to be feared, more entirely here where directly addressed, than in any other part of the services. Viewed in this light, it cannot be accounted a paradox to say that what we call sacred music is too generally the most profane thing in existence. If there is any department of practical duty in which the churches "are carnal, and walk as men," it is here. Nor can congregational singing possibly thrive while all these causes operate in combined activity.

To obviate such causes, as before intimated, must be a work of time.

Yet not the less for that should we attempt the enterprise. Let children be taught to read music as early, and with as much necessity, as to read their mother tongue. Let every family be a singing-school, and at the home altar let children learn the hymns of Zion. In public schools of every grade give music a place as a daily exercise. Require of all pupils as thorough mastery of the gamut as of the multiplication table. Music is practically as valuable to men as either grammar or arithmetic. It promotes health, cheerfulness, good order, and piety; it refines and purifies the disposition. Let it be with ours as with Prussian schools, an indispensable qualification to the office of teacher, that one both sing and play well on some instrument.

Furthermore, in all churches to be built henceforward, let it be a problem to be solved, how to adapt them for uses of praise as well as of instruction. On this point we have much to learn. A few suggestions may be offered towards the true result. But that true result, that grand ideal of a house of worship is, we fear, known only to the infinite architect and master builder.

One thing may be laid down as settled beyond controversy; and that is, that the best place for the organ is on the ground floor. The principles of acoustics makes this as certain as any general rule can be made. And as where the organ is, there the choir must be, it follows that the choir seats must not be in the gallery, but on the audience floor.

The question resolves itself to this, then, whereabouts on the ground floor to place organ and choir so as not to mar the symmetry of the interior, and yet to give to both preacher and people the best use of the voice in their respective parts of the public service.

Having thus marshalled the forces, and organised the host, it remains to provide them with suitable arms. Place in the hands of every man, woman, and child a book containing both the hymns and the tune which the people are to sing. The choir, of course, will possess its own library, for there are compositions which cannot be executed by the people, and may be sung for them by the choir, as at the opening and closing of service, during the rite of baptism, or on any special occasion.

But the main staple of worship is that in which the people participate, and that is to be found in the people's book. Here let the people's taste be consulted, rather than the taste of choir or leader. Give the people such tunes as they like, and do not think, because congregational singing flourishes in Germany, where they sing slow-moulded chorals, therefore we must sing slow-moulded chorals to make it flourish here. The reason why congregational singing flourished in Germany was, that the words were indissolubly linked to those chorals. Therefore, so long as the hymns lasted, the chorals must last. Moreover, there were reasons peculiar to European civilisation why Protestant chorals should have a tinge of sadness not appropriate to our circumstances. Zion has been for the most part in captivity in the great European Babylon, and her harps hung on willows.

Of course we shall sing those grand old chorals, in part, because we sometimes feel life to be but Babylon, and we ourselves captives by the streams. But if any imagine we are to be shut up to those severe strains, we who live in freer climes and more millennial anticipations, they are very much mistaken. When they can reduce our free limbs to the suits of mail hanging up in their old castles and museums, and our free thoughts to the catechisms of Westminster and Geneva, equally antiquated and rust-eaten, they may expect to imprison our exuberant worship in those prison dirges of dynastic middle age, but not before.

Give us, indeed, a few tunes with the mould of kirk and cathedral on them, we will not object. But give us also the inspiring melodies of the revival and the camp-ground. Call them methodistical, penny-royal, nay, even Choctaw, we shall not care. They come from the people, the people love them, and the people shall have them.

Moreover, establish the unchanging law (a revolution in itself), that the hymn given is always to be sung to the tune accompanying. The people will know what to expect. Then it will be of some use for them to try to learn. Then they can form associations of ideas. Children will love tunes for their fathers' sakes, and there will be something permanent in our worship from generation to generation.

Then let the congregation sustain one weekly meeting for practice. Of course the choir will have the best drilling we can give it. But the people must meet. And if there is no other way, give up half a day on the Sabbath to the business, and let pastor and people take hold with a will, the choir at the helm, to learn the high praise of God.

Finally, we need repentance for sin the matter. If the church only could become suddenly conscious of her adultery in this thing,—how we have sung to man, and not God, how, in the act of addressing his

majesty, we have thought of our own flattery,—she would be in sack-cloth and ashes in a moment. For surely the indignity we offer Heaven is most gross, the insult most keen and cutting. God is real. He is the living God. True praise from us gives His heart true joy. Insult under the form of praise wounds his heart most deeply. And not only does it grieve him; it robs him of one of his choicest instrumentalities for blessing us. He could bless this service to a degree now unknown through our guilty profanation—a degree almost miraculous. In Christian souls he could take deep hold on emotions, reveal and express such heavenly raptures as are now unconceived. Music, too, might be His sharp sword to convince of sin and lead to himself. When man feels himself lost, and trembles at his own ruin, music is the angel voice that leads him to Jesus, and souls may be born to God by the songs, as well as by the prayers and tears of the Church. There is a contagion in those holy raptures, when multitudes full of emotion sing with all the soul, by which the rudest natures are affected. When the waves of song rise and swell around them, when they float in that sea of sound, all instinct and tremulous with emotion, does not then some secret power unlock the fountain too long sealed, of their own better nature, and do they not experience strange, unwonted promptings? And when they feel the bondage of sin, and yearn for deliverance, why should not the singing of some hymn of consecration be to them like the opening of a door in heaven?

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MONSIEUR JULLIEN'S TWENTIETH and LAST ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS will COMMENCE on MONDAY, the First of November, and continue for One Month, being given as Mons. Jullien's FAREWELL, or "CONCERTS D'ADIEU," previous to his departure on his Universal Musical Tour through the capitals and cities of Europe, America, Australia, the Colonies, and civilised towns of Asia and Africa, accompanied by the elite of his orchestra and other artists, savants, and hommes de lettres, forming the nucleus of a society already constituted under the title of "Société de l'Harmonie Universelle," with the object not only of diffusing the divine and civilising art of music, but of promoting, through harmony's powerful eloquence, a noble and philanthropic cause.

In taking leave of this great country of order, liberty, justice, and progress, Mons. Jullien fears that it will be impossible for him to express in an advertisement the deep feeling of gratitude and attachment which overpowers his heart, when he calls to mind the kind hospitality extended towards him by the people of Great Britain, and the long and uninterrupted patronage bestowed upon his endeavours to advance musical art in the United Kingdom.

Mons. Jullien regrets that through some combination, against which he has been unable to combat, he has not succeeded in obtaining one of the larger theatres in which he has hitherto given his Annual Series of Concerts—viz.: Drury-lane, Covent-garden, or Her Majesty's Theatre—establishments which may be considered, and are, in fact, better adapted for the accommodation of his patrons; but this very deficiency of space Mons. Jullien has sought to turn to advantage by selecting for the present season virtuous of European reputation, and vocalists of the highest talents and renown, and by allowing only the 6^e of his orchestra to perform—thus making up for quantity by quality, and endeavouring thereby to realize the dream of Beethoven, who said, "Men rêvent du beau pour l'exécution de mes symphonies c'est un orchestre de 60." From the great master himself we here learn that his symphonies were only composed for sixty performers, and, in fact, many circumstances have shown that by doubling the parts whether of string or wind instruments, the orchestra has lost that perfect balance in the relative power of combined sounds which it is essential should be strictly proportioned for the perfect rendering of many melodies, harmonies, and passages, called, in counterpoint, imitations and fugues. Under these circumstances, Mons. Jullien can assure the public that he has spared no effort to render the Concerts at the Royal Lyceum Theatre as attractive as the first series which he gave in the same establishment in the year 1841-42.

The immense progress which musical art has made in England within the last 20 years has encouraged Mons. Jullien to compose the first part of his performances chiefly of classical works. As in the case of those festivals which he first introduced in England under the title of "Nights," dedicated to one or other of the great masters, a great portion of the first part will be devoted to the music of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, &c. This idea Mons. Jullien had entertained for the last five years, having become personally convinced that England was rapidly earning the title of a great musical country. Now, at last, he feels gratified to announce that this season the first part of his programme will present a selection of a far higher order of music than hitherto, and will include important works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other great composers, ancient and modern, which have not previously been performed at these concerts. Among these may be mentioned the masterpiece of Beethoven, the Ninth Symphony, commonly known as the

CHORAL SYMPHONY,
composed to Schiller's grand poem, "The Ode to Joy," celebrating the union of all nations in one joyful concord.

Mendelssohn's celebrated LOBESANG, or Hymn of Praise; and Gregory the First's CANTO FERMO and FUGA FUGARUM, concluding with the HYMN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

The second part of the programme will be MISCELLANEOUS, and will bring forward in review those original compositions and arrangements of Mons. Jullien which have received the largest share of public approbation during his musical career in England; also, his latest orchestral productions, which have never been performed by his orchestra in London, but are now quite the vogue in France and Germany. Among the latter may be cited "Fern Leaves" Valse, "The Campbells are coming" Quadrille; "Les Feuilles d'Automne" Valse, "The Frikell" Galop, a New "Chinese Quadrille," and "La Grande Marche des Nations, et Progrès des Civilisations," composed on the authentic National Hymns of every country, and descriptive of the convocation and assembly of the Universal Congress, elected by every reigning monarch, every established government, and every nation of the world, united in one peaceful confederation by the powers of harmony.

Mons. Jullien is most happy to state that among the artists who will appear during his farewell season, he is enabled to announce the name of the celebrated violinist WIENAWSKI, who, in France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, has established one of the greatest reputations since the appearance of that marvellous genius, Paganini.

Engagements are also concluded with several prime donne, who will make their appearance in succession for short periods each.

The favourite English soprano, Miss VINNING, will commence the season on MONDAY, the 1st of November, and will be followed by Madame RUDERS-DURFF, STABBACH, ENDERSSOHN, CEDRONI, &c., and Madlle. JETTY TREFFZ, who will arrive expressly from Vienna, to take her farewell of the public in London, previous to accompanying Mons. Jullien on his Universal Musical Tour.

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Further details and notices of present and future arrangements will be contained in the programmes and advertisements.

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REVIEWS.

"BREAK! BREAK!" Song. Poetry by Tennyson. Music by F. R. Cox, Professor and Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. (R. Mills.)

"THE MOTHER'S BLESSING," a Poem, by Lieutenant Anderson, 12th Bengal N. I. Set to Music by George Russell, and dedicated to Mrs. Enderssohn. (J. Williams.)

Mr. Cox has set the beautiful stanzas of our not over-productive Laureate with feeling and sensibility—so much so, indeed, that we are sorry to find (page 4—"But the tender grace of a day that is dead") two bars almost the identical property of Mendelssohn, and (page 2—line 1—bar 3) a bass which is equivocal, and might be improved in several ways. We do not recommend Mr. Cox to cut out Mendelssohn, but we do recommend him to mend his bass.

Mr. Russell's song ought to be good, but owing to certain inaccuracies, as Herr Molique used to say, it is "not quite beautiful." It is Spohrish, but hardly so correct as the patriarch of Hesse Cassel knows how to make his music. The harmony, for example, is defective at page 2, line 1, bars 1, 2 ("little lowly"); same page, line 3, bar 2 ("nothing but that"), where the six-four on B is cruelly abandoned for a chord of the sixth on E; same page, line 4, bar 1 ("left to soothe her pain"), where the progression is unintelligible; and in one or two other places. In the last bar of line 2, page 2, the engraver has omitted a flat to G, in the treble cleff of the accompaniment. The words of Lieutenant Anderson are tender and unaffected, and would alone be a recommendation to the ballad.

"EIGHT HYMN TUNES" (peculiar metre). Composed by John Towers of Manchester. Novello.

These eight tunes (adapted to the same number of hymns in the collection of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) are not only remarkable for "peculiar metres," but for peculiar harmonies. We have no objection to the metres, but we have a very strong objection to the harmonies. Really, we have seldom encountered such crude and indigestible part-writing. It would take up a whole column of musical type to point out examples; nor would the pains be reasonably bestowed, for it is to be feared that one who writes like Mr. Towers would prove as obstinate as erratic.

EICHLER'S "EMPIRE QUADRILLE"—Second Edition. Blagrove.

This spirited set of quadrilles, consisting of figures after the style and manner of divers peoples given to the practice of dancing, was reviewed some time since. The "second edition" affords us no occasion to modify the favourable impression already expressed. On the contrary, it enables us to confirm it. The "Congress of Dancing-masters at Vienna" was evidently assembled to good purpose, and we can see no reason why M. Cellarius, with the conceit peculiar to his nation, should (as we learn from Mr. James Byrn, translator of the figures into English—whatever that process may involve) have taken the pains to "alter" a good thing, omit some of the most genial passages (instance "Die Ungarn" and the "Landler"), and change the title from "Empire Quadrille" to "Le Viennois."

"LA BELLE DE NUIT." Impromptu Mazurka, pour Piano. Par Mathias von Holst. Wessel and Co.

There is no point in this Mazurka sufficiently new to call for remark. It is well written, however, and full of those soft, enervating harmonies, not to speak of enharmonic transitions, in which young and ardent amateurs take

delight. As a mere piece of display for the pianoforte, although destitute of originality, it is assuredly ("assurément," as M. Théophile Gautier would say) effective. We wish all dance music for the "salon" were only half as good.

"LET ME WHISPER IN THINE EAR." Ballad. Written by Jessie Rankin, composed expressly for Mr. Sims Reeves, by M. W. Balfe (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

If Mr. Balfe would consent to substitute E, D sharp for the E which stands so naked and solitary on the words "ear," "head," "bright," and "round," we could at once point to this ballad as one of the most graceful of those *ephemera* which he presents to the world with such profuse and constant liberality. For general purposes the key of B flat will suit better than that of five sharps, in which the song is now published.

MR. ALBERT SMITH AT HONG KONG.—"HONG KONG, Aug. 22.—Here we are all safe and sound, among them at last, surrounded by junks and pigtails, and noble ladies and gentlemen. I have bought the inclosed pictures from a splendid merchant who has come off to the side of the ship on three planks, by the aid of a broomstick. We left Singapore on the 23rd ult. I was immensely delighted with it; it is quite a Chinese place. The shed shops are such rich places, they sell the most wonderful things in them—toys and gods and lanterns, and joss properties and queer crockery. The filth they eat in the eating-houses far surpasses that cooked at that old *trattoria* at Genoa. It consists for the most part of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurateurs* carry their cookshops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end and the *salle-à-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made, I should think, from large caterpillars, boiled in a thin gravy with onions. The barbers also carry their shops about, and they shave, cut beards, and syringe ears right in the middle of the street. A Chinese merchant asked me to dinner. I went, of course, and after dinner we started for the theatre. They played a Chinese opera, with about fifty performers; there were lots of devils in the piece, with tumbling and fighting in every scene. They only had one clarionet and two gongs in the orchestra, but when there was a situation in the piece one fellow knocked two hollow canes together to show the audience they were to applaud. The merchant lives in first-rate style, and has a wonderful garden. All the fruit-trees are very small; there were pines like cabbages, and a quantity of a large creeper called "monkey-cups," because down the stalk there are regular pitchers and tops filled with water, from which Jacko refreshes himself in the woods. There were also among his live stock Cashmere goats, porcupines, kangaroos, Pekin pigs, and Brahmin bulls, and in the jungle across the valley tigers and all sorts of novelties. I slept on shore that night, or rather I went to bed, but I could not sleep, as I missed the noise of the screw and the creaking of the timbers, and the bed was too steady. The last night before we got to Hong Kong we had an 'entertainment' on board, and I was stage-manager. We made a first-rate room of sail and flags, and the whole affair went off capitally. There are no hotels at Hong Kong, but a very nice club, with bed-rooms. I was proposed and elected as soon as I arrived, so that is very jolly. To-day they hold a Chinese *fête* in honour of their dead relations. They keep firing crackers all day in the streets and burn those long pastilles. I don't think they care much about their religion; they go into the temples to get cool, or sit down, or go to sleep. The children are frightened at the gods, they are so hideous; they roar with terror when they are placed in front of them. The people walk about with their hats on, and whistle and smoke, and do what they like; the merchants selling gilt paper and pastilles sit round the sides, and sometimes they beat a gong to attract customers. Nothing that I can write now can give you the least idea of this wonderful place; I see every hour how very faithful Cooke's descriptions were."—(Extract from a private letter.)

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Though I know nothing of bells, I know something of bell-music—and something of music without bells. Permit me then to say a word or two in reply to Mr. Walesby.

I think him wrong on more grounds than one, and conversely I think the notation fixed on by the bell committee right.

First, in bell chimes we want a sprinkling of *melody*, which the original notation has, that by Mr. Walesby has none at all.

Secondly, the objection made by Mr. Walesby as to the want of repose to the musical ear at the end of each chime, and his proposal to end on the tonic-note, is exactly what is not wanted—no full close in music should be permitted while the subject is still in a state of development. Consequently, the *half close* at the end of each quarter is musically and tintinnabulary correct.

Thirdly, and chief of all the faults in Mr. Walesby's system, is that his notation is devoid of *rhythm*. In the first quarter we have two minims to the bar, in the second we have three, in the fourth, four; in the original notation it is regularly barred off, four crotchets to the bar.

I have said that I know nothing of bells—except when they call me to church. Mr. Walesby may be tintinnabulary correct, but he is certainly musically incorrect.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

Oct. 25, 1858.

A CLERGYMAN.

THE GEM OF THE CONCERT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dr. SIR,—

Last Friday Evening a concert took place in Nott.

No. 1. Quartett in D minor for 4 Stringed Instruments, by Mozart. This was played tolerably well.

No. 2. Sonata for piano and Violin. Dedicated to Kreutzer by Beethoven.

This was played very well.

The Piano by that occasion was not powerfull enough and not good enough for that kind of music.

3. Trio, by Tesca, this was played very well. 4. Quartett for Piano, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello—by Mendelshon, that is one of Mendelshon's best Compositions. We hope to hear that Quartett again, then we can judge better. Mr. Shelmerdine was much admired, & was the Gem of the Evening.

Mr. H. Tanner, presided on the violin in a masterly manner. Mr. Praeger presided on the Tenor, and was much adored. Wm. Shelmerdine Esq. has been engaged to conduct the forthcoming Sacred Concert Elijah which will take place in Nott. Mr. Shelmerdine is just the musician to conduct that class of music.

I am Dr. Sir

Yours Respectfully.

J. C. PRAEGER.

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS.

(LETTER FROM LAMARTINE.)

Paris, August 15, 1858.

M. LE PRESIDENT,—Imperious and obvious (*sensibles*) circumstances render it impossible for me to assist at the Congress to which you have been so good as to invite me. I regret this the more keenly from the fact that the office of reporter on the law of literary property in France led me to undertake serious labours upon this question; you will find the results in the *Moniteur*. It belongs to Belgium, intellectual ground *par excellence*, to take the initiative of progress in the more fully carrying out of the constitution of true property. A sophist has said, "property is robbery." You will reply in insinuating the most sacred of properties, that of intelligence. God has done it, and man's duty is to recognise it.

Receive, M. le President, the assurance, etc.,

LAMARTINE.

ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.—A woman will tolerate tobacco-smoke in a man she likes—and even say she likes it; and yet, curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes!—*Punch.*

ANOTHER OPINION ON "LOHENGRIN" IN VIENNA.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

In the case of new works, which, in accordance with the intention of this author, are meant to effect a reformation, and embody a complete system, to effect which a constant agitation is kept up by an active party, as speedy a production of them as possible, as, indeed, of every other art-production of any value, is not only an act of justice, since an honourable judgment is due to every honourable aspiration; but it is, at the same time, an act of wisdom, because, through the ready production of a work of this description, the deceptive nimbleness which surrounds everything system actually kept from us, disappears of its own accord. In the domain of art, just as in that of religion or politics, persecution asserts pretended as well as real error, while the freedom of regular propagation and unhampered investigation causes everything to appear in its true light.

Following out this principle, we have advocated, when addressing all our musical institutions, the production of new works generally, even when we did not agree with the artistic tendencies of their composers. The principal consideration will always be to act justly towards every vital effort, without making any exception on account of the special form under which that effort may be exhibited. But if this first duty is fulfilled towards the composers of the present day, we must also allow the greatest freedom in judging their efforts, and we must sternly defend those healthy principles, on which every work of art, if it deserves the name, must be unconditionally based.

Regarded in this light, the production of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, strikes us as a very significant and satisfactory event, not as being a victory achieved by the so-called "Music of the Future," but as a first guarantee of, at least, a partial change in the system pursued at our Imperial Operahouse, where, it would seem, the repugnant hitherto evined for everything new and unusual has, at last, given way to a reasonable mode of looking at matters of art.

The divided and partially brilliant success of the first representation of *Lohengrin*, on the 19th August, has been unanimous acknowledged by all the Viennese critics, competent and not competent.

What a welcome opportunity for the organs of the Weimar-Leipsic party to indulge in a "Te Deum laudamus!" Vienna, which has hitherto been branded as heretical, will now probably rise in value, that is to say, in the estimation of the above party, and, by the applause it has bestowed on Wagner, have earned the recognition of its right to possess a "Future!" All assertions to the contrary, adverse criticisms, and objections will wisely be passed over in silence by the organs of Wagner's party; the applause bestowed on certain passages, will be claimed for the whole work, and the success of the whole work will be claimed for the "Opera of the Future."

But we, who, perhaps, look at the matter with somewhat harmless partiality, and, at all events, are better acquainted with things here than our colleagues in Leipzig and Weimar, can only perceive, if not an intentional deception of the public, at least only a gross piece of self-deception. That *Lohengrin* was produced is a proof of the artistic feeling of the new management, a feeling which, we trust, will be extended unto the "Music of the Future" alone, but to every effort of real talent of the Present. In the fact of the public having readily come forward to welcome this praiseworthy step, we see a new proof of the susceptibility of the Viennese, and their yearning for fresh and better things. With regard, lastly, to the *success* of *Lohengrin*, we consider it as the merited recognition of Wagner's talent; recognition which he has achieved not through his system, but in spite of it, recognition, therefore, which is in no wise to be attributed to the new operatic system, or to the so-called party of the "Future." We will at once clearly explain ourselves on this point.

Musical Vienna has troubled itself but very little with the factions existing in musical matters, for a considerable period, in the North of Germany. The Vienna public are not conve-

sank with the subjects of dispute, and the warfare carried on in consequence by the various musical papers, and, above all, does not think of them, when streaming into the theatre to hear a new opera. (A Viennese) is, on the one hand, too uneducated, in musical particulars; and, on the other, too reasonable, and possessed of too sound a judgment in musical matters, to look for anything else at the theatre but the *unbiased, undisturbed enjoyment of the merit of art, its grace, force, and of its representation*. The reader perceives, we say, no means wish to depreciate the success of *Lohengrin*, which strikes us as all the more satisfactory and natural, for the very reason that Wagner has to share it only with the artists who represented, and the gentleman who directed his work, while we must decidedly refuse to acknowledge, and, in doing so, we think, we truly render the opinion of the Viennese public, that the so-called "Music of the Future;" the ideas which Wagner associates with such passionate pathos in his writings, in the tendency which Herr Brendel advocates so cleverly in his paper, have achieved, with *Lohengrin*, that triumph, about which the members of Wagner's party are so enthusiastic. In reply to this, we shall be told: "The public was not, perhaps, quite conscious of what it felt; but the applause bestowed on *Lohengrin* involved the recognition of these principles which Wagner wishes to introduce into opera." To our mind, however, the direct contrary is the case. Whatever produces a satisfactory and elevating impression in Wagner's opera is precisely that which is not the practical realisation of his theories of reform, or that on which he and his adherents lay the greatest stress in their arguments—but that which, in every opera of the Past or Present, would be considered good and appropriate, dramatically true, and musically beautiful.

Wagner's talent strikes us as indisputable, but his system as by no means so. We invariably perceive the greatest development of his talent in the very instances where he is unfaithful to his own system.

Wagner's polemical and reformatory writings are distinguished for their clever and soaring, although frequently superabundant and verbose, exposition of the defects and exorcences clinging to modern operas. But, from the very outset, Wagner confounds the abuse with the right employment of allowable means, and erroneously pourtrays every abuse as an incurable, and fundamental evil, and all that the greatest masters have produced in the shape of operas as a failure. This is a crying act of injustice, which is an evident contradiction to the well-known respect entertained by Wagner, as a musician, for these self-same masters. But his rhetorical mode of exposition always becomes darker, more unintelligible, and more superabundant, whenever he has to set up a picture of the future to guide us, instead of the past, which according to him is languishing in its last death-struggle. His ideal of the true, and only possible opera, is, as far as we can comprehend what he means, either a highly impracticable step backwards, to times long since past, or an intended completion and perfecting of that which has been done, in the same style, by the masters of the Past and of the Present—of that which, therefore, in both cases, according to his principle, has already existed, without the slightest intention of really re-modelling it. If opera is indeed to be only a succession of recitations, without a resting point—a mere musical intoning of the dramatic dialogue, without any specific musical aim and substance—such unhappy eagerness to exaggerate Gluck's strict theory, and to return to the infancy of opera, can only end in a very deplorable result. If this is the case, Wagner is no reformer, but the most violent reactionary in the domaines of art, who despises the progress made since Rameau and Lully, and, most impractically, would, instead of developed dramatic music such as we have possessed for eighty years, restore the *recitative*, which, if solely and wholly supreme, would constitute the essence of monotony. Directly the dramatic action and dialogue are regarded as the principal things, as the "aim," and the music as the "means" only, the latter runs a risk of being justly discarded, as completely useless, nay, as an impracticable adjunct, even interrupting the dialogue and impeding the action. Music is effective and agreeable only when it appropiates the meaning of the words, and imparts to them a heightened effect, possessing, at the same time, dramatic

truth and musical substance. If this, however, is Wagner's purpose, if his only intention was to restore to opera *dramatic truth*, in which, from various errors, it is occasionally deficient, then he ought to have said so; then, instead of stepping forward as a reformer, he ought, as a true disciple of honoured and great men, to acknowledge that he, in his way, wished to effect nothing but what Gluck and Mozart, Cimarosa and Paisiello, Méhul and Boieldieu, Chernibini and Spontini, Beethoven and Weber, Spohr and Weigl, Meyerbeer and Lortzing, also tried to effect, and which they succeeded more or less in doing. The above masters have, each in his own way and in proportion to his powers, produced effects that are extraordinarily beautiful and great, precisely in *musically-dramatic characterisation*, and *not*, in order to be characteristically true, by descending to absolute recitative, and banishing the *cantilena*; no, they enjoyed the privilege of *uniting beauty and variety with truth, of blending melody and dramatic expression, of retaining the form of the aria, the duet, etc., and, at the same time, of being so true*, that Wagner cannot be more so, although he sacrifices everything, even beauty, to truth. What becomes, then, under these circumstances, and the crushing weight of these facts and examples, of Wagner's system of the "Opera of the Future?"!

(To be continued.)

JANET.

(SHORT METRE.)

Let Poets sing what maids they will,
Adowning this great planet,
There's none, I'm sure, more worth their praise
Than active little Janet.

This little maid, of whom I sing
(And the truth I'm only stating),
Though ceaselessly upon the move,
Seems never tired of waiting.

Should any sinner wanting dinner,
Into "Roberts" chance to pop,
He'll say that little Janet
As a waitress is first top.

Though full of human kindness,
She'll soon bring him to his beer (beer),
And though his dinner mayn't cost much,
He'll think her a "little dear."

She'll soon resign him to a steak (steak);
And that without remorse;
Though she's got the best of tempers
She can give lots of "piquant sauce."

(QUAKER METRE.)

She's as bright and as sharp as any steel,
Though an active life she's led;
Ever ready to serve with malt or a meal,
And I'm sure no one's better bread (bread).

(LONG METRE.)

She's a good little girl, and no mistake;
She'll stand no nonsense from "muff" or "poltroon;"
For she very well knows how to serve out a cake,
Or to polish a high "mettled" spouse.

There are "Moussoos" who think she'd make a good Queen of Greece,
While others with faces quite murky,
Would much like to take her upa a long lease
Saying she'd just suit them to rule over Turkey.

There are folks who call her a nice little duck—
Some who say she's got a good heart—
While others who are sadly in great want of pluck,
Say that when vexed she's a little too tart.

FINIS AND CHORUS.

Our own "little Janet" will however do for a toast,
Which too highly buttered can't be;
And should you e'er want a maiden whod well rule your road,
Our "little Janet" would suit to a T(ea).

J. H. N.

MORE OR LESS OF IT TRUE.

(From the *Signale*.)

MAD. MALIBRAY received for each performance, at Drury Lane, £150.

Mad. Grisi received, for singing at a musical solemnity at York, £400.

Lablache was paid, for singing twice, £150.

Hummel left, at his death, 375,000 francs, and a large number of valuable presents from all the courts of Europe. Among them were 26 diamond rings, of high price, 34 gold snuff-boxes, and 114 costly watches.

Rosmini was offered a million (of francs ?) in Italy, to sing the part of Figaro himself.

For a single singing lesson given to Queen Victoria, Lablache received 1,000 francs.

At one *sorcié* in London, Mad. Grisi earned 60,000 francs

Mdlle. Taglioni's second benefit at St. Petersburg brought in 204,000 francs. During the performance, the Emperor sent her a bouquet composed of turquoises and diamonds. At Hamburg, this lady received 3,730 francs a night.

Twenty-four performances at Rome produced Rubini 36,000 francs.

Paganini, who, as we know, did not sacrifice on the shrine of sentimentalism in money matters, wrote, one day, to Mr. Loveday, as follows:—

"Sir,—I am obliged to express my surprise at seeing how little you think of discharging your debts to me. Your negligence compels me to refresh your memory. The question involves certain details you ought not to have forgotten. I send you, therefore, my little account, and expect you will pay it soon:—

"For twelve lessons given to your daughter, to teach her how to express music, and to conceive the sense of the notes	Francs.
notes	2,400
"For playing eight tunes at your house, and, on various occasions, some pieces of music	24,000
 "Making a total of	 26,400

"I do not add to this account the lessons I have given your daughter at table, at dinner, or in a conversational manner, &c.

"NICOLÒ PAGANINI."

When Napoleon heard that Mad. Catalani was about quitting Paris, he ordered the great singer to wait on him at the Tuilleries. She trembled before the grand *virtuoso* on the cannon. "Where do you want to go?" inquired the Emperor. "To London, sire." "You will stop in Paris. You must do so. I will see that you are well paid. Besides, your talent is better appreciated in Paris. You will have 100,000 francs a-year, and two months' leave of absence. The matter is settled. Adieu, madame." But the matter was not settled, for Mad. Catalani left Paris secretly, and without a passport, and set out for London on board a vessel that was taking back some prisoners of war to exchange. The passage occupied twenty-four hours, and cost her 3,000 francs.

Handel composed his *Rinaldo*, in 1710, in a fortnight. This opera was, for twenty years, a great favourite with the English public, and so run after immediately it was produced, that Walsh, the music-publisher, made 3,750 francs, while the composer received far less. Happening to meet Walsh one evening, at a party, Handel said quietly to him: "My dear Walsh, in order to equalise matters between us, you shall write the next opera, and I will sell it."—FERDINAND SILAS.

SHORTFELLOW SUMS UP LONGFELLOW,

(From *Punch*).

MILES STANDISH, old Puritan soldier, courts gal Priscilla by proxy.

Gal likes the proxy the best, so Miles in a rage takes and hooks it:

Folks think he's killed, but he ain't, and comes back, as a friend, to the wedding,

If you call this ink-Standish stuff poetry, *Punch* will soon reel you off Miles.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF ELECTRICITY.

(From *Punch*.)

Our daily reading proves that electricity is now fairly taking the circuit of the entire globe. No barrister goes so extensive a circuit, or talks so much with so little noise. The beauty of electricity is, that it talks without being heard, an accomplishment which ladies have not yet acquired.

Amongst the recent marvels of electricity, we have a record two—viz.: pianoforte playing, and tooth-drawing. We need not say that both performances are at times equally shocking. There are occasions when we would sooner have a tooth drawn, we think, than listen to an excruciating extraction of agonising sounds from the piano. So much depends upon the instrument, and the use that is made of it! According to your manipulation, it becomes either an instrument of pleasure, or an instrument of torture. But if it is occasionally horrible to hear one piano (and the horror occurs in every capital, that has any pretensions to be considered a Pianopolis, more than one day), consider what it must be to listen to five pianos *codem tempore*! Electricity confers this terrible dexterity on every pianoforte practitioner. This quintuple achievement was actually accomplished by a Mr. Léon Human, at the National Theatre at Brussels. The five pianos were lashed together with electric wires, which were connected with an electric battery in another room, and you had the whole lot of them jingling away at once. No necessity to encore a piece of music at this rate, when you take it in five times over at a single hearing. What a fearful power to vest in any man's hands! If electricity can do it with five pianos, why not with fifty? why not with five hundred? Where is it to stop? If that is all, we do not see what there is to prevent a pianist, who holds this electric accomplishment at his fingers'-ends, from performing in every capital of Europe precisely at the same time. Fancy Liszt going through his pianofortistic gymnastics on five hundred Broadwoods, and being heard simultaneously, without the interval of scarce a vibration, all over the world! We should not be safe anywhere. He might pursue us into the very centre of the Desert. What exquisite revenge he might take on his detractors! He might maliciously place a piano on each side even of us, put one over our heads, and another under our feet, and by playing upon them, unseen by us, and unknown to us, some 2,000 miles off, send us raving mad in less than half-an-hour! We hope electricity will never lend itself to such base machinations.

We have heard of men riding on five horses; but we do not think that a pianoforte-player should try to emulate a horse-rider by playing upon five pianos all at once. One piano at a time is quite enough, and frequently too much; but bring the electric battery to play upon an allied army of Collards, and we will not answer for the world being strong enough to stand the shock. Further, we have a presentiment that it would be shivered to little bits by sheer force of melody, as we have seen a magnificent barley-sugar temple on a supper-table totter and fall with a crackling crash, into a chaos of golden ruins, by the violence of the stamping muisic overhead. So it would be with the world! After one five-hundred pianoforte *dance*, there would be nothing left of it but an immense dust-heap, on the top of which men and women would be lying like so many oyster-shells and lobster's claws.

As for the toothdrawing by electricity, we do not jump to it so easily. It is actually done, however, in far less time than you can think as to what you shall have for to-day's dinner? A single tooth, we suppose, is charged at the rate of a single message; a double tooth doubtless counts for two. We wonder if the same shock that pulls out the tooth can convey a message to tell your wife that it is out! and "out" (as George Cruikshank's drawing informs us with jumping glee) in less than a minute." The description of this new style of dentition neglects to inform us, whether a new set of teeth can be supplied by the same process.

The anticipated benefit of the one discovery tends greatly to balance the dreaded evil of the other. If pianoforte playing by electricity threatens to increase largely human suffering, at all events dental surgery by the same invisible agency promises to considerably alleviate it. It is all a question of nerves, and in the electric contest between ears and teeth, let us hope the molars will have it.

The question is, what will not electricity do next? We do not despair of the good time coming (and it has been a long time on the road), when we shall be able to sit quietly in our arm-chair and electricity will do everything for us. It will cook our dinner, sew on our buttons, write our letters, make our clothes, whip our children, black our boots, shave our stubby chins, and even help us to a pinch of snuff, if we only wish it. We almost believe it will in time so far reach mortal perfection as to carry us up to bed, undress us, tuck us up, and

blow out the candle, when we are too tired, or indifferent, to do it ourselves. But there is one thing, we are afraid, that it never will do, and that is, help us to pay our income-tax.

Alas! there is a limit even to electricity!

CURIOS MUSICAL QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

VIRGINIA L.—“What is the meaning of the terms, Iambic, Trochaic, as used in the ‘Hallelujah?’”

Our hymns are all composed in stanzas; most frequently in stanzas of four lines each, though sometimes in stanzas of six or eight lines. Each line of a stanza consists of a certain number of syllables; thus, for example, in long metre there are four lines of eight syllables each; and in common metre the first and third lines have eight syllables each, and the second and fourth lines have six syllables each. The syllables are part of them accented and part unaccented; most frequently there is one accented and one unaccented syllable in connection; but sometimes there are three syllables thus connected, either one accented and two unaccented, or vice versa. These groupings of the syllables, as we may call them, are termed poetic feet; and there are, of course, different kinds of poetic feet, according to the number of syllables, and places of the accents. A poetic foot of two syllables, the first being unaccented and the second being accented, is called an Iambus, and poetry thus written is said to be Iambic. The long, common, and short metres are Iambic. If the accent be on the first of the two syllables, the foot is called a Trochee, or Trocha, and poetry thus written is called Trochaic. The sevens and eights and sevens metres are Trochaic. If there be three syllables, the first and second unaccented and the third accented, the foot is called an Anapest, and the poetry is Anapastic. When, in three syllables, the first is accented, and the second and third are unaccented, the foot is called a Dactyl, and the poetry is called Dactylic, or said to be written in Dactylic feet.

Examine the hymns to which the tunes classed under the different heads, Iambic, Trochaic, etc., are adapted, with reference to their rhythmic structure. Take a look also at these words in *Webster's Dictionary*. As a further illustration, we have changed a well-known tune from its usual Iambic measure into an Anapastic form. See the tune, “Quantum Mutatus,” in this number of the *Review*, in the harmony of which we have also made some slight alterations.

E.—“1. What is the difference between A flat and G sharp? I mean, in the sound itself. 2. We know that the interval between the two letters is a step, and if a letter is sharped, its tone becomes a half-step higher, while a letter that is flattened has its pitch changed a half-step lower. Are they synonymous? 3. Yet a diagram of the finger-board on the violin shows a difference. 4. Please inform me in the next number of the *Review*. 5. Also, what does x signify placed by a note?”

1. The tones named A flat and G sharp differ with respect to relation, but not with respect to pitch. The same string on the pianoforte, and the same pipe in the organ, is used for both; there is a difference of relation but not of pitch.

2. “We know,” says our querist, “that the interval between the two letters is a step.” We suppose he means the letters G and A; though no reference has been made to them, but only to G sharp and A flat. He proceeds and says: “If a letter is sharped, its tone becomes a half-step higher.” Is this true? Let the Normals answer. We hear the loud No from every voice, for they all know that the pitch of a tone, let its name be what it may, cannot be altered. Can A flat change the pitch of a tone? They all answer again, No; for the pitch of a tone cannot be changed. But this is a digression intended only to call attention to one of the many inaccuracies heard in musical teachings or descriptions. “Are they synonymous?” Yes; they are the same in pitch.

3. We know that the finger-boards of violins are sometimes so marked as to show a difference; yet on inquiring of some of the most distinguished violinists in the world we have been told that they use the same stop both for G sharp and for A flat. We suppose others do not, but endeavour to carry out the theoretical or mathematical difference in their practice; yet in some cases, as enharmonic changes, no one would do this, but would continue the exact tone under both relations, or when the relation of a tone changes.

NIGHT AND MORNING AT MALTA.

By JAMES ANYHOW, R.N.

Author of “A Glass of Ale and a Sandwich,” “Sketches in Sky Blues,” &c., &c.

It is evening at Malta. In the midshipman’s birth of the “Ridiculous” (the worst ship in the navy—supposed, from the badness of its timbers, to have been made out of the heads of the Board of Admiralty) dinner is just over, and dissipation is about to commence. My last glass of claret (though prince of wines!) has gone down with the sun—not in company with that orb, most obtuse of readers, but collaterally. I qualify it with a slight nip of brandy, pale, and such as can be obtained only by those who have a comprehensive tick. Most of us are going on shore to spend the evening; young Glugg indeed is the only exception; he is staying on board to write to his aunt. Poor beast! We had to cob him with a sword-scabbard the other day for talking about his mother at mess. But he is the son of a Manchester manufacturer, so what can be expected of him?

Young Hyacinthe and myself (Hyacinthe is the son of the Duke of Convolvulus—descended from the Convolvoluses who were marshals of Normandy in the reign of Charles the Bald—wear an *owl chantant, gules*, on a field azure, pale, fitché, &c.) hail a shore boat and go off together. We bill the boatman, partly because the Manchester fellow always pays him, and we have a gentlemanly dislike to “shine with Pye,” and partly because we have no cash. It is, besides, so amusing to hear a Maltese swear! We march along the Strada Caspetto (making eyes at a pretty Sicilian on the way—to see violet eyes in this climate is as refreshing as a glass of curaçon) until we arrive at the Plaza Corpo di Bacco, where (as everybody but the plebs know) is situated old Gloriana’s *café*. At the end of the Plaza you may hear the familiar click of the billiard balls, and the clatter of equally familiar voices. In the upper room all the old fellows are assembled. Tomkins, of the “Ineffable,” is telling an amusing story, and a knot of youths have suspended their play, and listen to him as they stand chalking their cues. It seems he has shot a consul (only a Greek one) in the morning, while carelessly popping about at Beccares. Nobody would have taken much notice of the affair (it could scarcely have been considered an insult to the national flag), but for Tomkins’s impertinent defence. He said, it seems, that he mistook the old gentleman for a kangaroo—which animals he was too ignorant not to know (being of a *parvenu* family) do not run wild about the island.

However, everybody was greatly amused at the incident, except myself perhaps. The poor old gentleman had a daughter with violet eyes (probably now weeping) and his hock was first-rate. We all toasted Tomkins in the best lachryma that credit could procure, and then salled forth; insulted two or three Maltese unprotected females—thrashed a couple of English commercial travellers (who talked of making Cobden bring the matter before Parliament)—and, in short, enjoyed ourselves amazingly. Bam, of the “Unendurable,” who has learned to swear and talk indecency in Maltese, was in particular very useful as the spokesman and interpreter to the party.

But notwithstanding these wild diversions—which are so seductive in tender years and a soft voluptuous climate—I still studied my Plato before going to bed, and dreamed of the soul and its aspirations, and then of somebody who shall be nameless. As I took

(The rest of this MS. is lost.)

SCARBOROUGH.—In the New Music Hall, Spa, at Mr. Yahr’s concerts, Miss E. Crossland sang a pleasing selection of songs in good style. She has an agreeable voice. Her efforts were rewarded by repeated applause. Mr. Lambert sung Weiss’s “Village Blacksmith” with good effect, and in Schubert’s “Wanderer” displayed a great compass of voice. He was encored in Snait’s “My bonnie bark,” a new song that will become popular with bass vocalists. Mr. Murray played a solo on the harp, and Herr Wiener a fantasia on the violin. Mr. Yahr’s waltz is a pretty composition. The concert concluded with a popular galop.—*Malton Messenger*, Oct. 16, 1858.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

PRODUCTION OF "MARIANA."
GREAT SUCCESS OF "MAERTHA," AND "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE."

On Monday and Thursday, Wallace's *MARIANA*. Don Caesar de Bazan (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; *Mariana*, Miss Louisa Pyne.—On Tuesday and Friday (11th and 12th inst.), *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*.—On Wednesday and Thursday, *MAERTHA*.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mallon.—To conclude with (each evening) the Ballet *Divertissement LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*. Commence at half-past seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.
ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, *MACBETH*.
Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, *KING JOHN*. Proceeded every evening by the farce of *AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, October 20, will be presented the comedy of *LADIES BEWARE!* To be followed by the drama of *THE RED VIAL*. To conclude with *TO OBLIGE BENSON*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.
Mad. Celeste every evening.—*THE GREEN BUSHES* for three nights, by particular d. sir. Continued success of *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Scarcely a laugh at the new Ballet-Comique. Mad. Celeste, Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Eliza Arian (from the Theatre Royal Adelphi) the imitatable Flexmore, and Madlle. Auriol, forming the most attractive Company in London. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, to commence with *THE GREEN BUSHES*. Mme. Mad. Celeste, Jack Gong, Mr. Paul Bedford. On Tuesday and Thursday, *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*. Mad. Celeste. A Ballet, Flexmore and Madlle. Auriol. To conclude with a Comedietta. On Saturday a change of entertainment.

DEATH.

MADAME GÉNOT, born Elisa Fay, formerly an actress of the Brussels Theatre, and of the Porte-Saint-Martin and the Variétés at Paris, died at the beginning of the present month at Joaillie-le-Pont. She belonged to a family of artists. Her grandmother was Mad. Rousselot; the father and mother were both actors, the father, M. Etienne Fay, being also a composer of music; her sister was Madame Volnys (16), wife Fay); and her brother, M. Auguste Fay, called Baron, is attached to the Theatre Molière at Brussels. Elisa Fay accompanied her sister Léontine, surnamed "*la petite merveille*," and played with her at Brussels, in October and November, 1820. Married to the actor Génot, she went, as *prima donna*, to give three representations at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in December, 1833. From 1838 to 1840 she was engaged there as the representative of *Jeunes dégagés*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. S., THORNEY ABBEY.—The Artist in question did receive frequently the compliment of a shower of bouquets at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30TH, 1858.

EVER since we can remember affairs connected with the theatre, the "star-system" has evoked unqualified and universal obloquy from the critics. Extravagant terms paid to artists and the evils consequent thereon have proved a fruitful theme to those who have taken, or appear to have taken, a deep interest in the advancement of the stage. That one actor should be paid an exorbitant sum—the favourite phrase used to be, "more than the salary of the First Lord of the Treasury"—and another receive what would barely keep body and soul together, seemed a paradox to abstract justice, and was gravely reprehended by the inferior members of the profession, a large and influential class of the community. Had managers followed the immediate advice so generously tendered to them, and repudiated the "star-system" altogether, who would

have benefited? Not the actor who was not engaged; not the manager whose theatre lost a special attraction; not the public who were deprived of beholding a favourite. When the Chartist, in the spirit of universal benevolence, wound up his favourite argument with the clincher, "Isn't one man as good as another?" and the Irishman replied in a spirit of benevolence still more universal, "Faix an' that he is, an' a grate dale better," we fancy Paddy had the best of the argument. At all events he put a stopper on the Chartist's mouth for ever. For ourselves we think there is something to be said in extenuation of the "star-system," if not in its defence. If you want a superior article of dress, or furniture, or ornament, you have to pay a good price for it. An artist regulates his terms by the sum which he thinks he will bring to the theatre—his exact worth. People cried "shame" on Mr. Bunn for giving Malibran the ruinous sum of £125 a-night at Drury Lane for singing; and on Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, for paying Macready at the rate of £10 an hour for acting. The answer is irrefutable—both Mr. Bunn and Mr. Webster put money in their pockets. When Mr. Sims Reeves lately was paid £300 per week for singing at the National Standard Theatre, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini received more than £200 for her vocal services at the Crystal Palace for one concert, both sums would appear preposterous did we not consider that the artistes brought to the treasures the money that paid them. If a singer or actor is worth what he brings, and he brings what he is worth, there is an end to all argument about the "star-system."

There is, however, another species of "starring" which is, we think, far more open to condemnation than that pertaining to theatres—we mean "readings," "lectures," and "monological entertainments," in rooms, halls, or chambers. On the stage the public voice has created the artist, and has assigned him his rank and station. By the public breath he has been called into existence—by the public breath he lives and has his being. The "reader," or "lecturer," on the other hand, builds his own stage, erects his own pedestal, sets himself upon it, and makes himself his own idol. He is his own "one bright particular star" that shines in a heaven of his own making. He keeps himself aloof from comparison; he hides his head from competition; he brooks no rivalry; he submits himself to no test; he is his own advocate, judge and jury, and his auditors the cohesive and shrinking public, who feel they are out of the sphere of animadversion, and dare not lift up their voices in hazard of opinion. One man lectures, as it is called, on Shakspere; another delivers himself of an essay—political—polemical—astronomical—architectural—musical—medical—telegraphical; a third exhibits himself in various disguises and monopolises a whole drama; a fourth reads his own books. The lecturer on Shakspere is simply a bore, whom we religiously believe nobody would pay to hear or see unless he were some actor of note. The most intolerable of Shakspere's commentators is the lecturer. He who reads an essay in public is obviously circumscribed in his arena; and, as he limits his operations to Institutions, Polytechnics, and Scientific Societies, must be credited with more charity. The "Entertainer" is a comprehensive term, and includes all who, like Mr. Albert Smith, Miss P. Horton, Mr. Woodin, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, undertake to amuse the public by their unaided talents. That the "entertainers" above named have all proved, and continue to prove, eminently successful, constitutes no answer to the broad principle we wish to lay down—that he who invites the public to come, hear, and

see himself and nobody else; *a priori* looks more to self-exaltation than the world's benefit. We know what a temptation it is, having three talents, to exhibit them simultaneously. We know, too, that the majority of mankind—

“ wish to see display'd
By one three talents, for there were no less”—
since—

“ The voice, the words, the minstrel's skill at once
Could hardly be united in a dunce.”

But we also know, that beyond mere momentary amusement, mere temporary excitement, there is no result; that the triple barking of the Cerberus of exhibitions, however musical, leaves no lasting impression— involves neither advantage, nor profit.

Against the reader of his own books in a public room we still more strongly protest, and are grieved that the sanction of illustrious names should have been given to such a precedent. Their illustrious names to constitute a powerful precedent. Henceforth every puny satirist, or carolist, of sanguine tendencies, and born with speculation in his soul, allured by the hinked reputation and money wrought from their “readings” by renowned novelists, will rush to the platforms in town or country, and invite the populace to hear him howl through his own tale, Christmas piece, or bit of poetry. The world will be menaced with public reciters of their own works. Fortunately the evil carries with it its own cure. The “reader” who has no reputation will have no audience. Of the crowds who flock to a reading by Mr. Charles Dickens or Mr. Thackeray, for one who goes to hear a hundred go to see. None has a chance in this race for popularity who has not previously rendered himself famous. This constitutes the best public safeguard against the prevalence of a class of entertainments of the slightest recommendation and benefit. It would be deplorable indeed were the giants of our literature, through any necessity, much more through want, or love of money, compelled to abjure all writing, and, in place thereof, to exhibit themselves periodically in public to gratify prurient curiosity or a false taste. While acknowledging the almost unparalleled success invariably attending the “readings” of the popular gentleman just named, let us, in a spirit of love for all that is good and great, be allowed to entertain a hope that both Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Charles Dickens may be driven back from the glare and flurry of the lecture-room to the solitude of their closets, convinced that there and there alone can be fulfilled the high mission entrusted to them.

M. JULLIEN commences the twentieth season of his annual concerts on Monday evening at the Lyceum Theatre. The change of locality is attributable to various causes, none of which need be stated in this place. It is, however, to be lamented that a large theatre was not available, more especially as the concerts are on the same scale of magnitude as when they were given at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre, and the band is no less powerful. Nor has M. Jullien altered the prices of admission in any way, so as to compensate for the inferior size of the house. If, nevertheless, the Lyceum be crowded nightly, M. Jullien, notwithstanding the expenses of principals, band and chorus, with the new decorations and fittings, will have no cause to complain; and of the result we do not entertain a doubt.

The London public will learn with regret that the present

series will constitute the “Farewell Concerts,” or “Concerts d'Addieu” of M. Jullien, previous to his departure on his “Universal Musical Tour” through the capitals and cities of Europe, America, Australia, the Colonies, and the civilised towns of Asia and Africa. This grand *tournée* of course cannot be accomplished under several years, even with so energetic, enterprising, and untiring a director to carry it out; and, consequently, the London public will have to lament for so long a period the loss of their most delightful and admirable winter entertainments. That M. Jullien's place cannot be filled up, we think, will be admitted. Not merely the enterprise which sees no obstacles, the energy which never fails, the faith never broken, the little show for self-aggrandisement and the directness of purpose always on the side of right, have tended to achieve for M. Jullien his great popularity—although these would have made any public man popular; his undoubted talents and skill as a musician and orchestral conductor have equally tended to place him in his high position. What M. Jullien has effected in the way of conciliating public appreciation for the most intellectual of all amusements, in making more universally known the works of the great masters and by frequent performances creating an abiding love for them, and how he has converted what used to be a pastime and relaxation into an entertainment fraught with meaning and instruction, are now matters of history. The good that M. Jullien has done in this way cannot be overlooked. Moreover, he has kept for twenty years, almost continually employed, a large force of instrumentalists; and to his exertions, in a great measure, is due the strength and efficiency of our present orchestral bands, many of our most famous wind and string performers having been discovered and imported by M. Jullien.

When all is considered, we have no doubt that the “Farewell Concerts” will constitute a series of *succès*, the success of which will plead powerfully to M. Jullien for a speedy return from his universal tour, if not, perhaps, tempt him to forego his determination of withdrawing himself for so unendurable a period from so many constant friends and true admirers.

THERE is a certain periodical of great interest to the student of modern literature, of which, however, students never speak,—resembling in this particular the ancient Egyptians, who, while enjoying the blessings of the Nile never revealed its source. Possibly the ancient Egyptians did not reveal the source of the Nile because they did not know it themselves. Possibly, also, the students of modern literature never speak of the periodical, to which we refer, because they never heard of it. The name of the latter, at all events, is *Bent's Monthly Literary Advertiser*, and its purpose is to register new and forthcoming books and engravings. Who Bent may be, we do not know, for the periodical is printed by Woodfall and published by Tucker. He may be a living personage, or he may be St. Bent, patron of the booksellers, as St. Crispin of the shoemakers. There is a legend, however, that describes him as an actual specimen of humanity, so remarkable for the elegance of his costume, as to elicit from a waggish publisher the facetious observation, that although the bow should not always be bent, Bent was always a *beau*.

Following the *bent* of our inclination, that is to say, turning over the leaves of the periodical in question, we came to the following paragraph, placed under the head of

"Miscellaneous announcements of forthcoming works by various publishers:—"

"Thirty-Five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life, by Edw. Fitzball, Esq., author of 'The Siege of Rochelle,' &c.—Zeal in the Work of the Ministry; or, the Means by which every Priest may render his Ministry honourable and fruitful, by M. L'Abbé Dubois." *Newby.*

The latter of the two works, with which Mr. Newby intends to edify mankind, we leave to the care of our esteemed contemporary, *The Tablet*, but to the former we call the especial attention of our readers.

Thirty-five years of Edward Fitzball's life! Why, this will be almost a complete history of the melodramatic stage of London, written by a man, who was the leading dramatist of his class, when that class was in its lustihood. His productions may look somewhat crude and disjointed, if revived now, but they were epoch-making works in their day, and those who crack jokes about his blue and red fire will do well to bear in mind that it was not speedily extinguished. The life of the man who writes an epic poem, should be itself an epic, says somebody; and we may add that the historian of melodrama should be himself a melodramatist.

What floods of information respecting transpontine brigands and ghosts are about to burst upon us,—what revelations about Easter pieces at Drury Lane and Covent Garden are about to be made! Mr. Fitzball's ghosts did not come from Paris, but were racy of the British soil; his Easter pieces were not burleagues, but were works composed in a faithful, earnest spirit. If Mr. Fitzball does not effect as much for the history of English melodrama, as was effected by Thucydides for that of the Peleponnesian War, we shall be grievously disappointed. The advantages derived from a personal observation of events are common to the ancient Athenian and the modern Briton.

But don't let Mr. Edward Fitzball describe himself in his title-page, as the author of the *Siege of Rochelle*. The libretto of that opera lives through its connection with Mr. Balfe's music, but it is no type of the independent, self-supporting Fitzball drama. Raise the *Siege*, Edward Fitzball, and put up the *Flying Dutchman*.

Miss Amy Sedgwick.—We understand Miss Amy Sedgwick, of the Haymarket Theatre, was married on Tuesday last, to W. Parkes, Esq., M.D.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews.—Such has been the prosperity of the Haymarket Theatre, since the return of Mr. Charles Mathews from America, that the receipts of the first six nights amounted to upwards of £1,200.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—This Association is preparing to resume operations for the forthcoming season. The annual meeting is to take place on the 2nd proximo, immediately after which the weekly rehearsals will commence. Great care will be taken by Mr. Benedict in securing the efficiency of the choir. None of the old members will be allowed to renew their subscriptions unless they promise to attend punctually at rehearsals, and no new members will be admitted unless they give a similar promise, and pass a strict examination, both with respect to quality of voice and knowledge of music. The concerts, six in number, will take place in St. James's Hall, and it is in contemplation to give, in addition, a series of six "undress" concerts. After the purchase of music, and the payment of all expenses up to the present time, the Association has still a balance left on the favourable side of the banker's account.—(Communicated.)

NEW FINE-ART SOCIETY.—We are glad to be enabled to announce the formation, under high and influential auspices, of a "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts." The programme will, we believe, be issued in the course of a few days; meantime we may say a few words concerning the objects of the

society, which include the following—to create a true sympathy between artists and those to whom they minister, and to elevate the aspirations of both in the mutual relations so established—towards this end to attempt the diffusion of sound principles of art and criticism amongst the public by means of lectures, discussions, and classes for study, illustrated by important examples selected from the works of eminent masters of all schools—to award annually prizes, medals of honour, and other testimonials to the producers of works in painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry, such works having been produced in public within the twelve months preceding the distribution; conversazioni to be held monthly during the session, to which ladies will be admitted; two exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, &c., in each year—one of ancient, the other of modern art—to be open free to the public on certain days of the week, and certain days on payment; a permanent exhibition of engravings, and a library of reference illustrative of the arts of design of all ages; the establishment of provincial councils, with honorary secretaries, under whose auspices will occasionally be held meetings and exhibitions, with distribution of prizes, in their respective localities. We wish success to this project, which will usefully occupy new ground.

Dr. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN BEFORE THE QUEEN.—"On its arrival at Doncaster," writes a punctual contemporary, apropos of Her Majesty's return from Balmoral, "the bells of the new parish-church rang a merry peal, and as the train stopped in the centre of the platform, the royal saloon being exactly opposite the mayor, town council, and borough magistrates, the 'Little Men' of Dr. Mark played the National Anthem, with great precision, and they occupied a good share of Her Majesty's attention. Mr. Denisou, M.P., the chairman of the company, who was in the train, presented the royal family with the morning papers, and two copies of the *Doncaster Gazette*, containing a full description of the new parish-church, and the report of the opening services, as also at the railway church of St. James, were presented, and Her Majesty was pleased to accept the same. Dr. Mark, through Colonel Phipps, presented Her Majesty with a beautifully printed prospectus of his new College of Music at Manchester."

LEICESTER POPULAR CONCERTS—(From a Correspondent).—The first concert of the series came off on Monday evening last at the New Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Nicholson. The programme was well selected, and gave great satisfaction to a large audience. Miss Julia Bleaden sang "The good-bye at the door," and Loder's ballad, "Terry Malone," the latter receiving an encore. Mr. Sansome, a local tenor, who possesses a good voice, and sings in an agreeable manner, was much applauded in the songs, "Phoebe, dearest," and "Oft in the still night." Mr. Alfred Nicholson delighted the audience by his performance of an oboe solo, composed expressly for him by Mr. Emanuel Aguilar, and extremely well suited to the character of the instrument. Solos for cornet-à-piston and violoncello were very well played by Mr. Smith, and Mr. Selby, of Nottingham, the latter gentleman being encored. Instrumental selections from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the *Trovatore*, *Italiana in Algeri*, &c., completed the evening's entertainment. The subscription for these concerts is this season much larger than before, thus rendering the success of the undertaking assured in advance.

RE-OPENING OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF MIDDLEWICK, CHESHIRE—(From a Correspondent).—This ancient and beautiful edifice has been completely renovated and restored to its pristine beauty by the munificence of the resident gentry of this part of Cheshire, at an expense of upwards of £400, and is now an ornament to the county. There have been two handsome painted windows, and other substantial church decorations placed in the church; also an organ, of German construction and every modern improvement, built by Mr. J. Jackson, organ builder, of Chester. The instrument does the builder very great credit indeed. After sermons by the Rev. Canon Stowell, of Manchester, and the Rev. Archdeacon Wood, on Sunday last, the collections realised about £90 for the organ fund. Mr. Twiss, of Hartford, presided at the organ, and conducted the musical services of the day to the entire satisfaction of a large congregation assembled to witness the re-opening of their church.

HALIFAX GLEE AND MADRIGAL SOCIETY—(From a Correspondent).—This newly-established and rapidly rising society gave its second concert in the Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening. The attendance was very large, the place being crammed from floor to roof. The concert was opened in a very spirited manner by the choir singing Nevello's arrangement of "Rule Britannia," after which came Smart's Part-song, "Ave Maria"—the first piece bringing out all the tone and force that sixty voices were capable of producing, whilst the latter contrasted with it beautifully in softness of tone. Space would not admit of noticing all the pieces, but in addition to the two named, the following were executed:—

PART SONGS.

"Ah, could I with fancy"	Hatton.
"Where is the sunny land"	Thomas.
"I love my love"	Allen.
"Dawn of day"	Reay.

CHORUS GLEES.

"Come bounteous May"	Spoofforth.
"Awake Aeolian Lyre"	Danby.
"When winds breathe soft"	Webbe.

MADRIGAL.

"Flora gave me fairest flowers"	...	Wilbye.
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Since the formation of the society the rehearsals have been guided by Mr. R. S. Burton, organist of the parish-church, Leeds, and chorus-master at the late Festival, and the instructions given by that gentleman have been the means of producing a degree of finish and effect in the performances which would, we doubt not, compare with any other society of equal numbers. The unbounded applause given on Monday evening proved how much the music was appreciated, and five pieces were encored. Lest the singing of chorus glee, part-songs, &c., should become monotonous to the audience, the committee had engaged Herr Grosse (clarinet), Signor Rossi (bassoon), of the Manchester and Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, each of whom played a solo and a duetto, which had been arranged by Signor Rossi, specially for this concert, on airs from *Norma*. Beethoven's Quintet in E flat was also given, Mr. Wormack (oboe), and Mr. Oddy (horn), of Leeds, making up the five. The piano-forte part was admirably played by Mr. Burton. The society is receiving ample support from the inhabitants of the town, and the subscribers are looking forward to another treat in the course of the winter.

LEEDS—(From our Correspondent).—Since the highly successful festival given in this town at the commencement of last month, musical matters have lain dead, until last week, when an attempt to get up an inferior festival to benefit the funds of the Dispensary was made by the Town Council. As might have been expected, the concerts have signally failed, and we cannot conceive how any set of gentlemen could for a moment believe that, after the town had been feasted with the highest-class music, performed by the finest talent in England, anything short of really good concerts would answer. There was only one announced vocalist who was likely, by reputation, to attract an audience—that was Miss Vinning. All the others were local; and, although some of them are very fair singers, and deserve encouragement, they cannot yet draw many auditors by the mere announcement of their names. In fact, to show how injudicious the arrangements for these concerts were, I may state that only two male vocalists were engaged for the three concerts—the tenor (Mr. Inkersall) being a third-rate vocalist, and the bass (Mr. Hinchcliffe) being so coarse and unrefined in his singing as to prevent many persons from purchasing tickets for the concerts, notwithstanding their wish to hear Miss Vinning, and benefit the Dispensary. Haydn's *Creation* was given on Thursday evening, the principal parts being sustained by Miss Vinning, Miss Whitham, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. Mr. Spark presided at the organ, and Mr. Burton conducted. The principal soprano solos were given in excellent style; so were the choruses; but the band was not equal to the task, albeit there were a few good players engaged—including Mr. Nicholson (the flautist), Herr Grosse, Mr. Bowring, and Mr. Pew. On Friday evening there were engaged

for a miscellaneous concert, Miss Whitham, Miss Freeman, Miss Newbound, the two gentlemen before named, a chorus of about 170 voices, and Mr. Spark, organist. The only thing in the programme calling for special remark were the organ solos, and great anxiety had been felt to hear the grand instrument in its more finished state. The organ is far from being even yet completed, and the main cause of this, I hear, is owing to the many hindrances the builders have had to contend with, arising from the occupation of the Hall by various parties. One thing is quite certain—that unless a speedy alteration be made in the Leeds Town Hall orchestra, in order that the temperature inside the organ at night (when the room is occupied) may be considerably reduced, the instrument will not only be injured, but it will be impossible to listen to it with pleasure—so horribly out of tune does it become from the heated atmosphere. As to the admirable quality of the organ, there does not exist two opinions in the minds of those capable of judging; but in making this remark, I am reminded strongly of an article which appeared in the *Musical World* a few weeks since on the absurdities of provincial criticism generally. Even the most ordinary musical person could not have failed to discover that the *only* cause of the disagreeable tone of the organ on Friday last was that the reeds and mixtures were sadly too sharp, arising from the circumstance above stated. Yet the *Leeds Intelligencer*—a paper of sufficient respectability to have known better—gives the following dark hints as to the organ:—"The instrument is still incomplete; but as the builders' work has been progressing since the Festival, a good deal of anxiety has been felt to hear it again, without the accompaniment of other instruments or voices, in its more advanced stage; for great expectations await the result of the very liberal vote of money by the Town Council to secure the possession of an organ of the grandest and finest character; and the future success of the cheap concerts, for which the instrument is hoped to be more especially useful, must mainly depend on the favourable impressions it may be capable of producing and sustaining by the richness and variety of its stops and combinations. We will not, with our present imperfect knowledge of what the instrument may be capable of, attempt to influence public opinion, which will, no doubt, find its own conclusion in due time." No doubt! At the third concert, on Saturday night, the attendance was very poor, and I learn that the receipts are not sufficient to cover the expenses of the concerts. The deficiency will be made up from the Borough Funds.

THE DAME AUX CAMELIAS.—The approaching production of a new play in Paris, by Dumas, jun., has caused the following statistics to circulate, which are not a little curious, as exhibiting the pay of a French dramatic writer:—By the *Dame aux Camélias* alone he has gained upwards of 300,000 francs; and about half that sum by the *Demi Monde*. Whenever either of them is played in Paris, from £8 to £10 is the author's share of the night's receipts. Before the production of the *Dame aux Camélias*, M. Dumas was but little known, and he did not seem likely to increase his reputation by this dramatic work. The manager of the Vaudeville did not like the piece, and would not spend a farthing upon it in the way of decoration: he predicted, as a certainty, that it would fail, and altogether treated the author in much the same discouraging manner as poor Goldsmith was treated by Colman while *She Stoops to Conquer* was yet an unacted comedy. Young Dumas had so little hope of success that, on the morning of the first general rehearsal, he offered to sell his entire future interest in the *Dame aux Camélias* for 6,000 fr. (£240). The offer was accepted by the person to whom it had been made. But the bargain was to be settled by ready cash. The purchaser had not enough money in his pocket to close at once. He went out and obtained it; but when he returned M. Dumas thought better of the matter, and refused the sum. He had taken heart, and was resolved to wait and see what fortune had in store for him. The result is well known. The pecuniary success of the piece was almost without precedent; and in a few months its author was raised to comparative affluence. We may well imagine that he frequently congratulates himself on his lucky escape from a bad bargain.

Paris.—On the 4th October, a young lady, who but recently left the Conservatory, where she was a pupil of M. Guilliani, and who has substituted for her own name, Guillot, that of Audibert, made her first appearance at the Opéra in *Il Trovatore*, as Azucena, the part usually filled by Mad. Borghi-Mamo. It may be said that she exhibited intelligence and talent. Her voice may be classed among the mezzo-sopranos, a class by no means suited for Verdi's fierce gipsy-woman. Her voice is rather deficient in fulness in the lower notes, but the middle ones are better and more vibrating. She produced a deep impression in certain passages. She possesses, moreover, fire, and gave promise of considerable histrionic talent. Mad. Lauters-Gaeymard is still the same magnificent Léonore. What a fine voice! What fulness, and, above all, what correctness. It has not its equal at the Opéra. On Friday, M. Gaeymard made his re-appearance in *Robert*. It was very lucky for the public that Meyerbeer did not think proper to take advantage of the opportunity, and introduced into the piece a sixth act, which he was reported to have composed, and of which marvellous accounts have been circulated beforehand. Had Meyerbeer done so, a night-cap would have been an indispensably necessary article. But the additional act must first exist, for, as yet, it is but one of the thousand canards invented to excite public curiosity. M. Gaeymard was welcomed back with pleasure. The audience were especially desirous of once more hearing his brilliant and sonorous voice, as a slight change for Roger, who so frequently gives signs of exertion and fatigue, and needs a short period of repose. Since Monday, *Robert* has become four times centenarian. This is a very rare age at any theatre, and especially at the Opéra, where the performances are necessarily separated by greater intervals than any where else. Mad. Hillen, who has just been engaged as *chanteuse légère*, has been playing successfully, for several years, at Brussels, Ghent, Lille, and Nantes.

The effect produced by Madame Cabel in *La Parte du Diable* is one of the great elements of the success attending this revival.

At the Italiens, *La Traviata* has been succeeded by *Rigoletto*. Verdi and his admirers will not complain. On the present occasion, we have not got Madame Pengo, but a fair artist possessing neither that lady's physical beauty nor enchanting voice. Madlle. de Ruda, who is said to be a Hungarian, is a young person, rather tall and slim, who has not long embraced a lyrical career. She has, however, sang at a few important theatres, and, among others, at Milan and Turin, where she achieved a very satisfactory amount of success. But in Paris, and especially at a theatre where so many illustrious artists have shone, it is not sufficient to display great promise; it is necessary to possess, also, great power and talent of the first order, to captivate the public. Now, although Madlle. de Ruda may possess brilliant qualities, which may procure her sincere admirers, she has also several imperfections, which prevent her from being classed among really first-rate artists.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique, while *Le Nozze di Figaro* produces the most splendid receipts, the off-nights always command good houses with *Précieuses*, the *Médicis*, and *Brockavano*. The management is carefully preparing Mozart's *Don Juan*; *Les Chevaux de Jeanne*, the virgin score of M. Bellini, the nephew of the composer of *Norma*; *La Fée Carabosse*, by M. Massé, and *Festen*, by M. Gounod. It has also revived *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, and there is some talk of submitting Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* to the judgment of the Parisian *dilettanti*. Mozart's *Don Juan* promises to prove very attractive, as there is a report that M. Carvalho has determined on playing the part of Leporinello. After all, this gentleman has, for some time past, enjoyed such success as manager, that he may well rely on his lucky star, and succeed even in a part where he will have to contend against the remembrance of the illustrious Lablache. The revival of *Oberon* was received with unanimous applause. Many pieces were encored; among them were the overture and couplets—"Tra, la, la," so deliciously sung by Madlle. Girard. How, indeed, was it possible for the audience not to applaud so admirable a *chef-d'œuvre*, such fresh and practical music, overflowing with melody? O, young authors, meditate over this score, and see what grand and beautiful effects may be produced by inspiration and science

united. A new tenor, of the name of Guedot, who makes his *début* in M. Gounod's *Faust*. M. Carvalho is taking the greatest care of this gentleman. If it were possible, he would shut him up in a cage till the day of his first performance. It is impossible to describe the precautions with which M. Guedot is surrounded. Whenever he visits the theatre or the garden-party, it is always in the most mysterious manner. Whichever meetings no one is allowed to stop and hear him; and the other audience turned out. It is well known that M. Carvalho is not courageous to take such care of this sucking *Tambourin*, who possesses a very fine voice, and if his acting is only on a par with his singing, M. Carvalho will not have had his trouble for nothing.

BEETHOVEN.

(From *Die Grenzen*.)

As early as the year 1815, during the Vienna Congress, we made the acquaintance of Beethoven. At that time the private counsellor of the King of Prussia, Mr. Duncker, lived in our house. Mr. Duncker was very fond of music, and a great admirer of Beethoven. He had written a tragedy, *Demons Praskata*, for which Beethoven composed a few pieces—a short but most beautiful hunting chorus, a romance, and some music with an accompaniment for the harmonica, in the style of the melodrama. Besides these, the poet got Beethoven to score for him his grand Funeral March from his Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 26. Sister and I asked Mr. Duncker why he had not begged for a new march; but he thought a better one could not be composed. All the pieces, with exception of the Funeral March, are still in our possession. We had even the permission to publish them with the name of "Friedrich Duncker," but it never came to that. The splendid march, I believe, has been performed once a year in a private musical circle in Berlin. The tragedy has never been performed. Duncker had a great many consultations with Beethoven about it. Beethoven was not satisfied with the words to the Hunting Chorus; and, even after they were altered, and altered again, he wanted the accent upon the first syllable.

When Beethoven was appointed guardian of his brother's son, a new life seemed to come upon him. He was extremely fond of the boy, then about nine years old, and it seemed almost that the latter had the key to his humour to compose or to be silent. It was in 1815, when he brought his beloved Charles to our school, which my father had conducted since the year 1798. Already at that time, it was necessary to be quite close to him in order to be understood by him. From this time we saw him very often; and later, when my father removed the school to the suburb, Sandstrass Glacis, he also took lodgings in our neighbourhood; and the next following winter he was almost every night in our family circle. However, we could seldom profit by his presence, for very often he was vexed with the affairs of his guardianship, or he was unwell. Then he would sit the whole evening at our family-table, apparently lost in thought, occasionally smiling, and throwing a word in, at the same time spitting constantly in his pocket-handkerchief, and looking at it, I could not help thinking, sometimes, that he feared to find traces of blood.

One night, when he brought us his song, "To the beloved far off," words by Jeiteles, and father wanted me to accompany my sister, I got rid of it with the fright; for Beethoven told me to get up, and accompanied himself. I must say here, that, to our great surprise, he often struck wrong notes; but then again, when my sister asked whether she was right or not, he said, "It was good, but here," putting his finger upon a note, where the sign of a tie was placed, "you must draw over." He had missed that.

At another time, I remember, that he played with us like a child; and that he took refuge from our attacks behind the chair, etc.

I very often wonder that Beethoven caused so much vexation for the opinions of people; and once exclaimed, with regard to his nephew: "What will people say! they will consider me a tyrant!" But this nobody could have believed, who had never seen him for once with his dear boy, who was frequently

allow me to clasp him over him, and pull him almost from his chair. On one occasion, in spring, he brought us violets, saying: "I bring you Spring." He had been unwell for some time; he suffered a good deal from colic, and said: "That will be once my end!" When I told him that we could put it off for a long time, he answered: "He is a poor fellow who does not know how to die; I have known him since a boy of fifteen years. It is true, for my art I have as yet done but little." "Oh! as for that, you can die with ease," I said, upon which he murmured, "There are quite different things floating before me." At the same time, he brought us a beautiful composition, "To Hope," from Tiedge's *Urania*, whom he always called Tiedsche, and not in fun, either. Beethoven got easily vexed, and this is the reason why his friends often thought he had something against them, even when it was not the case. But he was in his manners so different, and seemed sometimes so unfriendly and cold, that one was obliged to think so, and to keep away from him. It frequently happened that he did not trust his best friends, and really grieved them. Sometimes he complained also about his pecuniary matters, which was his hobby.

AMERICAN VIEW OF RONCONI.

Of Ronconi we have yet to speak; for a first hearing—under the circumstances of his *début* at the Academy—did not permit us to do him full justice. We have called him "the Kean of the lyric stage." This he undoubtedly is, and it is by no means a far-fetched compliment to call him so. In stature, manner, and occasionally in voice, he greatly resembles him. The exclamation of mingled joy and rage, which he introduces into the melody of the composer on the entrance of Chalais, in the last tact, is a wonderfully powerful bit of Kean-like passion. Its effect is literally electrical upon the audience. When we first heard it, it was so unexpected and startlingly real, that we almost forgot it was a mere piece of acting, and shrank together as though we had heard an actual ejaculation breathed from the heart of a man who suffers, and who the first time looks on his revenge.

He differs from Edmund Kean most in the eye, which, from being gray, cannot make the wonderful expressiveness of his features so visible to the audience. In addition to this, being an operatic artist, he acts in a much larger theatre, where, necessarily, a great deal of his splendidly minute and careful bye-play is unavoidably lost to the generality of the audience. As a study, we recommend him to the greater portion of our tragedians—in fact, to every one of them whose style has not been absolutely formed and shaped upon their own individuality. Even to these it might be useful to see him.

His voice had last night less evidence of suffering from his recent illness. It displayed most singularly the purely histrionic manner in which he accents the music. Thus, his

"Che? Maria—dessa! e Ricardo"

rendered the expression with, at least, a five-fold vigour to that which was intended by the composer. The same remarks will apply to the line—

"E troppo li giova—mi toglio—il respir."

This was given with a terrible sincerity that renders it impossible to recall the style of its vocalism. We remark this the more especially for the purpose of showing one of the reasons why it is impossible to separate entirely the criticism of his vocal and histrionic powers. This the more especially as we hear, upon good authority, that there is very little difference evidenced in his voice for the last ten years—it being very certainly little more than eleven years since he first blazed upon the operatic horizon of London and Paris. Essentially, Ronconi could not be a great *concert-sänger*. In the concert-room the voice counts for ninety-nine parts, vocalisation for one, and histrionic power for nothing. On the stage this is almost entirely reversed, and we need but refer to a pronounced favourite of Philadelphia for a proof of our opinion. Now, while we consider Ronconi's voice by no means a great one, we bow before him as a vocalist. This, with his wonderful powers as an actor, induces us to consider him as the only artist upon the lyric stage who can fairly be named in the same breath with Kean, Rachel, or Siddons.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF BROOKLYN.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

We have received the report of the board of directors of the above-named Society, together with their programme of operations for the coming year. Keenly alive to the great attractions offered to the music-loving public by our own city, the committee have exerted themselves to the utmost to afford the residents of Brooklyn an opportunity for hearing the choicest of music in great profusion.

As we have before remarked, this society the past year (which was the first of its existence) not only met its expenses, but had quite a handsome surplus on hand. As an additional attraction for the coming season, the directors announce *five* concerts and *fifteen* rehearsals, instead of *four* concerts and *eight* rehearsals, as heretofore, and this without increasing the term of membership, or enhancing the price of single tickets. An engagement has been made with Mr. Eisfeld to conduct these concerts before his departure for Europe, and it was on his return to fill this (as well as other engagements) that he came so near losing his life by the burning of the ill-fated Austria. It is hoped and confidently expected that he will reach here in season, and have sufficient strength to conduct the first concert, which takes place on the 30th instant. Distinguished vocalists have already been engaged for some of the concerts, and we doubt not that under the efficient management of Mr. Wyman, the honoured president, the present season will be a more than usually entertaining one.

Brooklyn has long needed a first-class music-hall, and from the following, which we clip from one of our dailies, we trust the day is not far distant when she may be thus accominated:

"The movement for the construction of a first-class music-hall and opera house in Brooklyn received last week its first practical impulse. A meeting of property-holders, and others interested in the project, was held on Wednesday evening at the Polytechnic, to consider the steps necessary to give effect to the public wishes in this respect. The meeting was confined to about thirty gentlemen, and was strictly preliminary one, being intended merely to facilitate, and not to forestall an expression of public opinion on this subject. Remarking, as it did, from the committee of the Philharmonic, which enjoys the confidence of the citizens, the call was responded to by the right sort of persons, men who have a large stake in the prosperity of Brooklyn, and who are not only willing but able to carry out the enterprise. A pleasing feature of the evening's proceeding was the warm concurrence expressed by two clergymen, the Rev. Drs. Storrs and Farley, in the object of the meeting. After a short discussion, in which the project received the unanimous approval of all present, a committee of five was appointed to make arrangements for convening a general meeting to gather the views of the citizens at large upon the subject. Two sites for the proposed building have been suggested close to the City Hall. As all the railroads of the city converge to this point, no more central or convenient location can be selected."

SIGNOR GIUGLINI.—Mr. Lamley's popular tenor has been creating a *furore* at Trieste. Previous to his arrival the opera had been twice reduced to the brink of ruin. Signor Giuglini brought back its prestige in one night, and gave the direction a new vitality. The public have been in raptures with the great tenor's Edgardo in *Lucia*, Fernando in *La Favorita*, Manrico in *Il Trovatore* and Arturo in *I Puritani*. Some of the local journals state that the terms he receives are altogether unprecedented. So much the better for Mr. Lamley.

The German journals state that King Maximilian of Bavaria intends to erect a monument to Wolfrat von Eichenbach, the Messenger, and author of the epic poem of *Parzival*. The sculptor, Herr C. Knoll, has been intrusted with the modelling of the life-size statue; and we hear that he has nearly finished his task. Leaning with the left hand on his sword, the spear in his right, and the helmet surrounded by a laurel-wreath, the poet steps forth, as it were, to meet us. In his noble face, gentleness and dignity, it is said, are happily combined. The statue is to form the central ornament of a fountain at the birth-place of the poet, the little town of Eichenbach, in Franconia.

HYMN OF UNIVERSAL HARMONY.

(Written by DESMOND RYAN for M. JULLIEN'S Farewell Concerts.)

Behold, a brighter morning
Than e'er in Heav'n had birth,
Awakes and gives glad warning
Of love and joy on earth!
Now Freedom o'er the world her banner waving,
In concord bids all nations to combine,
Dispels the darkling fears mankind enslaving,
And links all hearts in Harmony divine!
Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing
Below—around—above—
Ev'ry heart expressing,
Peace, Unity, and Love!
CHORUS.
Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing
Below—around—above—
Ev'ry heart expressing,
Peace, Unity, and Love!
Ye Pow'rs of ev'ry nation,
Heav'n's sacred light receive!
One grand Confederation
Of Brotherhood achieve!
Then Art shall reign, war, strife, ambition ended,
And wing'd by knowledge man shall claim the skies;
Love, Peace, and Harmony eternal blended,
Shall make of earth a glorious paradise!
Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing
Below—around—above—
With heart and voice expressing,
Peace, Unity, and Love!
CHORUS.
Sing! let's sing and waft the blessing
Below—around—above—
With heart and voice expressing,
Peace, Unity, and Love!

HYMNE NAPOLIENIEN.

(Poëtrè et Musique par M. JULLIEN.)

La France est un Empire, ainsi Dieu l'a voulu,
Et du peuple et de Dieu, l'Empereur est élu.
Oui, Dieu touché des douleurs de la France,
A l'Empereur dit, tu la sauveras.
Et les décrets de notre Providence
Napoléon; tu les accompliras;
Rends au pays la Paix et l'abondance,
Rends tu l'union, l'ordre, et la gloire et l'honneur.
Dieu protège la France,
Et sauve l'Empereur.

Oui, Dieu dans sa puissance a bénî l'Empereur,
En versant sur son front la lumière et l'honneur.
Braves Français veillons près de son trône,
Pour lui prions, et soyons tous unis,
Car la splendeur de sa couronne.
Sur notre France et l'univers rayonne,
Et son nom même est l'honneur du pays.
Plus d'esprit de parti, l'union c'est la puissance,
Unissons nous Français et chantons tous en chœur,
Dieu protège la France,
Et sauve l'Empereur.

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3. Phœbe, dearest.
4. Good Night, Beloved.

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To promote the General Advancement of Music among the Rising Generation,
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A NORMAL SCHOOL FOR CONSERVATOIRES OF MUSIC
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE very flattering reception given to DR. MARK wherever he has appeared with his LITTLE MEN; the great encouragement he has received everywhere in the prosecution of his great NATIONAL ENTERPRISE of endeavouring to improve the social condition, by the cultivation of a taste for music among the JUVENILE POPULATION OF THE KINGDOM; the favourable opinion pronounced by many of the highest members of the musical profession, and other competent judges, on the merits of his

NEW SYSTEM OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION;

also the cordial approval by the public generally of the principles advanced, and the means proposed for effecting the great objects he has in view, wherever he has had an opportunity of enunciating his designs; and the very generally expressed desire for the establishment of Conservatoires of Music on the principles advocated by him, have induced and emboldened Dr. Mark to establish a

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for the further development of his plans.

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for imparting to students a knowledge of his system, and for qualifying them for the superintendence of Conservatoires of Music in any part of the Kingdom. Each student on leaving to receive a certificate of competency, as Dr. Mark only recognises those furnished with such certificate as being capable and entitled to teach on his plan. Into this department also will be admitted a limited number of PRIVATE BOARDERS and DAY PUPILS, who will receive instruction in the theory and practice of music, combined with a most careful and sound ENGLISH EDUCATION, founded upon the highest Christian principles. Another leading and important feature of the Institution will be the establishment of the

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In conjunction with the ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, but exclusively intended for the admission of pupils from Manchester, Salford and neighbourhood. In this establishment Dr. Mark has made arrangements for TWO HUNDRED MANCHESTER CHILDREN, to receive instruction in vocal and instrumental music, in evening classes, either on payment of a moderate subscription, or on condition of their services being given if required by Dr. Mark, or in free classes, through the assistance of voluntary contributions.

For the purpose of carrying out the objects contemplated in the above announcement, Dr. Mark has engaged the most efficient assistants in the several departments of the Institution. He has also the satisfaction to announce that he has succeeded in meeting with most eligible premises for the purposes of the establishment.

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There also will be an organ erected (which is now under construction by Mr. Whitehead, 51, Covey-street, York,) on the premises, and a musical library formed, which

will comprise all the best and most instructive English and foreign works and compositions: and the different kinds of instruments necessary for a complete orchestra are kept for the use of students in the establishment.

CLASSES IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

I. A Class for Students who intend to become conductors of conservatoires of music, and who will either be admitted as boarders, or as out-door students.—Entrance fee to out-door students, ten guineas. Terms: For boarders, twenty-five guineas for the first quarter, including the entrance fee; and fifteen guineas for every succeeding quarter.

As soon as competent, each candidate will receive an appointment as Master of a Conservatoire of Music, with a Certificate from Dr. Mark.

II. A Class for Little Boys, for the purpose of receiving a general and musical education combined, and who may become either boarders or day pupils.—Terms: For Boarders, ten guineas per quarter; Day Pupils, two guineas. Hours from nine to twelve a.m.; from two to four p.m.

III. A Class for Professors of Music and Governesses, who wish to acquire a knowledge of Dr. Mark's system of teaching; each candidate to receive a certificate of competency.—Terms: Five guineas the course of lessons.

IV. A Class for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, who wish to be brought out as performers, and whose services will be accepted as part remuneration for the instruction they receive.—Terms: By special agreement.

These four classes are again subdivided, to suit the different branches of musical education, which comprise all vocal and instrumental, theoretical and practical, instruction.

To these classes is also added that of Dr. Mark's Little Men, and all indoor apprentices.

Terms for private lessons on the pianoforte, in singing, theory of music, and principles of composition, given entirely by Dr. Mark himself, may be known on application.

CLASSES IN THE MANCHESTER CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.

I. A Class for Boys apprenticed to Dr. Mark. If from five to eight years of age, for five years; from nine to eleven years of age, for three years; their services being taken as an equivalent for receiving instruction in vocal and instrumental music, the parents having to pay an entrance fee, out of which the instrument and books are found for the pupil.—Terms: ten guineas entrance fee. The classes meet twice a week, from seven to nine every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

II. A Class for Young Men, for vocal and instrumental music; each pupil to play either a wind or stringed instrument.—Terms: One guinea per quarter. To facilitate, however, the attendance in this class, Dr. Mark has arranged to make a separate charge for each branch.

For singing and theory of music 10s. 6d.

For theory of music, and learning either on wind or string instruments 15s. 0d.

The three branches combined One Guinea.

For the pianoforte One Guinea.

The classes to meet twice a week, on every Monday and Wednesday evening, from eight to ten.

III. A Class for Little Boys, for vocal and instrumental music, each pupil to play either a wind or string instrument, 15s. per quarter. The classes to meet twice a week, on every Tuesday and Thursday, from seven to nine. For the pianoforte, one guinea per quarter.

IV. A Class for Little Girls, for vocal and instrumental music, viz., for the guitar, harp, or pianoforte, one guinea per quarter.

V. A Class for Adults, for singing, with harp or guitar, one guinea per quarter; for the pianoforte, one guinea per quarter; for singing only, 10s. 6d. per quarter. The classes to meet twice a week, on every Tuesday and Friday, from six to eight.

VI. Dr. MARK being desirous to bring music within the reach of all, has also organised a Class for the benefit of the Working Community, especially for Apprentices in Mills, &c., at Five Shillings per Quarter, to meet every Friday evening, from eight to ten.

* * There will also be a Class for Boys and Girls, to be entirely supported by Voluntary Contributions, the subscriptions to which will be expended in the purchase of the necessary instruments and books, which remain the property of the institution until acquired by the pupil through good conduct; Dr. Mark giving all instructions gratuitously.

Dr. MARK being also anxious to identify himself with the interests of the National and Public Schools in Manchester and Salford, from the superintendents and teachers of which he has received the most cordial approval of his enterprise, will be very happy to admit Twelve Boys and Twelve Girls every year, at Christmas, selected from the various schools, who will receive a gratuitous musical education as a reward of merit; each candidate to be either nominated by the clergymen of the schools, or the scholarship thus founded by Dr. Mark in the Royal College to be offered as a prize to the most deserving pupil.

Every class will be subject to certain conditions, rules, and regulations, which are specified in each class paper, which will be delivered to every pupil with his book, on joining the class.

GENERAL RULES AND CONDITIONS.

All subscriptions to be paid in advance, and no student or pupil can subscribe for less than three months; the time reckoning from the day of entry, and three clear months fully to be completed and ended, an arrangement which renders it convenient for any pupil to commence at any time.

Every Saturday, from the day of the opening of the Institution, new pupils can only be admitted to the course of lessons.

Every year two months' holidays are given, at Midsummer and Christmas, which, however, are not reckoned in the quarets of the class pupils.

Punctual and assiduous attendance to the classes is also one of the principal rules.

Every pupil to find his own instrument, except in Class I and the pianoforte scholars.

All applications for prospectuses will be promptly attended to, and may be made either in person, or by letter inclosing a stamp.

Dr. Mark thinks it also necessary and due to subscribers to state, that he has endeavoured to make every provision, so that the progress and development of his Great National Enterprise shall in no way meet with any other impediment except the want of public patronage, which, however, Dr. Mark hopes will not be denied, to enable him to extend the benefit arising from the above institutions.

In having selected Manchester as the location of his establishment, Dr. Mark is influenced by his position and by the number, intelligence, and liberal spirit of its inhabitants, and their readiness at all times to promote and help forward any effort which may tend to improve the moral and social condition of its industrious

citizens. He has also a lively remembrance of, and deep sense of gratitude for the great encouragement and generous feeling evinced, both towards himself and his "Little Men," on his several visits to Manchester; and his fervent desire is, by initiating his projects in that city, to make himself useful to its large and important community.

Dr. Mark being well aware that the application of a new system always encounters difficulties—of which he, personally, and his system, have had more than their share—feels nevertheless, confident that the above plan is the only one by which musical talent may be promoted, appreciated in general, and become a valuable acquisition to all classes of society in this country; he intends to persevere in this undertaking to the utmost, to raise this Institution to an equality with some eminent ones on the Continent, from whence many great artists emanate who hold the highest rank in the profession; and that, encouraged by the most distinguished patrons of this Institution and his exertions have met with, to rouse native talent for music in this country by his much-approved system of musical education; he has spared no expense hitherto, nor will he regard exertions for the future to establish within the above institution a national record, compiled of true English national talent in music, useful and glorious for generations to come; and trusts that his exertions will deserve a continued patronage (all past favours of which he begs most thankfully to acknowledge), to enable him to carry out, not only his present object—that of establishing Conservatoires of Music for little children in every town and city throughout the United Kingdom—but also his ultimate design—that of raising a National Institution for the admission of orphan and poor children from all parts of the country, wherein they shall receive board, clothing, and a most useful and efficient general education combined,

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A VACANCY has occurred in the TENOR DEPARTMENT of the above Choir, which it is proposed to fill up on Tuesday, November 23rd. Candidates are requested to forward their testimonials as early as possible to the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, Precentor, Brunswick Meats, Worcester, and to appear personally at the Morning Service at Ten o'clock on the above-named day.

OCT. 29th, 1858.

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BRUCE (ERNEST). "When I was young," sung by Madlle. Jetty de Trefiz ..	2 6	
"When first you shone before me," sung by Madame Borchart ..	2 0	
CRUWELL (GOTTLIEB). "Mournfully, sing mournfully," with violin or flute accompaniment ..	2 6	
"Where is the sea," with violoncello or tenor accompaniment ..	3 0	
DAVISON (J. W.). "The Coquette" ..	1 0	
DESSAUER (J.). "Quick arise, maiden mine," sung by Madlle. Jetty de Trefiz ..	2 0	
ENDERSSOHN (M.). "Sweet little Jenny" ..	2 0	
"My Mary" ..	2 0	
FOSTER (ALICE). "Merrily, merrily shines the morn," The skylark's song, sung by Madame Ruderöff ..	2 0	
GREVILLE (The Hon. Mrs.). "Oh, I would wed with thee, love" ..	3 0	
"Ditto as a duet for baritone and soprano" ..	3 0	
"Quand on me domenrait," duet for soprano and tenor ..	2 0	
Ditto as a Solo, with Guitar accompaniment ..	1 0	
English War Song. "Who fears to die?" The words by Alfred Tennyson ..	2 6	
National Song. "Now to Arms" ..	2 6	
"Mary O'Shane," Ballad, dedicated to Miss Rowland? ..	2 0	
GROSVENOR (S.). "At early day's dawning," Mag's song ..	2 6	
GROSVENOR (S.). "I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God," Thanksgiving Anthem for voices and organ ..		
HALEVY (F.). "Lord hear us we implore thee," Prayer from <i>La Juive</i> ..	2 0	
"He will be here" (<i>Il va venir</i>), from <i>La Juive</i> ..	2 0	
HARGITT (C. J.). "To-morrow" ("Oh bright and joyous were the days of childhood") ..	2 6	
JOHNS (Mrs. C. A.). "The merry, merry lark was up and singing" (a Lament) ..	2 0	
MACFARREN (G. A.). "Paquita" ("I love when the sun has set") sung by La Signora Punagalli ..		
"The thoughts of youth," (poetry by Longfellow) ..	2 0	
"The two smiles" ..	1 0	
MEYERBEER. "This house to love is holy," Serenade for 2 soprano, 2 altos, 2 tenors, and 2 basses, without accompaniment in vocal score ..		
Separate vocal parts each ..	4 0	
The Lord's Prayer (English and Latin words) for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, organ ad. lib. in score ..	0 6	
Separate vocal parts each ..	3 0	
"Here, here on the mountain," Shepherd's song, with clarionet obbligato ..	0 6	
Violoncello or violin to the above each ..	0 6	
"Near to thee," with violoncello obbligato ..	4 0	
MONK (E. G.). "Go sit by the summer sea" ..	2 0	
MOZART. "The very angels weep, dear" ..	3 0	
PECH (DR. JAMES). "Weeds and flowers" ..	2 6	
REICHARDT (A.). "Thou art so near and yet so far" ..	2 0	
ST. LEGER (S. J.). "The old willow tree" ..	2 0	
VIVIER (EUGENE). "The Goat herd" (Lechevrier) ..		
"The Exile" (<i>L'Exil</i>) ..	2 0	
"The Fisherman's Song" (<i>Chanson du Pêcheur</i>) ..	2 0	
"Whis o'er the meadows green" (with Horn accompaniment), sung by Madame Vardot ..	3 0	
Violoncello part to ditto ..	0 6	
YARNOLD (LOUISE). "The Troubadour's Lament" ..	2 0	

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CADENZAS.

WRITTEN BY ALFRED MELLON, AND SUNG BY MADAME SOPHIE CRUVELLI, AT CORK, IN 1854.

IN RE "HELM斯LEY," OR THE "ADVENT HYMN."

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

DEAR SIR.—I am induced, by the near approach of the season of Advent, to forward you the result of recent investigations touching the origin and history of the hymn tune known as "Helmsley," or the "Advent Hymn," feeling assured that if publicity be given to the particulars which I have gleaned, the entire unfitness of that tune for divine worship will be more generally acknowledged than at present, and "popular" taste at last be disposed to yield to what I may assume to be the earnest wish of every qualified and conscientious organist on the subject.

My own conviction has always been that the tune in question must have had a secular origin, and it was therefore with no little satisfaction that I last year obtained a clue to its having formerly actually figured as a *hornpipe*! In 1773 appeared, at Covent Garden Theatre, O'Hara's burlesque, entitled *The Golden Pippin*, in which the notorious Miss Catley played the part of Juno. In the following year was published a collection of dance melodies, entitled "Thompson's New Dances," at page 16 of which appears the following:—

MISS CATLEY'S NEW HORNPIPE IN THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

and this, except at the last two bars, contains, in due order and rhythm, every note of the popular Church-tune (?), known as "Helmsley," or the "Advent Hymn"!

We shall now find, from the same source, that not even the last two bars of our "Helmsley," are left totally unprovided for. In the edition of O'Hara's said burlesque, in 1776, Juno has a song in the third act headed and beginning thus:—

"Air 5. GIORDANI.

"On Nabob's throne despotic,

O'er Omrah's thou shalt blaze," &c., &c.,

and there is an appendix to this edition, informing us that since the printing of the foregoing impression, the following variations have been made in the representation—

"Page 40, Air 5. Instead of 'On Nabob's throne despotic',

"Guardian angels, now protect me.

Where's the mortal can resist me?

Queens must ev'ry honour gain," &c., &c.

and in "The Music in *The Golden Pippin*," published about the same time, the foregoing words are found in conjunction with the following tune :

The whole of the first period of this tune has a most unmistakeable relationship with "Helmsley" and with the *hornpipe* previously quoted, and the 7th and 8th bars of both periods clearly shadow forth that concluding portion of "Helmsley" which is wanting in the *hornpipe* itself. Thus our "Helmsley" is now complete.

In curious old collections of songs, the foregoing tune appears (but generally in A, the genuine key of "Helmsley") to the following words :

"Guardian Angels, now protect me,

Send, ah send the youth I love;

Deign, O Cupid," &c., &c.,

and it is in the recollection of some whom I have consulted, that with these words it was a popular street-ballad in the latter part of last century. From all this we gather that "Guardian Angels, now protect me," was the name by which the tune was commonly known, which accounts for its being so referred to in the edition of *The Golden Pippin*, in 1776. And now follows a very remarkable additional link connecting "Helmsley" with the sources I have adduced. I am most credibly informed that this tune, "Helmsley," is to be found in some collection of *Psalmody*, under the title of "Guardian Angels,"* by which name I am given to understand that it is still in some places recognised. I sincerely hope this may be corroborated.

In Sheridan's farce of *The Camp*, the words beginning—

"When war's alarms enticed my Willie from me"—

were sung to a tune also having many points of resemblance to "Helmsley."

* Probably these two words, in the absence of the context, may, in many cases, have warded off suspicions as to the secular origin of the tune, and so facilitated its introduction into the Church.

I have, at considerable pains, gleaned these particulars from a great variety of sources, including much valuable information from my esteemed friends Mr. William Horsley, Mus. Bac. (since, I regret to add, deceased), Dr. Rimbaud, and Mr. W. Bell, of literary celebrity. I may also state that my friend Mr. T. H. Severn had in his possession a copy of an old hornpipe, containing "Helmsley," nearly as satisfactorily as that in Thompson's *New Dances*, and entitled "A Celebrated Hornpipe, as danced at Sadler's Wells," with a frontispiece of Harlequin in terpsichorean attitude. This is unfortunately mislaid, and I have not been able to find another copy.

I esteem this scarcely the opportunity, if even you could afford the space, to enter into any lengthened argument to show how unfit are not only such manifestly secular tunes as "Helmsley," but *adaptations altogether*, for the purpose of Corales, and how false must be the taste which approves of such things. But lest any might seek refuge in the well-known but certainly most unlucky saying of an eminent divine, that "*it is a pity the devil should have all the pretty tunes to himself,*" I would merely remark on the propriety of all music used in the Church not only being free from extraneous and unworthy associations, but moreover possessing an unmistakeable stamp of *speciality* for its high purpose; and whether the outpourings of assembled souls to their Creator be in the form of supplication, praise, fear, love, hope, or despondency, music, of which all that can be said is that it is *pretty*, certainly cannot in any case be a fitting vehicle of expression.

I thus freely offer the results of my inquiries, and should their publication in any degree promote the banishment of such discreditable tunes as "Helmsley" from arenas to which they are in every way so unsuited, my aim will, in corresponding proportion, have been achieved.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,
CHAS. E. STEPHENS.

2, Howley Place, Maida Hill, W.,
November 1st, 1858.

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Allow me to say a word or two in reply to a Letter which appeared in your last number, signed "A Clergyman."

Your Correspondent states that my proposal to end each chime on the tonic note (thus affording repose to the musical ear), is exactly what is not wanted—"no full close in music should be permitted while the subject is still in a state of development." Admitting this last statement, let me ask, who in composing a solo, having ended the first section or strain with the dominant note, ever inserted in the following space, "an interval of fifteen minutes rest?" Your correspondent's line of argument, therefore, does not meet the point in question.

As to what is said about the want of rhythm in my notation, I remark that the form of construction, as written for bells, and the observations on the notes, clearly show that the latter indicate sounds of equal duration, so that there can be no *quantitative* rhythm, and in such a case, bars or no bars, *qualitative* rhythm can never be expressed by bell-chimes. There is, however, something like rhythm in the progressions. And this leads me to add, that in my system each quarter of the hour is distinguished from the others by a different series of melodious sounds of a bold and decisive character.

Your correspondent says the original notation for the chimes has a sprinkling of melody. True: but certain unmeaning progressions, occasioned partly by the frequent introduction of the heaviest quarter-bell (giving out a sound nearly as grave as the hour-bell of St. Paul's Cathedral), will undoubtedly mar the effect. The arrangement may not be equally objectionable for ordinary bells, such as those at Cambridge, from which it is copied. But these unmeaning solos played every hour, night and day, upon the deep-toned bells at Westminster, will, to say the least, constitute a tiresome mode of telling the flight of time.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
T. WALESBY.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Having noticed an article in your periodical apparently cut from the *Christian Examiner*, I think it necessary for the cause of good music to offer a few remarks, not only for the sake of music itself, but for the justification of those who are unceasingly employed over materials, the moulding of which is a task presenting difficulties only to be realised by those who experience them. In the first place, the *Examiner* correspondent draws a comparison between German and English congregational singing. Now we all know that Germany is essentially a musical country, and England is *not*, and we also know that music is taught, and, in fact, in the German education is a *sine quâ non*; whereas, in (we may say) the middle classes of England, money spent in music-lessons, and musical instruments, is considered wasted. We wish it were otherwise, but in only too many instances is it a fact. How, then, can it be possible, that the music used in the church or chapel can be kept at that low ebb which admits of the congregation embracing it? for it cannot be disputed that the most ignorant and uncultivated voices are always, and always will be, heard above the rest. A man can have but little music in his soul who would attempt to coerce or roll back the tide of music, which *now*, more than at any period of England's history, is advancing with a rapid and yet sure progress. If the *Examiner* Correspondent wishes the whole congregation to join "as the sound of many waters," let him be instrumental in the purification of that at present turbid stream, and raise them to the level of the more scientific, who can hardly in reason be expected to return to that primitive chaos, even to attempt to rescue those to whom nature had denied the same faculties. None but those who have had their nerves tortured by discord and inability on the part of learners, whom Nature has so utterly forgotten in her distribution of harmonic tympana, can see the almost insurmountable difficulty attending the instruction of these unfortunate individuals. With very few exceptions (in proportion to their achievements in other sciences), the English people are utterly devoid of innate musical talent, compared to the countries with which comparison is drawn. People *may*, by constant application, be taught to execute certain rhythmical phrases correctly; but, unless an electric communication is kept up between voice and soul (which can be there only by birth), no refinement of modulation can be obtained, without which the *forte* and the *piano* might as well be spunged from the vocabulary.

The tendency which our congregations have to drag, and get flat, even in the simplest tunes, is at once a proof of the utter disregard they pay to those who are appointed to lead them. If in singing a hymn, the sentiments expressed convey the idea that the music should be softened, the congregation do not take the hint, but continue to the fullest extent of their nasal resonance. That a great improvement is needed, there remains not a doubt, and great improvement can be made; but to dream of a retrograde movement, to suit the stationary ideas of a people, to a certain portion of whom it is next to impossible to give what nature has denied, is more than the favoured portion of our race would consent to, although our conductors of church music generally have, with their little band, to fight against a whole army of squalling charity children. Better let those who wish to drag it down, be instrumental in raising the low.

AN ORGANIST.

MANCHESTER.—The Monday evening concerts of the 25th ult. attracted an immense audience at the Free Trade Hall. The principal performers were Miss Fanny Huddart, Miss Dyer, Messrs. Haigh, Tully, Rosenthal, and Signor Picco. Mr. D. W. Banks was the conductor.

BARNARD CASTLE.—The Sacred Harmonic Society lately performed Haydn's *Creation*. The principal vocalists were Miss Helena Walker, of Leeds; Mr. Pearsall, of Lichfield Cathedral; and Mr. Brandon, of Barnard Castle. The chorus comprised nearly 100 performers of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Ainsworth, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, led the band. Mr. Raper, of Barnard Castle, presided at the organ. The whole was conducted by Mr. Bedsmore, of Lichfield. There was a large attendance.

ANOTHER OPINION ON "LOHENGRIN" IN VIENNA.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 692.)

For these reasons nothing has yet been gained for the system itself by this success of *Lohengrin*, at least not with us in Vienna, where, from the force of habit, we are, in musical matters, usually accustomed to call things by their right names. We do not exactly know how the new philologists on the banks of the Pleisse may choose to express themselves, but, among us, a melody is still always called a melody, and an opera an opera, while simple, impressive *vocal* music, which penetrates to the heart, is still always considered as the greatest triumph a heaven-inspired composer can achieve, so old-fashioned are our views. Little is to be effected with us by phrases concerning the difference between the "tone-melody," and the "word-melody," of the "harmonically-poetical complex," of the "architectonic treatment of the subject," of the "union of all the arts in one whole work of art," &c. If Wagner succeeds in Vienna, it will be *in spite* of what he has written about himself and what others have written about him. He will owe his success solely to his unusual natural talent, which, although not free from error, is powerful enough to captivate the mind of an impartial auditor, to elevate his heart, to fix his attention, and, in many instances, to satisfy his musical taste. But we must receive the composer with *unbiased* opinions, and the less the public listens to the effusions of party-papers, and the less the educated amateur troubles himself about them, the easier will it be for both to pronounce a just decision.

In the choice of his dramatic subjects, Wagner manifests an especial partiality for those of the middle ages, the period of myths and legends. In this again he is a warm friend of the dusky Past; his dramas are not rooted in the struggles and efforts of the Present, or in the yearning for a better Future, unless, under their obscure, mysterious surface, we are presented with *allegories*, or unless the "light temple, more precious than aught known on earth, and in it a vessel of wondrous and blessed power," has a deep concealed meaning, which we must not dare to particularise more nearly since, "of so sacred a nature is the blessing of the Gral, that, concealed, it must escape a layman's eye." But, however this may be, Wagner's operatic librettos are universally and justly praised for richness of matter and dramatic effect. A strain of true poetry pervades even *Lohengrin*. It is *Euryanthe*, with greater inspiration, with purer, and more vigorous expression, but, otherwise, in a tolerably similar shape. The cursory and almost incomplete manner in which certain points are hinted at—in the repeated endeavours of Telramund and Ortrud to separate the lovers, and especially in the bewitching of Gottfried, &c.—does not materially injure the attractive and moving effect of the whole. Those persons, indeed, who apply to the libretto of an opera the standard which belongs to the drama alone, can hardly be satisfied with the mere outlines of character they will find in the work. But we who stand upon the so-called "surmounted point," must be contented with the *operatic libretto*, considered as such, because, from a composition of this description we expect only outlines, intended not to receive real life until united with music.

This real life is in *Lohengrin* something very pithy, and inwardly rich, although not outwardly varied enough. No one will call Wagner's music trivial. It is pervaded by snatches of truth, grandeur, and real genuine depth of feeling, which, unfortunately, being disfigured by a great many peculiarities and weaknesses, do not always produce the same powerful effect. Wagner's scoring is distinguished for originality, the dazzling charm of unexpected combinations, and many detached genial touches; but, on the other hand, it is deficient, at times, in simplicity, nature, and correct measure. The introduction, before the curtain is raised for the first time, is very original, but much too long, and is rendered repulsive to many persons by the long-continued high fingering of the violins. Many, too, of the orchestral introductory and after pieces, are spun out a great deal too much, and the *tremolo* on the violins is too frequently

employed, while the wind-instruments are playing the melody. Lastly, the *finale* of the first act, as well as that of the second, is, in certain passages, too noisy, and strikes us, here and there, as an effective but coarse exaggeration of the means at the composer's command, in Verdi's style. Very nearly the same qualities may be proved to exist in the vocal music of *Lohengrin*. Of course we are still speaking of the "opera" of *Lohengrin*, as an *opera*, that is to say, we are judging it by the old standard, according to which we look upon *vocal music*, musically beautiful, and at the same time dramatically effective, as the greatest triumph of art. Musical inventive power is, therefore, for the operatic composer, the first and most indispensable quality, as it is for the writer of the smallest song and of the greatest instrumental work. To investigate how far Wagner is, in this respect, inferior to the old masters, would be here a superfluous task. Whether he sometimes avoids melody on purpose, or does so only when his imaginative power comes to a stand-still, is difficult to determine. The musical auditor will always be loth to believe in such an intentional renunciation of this most lofty, and heavenly gift, and, whenever he hears no melody, his first and last idea will be: "The composer could not think of anything here." These remarks apply partly to Ortrud and Telramund, both of whom are, musically speaking, neglected. Weber's principal fault in *Euryanthe*, namely, the disagreeable expression, which deprives his Lysiart and his Eglantine of all musical effect, is here, if not surpassed, at least repeated in Wagner's peculiar manner. We do not require that the "out-and-out villains" * should always indulge in the most dulcet of strains, but we still do not perceive why villainy should be marked by the composer's condemning the criminal to set at naught the rules of rhythm and good music. Can the feelings which quiver through Ortrud and Telramund in the beginning of the second act be portrayed only by dissonances which reduce the singer to despair and offend the ear of the public? Are not melodies of a gloomy character more appropriate for rendering such situations than a gloomy absence of all melody whatever? The concluding unisonial passages of this scene are a sufficient proof of the correctness of our views, since these few bars, from the fact of their forming a definite melody, produce a far more powerful effect upon the minds of the audience than all the preceding detached recitative passages. It is for this reason that the character of Elsa stands out so brilliantly from the rest. We there find the greatest number of complete melodious passages, while spread over the part is that enthusiastically-quick and poetically resplendent expression, which Wagner succeeded in imparting to his *Elizabeth*, although in a different degree, corresponding to the nature of the latter work, an expression which, being, both in a musical as well as a dramatic point of view, as beautiful as it is true, fills the soul of the hearer with profound delight, and of itself is a testimony of Wagner's great ability. *Lohengrin* himself excites in certain passages a similar sentiment of satisfaction, but suffers, like almost all the personages in the opera—not even excepting Elsa—from the systematic employment of the recitative form, on which Wagner's system, if we understand it correctly, is founded. It strikes us, however, that only a tolerable dose of sound judgment is requisite to perceive that when recitative is adopted, partly in its most simple, and partly in an *obbligato* form, as a permanent standard, and only extended, now and then, into *arioso*, but never into a regular air, duet, etc., the impression produced must be pre-eminently wearisome. In the drama when sung as well as in the drama when spoken, one of the most powerful means of heightening the effect is to give a scene an unexpected turn by the arrival of a fresh personage, or the addition of new motives. If, however, this expedient is employed two, three, and four times in succession, so that, in the course of the act the situation is not definitively brought to a close after any one scene, and no interval of natural repose supervenes, the expedient then becomes a fault, because the performers are no longer able to express without exaggeration the increased effect, because they are disappointed in the just claims they have to the applause of the public, applause which

* "Patentirter Bösewicht."

is procured for them by the definite conclusion of a situation; because such a conclusion of the separate portions of a work is one of the first rules of composition in art: because the rapid repetition of this dramatic lever, however effective it may be, betrays a partiality for exaggeration and an ignorance of the stage; and because, lastly, the spectator and auditor require,—quite as much as the piece itself does—occasional periods of repose, and can only experience the consciousness of such a period by the formal rounding-off of a situation naturally complete in itself. This requirement, which is, at least, quite as necessary for a musical as for a spoken drama, is mostly unfulfilled in *Lohengrin*, and hence arises the more or less wearisome impression produced by the work even on those who feel that, while their attention is captivated by the composition as a whole, their mind is delighted by detached beauties.

These beauties, however, consist precisely in those (melodic) portions which Wagner's system possesses in common with the opera of the Past, and the interest felt is paid to the poetical whole, the work of individual talent, while all which, in this "Opera of the Past," belongs to the "System of the Future," is to be reckoned among the defects and weak points of both the opera and the system.

That which turns the scale in matters of art is true, fresh, and original talent, and not the dry, hollow theories of arrogant system-hunters. What the latter spoil, the former make good again, and the sooner talent of this kind frees itself from systematic errors and a useless hankering after novelty, and returns to truly liberal, that is to say, sound and reasonable views, the sooner will it clear for itself a sure and honourable path through the Present to the Future: a Future of merited recognition and undying fame.

W. M. S.

"WREATHED SMILES."

(From *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*.)

AMONGST many other theatrical mummaries, which to us are always most amusing, we read that, on the 100th night of the *Rose of Castille*—

"A lady sitting in one of the stage boxes took off a very handsome wreath from her own head, and handed it down to Miss Louisa Pyne."

This was very generous, though the fact of offering to a lady a second-hand wreath might be stigmatised by sceptics as rather a faded compliment. Supposing a gentleman, carried away by a similar impulse of admiration, had offered to Mr. Harrison his hat, we wonder how the latter gentleman would have taken it? However, what alarms us, in this idiotic system of tribute-throwing, is this new fashion of undressing in public. To what article of a lady's dress will the madness extend next? There are other articles of female apparel a thousand times more valuable than a wreath, and it might be a new sight to witness a matronly Jewess, at a loss to know what to offer, pull off her rich velvet gown, and deliberately hand it over the proscenium-box to the admired heroine. Another lady, as strongly moved, might pull off her shoes, and throw them at the head of the happy *Elvino*, who was sharing the musical honours of the silly ovation! It will be as well to check these absurdities, funny as they are, or else we shall have some inspired Gent, determined not to be brow-beaten by such a simple trifle as a wreath, pulling out his pocket-handkerchief and offering it to the adored *prima donna* of the evening! In fact, the greater the favourite, the greater will the desire be amongst the audience to outstrip one another in these tributes, and then, we ask in trembling, where is the mania to stop?

HUNDRESDFIELD.—The Philosophical Hall was crowded to excess, to hear the members of the Choral Society perform a selection of music, as a tribute of respect to the memory of their highly esteemed conductor, the late Mr. James Batty. Mr. Jackson, of Bradford, officiated as conductor. Miss Whitham (who was a pupil of Mr. Batty's), Miss Hirst, and Messrs. R. Garner, W. Hirst, Geo. Milner, W. Etchells, T. Nettlewood, and H. Varley took the principal parts. The whole of the performers were dressed in mourning, and a great portion of the audience also testified their respect by being similarly attired.

MADAME BOSIO IN RUSSIA.

(From the *Gazette Russie de l'Académie St. Petersburg*,
October 5, 1858.)

It is truly delightful to hear Madame Bosio sing. Our incomparable *prima donna* appeared, last week, for the first time this season, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. The part of Gilda was performed by her with that artistic perfection, both vocal and dramatic, so highly appreciated by the exceedingly exacting public of St. Petersburg. We will not speak of the manner in which she was received. The enthusiastic shouts and applause of the audience lasted a quarter of an hour. It was a perfect ovation. She sang as only Madame Bosio and the nightingale can sing.

The public seemed inclined to make her repeat every piece, but was contented with encores the quartet of the last act, where the poor girl's bitter tears and her outraged father's despair are accompanied by the strident laugh of the courtesan, and the joyous song of the seducer.

Madame Bosio made her second appearance in *La Traviata*, one of the favourite operas of the St. Petersburg public. The large theatre was filled to the roof, and there was not the smallest place left unoccupied. The performance resembled a perfect artistic festival, at which all the lovers and amateurs of music, in fact, the cream of the public, had agreed to meet.

Madame Bosio appeared, and the shouts and applause, after lasting twenty minutes, were succeeded by a religious silence. The fair singer appeared as if she wished to surpass herself. Her silvery voice resounded through the house with indescribable sweetness. Her admirable notes entered the soul and seized hold of the heart. First we had the gay creature, *sventata*, spoilt and mocking, who says, laughingly: "La vita è nel tripedio." Then, when a new sentiment has stolen into her heart, she becomes pensive. "Estraro in cor scolpito loquer accenti; saria per mia sventura un sero amore!" Yea! it is that true and pure love which enables and elevates every woman. In vain does she endeavour to subdue this "delirio vano." Her efforts are useless; in vain does she try, in the admirable *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera deggio," to recover her self-possession. She must accomplish her destiny; she sacrifices everything to her lover, and expires in his arms, exclaiming: "Ah! io ritorno a vivere!"

Madame Bosio's acting and singing are beyond praise. She has now no rival in all Europe; this is a fact of which we had no opportunity of convincing ourselves last year, when we visited the principal theatres on both sides of the Apennines. In Italy, there was nothing but mediocrity; one lady is past her prime, and the other puffs away like an old clarinet. Miolan-Carvalho, Nantier-Didier, and even Piccolomini, who is so celebrated, are but poor singers compared with Madame Bosio, who is the queen of contemporary cantatrices.

Calzolari is quite worthy of singing with her. The performance was a complete success, and every person present left the theatre with that sort of sweet impression which men remember for a long period, especially if fate compels them to quit the capital and banishes them to the extremity of some distant province.

SONG.

BY JOHN ELLISON.

O, SAY it again! when you tell me you love me,
The world has no clouds and no darkness for me;
Its scorn and its hollowness never can move me,
If a thought that I cherish is welcome to thee!

O, say it again!—as a zephyr that floateth—
Like voice of the angels, it falls on mine ear!
My heart to that rapturous whisper devoteth
Each vision that yields it a Paradise here!

O, say it again! for my spirit were lonely,
Unblest by the hope thy fond accents can give;
Like the breeze of the West, 'tis their gentle breath only
Sheds balm o'er the desert, and makes it to live!

(These words are copyright!).

MR. VANDENHOFF'S FAREWELL SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—The last scene in the drama of the actor's life is played out; and, divested of fictitious character, he comes before you in the singleness of his own identity to take his grateful and final leave of you and of his profession, agreeably with a pledge, given some four years since, to a requisition that I would defer my then announced retirement, and constitute Liverpool the terminus of my theatrical career—the scene of my last performances. When I withdraw myself from your presence this evening, I shall have quitted "the stage" for ever. And how shall I find words—what expressions can I employ, to depict to you—my long tried, ever kind, and constant patrons, the thoughts, the feelings, crowding on heart and brain, as I stand here for the last time, oppressed with the pain of pleasure-filled recollections of incidents and events in my professional connection with the Liverpool public through a series of bygone years embracing the existence of nearly half a century—all which memory now brings vividly on the mind's eye, the bright retrospect saddened by the overcomimg cloud of the parting hour, the pain-fraught hour of separation, to meet, alas! no more. For time, who with silent-stealing step ne'er halts or slackens his pace, has brought me to a gentle declivity, where the prospect palpably narrows, while the gnomon on the dial indicates the distance gone over, and prudence warns to cease from labour before nature declare herself unequal to the task imposed—before the manly voice turn again towards childish treble, and the hale, firm step totter in the enfeebled footing of senility! In the buoyancy of young manhood I first courted your acquaintance, and aspired to win distinction in your eyes. You greeted my efforts with ready approval, and accorded your liberal support to cheer my onward course in the arduous, precarious, yet fascinating profession I had chosen. At twenty-four I first became a candidate for honours here—at sixty-eight (verging on the age allotted to man) I am resigning all further claim to your attention. Those periods record my entrance and exit on these boards—the beginning and the end. The poor player has fretted his hour upon the stage, and shall now be heard no more. But, as the day closes around me, I would fain satisfy myself that the years I have passed in the service of the public have not been vainly spent, have not been wasted, in ministering only to the idle amusement of mere pleasure-seeking multitudes. No! no! I feel that the actor's art may claim a higher purpose, and a nobler end; and, from the first to the last, I have endeavoured to keep that end in view. That the drama originated in man's appetite for amusement and his delight in witnessing reflections of himself, I am fully prepared to admit. Amusement is a necessity of our nature; for the recreation, development, and invigoration of the physical and moral constitution, and for its preservation in healthful condition. The mental faculties, like the corporeal agents, demand relaxation from severity of labour; which to refuse or withhold is to neglect a requirement of nature; and nature's requirements are laws which none may disobey or infringe without paying the penalty she is sure to exact. The apparently most fatiguing exercise in sports is healthful and agreeable relaxation to the sons of toil, after even the hardest day's work. It is the joyous outburst of nature rejoicing and revelling in her strength with her own freedom of action, as opposed to the constrained and enforced working exacted by the tyrant Necessity.

"There be some sports are painful, but the labour
Delight in them sets off;"

And so—

"The labour we delight in physics pain!"

The mind—the intellectual faculty—is subject to the same law. The merchant, the lawyer, the banker, whose brain has been taxed through the day with the *mathematics* of business, finds relaxation from the severity of exactness in the outpourings of the poet's fancies; and they fly to a *change* of the subject of thought, which, while it involves the operation of thinking, will, if presented in the form of amusement, distract and dissipate the busy working of the brain, even while appealing to its exercise.

And if the proper study of mankind is *man*, then is Shakspere the greatest instructor of man, and a great benefactor to his kind: and the actor, his interpreter, at once a disciple and a teacher in his school, may not be disregarded by the philosopher or the philanthropist, as useless in his generation, or an inefficient agent to good. To blend instruction with amusement, the useful with the agreeable, is to attain to the *omne punctum* of the poet, the ultimatum of effort in behalf of our fellows. With this view of the stage, I see no reason to be discontented with the pursuit to which I have devoted what talents and energies I may possess; but it would be a subject for serious regret could I conceive at this hour that I had passed my days in unmeaning profitless labour. Ladies and gentlemen, I am bestowing all my tediousness upon you. I pray you let the motive extenuate the offence, and excuse me, if my spirit travelled away from the point I must come to at last, as seeking relief from the pressure of the heart that awaits the sad conclusion. My work is done; the curtain has fallen to rise no more for me. The actor's occupation's gone—

"Hic dumum tristes, cestos, artemque repono."

Farewell, my art! And now, dear patrons, friends,—oh! how weak, how vain, are wordy acknowledgments to convey to you my deep sense of past kindnesses, of present sympathy, manifested in the overwhelming tribute of, may I say, affection offered by this brilliant assembly gracing my final exit from the stage, and making retreat a triumph! In the fulness of my heart, I can but cry to you—Thanks!—Thanks!—and Farewell!

LYONS.—M. Paque, the eminent violoncellist, and one of M. Jullien's celebrated band, lately gave a concert here in conjunction with M. Ferdinand de Croze, the pianist-composer, M. Aimé Gros, the young violinist and laureate of the Conservatoire of Paris, and of M. de Beanier, the tenor and professor of singing. M. Paque especially distinguished himself among his *confrères*, and in a fantasia composed by himself on airs from the *Traviata* elicited acclamation from the entire audience. The music, no less than the executant, obtained unqualified eulogium. The splendid rooms of M. Pontet were filled by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

LUGANO.—The correspondent of the *Cosmorama Pittoric* writes in enthusiastic terms of a new tenor who appeared a short time since at the Lugano theatre in a petite opera, entitled *Il Pipile*, the music by the maestro De Ferrari. After speaking of the *prima donna*, Signora Benvenuti, and the *bufo*, Signor Carlo Rocca, in terms by no means eulogistic, the writer continues: "But that which above all produced the greatest impression and created the greatest astonishment was the young tenor, Signor Giovanni Romano, pupil of Signor Prati. Handsome in person and gifted with a powerful and extensive voice, he sang with intense feeling and animation, and absolutely rose superior to the scene. He sang the aria in the prison with so much suavity in the *adagio* and so much energy in the *cabaletta*, as to create a real *furore*." The writer goes on to state, that Signor Romano achieved a triumphant success at the fall of the curtain; that *Roberto Devereux* is to be produced for him; and that the public await with curiosity and great interest the first night of the performance.—Query? is not Signor Giovanni Romano identical with Mr. Cavallani, a promising tenor, some time since pupil of the Royal Academy of Music?

CHURCH BELLS.—A correspondent of the *British Magazine* thus described a recent invention by Mr. John Bottom, St. Phillip's-road, Sheffield. It is a circular plate or disc of steel, as a substitute for the ordinary church bell, which has hitherto been so cumbersome and expensive an article. Through numerous difficulties, discouragements, and disappointments, the enterprising man has persevered, and at last perfectly succeeded. These steel plates have a much louder tone, and are heard much farther off than the common church bells of the same weight or the same price. Thus that which I have, weighing about 50lbs., is heard much farther off than an ordinary bell of much greater weight; its cost was £4 10s., and no bell which could be got for £10 would have nearly so good a tone. These plates could be rung with bells also, thus affording an easy way of considerably increasing the number and efficiency of our present peals of bells.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH.
Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, KING JOHN. Proceeded every evening by the farce of AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Royal OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, November 6, will be presented the comedy of LADIES BEWARE! To be followed by the drama of THE RED VIAL. To conclude with TO OBLIGE BENSON.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.
EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'Clock.—Engagement of the celebrated Violinist, M. WIENIAWSKI.—“The Fern Leaves” Valse. M. Jullien's “Hymn of Universal Harmony.” The New Quadrille, “The Campbells are Comin'” “Dog Tray Polka.” And a New Selection from Weber's Grand Opera DER FREISCHÜTZ, arranged expressly for these Concerts by M. Jullien.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. John Douglass.
Madame Celeste every evening in three characters, supported by Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Eliza Arden, Mr. Flexmore, and Madlle. Auriol. Production of a Grand Military Spectacle—A detachment of Guards from the Tower—all Crimean Heroes—for the occasion.—On Monday and during the week the performances will commence with the Military Spectacle entitled THE FRENCH SPY. Victoire, Henri St. Alme, and Hamet; Mad. Celeste; Dubourg, Mr. Paul Bedford. A Grand Ballet, in which the celebrated Flexmore and Madlle. Auriol will perform. To conclude with a Musical Drama, supported by Miss Eliza Arden, Mr. Paul Bedford, and the whole strength of the Company. No advance in the prices.

THETRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

PRODUCTION OF “THE CROWN DIAMONDS.”
Continued and increasing success of “THE ROSE OF CASTILLE” and
“MARITANA.”

On Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, will be produced, for the first time this Season, Auber's favourite Opera, THE CROWN DIAMONDS. Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne (who will introduce Rode's celebrated Air, with Variations), Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. Henri Corri (his first appearance this season), Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrott, and Mr. W. Harrison (who will introduce Brinley Richard's favourite ballad, “Oh whisper what thou feelst”). On Tuesday and Friday (13th and 14th times), Balfe's highly successful opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE. Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Thursday, MARITANA. Don Cesario de Bazan (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Maritana, Miss Louisa Pyne.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Melton.

To conclude with (each evening) the new Ballet Divertissement entitled LA FLEUR D'AMOUR, Madlles. Zilla Michelot, Morlacchi, and Pasquale.

Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at seven. Commence at half-past seven.

MARRIED.

On the 2nd Nov., at Trinity Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. Hanworth Rackham, M.A., Vicar of Witchford, assisted by the Rev. E. O. Alston, M.A., Rector of Dennington, uncle of the bride, Walter Meacock Wilkinson, Esq., of Westbourne-terrace, to Louise Rackham, eldest daughter of William Chappell, Esq., F.S.A., of Harley-place and Regent-street.

On the 30th Oct., Robert Glenn Wesley, Esq., to Miss Juliana Benson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOME BIRD.—The following is the letter which appeared at the time (1847) in the Morning Post:—

“To the Editor of the Morning Post.

“SIR—Will you allow me, through your mediation, to offer some explanation to the public on the subject of my journey to France, and of my sudden return to London, without having made my *début* at l'Académie Royale. I have no complaint to make of the directors of that theatre, as your readers may have been led to believe. On the contrary, they did their utmost to assist me to a success, and to encourage me in the hope that I should obtain one. They placed me under the care of the best masters for accent, &c. I need but mention MM. Duprez, Michelot, and Emanuel Garcia. I had a full rehearsal of the part of Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*, with orchestra and chorus, after which I received the most flattering encouragements, and my *début* was fixed to take place on the 22nd of this month, of which I received official notification. It was on the receipt of this that, yielding to the fear of which I am about to explain the cause, I took the resolution of coming suddenly to London, instead of staying to make my *début*. An insurmountable terror had taken possession of me on account of the

imperfection of my French pronunciation. I had been aware, at the general rehearsal of *Guillaume Tell*, of smiles and *jeux de mots* at certain passages; at that, for instance, which I thought I had pronounced accurately: ‘Mon cœur n'a pas trompé mes yeux,’ there was open laughter, and I heard people repeating the phrase made into a parody by my defective pronunciation: ‘Son cœur n'a pas trompé Messieurs.’ You can imagine with what alarm I was seized on finding how easy it was for a public, so fond of a joke as the public of Paris, which makes game of everything, including itself, to find in my accent a perpetual subject of pleasantry. I then felt the enormous difficulty of my task, and I have shrunk back from it, as, indeed, Madlle. Jenny Lind (to whom, certainly, I have not the pretension of comparing myself) did, when she refused the engagement offered her in London by M. Duponchel, and, more recently, Madlle. Alboni. The latter lady has sung four times in Italian on the stage of l'Académie Royale with extraordinary success, but, in spite of this advantage, no temptation could induce her to sing there in French.

“Under these circumstances, I have renounced the attempt to do what Madlle. Jenny Lind and Madlle. Alboni believed to be beyond their powers. I think in so doing I have acted with prudence, and I hope that M.M. the directors of the French Opera, giving me credit for my motives, will hold me excused from the promise I had given them. Such, sir, is the reason of my refusing to *débuter* at the French Opera, when the formal notification was sent to me, rendering it incumbent on my part to beg you to correct the statements which have appeared in some of the English papers, where it has been said that the Parisian directors had not treated me in a generous or courteous manner. I venture to hope that, after this simple explanation, the public of London, no less than that of Paris, will find what I have done only reasonable and natural.—I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

“London, Nov. 30.”

“C. A. BIRCH.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1858.

We have heard it rumoured that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have offered an engagement to Mr. Sims Reeves to join their company at Covent Garden, to which theatre, as we have already stated, they intend removing directly after Christmas. Our great English tenor would indeed constitute a special acquisition to the operatic troupe. That all our best vocalists should unite and form themselves into one artistic community is, as every one will allow, necessary for the foundation of a lyric theatre pretending to the name of “national.” We fear, however, that there are insurmountable obstacles to so desirable a result. Mr. Sims Reeves expects, and has a right to expect, a very large salary. After receiving £300 per week at a remote theatre in the City, he would naturally feel disinclined to lower his terms at such an immense house as that of the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Sims Reeves, it may be urged, should consider that at the National Standard he was merely engaged as a “Star,” for a limited period, and that the principal expenses centred in his salary. Moreover, his performances in the East-end were mostly restricted to such ballad operas as *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*—inconsequential performances, it may be assumed, taking into account his celebrity,—and but little calculated to advance his fame in the artistic world. On the other hand, if engaged with the English Company under Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison's direction, he would have an opportunity of appearing in all his most famous parts; new operas would be written for him, whilst he would enjoy the advantages of tolerable coadjutors in the secondary characters, a good chorus, and an undeniably band and conductor. To a real artist like Mr. Sims Reeves, these advantages could hardly fail to counterbalance a diminution of his salary, more especially when he was furthering the object on which we know he has set his heart for years. Between two

tenors like Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. W. Harrison no rivalry could possibly exist. Both have distinct *répertoires*, and neither could interfere with the other. Mr. Harrison would retain his old parts in the Balfe and Wallace operas, &c., &c.; while Mr. Sims Reeves would rejoice in Auber, Donizetti, or even Verdi. On three nights in the week the public would be regaled with the *Rose of Castille*, *Maritana*, *Martha*, the *Bohemian Girl*, or some new production from the fertile pen of Mr. Balfe; on the other three they might be refreshed by *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, or, better still, by *Fra Diavolo*, or *Musarillo*. English composers, furthermore, would be stirred into activity, and a new impetus given to operatic music in the country. At present, the slightest possible chance exists for the production of a new musical work for the stage unless endorsed by the popular name of M. W. Balfe. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison are contented—and none can blame them—with a fair success, and run an opera up to its hundredth night and beyond. With two separate companies, this monotonous system would be infringed upon, and one work, at least, would not be forced upon the public to the rejection of all others.

The engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves would of course involve obtaining the services of one or more new prima donnas, Miss Louisa Pyne, although now performing every night—a most hazardous experiment, as we have already argued—reserving herself, it may be supposed, for her special operas. As Mdme. Clara Novello has but seldom appeared on the stage in England, we know not whether she would be inclined to accept an engagement with the company at Covent Garden. This lady, however, has performed at some of the largest theatres in Italy, and even squared to personate Semiramide in Rossini's opera. Madame Anna Bishop—a most accomplished and experienced dramatic artist, as our readers need scarcely to be told—has arrived in London fresh from her transatlantic triumphs, and would no doubt be willing to tender her valuable services. In short, if the managers be desirous, and the singers willing, there is no reason why English national opera should not be established on the same footing with the lyric institutions of other countries. Why should Paris with its fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants boast of three important establishments devoted to the production of musical works in the native language, while London, with double the number of people, has only the semblance of one!—for as yet, while subscribing to the excellent beginning made by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, we cannot admit that they have done more than lay the foundation of National English Opera.

LONG and imposing is the list of theatres that now appears in the morning newspapers. He who is not familiar with London may possibly lose his way in the labyrinth of advertisements. We will, therefore, be the Ariadne to the stranger, and provide him with a clue, which, if he is not very fastidious, may take him to something that he will find agreeable. In consideration of which service, he will, if he be more generous than Theseus, collect our numbers in a smart binding, and refrain from perverting them to ignoble uses.

At the Princess's *Macbeth* is now played alternately with *King John*, and in both of them our two great tragedians sustain the chief parts. Mr. Charles Kean, as *Macbeth*, is the most intense of fate-stricken criminals; Mrs. Charles Kean, as the Lady, is the most irresistible incarnation of an evil spirit. So excellent a Thane and Lady merit an appropriate resi-

dence, and accordingly the stage becomes ancient Scotland with her massive castles, her rude warriors, and her abundant witches. The whole thing, from *Macbeth* himself down to the properties in his hall is thoroughly tragic, primitive, imposing. If you wish to shudder with awe, while, at the same time gasping with admiration, direct your steps, O! stranger! to the Princess's, and mind you are there in good time.

Neither must you be tardy, if your object is to see Charles Mathews at the Haymarket; for Charles Mathews, is a great favourite with the people, and stimulated by the good news that he is come back, they hasten to verify the fact with their own eyes,—and also to form an opinion respecting the new Mrs. Charles Mathews, whom he has brought with him from America. To-night, by the way, he will take his benefit, and bring out a new piece, called the *Tale of a Coat*, whereof we knew nothing.

Long has Mr. Robson drawn the public to the Olympic Theatre by the magic of his genius,—but only within the last few weeks has he earned the reputation of a bottle conjuror. There still stands the *Red Vial*, whole and entire, mended in the first instance by Mr. W. S. Emden, and now firmly held together by Mr. Robson and Mrs. Stirling.—Miraculous! Here is a bottle that will not be placed on a shelf. And between you and us, gentle reader, there are many worse pieces than the *Red Vial*, though its contents are a little too strong for Olympic nerves. Mrs. Stirling's representation of the wicked housekeeper will alone be an equivalent for your entrance fee.

And mind you, don't pass the Strand, careless stranger, because it happens to be small. The new burlesque there, *The Maid and the Magpie*, is the most smartly written and smartly acted thing you can conceive, and the stage is as bright and sparkling as the people upon it, which is saying a great deal. No, on second thoughts, stranger—we would say, do pass the Strand. There are syrens in that grotto—Miss Swinburne, Miss M. Oliver, Miss M. Ternan, Miss Marie Wilton,—and, if you once enter it, and are not a very strong-minded man, you will, perhaps, never be able to tear yourself away again.

Astley's, too—you won't forget Astley's—the only equestrian theatre in London—accessible, moreover, at cheaper prices than heretofore. There is this advantage about Astley's at present; that if you happen to dine late you will lose nothing by missing the first piece, and coming at once upon the business of the arena, where feats graceful and imposing are performed; and jokes, verbal and practical are cracked by the two clowns.

If your desires take a suburban direction, you may as well see *Henry V.* or the *Hypocrite* at Sadler's Wells, the former a grand "get-up," the latter distinguished by the performance of Mr. Phelps in a new character. Then, at the Surrey, under the name *Ambition*, you will find a very pleasing fusion of the stories of Elfrida and Catherine Howard, after a recipe given by that great cook of history, M. Alexandre Dumas. Madame Celeste is starring at the National Standard in certain pieces called *Green Bushes* and *Flowers of the Forest*, which it is just possible you may have seen at the Adelphi. No matter; the pieces are very good, and will bear seeing once more. Indeed, the theatre alone is a fine sight. So Eastward ho!—take our compliments to John Douglass, and wish him as much success in Whitechapel as in Shoreditch. And if you happen to be in the City Road, drop into the Royal Grecian Theatre, where you will find the fortunes of Fouquet represented after a fashion

of which the history of France will not give you the slightest notion, and where Mrs. Conquest's pupils will charm you by their grace in the ballet. Mind, the Grecian Theatre is no longer a saloon—it has nothing whatever to do with the "Eagle Tavern, only the Eagle Tavern stands next door; and if, when the play is over, you go to the bar thereof, and order a glass of brandy-and-water, Mr. B. O. Conquest, the manager, will not be offended by your patronage of Mr. B. O. Conquest, the licensed victualler.

And now, ignorant, thick-headed stranger, if you can't amuse yourself, it's not our fault.

SIEUR VERDI has gone to Naples, to superintend the production of his *Simon Boccanegra*. In December he is engaged to bring out his new opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, at Rome.

GENERAL GUEDENOFF has succeeded from the post of director of the Imperial theatres at Petersburgh, after a reign of twenty-five years. He is replaced by General André Savouroff.

M. ERNST, the celebrated violinist, is in so delicate a state of health, that he has been ordered to Nice to pass the winter.

The *Messiah* is to be performed in St. George's Hall, Wolverhampton, on the 17th of next month, the vocalists engaged including Miss Dolby, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Weiss, &c.

We are informed (says the *Plymouth Journal*) that Lady Havelock has taken Osborn House, Stoke, as her future residence.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday evening Miss Bessie Willingham appeared at this favourite little theatre (being her first appearance in London), in the character of Helen, in Sheridan Knowles's drama of the *Hunchback*. The young lady was well received. Other performances followed, with some excellent music by Mr. Phillips, and his band of the Coldstream Guards.

MEYERBEER.—The rehearsals of the new opera in three acts, by the author of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*, have already commenced at the Opéra-Comique. The principal characters are entrusted to Madame Cabel, M. Faure and M. Ste. Foix.

ORGANIST APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Thomas Bailey, late organist of the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Huddersfield, has been appointed organist of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Cashel, Ireland.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The superb centre chandelier of this theatre, manufactured by Defries and Sons, is of elegant and unique design, composed of chains, principally of richly-cut glass, dropping so as to form draperies of crystal. It contains 200 lights, all hidden behind spangles, cut so as to increase the light threefold, which makes them appear as though there were 1,000 lights, and they are, in effect, equal to that number. There are, also, fourteen spangled lanterns, so arranged as to illuminate above and below, thus forming two rows of lanterns, each of which contains three burners, so concealed as to throw a dazzling brilliancy around.

MR. AND MRS. HENRI DRAYTON'S DRAWING-ROOM OPERAS AT BRIGHTON.—These popular artists, who have been giving their pleasing entertainments with great success in the provinces for some months, made their first appearance at Brighton, in the Pavilion Music Room, on Tuesday evening. The great success which has attended the production of these "drawing-room operas" has arisen from the melodies in the various entertainments being judiciously selected from the most attractive music of the day, in addition to some excellent original compositions by E. J. Loder, Duggan, Beale, and others. The well-known talent of Mr. and Mrs. Drayton cannot fail to draw numerous and fashionable audiences in Brighton.

CHICHESTER.—The concert given by the Lay Vicars of the Cathedral, in the Assembly Rooms, was very well attended. Several overtures were well played by the Amateur Instrumental Society. A gentleman amateur and Herr Hartmann played solos on the flute, and were deservedly applauded. Mr. H. Bennet conducted.

EASTBOURNE.—The Choral Society's Monthly Meeting, on Friday the 29th ultimo, was very well attended. Several part-songs and choruses, by Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, &c., were encored.

M. JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.

THE crowds that assembled at the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday evening, to greet M. Jullien on the first night of his "Farewell"—we trust not his "last"—Concerts; the honest and hearty welcome that awaited him; the reception given to all the favourites; and the enthusiasm that prevailed throughout the evening, abundantly demonstrated that the popular winter entertainments over which M. Jullien presides had lost nothing of their attractions. A more brilliant inauguration indeed we do not remember than that which heralded the twentieth season. The stalls, private boxes and dress circle were filled by an elegant and fashionable assembly; and the theatre, with its new and fanciful decorations, set off by the crystal chandeliers and prismatic lanterns, looked splendid and striking. The orchestra is still more tastefully erected than at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, or Her Majesty's Theatre, and, in short, every thing possible has been effected at once to dazzle and gratify the senses.

To accommodate itself to the size of the house, the band has been reduced to Beethoven's complement, sixty. But in diminishing the quantity the quality has been preserved.

The orchestra is now composed of the following artists:—
Violins: MM. Willy, G. Collins, Léhon, Kettenus, Oppenheimer, Hennen, Clementi, Wells, Schmidt, Demunck, Ascher, Diehl, Van Der Finck, Payton, Kelly, Keller, Bort, Croza. *Altos*: MM. Schreurs, Goffrie, Vogel, Broedelet, H. Synder, Sloman. *Violoncello*: MM. Paque, H. Chipp, Klein, Demunck, L. Synder. *Contra Bassi*: MM. Howell, Reynolds, Kliagi, Hicatt, Griffiths, Pickaert. *Flutes*: MM. Pratten, Reichert, Berry. *Oboes*: MM. Lavigne and Crozier. *Clarionets*: MM. Pollard and Stacquet. *Fagotti*: MM. Hauser, Morlighem. *Corni*: MM. C. Harper, Cavalli, F. Jarrett, Stenbruggen. *Cornets*: MM. Le Loup, Neuzer, Ling, Monkhouse. *Trombones*: MM. H. Russell, Jenkins, Healy. *Ophicleides*: Mr. Hughes, &c. *Drums*: MM. Chipp, Seymour, Pheasant, Thompson, &c. *Principal Corinet*: M. Duhem. *Leaders*: Messrs. Willy and Léhon.

This is a powerful force, fully equal to "realise the dream of Beethoven," as M. Jullien suggests in his prospectus, and, with the assistance of a few brass hands and an extra drum or so fully equal to realise—at least in the Lyceum Theatre—the dream of the veriest lover of sound and fury, signifying—music-thunder. In addition, there is provided a good male chorus—under the able superintendence of Mr. Edward Land—whose nightly duty up to the present time has been to sing the National Anthem, "Rule Britannia," and M. Jullien's new "Hymn of Universal Harmony," written especially for the present concerts. By and bye, we are told, graver services will be demanded from the choristers in the performance of the choral music in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, in Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and Gregory the First's *Canto Fermo* and *Fuga Fugaram*. Verily, Mr. Land's place promises to be no sinecure.

The programme of Monday "revealed" one great novelty in the person of M. Wieniawski, who, according to M. Jullien, is the "celebrated violinist, who in France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, has established one of the greatest reputations since the appearance of that marvellous genius, Paganini." Of M. Wieniawski we had previous heard and read great things, as the saying is. He is, according to some, a Pole, and according to others a Russian. He has been a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, and has, during the last few years, been giving concerts throughout the German States and in parts of Italy with immense *éclat*. The young virtuoso made his first essay on Monday evening in Mendelssohn's violin concerto—a selection we feel hardly bound to say, he would have made if left entirely to his own judgment, considering the liberties he took with the composer, and the substitution of a cadenza of his own in the first movement for the one written by Mendelssohn. M. Wieniawski, perhaps, is as eager to copy Paganini in taste as in skill and appearance. Whatever Paganini's musical predilections might have been, he seldom performed any classical piece in public, and made all his reputation in the *fantasia* school. We hope that the new violinist will prefer to take a loftier flight, since his talent appears to be of a very rare order. M. Wieniawski

indeed is a great player in the strictest sense of the word. He may not possess that depth and volume of tone we have heard in another fiddler, nor exhibit that breadth and grandeur of style we remember in a third; nevertheless, his powers are most extraordinary, and in justness of intonation—the grand desideratum; the be-all of violin playing—we never heard him surpassed. This charm, beyond all charms, either in vocal or instrumental performances, stamps him as one of the most remarkable artists of the day. M. Wieniawski delights in the marvellous, and seems to achieve wonders without an effort. His *staccato* playing is particularly fine, and his management of the harmonica hardly to be surpassed. His tone is especially sweet and delicate, as shown in the *andante* of Mendelssohn's concerto, and his taste and feeling—always excepting the unwarrantable liberties taken with the author—unexceptionable. M. Wieniawski created an immense sensation in the concerto, which increased to a *furore* when the violinist executed the "Carnaval de Vénise" in the second part, which, take it all in all, was one of the most extraordinary performances of the kind we ever heard.

M. Jullien is very fortunate, or very shrewd, in making discoveries. We congratulate him on his last celebrity, who, no doubt, will prove one of the most noted lions that ever visited this country at his instigation. M. Wieniawski was overwhelmed with applause after each of his performances, and returned to the orchestra to make his acknowledgments after the concerto. He refused to return, however, after the "Carnaval," although the applause was still more vehement than before; and a new Galop, by M. Jullien, called the "Frikell Galop," was performed amid a hurricane of yells and shrieks, M. Jullien, who had previously addressed the audience briefly on the occasion of a row, this time not paying the least regard to the disturbance. Miss Vinning, who is a special favourite with the public, coming up the steps leading to the orchestra, threw oil upon the troubled waters, and appeased the commotion instantly. These rows are very disgraceful, but if they could not be put down in the large houses, we know not how they could be prevented in the smaller theatre.

The performance commenced with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and at once convinced the auditors of the splendid quality of the band. The *Andante*, *Scherzo*, and *Storm*, from the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, fully confirmed this opinion. In the selection from the *Trovatore*, Messrs. Pratten, Lavigne, Hughes, and Duhem—four of M. Jullien's "crack" soloists—had a fine opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and did not fail to avail themselves of it to the great delight of the hearers. Nor must we forget the splendid flute playing of M. Reichert, as exemplified in his solo towards the end of the concert, but maliciously cut short by the malcontents of the pit.

Among the new dance pieces introduced we cannot omit naming the "Fern Leaves" waltz, one of the most rhythmical and melodious we have heard even from M. Jullien's pen.

M. Jullien's new "Hymn of Universal Harmony" concluded the first part. It had to undergo a severe trial coming after "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." Nevertheless it achieved a decided success, and was applauded by the whole house. The melody is grave and solemn, and the climax from the *piano* at the commencement to the *fortissimo* at the end is managed with great skill. The harmonies are clear and broad, and altogether the Hymn may be pronounced as one of M. Jullien's most striking compositions. We have no doubt that after a few nights, when the tune is familiarised, it will become a special favourite with the audience.

Miss Louisa Vinning—M. Jullien's present *prima donna*—sang the opening cavatina from the *Trovatore*; and, being encored, gave "Where the Bee sucks." Dr. Arne and Signor Verdi did not seem to coalesce. In the second part, Miss Vinning sang the Scotch ballad, "Gin a body," and a new canzonetta, entitled "I'm a laughing Zingarella." The latter was bissed and repeated.

The arrangements behind the orchestra have not been neglected. The reading-room exhibits the same liberality and convenience as of old, and the refreshment-room is submitted to the most competent hands—thus providing food for the body and mind at the same time.

The theatre has been crammed to suffocation every night during the week, and M. Wieniawski's success has increased with each successive performance.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

On Monday Mr. Wallace's popular opera, *Marianna*, was revived with decided success, Miss Louisa Pyne sustaining the character of the heroine, and Mr. Harrison appearing as Don Cesar de Bazan, one of his most striking and vigorous performances. The favourite pieces obtained all the success of old, the following receiving enthusiastic encores:—the trio, "Turn on old Time," by Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. G. J. Patey; the ballad—not cavatina, Mr. Wallace—"Yes, let me like a soldier fall," by Mr. Harrison; the ballad—not cavatina, Mr. Wallace—"There is a flower that bloometh," sung by the same gentleman; and the aria, "Scenes that are brightest," by Miss Louisa Pyne. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison were recalled after each act, and all the principals had to appear at the end, to the arbitrary summons of the audience.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The public presentation of copies of the resolutions unanimously agreed to at the last annual general meeting of the Society, recording the services of John Newman Harrison, Esq., as president, and Thomas Brewer, Esq., as honorary secretary of the Society, took place in the minor hall, Exeter Hall, on Friday evening, October 29th, after the rehearsal, which for this purpose, terminated at nine o'clock precisely. The attendance of members, assistants, and subscribers was invited.

The resolutions, which, by direction of the committee, were written on vellum and illuminated by Mr. C. Driver, and richly bound by Mr. R. Riviere, a member of the Society, were to the following effect:—

"That this meeting present their hearty thanks to the president John Newman Harrison, Esq., for the zealous service he has rendered to the Society from its establishment to the present time: congratulating him, as one of its promoters and original officers, upon his association therewith for more than twenty-five years past, and trusting that he may be spared to preside over it for many years to come—the Society regarding his association therewith for more than twenty-five years with heartfelt gratification."

"That this meeting tender to the honorary secretary, Thomas Brewer, Esq., their best thanks for his services during the past year; and desire to express their deep sense of the advantages derived by the Society from his having continuously held the same office during the entire period of its existence, now extending to upwards of a quarter of a century, and their trust that the day may be far distant which shall deprive the Society of the benefit of his valued experience and counsel."

BRIGHTON—(From a Correspondent).—Herr Kuhe's concert, on Thursday evening the 28th ult., inaugurated our musical season with *éclat*. The large rooms of the Town Hall were completely filled. Herr Kuhe provided an unusual amount of attraction. The principal artists were Miss Dolby, Miss Louisa Vinning, Madlle. Finoli, Mr. Sims Reeves, M. Jules Lefort Signor Piatti, Madlle. Sophie Humler, and the Swedish National Singers. Herr Kuhe played with Signor Piatti a duo for violoncello and piano, by Mendelssohn, a *fantasia* of his own composition on air from *Martha*, and Wallace's "Home, sweet Home," in all of which he was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. Miss Louisa Vinning sang with great effect her "stock" cavatina "Tacea la notte," and a charming new ballad by Balfé, "I'm not in love, remember," in which her archness and vivacity had ample scope, and the applause she received was well merited. Sims Reeves sang "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight" (*Oberon*) magnificently. In "Phœbe, dearest," being encored, he substituted "Come into the garden, Maud." Miss Dolby and M. Jules Lefort sang several songs with great effect, and Madlle. Sophie Humler's performances on the violin were much admired. The Swedish Singers sang several times during the evening. Signor Li Calsi and Mr. J. G. Calcott accompanied the vocal music. This concert was one of the best ever given in our town by Herr Kuhe.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean, like Justice, never sleeps ; the flag of Progress is his banner—"Move on" his motto. Five years ago he produced *Macbeth*—the most colossal of Shakspere's romantic dramas—at the little theatre in Oxford-street. The *mise-en-scène* was magnificent—not to be surpassed so the London critics avouched ; the force of art and research could no further go—so the best and most antiquarian judges insisted. Was Mr. Charles Kean satisfied? No. He smiled at the antiquarians, and laughed at the critics, knowing well he had only done half what he might have done, under other circumstances, for the play. The revival of 1858 has far transcended the production of 1853. *Macbeth* not only shines with greater splendour now than it did before, but archaeology and chronology and many other "ologies" have combined to demonstrate that all previous performances of *Macbeth* have sinned in costume, both in dress and scenery, and that, for the first time Shakspere's mighty drama is represented as the poet himself would have loved to see. Association is the only stumbling-block to a universal appreciation of Mr. Charles Kean's magnificently faithful revival. Take the banquet-scene, for instance. Who that remembers the splendid saloon in which Mrs. Siddons was wont to dismiss her guests, graceful as a swan who by a wave of her head bids her callow cygnets go and provide for themselves; or Macready, who by the terrible reality of his countenance was wont to affright even Banquo himself in his ghostship, can accommodate his early impressions to the low, lightless room, the unstuccoed walls, the rude decorations, the grim-visaged Thanes, more hirsute than aristocratic? Yet such is the triumph of truth over imagination. The pageant of fiction fades before the eye, and fact stands revealed in all its repulsive but necessary lineaments. The dream of poesy is fled to the gods, and all that remains behind is of the earth, earthly.

"HARMONY AND COUNTERPOINT."

BY A JUGGLED STUDENT.

(Picked up by a Printer's Devil.)

It was during the Middle Ages, when all sorts of cruelty and barbarity were practised, that a man was deprived of his wife by pirates, who carried her off during his absence. His rage and revenge knew no bounds ; he was determined to discover who were the instigators of the crime, and, in order to do this, he invented every kind of horrible and cruel tortures to make them confess. With all this he was still unsuccessful in obtaining the information he required, for his dreadful tortures generally ended in the death of the innocent victims. Then, in his fury, he exclaimed, "There is yet one more suffering which shall be endured to satisfy my revenge,—one which shall not kill, but shall pursue my victims through all ages of civilisation—compared to which death itself would be a blessing."

This last torture was then invented, and still exists under the name of

"HARMONY AND THOROUGH-BASS."

ANON.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Some time ago the director of the Conservatoire appointed a commission to examine into the merits of a new instrument, called the Baryton. The members of the commission, MM. Auber, Halévy, Panseron, and Meïred, expressed high satisfaction with the invention, which was by M. Lecomte du Harve. The Baryton is an instrument of the violin tribe, midway in size and compass between the viola and the violoncello. Its four strings are tuned octaves to the corresponding strings of the violin ; and its compass is thus lower by a fourth than the viola, and higher by a fifth than the violoncello. It is held and played like the latter instrument, so that the violoncellist performers can easily play upon it. Its tone has a special *timbre*, which strikes the ear, and is perfectly distinct from that of the viola or of the violoncello ; and thus (said the reporters) instrumental music has acquired a new organ, which, in the quintet and the quartet, will vary the effects and add a new speaker to the dialogue of instruments. It is evident, too, from what was said, that to the violoncellist it will be an addition to his own instrument ; for, from its being strung exactly an octave below the violin, it will throw open to the player all the beautiful music, written for the pianoforte and violin, by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and other great masters.

[What has become of this new invention?—En.]

LIVERPOOL.—Last night the Philharmonic Society gave an extremely interesting concert. It was the ninth of the series, and devoted entirely to the *Athalie* of Mendelssohn and the *Engedi* of Beethoven. The verses in *Athalie* were spoken by Mr. Greenbank ; and the music of Beethoven's *Christus am Ölberge*, given to the words by Dr. Hudson which embody the persecution of David by the king ; so great an improvement on the original words that it may be said the *Mount of Olives* will be hereafter known as *Engedi*. The first went very charmingly, and considering the requirements of the latter it deserved praise. Such works, however, are not popular with the mass of subscribers, and consequently the concert was on the whole less warmly received than it deserved to be. We hope to return to it and the *Messiah* on Saturday.—*Liverpool Courier*.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION-CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—(From a Correspondent).—The first of a series of ten concerts took place at the Assembly Rooms on Friday evening, the 22nd October. The programme included Mozart's second stringed Quartet (in D minor), Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, Alexander Fesca's fifth Pianoforte Trio (in B), and Mendelssohn's first published work, the Pianoforte Quartet in C minor. The music was performed with spirit, energy, and in perfect good taste, and was listened to most attentively by a large circle of amateurs, *dilettanti*, and professional men. These concerts have become the rallying-point of all true lovers of music, and promise to exercise the most beneficial influence upon the practice and appreciation of the choicest works of the great masters.

BRADFORD.—A concert was given on Monday evening, the 18th Oct., in St. George's Hall, by the Festival Choral Society. Notwithstanding the adverse state of the weather, the rain pouring down all day, the audience numbered upwards of 3,000 persons, and, with the exception of the stalls, all the parts of the house were well filled. The vocalists were Miss Wheater, Miss Freeman, Miss Z. Illingworth, Mr. Northrop and Mr. Coates. Mr. J. Burton presided at the piano, and played Wallace's "Home, sweet Home," as a solo.

TARIFF FOR CRINOLINE.—According to the *Courrier de Charleroi* the lessees of dancing saloons in Belgium complain bitterly of the falling off in their receipts, occasioned by the extra space now occupied by the crinolines. An instrument called the "Crinolimetre," has consequently been adopted by some of them, and persons whose crinolines surpass a fixed development are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given on Sunday last at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra seventy-five centimes ; another person, of an economic disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops !

QUIRTE A BORG.—The Duke of Ventignano is an author very celebrated upon the stage of Italy. His *Medea*, and many other of his pieces, will live. He is respected, esteemed, praised ; he is rich, he is single, he enjoys wonderful health. In fine, he has all that a man can have in order to be happy. But he has the misfortune to be a *jetatore*—one afflicted with the evil eye,—so says the superstitious, and, of course, every evil is laid on that malady. On the falling-in of the tunnel under the heights of Pizzofalone, the house which first fell was one which the Duke had occupied about a fortnight. Forced to look for another, he could find none ; not a person in Naples would let him an apartment. At last, M. Storrace, a barrister, of strong mind, consented to do so. A few days after he died of apoplexy. The stories of a similar kind told of the Duke can be counted by hundreds. When his *Medea* was played at the theatre of the Fiorentini, the actors stipulated that he should not be present. The Duke accordingly remained at home. At the end of each act a messenger brought him news of the progress of the piece. The applause went on increasing, said the reports. The author bore his triumphs in tranquillity until the fourth act was over ; then, unable any longer to restrain his impatience, he rushed to the theatre, arriving in time to show himself upon the stage. Public opinion at once veered round, and the public would not listen to the fifth act. Three days after the house was burnt down, and one of the actors died. At the representation of another piece the actress La Marchioni caught an inflammation of the lungs, which brought her within an inch of the grave. Upon a different occasion, a different actress was similarly unfortunate ; and one poor girl, who was to have been married to a prince, lost her husband before she had gained him. Every time the Duke's pieces are played it rains, or it is oppressively hot, or there is a hurricane, or there are too many mosquitos, or some accident is sure to happen.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Sixteenth Annual Report.")

NOTWITHSTANDING the disastrous consequences of the commercial crisis, which occurred just at the beginning of the season, and in view also of the excellent concerts which were given by the manager of the Academy, under the name of "Philharmonic Concerts," during last winter, we have, under the circumstances, met with great and unexpected success, for both the rehearsals and the concerts of the Society were fully attended—a fact which proves that the general interest felt in our institution, on the part of the subscribing, associate, and professional members is more deeply rooted than has been supposed by many, and cannot as easily be undermined as may have been hoped by some. Our orchestra has been steadily increased from season to season, so that now we count from eighty to ninety performing members; while at the first concert of the society, on December 7, 1842, at the Apollo Saloon, only fifty performers constituted the orchestra. In point of ability, we are happy to state that nearly all the most prominent resident instrumentalists form now a part of the society, thereby insuring the production of orchestral effects which no other institution of the city or in the whole United States, affords. The principal feature of our concerts, the performance of symphonies and overtures by the orchestra, has been faithfully carried out, as will be seen by a reference to the programmes of the season. We have performed standard works of the old masters, as well as those of more modern date, and among the names of the composers will be found those of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, Richard Wagner, Lindpaintner, Nicolai, &c., &c. In regard to the solo performers, we have endeavoured to obtain the best talent available, both vocal and instrumental; but it must be borne in mind that we labour in this respect under great disadvantages, from the well-known fact that celebrated artists, who pass the winter in our city, invariably come here under a previous engagement with some operatic manager, by which they are debarred from appearing at any other than the manager's own public performances. For instance, during the last season the services of Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Thalberg, and Formes were promised, but could never be obtained when an opportunity for making good the promise presented itself. It is the intention of the board of directors not to spare any efforts during the coming season, to fill out the programmes with as interesting vocal and instrumental solos and concerted pieces as it may be possible for them to procure.

The number of subscribing members during the past season were 1,490, who are classified as follows: 1254 associate members, 24 subscribers, and 212 professional members—a higher number than at any previous season, with the exception of the last but one. The dividend declared this year is \$0 dollars for each performing member, a remuneration not very considerable for attendance at four concerts, sixteen public and eight private rehearsals, and eight business meetings.

For some time past a wish has been expressed by many members that the society might give more than four concerts; in accordance with which the board of directors, even desirous to please the patrons of the society, have concluded, with the consent of the actual members, to give, during the coming season, five instead of four concerts, with the usual number of rehearsals, without increasing the price of subscription. At the same time, it has been found necessary to pass a regulation to the effect, that henceforth all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

A matter of the greatest importance—the selection of a suitable hall for our performances during the coming season—is unhappily at the present moment not yet settled, but due notice will be given as soon as an arrangement shall have been completed. The lessee of the Academy having declared, that on no account will he allow the Philharmonic Society again to occupy the said building—for reasons which the reader must deduce for himself, as they are not known to us—our choice remains between Cooper's Institute, Burton's, or Niblo's Theatres, and the City Assembly Rooms, one of which places will probably be selected until a regular Music Hall, so much needed in our city, shall have been built.

At a meeting of the actual members, held April 7, 1858, it was decided, in view of the constantly increasing labours of the Board of Directors, and in consideration of the much wider sphere of action of our association at the present time, to augment the board by adding four members to the present number of seven. The different officers will remain the same as heretofore, but instead of two Assistant Directors there will be six.

Finally, we should not leave unnoticed a fact which must fill with pride and satisfaction every one that feels an interest in the success of our society, as an institution to promote the cause of art, to create an intelligent appreciation of, and diffuse a refined taste for, the higher

class of music among the people at large. We refer to the establishment of a Philharmonic Society, during the last year, in our neighbouring city of Brooklyn, which undoubtedly owes its origin to the mother institution of New York, and which has our very best wishes. Similar societies have sprang into existence in many of our western cities, and have been established after the model, and with the tendencies, of our own Philharmonic Society. All success to them! and may we not be found wanting in setting them the example, for many years to come, of a high-toned, truly artistical institution, ever progressing in the right direction.

THEODORE EISFELD.

It is scarcely within the scope of our journalistic duties to detail the sad particulars of the loss of the ill-fated steam ship "Austria." An event of such calamitous import travels through the length and breadth of the land with the evil speed of misfortune, and far outstrips our tardy issue. What hearths have been rendered desolate, what cheerful homes blighted, what loving hearts stilled, it is not for us to tell. Man's struggle with the waves has been marked with no such catastrophe as this.

A city plunged in sorrow and gloom weeps mournfully for the lost. A few, and a few only, are privileged to rejoice—those whose friends have been snatched from the jaws of death and rendered back to their kindred, haggard with remembrances of the fearful ordeal. Such a one is Mr. Theodore Eisfeld—the conductor of our Philharmonic Concerts. It is well known that this esteemed gentleman has struggled long with the destroyer. Feeble health has compelled him to visit Europe each season, and hope has trimmed her lamp anew in the gentle gales of the Fatherland. There was nothing remarkable in the case, but it seemed cruel and heartrending that one who thus struggled for life should have it snatched from him at the moment when it seemed within his grasp. It was known that he was a passenger on the "Austria," and there was scarcely a hope for his safety. An excessively nervous temperament and a feeble habit of body seemed to deny to Mr. Eisfeld the poor resources of his situation. When, therefore, the news came that he was indeed among the saved, it occasioned not only joy but surprise. He was taken off the burning wreck by the brig "Maurice," and is now probably at Fayal.

It is no time to triumph over the beneficent mercy vouchsafed to Mr. Eisfeld, howsoever it may gladden our heart. But it is not, we trust, the wrong opportunity to congratulate our readers on the rescue of a worthy gentleman with whom they have been long and intimately acquainted.—*New York Musical World.*

IL TROVATORE IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—A splendid house greeted Mr. Cooper's opera troupe at Music Hall, last night, mostly of our own citizens, though a few faces from the towns around were visible; and the performance must be regarded as an eminent success. The orchestra was small, but it was good and well managed. The choruses were "sparsely populated," but that was got along with, and excusable under the circumstances. But the leading parts more than atoned for whatever there may have been of deficiency in the other departments. Miss Milner, as Leonora, was excellent. She was not, perhaps, up to the mark in her acting, and yet she managed to give charming expression to her language, and to satisfy all. She exhibited more vocal power than we had supposed she was capable of, and, in her more ornate passages, displayed that charming facility and brilliancy of execution which only can be achieved by rare native faculty and the most thorough training. Mrs. Holman, as Azucena, acted well. Her voice is worn, and only on the lower notes displayed good quality and satisfactory power. Mr. Miranda's Manrico was an excellent performance. His voice is fresh and of fine quality, his acting fine, and his adaptation to the part unquestionable. His singing in the third act was one of the best performances we remember to have heard for a long time. The audience fully appreciated this, and called him before the curtain to receive their compliments. Mr. Guilmette's Count was good. We are not prepared to say yet that he is capable of making an enthusiast of us. His voice is firm, of good quality, and respectable power,

His acting is good, but we did not find ourselves drawn irresistibly into sympathy with him, which, with the uninitiated, must stand, in the stead of the intelligent judgment of the *connaisseur*. Mr. Rudolphson, as Ferrando, did all that was necessary for him to do, we suppose. On the whole, the performance was a success, and the house, ditto—so much so that we are to have another treat in the same line on Thursday night. We are then to have the second and third acts of the *Bohemian Girl* and the second act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.—*Springfield Republican*, Oct. 18.

A CHORAL SERVICE IN MADRAS CATHEDRAL.—On Thursday evening, the 9th September, an attempt was made at the cathedral of Madras to perform a choral service. It is worthy of note as being the first time such an attempt has been made. It took place in celebration of the opening of a new organ, built by Messrs. Hill and Co., and set up at an expense of £1,200, or thereabouts. The organist is a musician who has only lately arrived from England, and made the organ appear to great advantage. The choir was composed chiefly of amateurs, including ladies. It mustered sufficiently strong to be divided into Decani and Cantoris. The singing was not unworthy of a choir having greater pretensions. The Psalms were chanted to Jacob in A; the service, Nares in F; the anthem, "Blessed be Thou," in B flat, Kent; and Spohr's "As pants the hart" was sung before the sermon, the solo part being taken by a lady. The choral service was incomplete, in that the priest did not intone the prayers. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached, after which a collection was made to defray some of the expenses connected with the organ.—*Manchester Courier*.

THE EMPEROR OF BELLS.—At the foot of the tower (Kremlin, Moscow) stands on a granite pedestal the Tzar Kolokol, or Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world-wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne, in 1730, but was broken seven years afterwards, through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over twenty-one feet in height, twenty-two feet in diameter at the bottom, weighs 120 tons, and the estimated value of the gold, silver, and copper contained in it, is 1,500,000 dollars. In one of the lower stories of the tower hangs another bell, cast more than a century before the Tzar Kolokol, and weighing sixty-four tons. Its iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertions of three men. It is only rung thrice a year, and when it speaks all other bells are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon. In the other stories hang at least forty or fifty bells, varying in weight from thirty-six tons to a thousand pounds; some of them are one-third silver. When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russia where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of the act of worship, and therefore no heterodox tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to preach false doctrine to half the city.—*Bayard Taylor*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, AND ALMANACK for 1859, being in the course of preparation, Messrs. RUDALL, ROSE, CAPRE, and Co., request the favour of information from Members of the Musical Profession and Trade, and from the Secretaries of Musical Societies, on the various heads embraced by the work. The heads remain as follows:—1. Almanack, with Musical data and blank spaces. 2. List of Musical Societies throughout the Kingdom. 3. Musical Transactions of the past year. 4. The Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers, throughout the kingdom, with their addresses, etc. 5. List of Music (copyright only) published between the 30th November, 1857, and the 30th November, 1858. Price is 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.; leather covers, 2s. extra. 20, Charing Cross.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIMS REEVES.—Four Popular Pieces for the Pianoforte, by NORDMANN. Price 2s. each. No. 1. Come into the garden, Maud. No. 2. Who shall be fairest? No. 3. Phebe, dearest. No. 4. Good night, beloved.

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His Grace THE DUKE OF LEINSTER,
And several other distinguished Freemasons;
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THE EARL OF EGLINTOUN AND WINTON,
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And many of the Nobility, Clergy, and distinguished Families of the Empire.

PROSPECTUS

DR. MARK'S GREAT NATIONAL INSTITUTION,
*To promote the General Advancement of Music among the Rising Generation,
 upon his New and Effective System; and as
 A NORMAL SCHOOL FOR CONSERVATOIRES OF MUSIC
 THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.*

THE very flattering reception given to DR. MARK wherever he has appeared with his LITTLE MEN; the great encouragement he has received everywhere in the prosecution of his great NATIONAL ENTERPRISE of endeavouring to improve the social condition, by the cultivation of a taste for music among the JUVENILE POPULATION OF THE KINGDOM; the favourable opinion pronounced by many of the highest members of the musical profession, and other competent judges, on the merits of his

NEW SYSTEM OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION;
 also the cordial approval by the public generally of the principles advanced, and the means proposed for effecting the great objects he has in view, wherever he has had an opportunity of enunciating his designs; and the very generally expressed desire for the establishment of Conservatoires of Music on the principles advocated by him, have induced and emboldened Dr. Mark to establish a

NATIONAL MUSICAL INSTITUTION

for the further development of his plan.

In order that the Institution may be made as widely available as possible, the most comprehensive arrangements have been made to give instruction both in PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CLASSES on such terms as will render that instruction accessible to all. To this end he has organised the

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,

for imparting to students knowledge of his system, and for qualifying them for the superintendance of Conservatoires of Music in any part of the Kingdom. Each student on leaving to receive a certificate of competency, as Dr. Mark only recognises those furnished with such certificate as being capable and entitled to teach on his plan. Into this department also will be admitted a limited number of PRIVATE BOARDERS and DAY PUPILS, who will receive instruction in the theory and practice of music, combined with a most careful and sound ENGLISH EDUCATION, founded upon the highest Christian principles. Another leading and important feature of the Institution will be the establishment of the

MANCHESTER CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC,

In conjunction with the ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, but exclusively intended for the admission of pupils from Manchester, Salford and neighbourhood. In this establishment Dr. Mark has made arrangements for TWO HUNDRED MANCHESTER CHILDREN, to receive instruction in vocal and instrumental music, in evening classes, either on payment of a moderate subscription, or on condition of their services being given if required by Dr. Mark, or in free classes, through the assistance of voluntary contributions.

For the purpose of carrying out the objects contemplated in the above announcement, Dr. Mark has engaged the most efficient assistants in the several departments of the Institution. He has also the satisfaction to announce that he has succeeded in meeting with most eligible premises for the purposes of the establishment.

**APPOINTMENTS AND CLASSES IN THE SEVERAL BRANCHES
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Principal of both the Royal College and Manchester Conservatoire of Music, Director, Composer, and Conductor, Lecturer to both Private and Public, Theoretical and Practical, Instrumental and Vocal Classes Dr. MARK. Master of the General Educational Department, assistant teacher and superintendant of the various musical classes Mr. POWELL. Who for twenty-five years has conducted the endowed schools of His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, and possesses the highest testimonials of competency.

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"	"	"	"	"	Flute and Piccolo.
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The whole of the instruction and practice of instruments being based upon Dr. Mark's highly approved system of "Musical Education."

There also will be an organ erected (which is now under construction by Mr. Whitehead, 51, Covey-street, York,) on the premises, and a musical library formed, which will comprise all the best and most instructive English and foreign works and compositions: and the different kinds of instruments necessary for a complete orchestra are kept for the use of students in the establishment.

CLASSES IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

I. A Class for Students who intend to become conductors of conservatoires of music, and who will either be admitted as boarders, or as out-door students.—Entrance fee to out-door students, ten guineas. Terms: For boarders, twenty-five guineas for the first quarter, including the entrance fee; and fifteen guineas for every succeeding quarter.

As soon as competent, each candidate will receive an appointment as Master of a Conservatoire of Music, with a Certificate from Dr. Mark.

II. A Class for Little Boys, for the purpose of receiving a general and musical education combined, and who may become either boarders or day pupils.—Terms: For Boarders, ten guineas per quarter; Day Pupils, two guineas. Hours from nine to twelve a.m.; from two to four p.m.

III. A Class for Professors of Music and Governesses, who wish to acquire a knowledge of Dr. Mark's system of teaching; each candidate to receive a certificate of competency.—Terms: Five guineas the course of lessons.

IV. A Class for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, who wish to be brought out as performers, and whose services will be accepted as part remuneration for the instruction they receive.—Terms: By special agreement.

These four classes are again subdivided, to suit the different branches of musical education, which comprise all vocal and instrumental, theoretical and practical, instruction.

To these classes is also added that of Dr. Mark's Little Men, and all indoor apprentices.

Terms for private lessons on the pianoforte, in singing, theory of music, and principles of composition, given entirely by Dr. Mark himself, may be known on application.

CLASSES IN THE MANCHESTER CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC.

I. A Class for Boys apprenticed to Dr. Mark. If from five to eight years of age, for five years; from nine to eleven years of age, for three years; their services being taken as an equivalent for receiving instruction in vocal and instrumental music, the parents having to pay an entrance fee, out of which the instrument and books are found for the pupil.—Terms: ten guineas entrance fee. The classes meet twice a week, from seven to nine every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

II. A Class for Young Men, for vocal and instrumental music; each pupil to play either a wind or stringed instrument.—Terms: One guinea per quarter. To facilitate, however, the attendance in this class, Dr. Mark has arranged to make a separate charge for each branch.

For singing and theory of music 10s. 6d.

For theory of music, and learning either on wind or

string instruments 15s. 0d.

The three branches combined One Guinea.

For the pianoforte One Guinea.

The classes to meet twice a week, on every Monday and Wednesday evening, from eight to ten.

III. A Class for Little Boys, for vocal and instrumental music, each pupil to play either a wind or string instrument, 15s. per quarter. The classes to meet twice a week, on every Tuesday and Thursday, from seven to nine. For the pianoforte, one guinea per quarter.

IV. A Class for Little Girls, for vocal and instrumental music, &c., for the guitar, harp, or pianoforte, one guinea per quarter.

V. A Class for Adults, for singing, with harp or guitar, one guinea per quarter; or for the pianoforte, one guinea per quarter; for singing only, 10s. 6d. per quarter. The classes to meet twice a week, on every Tuesday and Friday, from six to eight.

VI. DR. MARK being desirous to bring music within the reach of all, has also organized a Class for the benefit of the Working Community, especially for Apprentices in Mills, &c., at Five Shillings per Quarter, to meet every Friday evening, from eight to ten.

VII. There will also be a Class for Boys and Girls, to be entirely supported by Voluntary Contributions, the subscriptions to which will be expended in the purchase of the necessary instruments and books, which remain the property of the institution until acquired by the pupil through good conduct; Dr. Mark giving all instructions gratuitously.

Dr. MARK being also anxious to identify himself with the interests of the National and Public Schools in Manchester and Salford, from the superintendents and teachers of which he has received the most cordial approval of his enterprise, will be very happy to admit Twelve Boys and Twelve Girls every year, at Christmas, selected from the various schools, who will receive a gratuitous musical education as a reward of merit; each candidate to be either nominated by the clergymen of the schools, or the scholarship thus founded by Dr. Mark in the Royal College to be offered as a prize to the most deserving pupil.

Every class will be subject to certain conditions, rules, and regulations, which are specified in each class paper, which will be delivered to every pupil with his book, on joining the class.

GENERAL RULES AND CONDITIONS.

All subscriptions to be paid in advance, and no student or pupil can subscribe for less than three months; the time reckoning from the day of entry, and three clear months fully to be completed and ended, an arrangement which renders it convenient for any pupil to commence at any time.

Every Saturday, from the day of the opening of the Institution, new pupils can only be admitted to the course of lessons.

Every year two months' holidays are given, at Midsummer and Christmas, which, however, are not reckoned in the quarters of the class pupils.

Punctual and assiduous attendance to the classes is also one of the principal rules.

Every pupil to find his own instrument, except in Class I and the pianoforte scholars.

All applications for prospectuses will be promptly attended to, and may be made either in person, or by letter inclosing a stamp.

Dr. Mark thinks it also necessary and due to subscribers to state, that he has endeavoured to make every provision, so that the progress and development of his Great National Enterprise shall in no way meet with any other impediment except the want of public patronage, which, however, Dr. Mark hopes will not be denied, to enable him to extend the benefit arising from the above institutions.

In having selected Manchester as the location of his establishment, Dr. Mark is influenced by his position and by the number, intelligence, and liberal spirit of its inhabitants, and their readiness at all times to promote and help forward any effort which may tend to improve the moral and social condition of its industrious citizens. He has also a lively remembrance of, and deep sense of gratitude for, the great encouragement and generous feeling evinced, both towards himself and his "Little Men," on his several visits to Manchester; and his fervent desire is, by initiating his projects in that city, to make himself useful to its large and important community.

Dr. Mark being well aware that the application of a new system always encounters difficulties—of which he, personally, and his system, have had more than their share—feels, nevertheless, confident that the above plan is the only one by which musical talent may be promoted, appreciated in general, and become a valuable acquisition to all classes of society in this country; he intends to persevere in this undertaking to the utmost, to raise this Institution to an equality with some eminent ones on the Continent, from whence many great artists emanate who hold the highest rank in the profession; and that, encouraged by the most distinguished patronage this Institution and his exertions have met with, to rouse native talent for music in this country by his much-approved system of musical education; he has spared no expense hitherto, nor will he regard exertions for the future to establish within the above institution a national record, compiled of true English national talent in music, useful and glorious for generations to come; and trusts that his exertions will deserve a continued patronage (all past favours of which he begs most thankfully to acknowledge), to enable him to carry out, not only his present object—that of establishing Conservatoires of Music for little children in every town and city throughout the United Kingdom—but also his ultimate design—that of raising a National Institution for the admission of orphan and poor children from all parts of the country, wherein they shall receive board, clothing, and a most useful and efficient general education combined.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF SIMS REEVES, for the Pianoforte, by RUDOLF NORDMANN, price 3s. each.

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2. Who shall be fairest?
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CRYSTAL PALACE—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—

The FIRST of a series of Vocal and Instrumental Concerts for the present Autumn and Winter Season, will take place on Saturday next, Nov. 18th, when Miss Stabbach, Mr. Montem Smith, &c., &c., will appear. The programme will include "Costa's Dream," being its first time of performance in London. Doors open at 10. Admission, Half-a-Crown; or, by Season Ticket, Half-a-Guinea; Children, One Shilling.

MR. W. T. WRIGHTON'S LATEST BALLADS.—

MR. "The Pearl of Days," "They are Come," "The Pale Primroses," "One wish for Thee," "Days gone by," "Oh! for the breezy shore," 2s. each; "Tis the Moonlight Sleeping," beautifully illustrated, 2s. 6d.; "A Psalm of Life," 2s.; "A Mother's Last Farewell," 2s. 6d.; "The Lover's Letter Box," 2s. 6d.; "You need not come Courting o' Me," 2s. 6d.; "My Mother's Gentle Word," 2s. 6d.; "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," 2s. 6d.; "On the Banks of a Beautiful River," 2s. 6d. N.B. "The Postman's Knock," 2s. 6d. This distinguished composer and teacher of singing publishes his new ballads and songs only through the medium of her Majesty's Music Publishers, Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

EVERY STUDENT of Music should provide himself with a little PAMPHLET on the THEORY of MUSIC, containing remarks on various works, tables of subjects, &c., recently printed for gratuitous circulation by her Majesty's Publishers, Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co. In its pages will be found much valuable information.

POPULAR MUSIC.—A GREEN CATALOGUE, new and enlarged edition, compiled expressly for the use of all teachers of music, containing upwards of 2,000 works by the best composers; furnished gratis and postage free. All applications must state the "Green Catalogue." Address, Robert Cocks and Co.

DAYBREAK, New Song, by LONGFELLOW, composed by BALFE. Price 2s.

From the "Literary Gazette."
"Daybreak" is likely to become as popular as the setting of Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud," by the same composer. It has all the essentials of immediate if not of lasting popularity. The tune at once becomes familiar to the ear, and the sentiment of the poetry—perhaps the most attractive in Professor Longfellow's recent volume, certainly the least affected—is embodied by the musician in a frank and sympathetic manner.

From the "London Journal."
"English composers are generally unfortunate enough in their selection of a libretto, and seem almost instinctively to select ungrammatical doggerel, or inflated balderdash. Many an exquisite melody has been marred by its connection with absurd or trivial language. Such complaint, however, cannot be preferred against Mr. Balfe's latest production—"Daybreak"—in which the musician and the poet have been equally happy. The melancholy and somewhat mysterious tone of Longfellow's pretty lyric has been admirably caught by the king of English composers, and he has produced a simple yet expressive air, which reflects every change in the sentiment of the words, and is worked up with the most consummate skill. It is in Balfe's later and (to our taste) better style and will be classed by the musician with those popular settings of Longfellow and Tennyson, with which he has recently charmed the whole musical world."

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MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.—The Publishers of the Musical Bouquet having issued two numbers of that work containing some of Moore's Melodies, the Proprietors of the Copyright in the Melodies have complained of the infringement of their Copyright occasioned thereby, but have refrained from taking legal proceedings in consideration of the Publishers of the Musical Bouquet having withdrawn the objectionable numbers from circulation.—Notice is hereby given, that legal proceedings will be commenced against all persons selling any numbers of the Musical Bouquet or any other work containing any of Moore's Melodies, the Copyright of such Melodies being the property of Messrs. Longman and Co.; and the only editions of the Melodies that can legally be sold are those published by Messrs. Longman and Co., or by them jointly with Messrs. Addison and Hime. Longman and Co., 39, Paternoster-row. October 19, 1858.

JUST PUBLISHED, in crown 8vo., 2s. 6d., a Hand-book of Musical Art by the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington, M.A. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"In the pages before us, we think Mr. Skeffington has very successfully and ably succeeded in performing the task he set down for himself, and unites, in the manner in which he treats his subject, the knowledge of a sound and accomplished musician with the elegance and reading of the scholar. A searching spirit is brought to bear in a critical consideration of the offices, uses, and effect of the divine art. Our readers will, we are sure, be much pleased with this masterly little work."—*Bristol Times*.

"There is something good in every chapter, and a tone of purity about the whole which must enlist the sympathy of every right-minded person."—*Musical World*.

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Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's-lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, November 6, 1858.

The Musical World.

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VOL. 36.—No. 46.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

CRYSTAL PALACE—SATURDAY CONCERTS.—

A Vocal and Instrumental Concert will take place on Saturday next, Nov. 20th, at Half-past Two. Particulars will be advertised. Doors open at 10. Admission, Half-a-Crown; or, by Season Ticket, Half-a-Guinea; Children, One Shilling.

S. JAMES'S HALL (MINOR).—MR. W. E. EVANS (of Sheffield, formerly of Cheltenham) has the pleasure of announcing that he will give a Performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music this evening, Saturday, November 18, to bring before the public his improved Harmonium; on which occasion he will be assisted by Miss Hughes (soprano), Mr. Alfred Gilbert (grand pianoforte), Mr. R. Clementi (violin), Mr. W. H. Adams and Mr. W. E. Evans (harmonium). To commence at eight o'clock, terminating before ten. Admission by invitation tickets, to be obtained at Messrs. Boosey's, and Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, music publishers.

THE AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY, Conductor, Mr. HENRY LESLIE.—The FIRST REHEARSAL of the PRESENT SEASON will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, Nov. 19, 1858, to commence at Half-past Seven o'clock precisely.

STANLEY LUCAS, Hon. Sec. The tickets are now ready for delivery at Robert W. Olivier's Music Warehouse, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly, W.

EXETER HALL.—MADAME ANNA BISHOP begs to announce that she will make her FIRST APPEARANCE since her return to Europe in a GRAND CONCERT to be given by her at EXETER HALL, MONDAY, December 1st. Full particulars and programmes will be shortly announced.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to acquaint her patrons, pupils, and friends, that she has commenced her teaching for the season. Address, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W., where may be had all her publications for the guitar and concertina, consisting of thirty-one pieces for the guitar, sixty songs, and Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise," transcribed for the guitar, with pianoforte accompaniment.

AN ORGANIST REQUIRED AT HOLLOWAY.—A stipend offered, at present, only £20. A young man competent to take the Organ and manage the Choir, will find the opening a good one to advance his professional interests. Apply, with Testimonials, to Rev. H. Hampton, 15, Park-villas, Park-road, Upper Holloway.

AS GOVERNESS.—A lady of considerable experience requires a daily engagement. Acquirements: English, French, Music, and Drawing. Young children preferred. Address, M. A. B., Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

TO MUSICAL SOCIETIES.—Wanted, by a respectable young man, of good address and business-like habits, a situation as LIBRARIAN to a Musical Society: has had four years' experience with one of the leading societies of London. The advertiser has a good tenor voice and capable of taking part in concerted music. Unexceptionable reference as to ability and character. Address, J. S., 2, Woburn-buildings, Tavistock-square, W.C.

TO MUSIC-SELLERS.—WANTED, by a respectable young man of good address and business-like habits, a situation in the music trade. Has had ten years' experience in a leading firm at the West-end, and can furnish unexceptionable references as to ability and character. Address, A. E., 15, Sussex-street, University-street, W.C.

WANTED, FOR THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT THEATRE at Rio Janeiro, two 1st Horns, Harp, 1st Trumpet, Principal Violoncello, 1st Flute, four 1st Violins, and some first-class Choristers. Full particulars at Mapleson and Co's British and Foreign Musical Agency, 12, Haymarket. Wanted also, a Band-master for India.

Mapleson and Co., Clarence Chambers, Haymarket.

THE ROSE OF CASTILLE QUADRILLES, Waltzes, and Polka, from Balfe's popular opera, *The Rose of Castille*—also the airs arranged for the pianoforte, single and duets, by Calcott.

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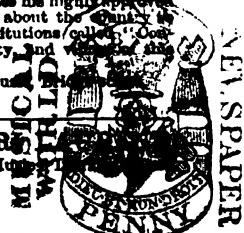
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REVIEWS.

"THE HARMONISED AIRS FROM MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES"—with the original symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson. Mus. Doc., and Sir Henry Bishop, for two, three, or four voices. (Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts.)

In a notice of Messrs. Longman's complete and handsome re-issue of the *Irish Melodies*, some time since, our regret to find perpetuated the accompaniments of Sir John Stevenson (and even some of those of Sir H. Bishop) was clearly stated. To this subject it is unnecessary to return; and, indeed, when we add that whatever was said in favour of the *Melodies* applies with equal justice to *The Harmonised Airs*, we have done all that is requisite to invite attention to the fact of their re-publication.

"NATIONAL AIRS AND OTHER SONGS"—(now first collected)—by Thomas Moore. (Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts.)

Here is a collection richer in extent and variety, if not absolutely equal in intrinsic value—poetical and musical—to the *Irish Melodies* themselves. The national tunes of almost every nation are represented in this volume, allied to verse of that epigrammatic and highly-finished nature which few poets, either of ancient or modern times, have been able to produce with such eminent facility as Thomas Moore.

The *National Airs* show that the Muse of the Irish poet could be vocal to other strains than those of the Emerald Isle—to other themes than the joys and sorrows, the reverses and the triumphs, the history and the legend of his native country. The collection includes upwards of 80 songs (three of them also harmonised as duets, and three as trios) to French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swiss, Russian, Swedish, Sicilian, Venetian, Maltese, Savoyard, Catalonian, Florentine and Neapolitan tunes, besides others from India and the far East, with a few of home growth—Scottish, English and Welsh—tunes from every clime, in short, except that of tuneful Hibernia, whose lyric wealth had already been ransacked for the *Irish Melodies*. In every instance the quick invention, the ready fancy, and the consummate workmanship of our minstrel stood him in excellent stead. He caught the spirit of the airs, and wedded them to congenial numbers. We shall not attempt to describe each song, or, indeed, any of the songs, in detail. Happily, they have been too familiar, to the ballad-loving world of the last half-century, to demand such a labour (which, nevertheless, would be a labour of love) at our hands. The fact of their being now for the first time collected and brought out as one work, in a volume neatly printed and handsomely got up in all respects, is one upon which we may congratulate both Messrs. Longman and the musical public. We should, at the same time, have experienced a less qualified satisfaction had new accompaniments been supplied by some competent hand; but since, in the *National Airs*, Moore, whose musical acquirements were by no means considerable, has got to answer for his own shortcomings, we forgive him on account of the poetry, which, by its exquisite finish, makes up for all the sins, of commission or omission, with which his attempts at harmony may be charged.

"ÉCOLE ESSENTIELLE DES PIANISTES—études progressives, pour servir d'introduction aux ouvrages des grands maîtres." Books 12, 13, 14, and 15. By Stephen Heller. Op. 90. Wessel and Co.

We have only two objections to make to this otherwise very interesting publication, and these apply to the title-page. The *Studies* of M. Stephen Heller, agreeable as they

are to practice, by no means form an "essential school" for pianists; nor do they contain anything that, properly speaking, can serve as "introduction to the works of the great masters." It is quite enough to insist that they are in themselves charming, and that they rank deservedly among the most original contributions to the pianoforte which the present not very prolific age can boast, without forcing them into a position wholly antagonistic to their unpretending nature. M. Stephen Heller belongs as essentially to what has been termed "the Modern Romantic School" as the late Chopin himself—or as M. Henselt, and one or two others now living, who think for themselves, and make no attempt at clothing their ideas in the forms recognised as "classic." The fountain head of this recent and highly estimable class of musical composers was undoubtedly the gifted and somewhat capricious Pole, whose works Messrs. Wessel and Co. were the first to make familiarly known in this country. We do not accuse M. Heller of being an imitator of Chopin, but we are compelled to regard him as one of the most successful and accomplished preachers of the Chopinical gospel. In some respects he may be preferred to Chopin: his musical instinct and his ear for harmony being more refined and delicate; but in first ideas, in the faculty of invention, M. Heller can hardly be put on a par with his predecessor.

The four books of *Studies* before us are full of good things—capital things in short—things which (to repeat ourselves), although M. Heller is plainly a disciple of Chopin, belong *not* to Chopin, but exclusively to M. Heller. Indeed, M. Heller's manner is so strongly marked, its beauties and its defects are so individual, that his music never runs any danger of being taken for the music of any other composer. His predominant fault, it should be added, is an adherence to certain peculiarities which seem to grow with his growth, and by this time, are, we imagine, ineradicable. Thus he is a mannerist, but a mannerist of that earnest and artistic type which invariably elicits attention and enforces respect. The first of the four books consists of six studies, four of which (Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 6) are—for M. Heller, be it understood—remarkably easy. They will, however, be not less welcome on that account to the majority of amateurs, unable to grapple with more elaborate pieces from the same pen. Besides which they are unexceptionably pretty. No. 3 especially—an *allegretto* in G—is sprightly and captivating. No. 4 (in E minor) is of a bolder character, and No. 5 (a kind of *scherzo*—in D) being marked *vivace*, demands a much more independent finger than any of its companions. Both are genial and striking—but the last particularly. The second book also contains six pieces, generally more difficult (though in no instance very difficult) to perform than any in the first. No. 1—*molto vivace*, in A—will engage by its playful character; No. 2 (in F sharp minor), has a less definite subject, but such a theme as it possesses is worked out successfully in the author's own manner. No. 4—in E, *moderato*—is still more vague than its immediate precursor, and yet is so thoroughly Hellerian that, if executed with grace and neatness, it is sure to charm. The last three studies in the second book are rhapsodies, more or less interesting, but which sound rather like improvisations than anything else, consisting for the most part of series of harmonic progressions. The longest—and, as seems to us, the best—is the last G sharp minor, *con moto*. Here we can trace out something like a well-proportioned *thème*, which we are unable to do in the others. No. 1 of the third book (G flat—*assai vivace*) is both new and beau-

tiful. No. 2 (E flat minor—*allegretto con grazia*)—containing elements which M. Heller might have further developed—will be generally admired for its expressive character. No. 3 (D flat—*allegretto con anima*) is thoroughly original, and indeed one of the most musically attractive in the series. Compare this truly charming movement with its rhapsodical successors, Nos. 4 and 5 (in B flat minor and A flat major), and own the incalculable importance of a well defined rhythmical theme! Nos. 6 and 7 (in F minor and E flat) land us once again upon purely musical territory, both having subjects easy to appreciate and worked out with fancy and elegance. No. 1 of the fourth and last book (C minor—*allegro agitato*) is a not very difficult, but still a very eminently useful exercise for “staccato,” the attainment of which, in combination with the *legato* phrases that alternate and contrast with the prominent figure, must offer a twofold incitement to ambitious students. No. 2 (in B flat—*andante quasi allegretto, con delicatezza*) though provokingly short, is another gem—music, and music of the choicest, from one end to the other. No. 3 (in G minor—*presto*) a spirited movement in the *tarantella* style (of which M. Heller has produced more than one famous specimen), is the longest, the most carefully developed, the most symmetrically designed, and the best written piece of music to be found in the four books. It may be played over a dozen times, and always with renewed pleasure. No. 4 (in F—*con moto*) is graceful and (vaguely) melodious; but neither this nor the last study in the fourth book (in D minor—*allegro appassionato*), so far as we may be permitted to decide, can be placed in the same category as any of those which have been especially singled out for praise.

It is scarcely necessary to “cap” the few brief observations upon which our space has allowed us to venture, with a recommendation to all pianists of a certain capacity, amateur or professional, to possess themselves of M. Heller’s new studies.

ENGLAND’S WAR SONG.

BY “GAMIN DE PARIS.”

(Dedicated to the perpetrators of diluted patriotic verse.)

I.

Boys, Britannia rules the waves;
We’ll ne’er be nigger slaves!
With her triple fork in hand
She still guards our favored land;
Nor shall e’er her courage blench
While she boldly “spikes the French.”
Sing, then, round our oriflamme,
“England! Rosbif! Portare! Dam!”

II.

Little men in blue or red,
Bring your bullets made of lead;
Quickly now his little gun
Shoulder bravely every one.
Brummagem shall bay’nets* send
On the foe *themselves* to bind.
Shout, and each his Enfield ram—
“England! Rosbif! Portare! Dam!”

III.

Men of Sussex!—men of Kent!
Seize the arms your sires have lent!
Staff of oak, and prong of steel,
Let the base intruders feel.
Gallic foemen, when they come,
Give “what Paddy gave the drum!”
In their throats defiance cram—
“England! Rosbif! Portare! Dam!”

* As per contract.

THE THIRD “MITTELRHEINISCHES” MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.)

(Concluded from page 686.)

The concert on the second day (the 27th September), took place at two o’clock P.M., under the direction of Herr Hagen, *Capellmeister* of the Ducal theatre at Wiesbaden. It opened with a very fine performance of Gluck’s overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. We cannot, however, approve of the choice of the conclusion which R. Wagner has appended to it, instead of that by Mozart, which is far better adapted for a concert. The orchestra, however, proved what it could do with a correct *tempo*.

The choruses *a capella*, the choral by Johann Eccard: “Es ist das Heil uns Kommen her,” with alterations in the text, and Johann Christoph Bach’s motet: “Ich lasse dich nicht,” were given, it is true, with precision, and without sinking, but the execution was far beneath what we are entitled to expect in such choruses without accompaniments. The notes were intoned rather than sung. Due significance was not given to them, so that it was seldom we heard the tone properly sustained, or swell and die away as it should have done. We confess that proper expression of this description, and, especially, perfect equality of the same in all the voices, is difficult to achieve with only one general repetition of a number of different associations, and, for this reason, we consider that choruses *a capella* are not at all suited for musical festivals. They can only be sung after a course of persevering study by particular associations, which have dedicated themselves exclusively to this description of music; and even then such an effect as that produced by the Berlin Dom-Chor will be difficult of attainment.

Herr Dionys Prückner, of Munich, played Beethoven’s piano-forte concerto, in E flat major, like an accomplished artist. It was greatly to be regretted that the excellently toned grand piano he used was not tuned to the pitch of the orchestra. This circumstance naturally weakened very much the effect of his playing. The orchestra, also, took matters too easily, and was not always exact. The kettle-drums completely marred the conclusion of the last movement, and the impression it produced could not be effaced by the brilliant manner in which the solo performer gave the final cadence. Altogether, Herr Prückner succeeded best in the last movement; his execution of the *adagio* left the audience rather cold, while, despite all the purity and certainty of his performance, he did not always impart the requisite breadth and dignity to the magnificent first *allegro*. Concerting the proper mode of executing this concerto we entertain ideas completely different to those held by most piano-forte *virtuosi* of modern times, with the exception of Franz Liszt, who plays it with a classic repose, which in no way excludes heroic expression, but, on the contrary, heightens it. At the very introduction of the first movement we nearly always meet with an instance of false conception; the passages in it are not cadences in the ordinary sense of the word; they are integral component parts of the whole movement, as is sufficiently proved by their recurrence in the *tempo* of the second part. It is true that the execution of them is left by the composer to the performer, but only in so far as the latter conceives and renders them in conformity with the character and spirit of the whole movement, and not as the mere means of displaying technical skill.

Mendelssohn’s setting of the 114th Psalm brought the first part of the concert to a close. It was better executed than any other piece in the whole programme. The chorus and orchestra worked well together; the *tempo* was always correct and appropriate, and the effect produced by several detached passages—such, for instance, as “Was war dir, o Meer;” “Vor dem Herrn bebte die Erde; and the repetition of the first theme, “Da Israel aus Aegypten zog”—was grand and magnificent. The “Hallelujah” at the conclusion would, perhaps, have been improved by a little more fire and dash in the expression, though not in the *tempo*.

The second part commenced with Franz Schubert’s grand symphony in C major. We cannot abstain from saying that the performance was an utter failure from beginning to end. We

never met with such exaggeration of all the *tempi*. The grounds on which this fact was justified by a zealous friend of, and co-operator in, the festivals, who resides in the neighbourhood, are too curious to be withheld from our readers. "There is no art required," he said, "to find fault with the false *tempi*; in the present instance, the conductors were perfectly right; the proper *tempo* should be observed with artists and amateurs; but, if we would introduce art among the people, everything must be taken more quickly." Who can successfully resist arguments of this kind?

It is impossible to say to what music will be reduced, if such a scampering through the notes is received as artistic execution! The pianoforte *virtuosi* of the last ten years have got to answer for a great deal. They were the first to take the *tempi* too quickly, for the purpose of displaying their digital skill, and I recollect perfectly well that one of the favourite phrases of admiration was, "And what a mad *tempo*!" Ay, mad, indeed, in the true sense of the word, even as regards that contagious principle inherent in every kind of folly. French criticism invented for it the word, "*enlever*," and was delighted if the *pianist* (another Parisian invention) rattled a piece off the keys in such a manner that nothing of it was left either in the ear or the heart. The mania gradually seized orchestral conductors, and when, in addition to this, literary men and democrats began, without possessing musical knowledge, to take the lead in music, we heard such observations as, "Our age is the age of rapid progress—the rate at which our blood rolls is quicker than its sluggish pace in the veins of our predecessors—we live more quickly!" As a natural result we were told that we must completely change walking (*andante*) into running; gaiety (*allegro*) into unbridled noise; and quickness (*presto*) into racing. To this we must add contempt for all that was old and had been handed down to us, ridicule of all traditions, and, therefore, of musical tradition; and, lastly, the theory advocating the right of the *subjective* conception of a classical work by the player or conductor.

In this manner we have gradually arrived at such monstrosities, as the manner in which Schubert's symphony was executed by Herr Hagen in Wiesbaden. We can only repeat what we have already said about it. In the very first *allegro*, the warning inscription "ma non troppo" was written in vain on the finger post pointing to the correct time; the pert strength of the dotted crotchet, and, with it, the entire character of the movement was lost, since the grace quaver could never come out with sufficient force. The rapidity, moreover, which transformed the wonderful *andante con moto* into a regular jig, was really revolting to every one who treasured in his heart the heavenly melodies of this piece. Similarly the *allegro vivace* of the *scherzo* became a *presto*, rendering a *staccato* of the quaver figures almost impossible. The worst treated, however, was the trio, in which, moreover, very little attention was paid to the expression, the *piano* being usually almost entirely ignored in the *forte piano*, which is here so frequently marked. But the *ne plus ultra* of insipid conception was furnished by the finale, *allegro vivace*, that is to say, according to the theory invariably followed by the conductor of the symphony, "as quickly as possible." It seems as if Herr Hagen wished to prove that rapidity is after all witchcraft. In our opinion, music ceases when such mad speed begins.

After the symphony, the chorus of priests from *Die Zauberflöte* fortunately restored our musical equanimity, while Handel's grand "Hallelujah," from the *Messiah*, concluded, in an imposing manner, and, strange to say, in correct *tempo*, the second festival-concert.

Concerning the proceedings of the third day, we append the account furnished by our esteemed Wiesbaden correspondent.

The festival on the Neroberg, one of the most charming spots in the lovely country round Wiesbaden, was something never witnessed here before. From two o'clock in the afternoon, the crowd flocked towards the hill. Numbers of carriages conveyed the fashionable world thither, while the other part of the community moved forward in various manners, on foot, on horseback, or mounted on donkeys. An inscription on a kind of triumphal arch, bade the singers "Welcome under the shady

roof." It was a people's festival, and, consequently, a popular tone predominated. All ranks were represented. Even the old master Spohr came. Wherever he set his foot, he was greeted by triple huzzas. On this occasion he became a "man of the people." About seven o'clock, the procession of the visitors, with music at their head, again reached the town, which was up and stirring.

At seven o'clock, the performance of Spezini's *Vestalin* commenced in the theatre. Herr Tichatschek Licinius was the only artist who rendered the performance a "festival" one. His voice is still fresh, strong, and equal; his style as bold and sure as ever; while his dramatic fire is still the same that for years has charmed the public. We are all acquainted with his peculiar declamation, which we overlook in favour of the genial singer. He has gone too far in this, ever to divest himself of his custom of dividing syllables, shortening notes instead, as Bader, Mantius, as well as Schneider, who was once here, and all great tenors have done, of connecting them a little more. He pulls and pushes them, and is not fond of submitting to the composer. (Subjective conception!)

In spite of this artist's fiery performance, the public was not particularly enthusiastic. Whether this fact was to be attributed to the increased price of admission; the house decorated in a festive manner in honour of the third Middle-Rhenish Festival (as the bills announced), or the performance of the other articles; Heaven alone knows.

Madlle Lehmann, who played and sang Julia, Mdille. Schönchen (First Priestess of Vesta), and Herr Simon, evidently took pains to prove themselves "talented;" but the audience bestowed some faint applause only on a few of Julia's sighs. Herr Lipp (Pontifex Maximus) did full justice to his part, both as regarded the music and the declamation. The constant *tremulo*, the chuckling shakes, and the disagreeable notes in the upper register of Madlle. Lehmann's voice, her unpleasant screaming, her marble-like face, which is always the same, and her running backwards and forwards, without any object, on the stage, are truths which we will defend against this young lady, and of which we are obliged to remind her. That, as a native of Denmark, she does not speak better German, could not be urged as a reproach against her, were she singing in Rendsburg, Flensburg, or Kiel; but it is not everyone here who knows she is a foreigner, and, therefore, this defect produces a disagreeable impression. Mdille. Schönchen does not always sing in tune. She is too uncertain, and speaks rather with her hands and eyes than sings. To master such a part as that confided to her, she is deficient in power. Her voice may be well enough for unpretending songs, but not for dramatic singing. Herr Simon competes with Mdille. Lehmann in the *tremulo*. He possesses good vocal powers, but he should learn to employ them in a more worthy manner. This would be attended by profit and honour both to art and himself. The dances, introduced by Mdille. and Herr Opfermann, were, as usual, applauded.

HELMESLEY.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

DEAR SIR.—In my letter published in your last, the first time the words "Guardian Angels, now protect me" occur (i. e., immediately under the line beginning thus, "page 40, Air 5," &c.), they should have been set up as a heading, as they there appear as the conventional name of a tune, and not a part of the following verses. The meaning of part of my letter is rendered obscure by this error.

At the beginning of the second paragraph, after the tune in B flat, the word *curious* is a misspelling. It should have been *various*.

You will oblige me by correcting these errors in your next number.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

CHAS. E. STEPHENS.

2, Howley Place, Maida Hill, W.
November 8th, 1858.

MM. Blaes, Professor at the Conservatory, and Wieniawski, the violinist, achieved a great success at the Festival given at Wiesbaden, on the 27th September. These two celebrated artists gained universal approbation, and excited a perfect enthusiasm.

THE MAELSTROM EXPLORED.

(From the *Louisville Journal*.)

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst Bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide, Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do, and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but, at that point, his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville (Mr. W. C. Prentiss) whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The ropes and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long-continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head, to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard, from his own lips, an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations, as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and, holding the end of the rope in his hand, he inadvertently let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the end of the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 yards to a point where he found it blockaded by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he re-fastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope being ill-adjusted round his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit, and a hundred from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe

seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labours, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over exertion and excitement, fainted, and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.

THE YANKEE CHARMER.

(From the *South Carolina*.)

A TALL, bony, Yankee-looking foreigner, last from California, made his appearance with a box of snakes—rattle-snakes, moccasons, black snakes, vipers, &c. He collected a crowd around him, though at a respectful distance, and grasping with both hands a bunch of snakes, coiled them around his neck and thrust them into his bosom, as if they were strands of silk and cotton. Their twistings and turnings seemed to give him pleasure, while the bystanders were filled with very opposite emotions. He professes to tame his savage friends by mesmerism, and thus fights the rattle-snake with his own weapon.

Some in the crowd suggested that he should take a wild, untamed snake and show his power over it, which he agreed to do for twenty-five dollars. This sum was readily subscribed, and a rattle-snake, caught the day before, was soon procured. The operator examined him with some caution, but presently turned the box over and threw the venomous reptile upon the green sward. He kicked him about several times, caught him by the tail, and threw him back and forth, and finally seized it in the middle and held him at arms' length. The snake turned his head towards him, and their eyes met—the latter fixed his gaze steadily upon the snake and kept it so for several minutes, when he suddenly coiled it around his neck, thrust it in his bosom, as he had done the others, and the snake seemed entirely docile. Two days afterwards he repeated his experiment, for twenty dollars, on a large rattle-snake which had just been caught, and with similar results. A crowd of ladies, gentlemen, and children in the piazza of the hotel witnessed the singular exhibition. It was painful to behold, though the individual seemed to have the most entire confidence in his ability to control the horrid animals.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From a Correspondent).—A meeting of the General Committee was held last week, when the balance-sheet was presented. It is a most satisfactory document, and shows the following results:—

	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
By sale of festival tickets	7,386	19	6
" word-books and Svo. oratorios	187	18	0	
By proceeds of People's Festival Concert	281	13	5	
Donations	106	18	9	
By sale of orchestra fittings, music, &c.	61	17	4	
		<hr/>		
		£8,025	7	0

	EXPENDITURE.	
Orchestral expenses (including principal singers, conductor, band, chorus, &c.)	4,897	8 11
Printing, advertising, salaries, rent, &c.	1,127	18 1
Balance in Banker's hands	2,000	0 0
	<hr/>	
	£8,025	7 0

Resolutions were passed, expressing the thanks of the Committee to Messrs. W. Joy, G. Buckton, J. W. Atkinson, J. Piper, jun., and the three honorary secretaries, for their services in connection with the Festival; and the additional sum of twenty guineas was presented to Mr. Fred. Spark for his valuable services as secretary.

RE-OPENING OF AN ORGAN NEAR ROCHDALE.—The organ at Bamford Chapel, originally built by Renn, of Manchester, and lately enlarged by his successors, Messrs. Kirkland and Jardine, was re-opened by Mr. W. H. D. Crowder, organist of Milton Church, Rochdale. He gave a selection from the works of Corelli, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Albrechtsberger, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., with two compositions, one extemporeaneous, of his own.

RICHARD WAGNER ON "OPERA AND THE CONSTITUTION OF MUSIC."

(Vide a close translation in the *Musical World*.)

"Sweet tunes, wake him again,
Vice 'tis too heavy on his drowsy soul;
Music's sweet concord cannot pierce his ear.
Sing, and among your songs mix bitter scorn." DICKER.

Richard Wagner, a German musician, maintains
That in music the world is all wrong;
That Rossini, Auber, and the rest have no brains,
For that *melody's* useless in song.
Good gracious! how shameful to swindle mankind,
Catch our ears in a musical trap;
What we thought then so charming turns out now we find
To be spurious, and not worth a rap.
We've been drinking small beer, which we took for champagne,
The Thames water could not be so vile;
After swallowing music like this we would faint
Blow up some one to settle our bile.
But who to begin with! Ah! that is the thing,
So many sin in the same line;
Beethoven, Mozart, Bishop, Balfe, such a string,
All thought in their way so divine.
We are puzzled completely, if Wagner be right,
What to say to these *muff's* great and small.
Now some one more learned than Wagner has said
He is mad! and knows nothing at all.
A German transcendent from dream-land he's drop'd,
Where in clouds and in mist he once sat,
For the work he has written has even out-top'd
Swedenborg—hard enough to get at.
His similes take us quite out of our clothes,
Music first as—a woman—starts out,
And then as a water-nymph—naked she goes,
Like a lobster or sprat swims about.
She wants too a *soul*—though a musical maid,
Which proves her of Wagner's own breed;
How she lives—what's her food?—we are rather afraid
It is shell-fish mixed up with sea-weed.
Then something symbolical of the male kind
Comes in song this fair nymph to embrace,
And what he proposes if truly we find
Is marriage—though no parson we trace.
What this is to symbol is quite in the dark,
How related to music's not plain;
We try to get at it, but far from the mark
Go stumbling and groping in vain.
'Tis reported Herr Wagner once said with a smile,
"This age cannot judge what I'm at;"
And truly if we are to judge by his style
He has hit himself off very pat.
The foundation of music we always were taught
Was melody flowing so sweet,
And haunting the ear 'till at last it was brought
To the organs that grind in the street.
The conditions of melody plainly depend
On the wind—from the source whence it flows;
Thus we're classical, or common tunes without end,
As ev'ry musician well knows.
"Jim Crow" may be jump'd—"Nix my dolly, pals" sung;
"Jolly nose," too, may redder more bright
On Paul Bedford's face, as he loudly gives tongue,
Enchanting the gods of a night.
Then Weber has melted his soul into tears,
The refined and the learned to please,
At which Wagner takes huff, shakes his head, it appears
He can't listen, nor stand at his ease.

For his object is now to set all *tune* at nought;
His own operas show that, no doubt;
As no one who's heard them a tune ever caught,
Or were known to sit one of them out.
Dence take it! then, after all's said, it's clear,
Haydn still we may love and adore,
And Wagner kick'd out of the musical sphere,
As the *Muff*! or the great German bore.
Farewell, then, Professor, mysterious and sage,
Deprive music of melody pure;
Round the world you may roam—not "*the man of the age*."
But the man that no *heart* can endure,
Revolutions get up, then, in lands far away,
In music we'll not have one here;
Old favourites we'll stick too, whose songs, grave or gay,
Have, by age, become sacred and dear.
Had we time to be moral and critical too,
There's cause; that we do not deny;
With the foreigners we may have so much to do,
We our *national* music pass by.
British artists—some few are well worthy regard,
Who draw out of Future's fair book,
While others, forgetting our language, try hard
To give it an outlandish look.
Arne, Purcell, and Shield, have left traces behind
Of sense that's united to sound;
Don't judge, then, from Fashion, who sometimes is blind,
And applaud, though the sense can't be found.
Young composers, take heed!—give the Italians due praise;
We won't take their merit away.
Draw from *national* feeling melodious lays—
Copy none—that's all we've got to say.

BELFAST.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The first meeting for the season of the Anacreontic Society took place at the Music Hall on Thursday evening, the 4th inst. The orchestra, under the direction of the newly appointed conductor, Herr Leo Kerbush, performed Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, Mozart's symphony in E flat, Beethoven's overture to *The Men of Prometheus*, and Rossini's overture to the *Barbiere*. The annual election of officers for the season took place, and the following gentlemen were appointed: Mr. Briston, President; Messrs. J. C. Boyd, J. Musgrave, and W. T. Tracy, Vice-Presidents; Mr. W. H. Malcolm, Treasurer and Secretary; Mr. R. W. Dyke, Assistant Secretary.

NOTTINGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent*).—At the second subscription concert of chamber music, on Friday evening the 5th November, 1858, the following was the programme:—

PART I.
Quartet, Op. 18, in F, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby Mendelssohn.
Trio (noveletten), Op. 29, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Shelmerdine, Henry Farmer, and T. L. Selby Gade.

PART II.
Quartet, Op. 12, in E flat, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby Mendelssohn.
Trio in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. White, Henry Farmer, and T. L. Selby Bartholdy.
There was a large attendance—the ladies predominating. Great interest was evinced in the performance of the music, and Mendelssohn's soul-stirring quartet made a deep impression. It was played in a masterly manner, and the greatest acknowledgments are due to the talented leader.

A grand opera by M. Lebeau, the author of *Esmeralda*, will be produced next January, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It will be entitled *Le Sanglier des Ardennes*. The *libretto*, taken from Sir Walter Scott, is by M. C. Lebeau, brother of the composer.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of MACBETH can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH. Tuesday and Thursday, KING JOHN. On Saturday will be revived Shakespeare's Comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Preceded every evening by a FARCE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison. Continued and increasing success of "THE ROSE OF CASTILLE" and "MARITANA."

On Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, will be produced Auber's favourite Opera, THE CROWN DIAMONDS. Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne (who will introduce Roda's celebrated Air, with Variations), Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. Henri Corri, Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Terrett, and Mr. W. Harrison (who will introduce Brinley Richards' favourite ballad, "Oh whisper what thou feelst"). On Tuesday and Friday (11th and 12th times) Baile's highly successful opera, THE ROSE OF CASTILLE. Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Fred Ward Glover, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison.—On Thursday, MARITANA. Doña Cesáre de Bazan (her original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Maritana, Miss Louisa Pyne.—Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

To conclude with (each evening) a new Ballet Divertissement, Madiles Zilla Michael, Morlaechi, and Pasquale.

Acting-managers, Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage-manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Doors open at seven. Commence at half-past,

Royal OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, November 13, will be presented the drama of THE RED VIAL! To be followed by the comedy of LADIES BEWARE. To conclude with TO OBLIGE BENSON.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS. EVERY EVENING at Eight o'Clock.—On Monday next, a Mendelssohn Night. Twelfth appearance of the celebrated Violinist, M. WIENIAWSKI. First appearance of the celebrated Pianist, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Vocalists, Miss STABBAACH and Miss LOUISA VINNING. "The Fern Leaves" "Valse," "The Kiss Polka." Grand Operatic Selection from DER FREISCHUTZ. M. Julien's Annual BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 18th.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Madame Celeste in her triple character in THE FRENCH SPY. Mr. Paul Bedford, Miss Gina Ardes, Mr. Flexmore, Madille, Auriol every evening. THE FRENCH SPY is as was anticipated, the decided hit among all metropolitan productions of the season, and has fully realised all that could be expected, even from the revival after twenty years of one of the most exciting and favorite pieces ever represented, when one of the most exciting and favoured of artistes reappears in the trio part in which she acquired so great a share of her brilliant reputation. All hearts and voices were ready to welcome, all hands to applaud. THE FRENCH SPY will necessarily be repeated every evening. The Grand Ballet of THE SPANISH DANCERS, in which Mr. Flexmore and Madille, Auriol had the honour of performing before the Queen of Spain, at the Pantheon in Madrid, in July, 1857, and received Her Majesty's complimentary approbation.

DEATHS.

On the 1st instant, Mr. F. W. Allcroft, the well-known musical entrepreneur, suddenly, much regretted by a large circle of friends.

On the 1st instant, after a few minutes' illness, on entering Drury Lane Theatre, to take his place in the orchestra, Mr. W. H. Blagrove, brother of our most eminent violinist, Mr. W. H. Blagrove, and for many years member of the Philharmonic and Opera bands, as second violin. Mr. W. Blagrove had long been labouring under disease of the heart, so that his death, though almost sudden, was not altogether unexpected.

On the 8th inst., Mr. William Bayley, Vicar-choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, and late organist of St. John's, Southwark.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WORSHIPPER OF RACHEL.—The following is an extract from the rhapsodical essay to which our Correspondent alludes. (We cannot find the remainder):—

"Taking up the tail of our last week's talk about Ristori, and making a head of discourse of it this week, she has since appeared twice as Mary Stuart, in an Italianised version of Schiller's tragedy of that name. Her personation of the luckless and lovely Caledonian Queen is quite as wonderful in its way as that of the Colchian regality, Medea, only the way itself is not so wonderful. She has comparatively little to do, though the doing of it takes a still longer time, extending over three mortal hours, and one hundred and thirty-nine pages of letterpress, not a semicolon of which is omitted, for every character speaks every word set down; and as it is all speaking, and little or no action, the effect is somnific exceedingly when Ristori is off the stage. The tragedy being wooden it is not out of keeping that the

other performers should be sticks; but assuredly they are gold sticks in waiting. Never did mimic courtiers appear more really courtly. The Leicesters, Talbots, and Mortimers of history stand before us, as far as red-heeled shoes, velvet slashed doublets, lace ruffles, jewels, and all Planchified correct costly costume are concerned; and the general look and make up of the men are marvellous; especially a Signor Tessero, whose *tableau vivant* of Cecil is a miracle of mediæval tailory and trimmings. Then the Elizabeth, Madame Barracani, is the very *beau ideal* of the terrible Tudor, as far as mantua-makers could construct her into the needful resemblance, the only discrepancy being that the stage queen was considerably too handsome for her historical prototype. She appears in three different dresses, each a paragon of millinery;—one, the full-robed state attire of the sovereign in the royal closet, purple, and crimson, and splendour, truly majestic to behold; the next a hunting dress, the maiden monarch looking a middle-aged Diana to the life, only Diana didn't wear a three-feet tail to her petticoat; the third, an intermediate sort of habiliment, between a ball-room and toxopholite rig. As for Ristori's appearance it was all over that of the beauteous Stuart familiar to the mind's eye of every real visionary, and a visionary who is not real has no more retrospective contemplation in his optic than a crab. Judging from the papers, and the praise they bestow on the scene—a truly amazing one, no doubt—where she submerges the daughter of Anne Boleyn in a scalding hot flood of Billingsgate, you would infer that fury is her forte; and a first-rate fury she certainly is—at once celestial and demoniac, as all thorough-breds of that stamp ought to be. But to judge of her real omnipotence over the feelings, she must be contemplated in the parting with her maids before the execution. Every man, woman, and child, fiddler, lamp-lighter, check-taker, ay, policeman, in the house on Wednesday night were in tears during the whole of this; and, perhaps, the same quantity of pocket-handkerchiefs never went through the same exercise within a like period, in theatrical annals at any rate. The wonder of it all was that she produced these effects on the audience without any of those violent transports on her own part which usually extort such homage to the tragic muse. Dr. M'Neile is now in London, preaching to-morrow for one of the charities. It is to be hoped he won't go to see her Mary on Monday night, for there is a scene even more affecting than either of these, and which might touch even his orthodoxy; and that is the confessional. It is given at great length, and with a picturesque fervour that, considering the aspect of the penitent, is quite enough to popularise idolatry, always provided that the idols were Ristoris, and then there would be no great difficulty in justifying the adoration, even though the worshipper should be Archbishop of Canterbury."

MELODIST.—*The review to which our correspondent alludes appeared in The Athenaeum. We subjoin it:—*

"Sleep, my babe, sleep."—Barney O'Hea: Irish Ballad. By Samuel Lover. (Chappel and Co.)—Mr. Lover, we apprehend, comes by some of his melodies at Moore and Haynes Bayly—not to speak of the Bérats and Nadauds across the water—came by theirs. Some one good turn (to adapt the well-known proverb) suggests another; and the phrase of some wandering peasant's ditty which has been caught on the banks of Blackwater or Shannon, or in that square, 'Murry Squer,' where Colonel O'Dowd courted Mrs. Major O'Dowd, being imperfectly remembered, comes out, after a lapse of years, completed and newly dressed, as 'The Angel's whisper,' or 'The Low-backed Chair,' or 'The Snow,' or other popular favourite. As we have frequent occasion to point out, the number of tunes that grow is infinite; the list of tunes that have been born would be shorter than the alphabet. Mr. Lover's words rarely fail of being graceful, good to sing and pleasant to say. Of the two ballads before us, we like the sentimental one the best. The comical one, 'Barney O'Hea,' will hardly depose its predecessor, 'Molly Bawn,' and a good half-dozen besides of the aly, sweet songs which have already proved their author to be a true Irish melodist."

AN ANCIENT "CAFFRE."—This paragraph (Daily Telegraph Feb. 18) was as subjoined:—

"CAFFRE DE L'EUROPE.—The proprietorship of this well-known establishment has recently been undertaken by Mr. W. J. Wilde, a gentleman universally respected in the theatrical profession as treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre. Last night an inauguration dinner was given, at which about a hundred and fifty guests assembled, including many persons distinguished for their literary and histrionic attainments. Mr. Buckstone was the chairman, and Mr. Keeley the vice-chairman. After an ample banquet, the usual loyal toasts were given by the popular lessees with such graceful emphasis and appropriate expression as might be justly envied by many a parliamentary and civic official. The reception accorded to Mr. Buckstone, and the fruits of his eloquence, was of

the most enthusiastic character; and a humorous speech, in which he proposed the health of the proprietor, and success to his new undertaking, was welcomed with turbulent demonstrations of approval. After Mr. Wilde had returned thanks in a grateful and becoming manner, Mr. Kedley proposed the health of Mr. Buckstone, and paid a well-timed tribute of admiration to his professional ability. Mr. Buckstone subsequently returned the compliment in a strain of eulogy well deserved by the subject of the toast, and the entire proceedings and arrangements were throughout the evening productive of the most pleasant and satisfactory results. Mr. Harker officiated as toast-master, and an efficient vocal corps contributed to the entertainment of the visitors."

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1858.

THE winter musical season is about to commence in downright earnest. Some apathetic amateurs (mild "*fanatic*") might object that M. Jullien's concerts at the Lyceum, and the operatic performances at Drury Lane, afforded more than enough of musical entertainment for the months immediately preceding Christmas. But in that case they would take a very narrow glance at a remarkably wide subject. Tertullian makes an apt remark about some bigot who could only understand the absolute necessity of religion from his own particular point of view; but, not having Sir E. Lytton's *Caxtons* at hand, we are unable to cite the passage (our memory being far from as retentive as that of "my father").

Music, like religion, presents a variety of phases; and these phases illustrate the intuition and belief of a variety of sects—all harmonious in themselves, though discordant when brought in contact with each other. First there is the Hanover-square phase, which is illuminated by the Philharmonic; then there is the St. James's Hall phase, representing many phases in one—from the New Philharmonic (professing to oppose no other institution, and in direct opposition to the "Old") to the Vocal Association (the members of which amuse themselves during the vacation by calling each other bad singers, and other hard names, in the columns of *The Musical Gazette*), and lastly, the Musical Union (the director of which, while recommending silence as the fittest homage that can be paid to music, will never be silent on the subject of his own musical merits); then we have the St. Martin's Hall phase, which is double-sided, combining secular and sacred music, with Mr. Hullah as Oracle on either surface; and, finally, (not to get quite lost in the labyrinth of musical institutions, of the flourishing or non-flourishing existence of which this huge metropolis has more or less reason to be satisfied or dissatisfied)—finally, we have the Exeter Hall phase, most nobly identified with the Sacred Harmonic Society, which we trust may not be disheartened by the temporary flight of its soul* to the deposit its *ass palace* at Sydenham. Well, all these, and countless of the *alij*, other phases, stand for London, in the visionary musical true *Iris parliament*, which, instead of a shadow, should of right be a substance; and all these phases, or most of them, will shortly be exhibited with renewed brightness for the edification of London amateurs.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Hullah leads the way in his treasurer of St. Martin's Hall—freshly (and as we hear, superbly) rated—with a performance of Mendelssohn's not yet appreciated *St. Paul*. On the evening of the 26th (day week), the Sacred Harmonic Society inaugurate their twenty-seventh season (somewhat modestly, we think),

with Haydn's *Creation*. Early in December, Mr. Benedict gives three grand concerts in St. James's Hall, for which, we understand, the most distinguished artistic celebrities, vocal and instrumental, are already engaged—and among the most distinguished, Miss Arabella Goddard, as pianist. These are only a few of the coming events that have already cast their shadows before. Mr. Henry Leslie, we presume, is also arming himself for the fight, and projecting new triumphs for his "Choir," new tasks (Herculean tasks, under the circumstances) for the band of the Amateur Musical Society, who—when enough of game has been bagged, and enough of fish hooked, to sustain the reputation of members as sportsmen and anglers—will doubtless come back eager to rehearse, for the 13th time, the overtures and symphonies they are pretty sure (unhappy Mr. Henry Leslie !), for the 13th time, to have forgotten.

Now, too, is the period of M. Jullien's "nights," or "Festivals," when Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Weber reign supreme during whole "parts" or "acts"—to the veritable enchantment of M. Jullien's most *musical* patrons; and to conclude, in the middle of December the Pyne and Harrison company migrate from Catherine-street to Bow-street, with the music of Mr. Balf's anxiously expected new opera in their heads and at their fingers' ends.

So that we were not far wrong in saying that "the winter musical season is about to commence in downright earnest." All we hope is that it may be fruitful, and through the multiplicity of its "phases," advance the cause of art and the well-being of art's professors—enlighten and purify the taste, no less than tickle the ears, of the public.

THE late Mr. Charles Mathews, in the course of one of his "At Homes," used to tell a story about an unfortunate *gourmand*, who, having bought the prize-ox at Smithfield, did not know what to do with his acquisition. The beast was a nuisance, when alive, but, nevertheless, was too fat to kill. Moreover there was something like malice in its disposition; for when its master gazed on it in silent despair, it would roll its big dull eyes towards him, as much as to say, "You've got me, and d——e you shall keep me."

The position of the proprietors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is analogous to that of the unfortunate purchaser of the prize-ox. They are in possession of the biggest house in the country—all made of glass, too—and they don't know what in the world to do with it. Originally it was intended to answer the purposes of a museum, stored with curiosities of industry and art; and, to a certain extent, inheriting the attractive power of the old palace of 1851; though the resemblance between the two exhibitions is more superficial than real. The Hyde Park Palace brought together specimens of every country's industry, and thus far represented the condition of the industrial world seven years ago. The objects collected in the Sydenham Palace, on the other hand, mainly consist of casts taken from original works of art, and of modern imitations of antique architecture. To rank the Sydenham Palace with the British Museum, the depository of real antiquities, would be clearly absurd. Scarcely less absurd would it be to rank the Assyrian Court at Sydenham with the *Sardanapalus* produced during the height of the Layard furor by Mr. Charles Kean. Both in the palace and in the theatre, mere copy work was shewn to the public; but at the theatre the Assyrian men, as well as the buildings, were imitated, whereas mere architecture was deemed enough to satisfy the patrons of the palace. From its magnitude

* Mr. Bowley.

the great house in Sydenham acquires, of course, a distinctive character; but if we regard the feeling to which it appeals, we should rather compare it to Mad. Tussaud's Saloon in Baker-street than to any other institution in this metropolis.

Somehow or other the Crystal Palace has arrogated to itself a sort of national character, and what is more surprising, its singular claim has been acknowledged by persons who ought to have known better. If the Bishop of London had consecrated the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel prior to its opening, a fortnight since, all the world would have been scandalized; yet when the Archbishop of Canterbury inaugurated with prayer the great glass show-box at Sydenham—the property of a few private individuals—this strange departure from all recognized precedent was regarded as perfectly natural and correct. When the liberal party, who would furnish the working classes with rational amusement on Sunday, make a demonstration, they petition Parliament to allow the opening of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace. The part of the petition that relates to the Museum and the Gallery is right enough: the whole nation craves to see a collection of works that are the nation's property. But why assign this post of honour to the Crystal Palace? Does its size alone entitle it to privileges that ought to be equally accorded to Mad. Tussaud and the Industrious Fleas?

That the Sydenham Palace, in its capacity of a museum, does not answer expectations, no one knows better than the proprietors. The big house is unprofitable if devoted to the purpose for which it was built, and therefore it must be treated, no longer as a museum, but simply as a great empty building, to be filled up with any treasures or any rubbish that circumstances may offer. To turn it into a concert-room, the statues are concealed by benches, but the statues have proved unserviceable, and therefore they may be considered as non-existent. All those courts, about which there was so much talk when the palace was newly opened, and which were to convert every bricklayer's labourer into an antiquarian, are now only so many nooks into which people may crawl by way of a change: but the real attractions are flower-shows, poultry-shows, bird-shows, holiday tomfooleries, and commemorative festivals. It is only a question of time when the august palace will be the seat of a cattle-show.

Being run aground for want of a topic of the day susceptible of crystalline commemoration, the managers, a short time ago, raked up the old Crimean war, and took it into their heads to give a Balaklava *fête*, to which all soldiers decorated with Crimean medals were admitted free, thus answering the purpose of decoy-ducks for them who had to pay. The Balaklava *fête* proved a "hit," so, on Friday, the 5th instant, it was followed up by an Inkermann festival, which was likewise successful. To spice these festivals, out-door amusements were provided, among which, wrestling in the Cumberland and West-country styles held a conspicuous place. In former times, the Eagle Tavern in the City Road was the place appropriated to this kind of "manly sport;" but now Mr. B. O. Conquest has obtained his theatrical licence, he will of course avoid anything so decidedly plebeian. The Crystal Palace, which engages Punch's show on Easter Monday, can afford to do what every proprietor of a tea-garden would look upon as derogatory, and yet preserve its respectability. We often wonder that the heroes of the prize-ring do not take benefits at Sydenham.

Why a festival on the 5th of November was allowed to pass over without some allusion to the Gunpowder Plot, we

cannot, for the life of us, make out. The Archbishop of Canterbury reading the service for the day, a stupendous Guy Fawkes, consumed by ignited tar-barrels, and a copious supply of squibs and crackers, would have formed an exhibition quite in the Sydenham taste.

MR. WILLETT BEALE'S TOUR.—Mr. Willert Beale has organised a provincial tour, to commence about the end of January, and to include the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom. His party is strong and attractive, comprising Mad. Viardot Garcia, Miss Eyles, Sig. Luchesi, Sig. Dragone, and Mr. J. L. Hatton (vocalists); Sig. Regondi (concertina), and Miss Arabella Goddard (pianist). Accompanist and conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Charles Mathews took his benefit on Saturday, when a new drama, entitled *The Tale of a Coat*, written in conjunction, by Dr. Franks, a Tentonic, and Mr. W. Brough, a true Briton, was produced. Now the drama is a drama of merit, well conjectured, well put together, and, verily, pointed, if not sparkling, in the dialogue. *The Tale of a Coat*, however, does not seem to have pleased universally. Some take exceptions to it on the ground that the "tale" is much too long—*talis longa est*, as the scholiast hath it; while others again nibble at it for its want of originality, alleging that the incidents and characters are as old as the hills; and others, more general and less rational, discover all sorts of objections. For ourselves, we think the title is a misnomer, and that the piece should be called *The Tale of a Despatch*, as the document, not the garment, is the pivot upon which the plot turns. If we were inclined to copy *Punch*, and be witty for the occasion, we might turn the name to good account, and declare boldly and authoritatively, in the *Punchian* tone, that the author when christening his drama *The Tale of a Coat* evidently intended to call it *Collar of a Coat*, since the paper which constitutes the gist of the piece is concealed in the collar and not in the tail. Here is a brilliant chance for Mr. *Punch*, who, no doubt, will take the hint from us, as he has done more than once before, without acknowledgment. We make him a present of it without the least hesitation. The drama had very little attraction for us, so much were we taken with Mr. Charles Mathews's life-like and vivacious acting, which kept the audience in a right merry mood from rise to fall of the curtain. It struck us, nevertheless, that the principal character would be better suited to an Irishman than any other country-man, and visions of poor Power, in the *Irish Ambassador* and in the *Irish Attorney*, rose to our mind's eye, as Mr. Charles Mathews, like Donati's comet through the northern sky, swept through his part brilliantly, with all the Haymarket telescopes directed against him. The audience were delighted with the actor, but had not quite made up their minds about the authors. Actors, by the way, are treated by the public with more leniency than authors; since, while few persons think they are qualified for the stage, everybody thinks he can write a play. Thus, while we often witness a piece of undoubtedly merit meet with a condemnatory fate, we seldom see a performer who has not plenty of friends to shield his faults, even should the public take pains to discover them. Perhaps the secret lies in the supposition that the one only strives to amuse, while the other endeavours to instruct—and none of us likes to be threatened with a rod.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. W. E. Evans will give a musical performance at the above Hall on Saturday evening next, on which occasion he will be assisted by Miss Eliza Hughes, as vocalist, Mr. Alfred Gilbert (piano), Mr. R. Clementi (violin), and Mr. W. Adams (harmonium), as instrumentalists. In the course of the evening, Mr. Evans will introduce his "Improved Harmonium," an instrument, it is said, admirably adapted to accompany the voice, and also capable of effective combination with other instruments.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

WHEN Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison announced Auber's *Crown Diamonds* at Drury-lane, we were fond in hopes that they would have taken a lesson from experience, and have profited by the sound advice so generously tendered them by the press when the opera was performed last year at the Lyceum. Neither manageress nor manager could have been ignorant of the error committed, and as M. Flotow, in the production of his *Martha*, was treated with such extreme respect, and his score honoured as though it were that of Mozart, we naturally concluded that the illustrious French composer, now at least, would have the same reverence paid to him, and that the *chef-d'œuvre* of a great master would escape the disfigurements of last season. Much to our surprise, nevertheless, the opera was rendered almost precisely as at the Lyceum, and not a semblance of reason offered for so strange a persistence in a course at once needless and impolitic. Rebolledo, as before, sang Mr. Tully's "Muleteer song;" Mr. Harrison introduced Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad; and Miss Louisa Pyne wound up with Rode's "Air and variations." Mr. Tully's song, in the situation, has no meaning whatsoever; Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad, although graceful and effective, is as unlike Auber as it possibly can be; while the "Air and Variations" is still more out of place and more discordant, since it has no connection, right or wrong, with the story, and cannot be wrested to any congruity. That Mr. Harrison sings the ballad earnestly, and Miss Louisa Pyne warbles Rode's air like a perfect Philomel, is no answer at all to the objection. Neither the music of Mr. Brinley Richards, nor of Rode, was wanting to render Auber's opera attractive. Mr. Harrison might, perhaps, have grumbled that he had only one air to sing, seeing that his admirers and the music-publishers are invariably anxious to hear two or more; but Miss Louisa Pyne is not left even this excuse, since the music of Caterina is enough for the most exacting *prima donna*, and the fair artist has abundant opportunity throughout the performance of exhibiting the remarkable fluency and brilliancy of her singing. Nor is the fact that the interpolations created a great effect to be pleaded in extenuation. An audience is sure to applaud a good ballad well sung under any conditions whatever; and Miss Louisa Pyne could not fail to produce an immense impression in Rode's "Air," even though she introduced it—we were going to say, into the middle of the *Messiah*. The general public is as easily "led by the ear as asses are," and we do not believe for one moment—having numberless proofs to the contrary—that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison think only of that part of their auditory who have no other care besides having their external senses tickled. In conclusion, let us assure the lady and gentleman that so well is the *Crown Diamonds* executed just now under their control, so capital is the chorus, and so perfect the band, that no extra stimulant whatever is wanting at the beginning, middle, or end of the opera. We, ourselves, should have heard the performance at Drury-lane more than once with infinite pleasure, but for the positive infliction—under the circumstances—of Mr. Tully's song, Mr. Brinley Richards' ballad, and Rode's "Air." Were Tully Cicero himself; Brinley Richards, Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and Rode, the Colossus that warned all managers—we mean, all mariners, from shipwreck—it could not alter our opinion. Were the performance one of mediocrity, we should not have cared for a few blots and blemishes. Were Auber a composer of secondary talent, we should not have felt chagrined. Were Miss Louisa Pyne an artist of no pretensions, we should hardly have troubled ourselves with writing this article.

THE BURNS CENTENARY FESTIVAL.—Colonel and Major Burns, sons of the poet, have accepted the invitation of the committee of the approaching festival in Glasgow. Samuel Lover, Esq., has intimated his acceptance of a similar invitation. It appears, from the New York papers just received, that the Burns Club of that city are making great preparations for the approaching centenary, and have resolved to make it a national affair. They have further offered a prize for a poem, to celebrate the event,

M. JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.

It was unfortunate that M. Jullien, when giving the "Farewell" Concerts—which we again hope does not mean his "Last"—should have been compelled to fall back upon a smaller theatre than any one of those to which he was wont to invite the public for the last twenty years. The Lyceum, in fact, is capable of holding little more than half the applicants for places who daily and nightly besiege the box office and various inlets of the theatre, while that part of the house, before, behind and around the orchestra, erroneously denominated the "promenade," is filled by a dense crowd. Care is taken, however, that the crowd is not oppressive, and consequently M. Jullien, since the opening night, has been spared the necessity of making any more energetic harangues in order to quell the disturbances originated by unmusical or inebriated "gents." The visitors are now enabled to pay the strictest attention to the music, while M. Wieniawski and Herr Reichert are no longer interrupted in their most brilliant solos.

The success of M. Wieniawski increases with each performance. He has indeed made a tremendous "hit," and has already become one of the musical "lions" of the day in London. Among other pieces which he played during the week we may notice Ernst's splendid fantasia from *Otello*, and a solo of his own upon Russian airs, both of which have created a *furore*.

The selection from *Il Trovatore* has given way to a selection from *Der Freischütz*—to the musical part of the audience a great change for the better. The selection has been made and adapted with more than usual felicity and skill, by M. Jullien. It commences with the overture, and comprises nearly all the favourite airs of the opera. We say "nearly all" since to include "all" would be to give the music throughout. Mr. Pratten, the flautist, plays the air, "Thro' the forest, thro' the meadows"—one of the most exquisite tenor airs ever written—and plays it admirably. Mr. Hughes executes on the ophicleide—not unwieldily in his hands—Caspar's drinking song, with magical effect; while M. Duhem, the acknowledged successor of Koenig on the cornet, performs the slow movement of the famous *scena*, "Before my eyes behold him," with surprising clearness and beauty of tone. Nor is the chorus idle. The "Huntsmen's chorus" is sung nightly, and seldom escapes an encore. Moreover, a part of the incantation scene is included. The selection from *Der Freischütz*, in short, is one of the most attractive we have heard, and its success cannot fail to direct M. Jullien's attention to other operas of sterling worth.

Sig. Verdi has received another "cut" in the rejection of the cavatina from the *Trovatore* by Miss Louisa Vinning, who substitutes Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark," and sings it by the way, much more satisfactorily than the Italian song. The new "Fern Waltz," is honoured nightly with an encore, and the new song, "I'm a laughing Zingarella," seldom escapes receiving the same compliment. Nor must we forget the "Hymn of Universal Harmony," which, as we augured last week, has grown into increased favour with the public, and nightly shares the applause bestowed on the National Anthem and "Rule Britannia."

M. Jullien has announced his Grand Annual Bal Masqué for the 13th of December.

CONSTERNATION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
(From *Punch*)

TIME—A little after Nine o'Clock.

The Prince. Phipps, what strange noise is that? It must be thunder.

The K. C. B. No; may it please your Royal Highness, it is the "Universal Harmony" that's being played at the Lyceum.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has announced a Grand Concert at Exeter Hall, to take place on Monday evening, the 13th of next month, in which she will make her first appearance for several years before an English public. If Madame Bishop be, as we are assured, in the full possession of her powers, she cannot fail to make a deep impression upon her audience.

MUST WE ALL SING?

(From the New York Musical World.)

FOR some time past, a very unusual amount of earnest attention has been directed to the subject of congregational singing, as distinguished from the vocal performances of a select body of singers, paid or unpaid, recognised as a choir. There is a widespread feeling, not simply in one section or denomination, but pervading nearly the whole of the Christian community, that it is desirable to attain something like universality in the musical utterances of divine worship. The want of this universality, or at least of an approach to it, is perhaps often spoken of by individuals who yet make no serious attempts to supply the deficiency by contributing their personal quotas, not of money but of voice. Many a man may complain that the people in his church do not sing; and, at the same time, act, or rather refrain from action, as though he were apprehensive that his own participation in the exercise would *soil his throat*. Numerous clergymen, however, have taken up the matter with determined zeal; and they have made, and are still making, strenuous efforts to attain the object. Some of them call their congregations together, stately, for musical drill; and set them a good example by their own presence and participation in the fag—for such it unquestionably is. It would be easy to cite several instances of this kind within the city of New York. Others preach *at* their people, lecture them, exhort them, and so endeavour to stir up the musical fire which is supposed to be latent within them; then give out a psalm or hymn, and possibly when it is sung may be fortunate enough, besides the stock voices of the choir, to detect those of some six or eight members of the congregation, out of an assemblage of perhaps as many hundreds.

After all, it is generally conceded that a *choir* of some sort is needed, if for no other purpose, to constitute a nucleus for congregational singing. It is true, nevertheless, that where congregational singing has attained what may be termed a permanent establishment, and where the *very same tunes are sung from "generation to generation,"* as in the Lutheran churches in Germany, the sound of an organ alone may suffice to start the voices of the multitude; and a choir, as such, may be often entirely dispensed with. But this is under peculiar circumstances, and such an experiment tried in an ordinary American congregation would prove very far indeed from equally successful. A choir here is necessary to *lead*, if no more; although the choir may be in some cases represented by a single stentorian voice, as in some Presbyterian congregations.

Now the members of the choir, where there is one, may be presumed to know more about music than any of the rest of the people; and to be able to manage creditably that which is plain and simple, even if they do not feel competent to execute any elaborate composition. But, unhappily, it is not always so. Sometimes the choir itself stands wofully in need of instruction. The condition of the church music under such circumstances must be dismal indeed; for, if even a small choir cannot be got to perform the duty decently, congregational singing can never begin. A case in point will not be unacceptable. A country clergyman, himself a gentleman of more than ordinary musical acquirements, thus writes from some such benighted district—

" I am located in a very unmusical region, and find much difficulty in getting a plain chant done respectably in my church. Drilling is of no use, and I am obliged to let things take their course. Last winter we employed a 'Singing Master' to teach the elements (as people say)—though I think the 'elements' understand their duty well enough. However, our friend taught the elements; and we have had pretty dry weather in the gallery ever since. I was amused with his ingenious advice to certain members of the class in regard to the most convenient method of hitting an accidental sharp:—'If it is C sharp, for instance, just raise up your voice to D, first of all, and then let it *slip down* somewhat considerable, and you'll come right.' You see, from this, that we are in a state of great advancement, so far as intonation goes; having gone far beyond the Diatonic, Chromatic and Enharmonic Scales, and begin to practise in the 'Sliding Scale.' "

The letter from which this amusing extract is taken, bears date as recently as January 25, 1858; and the accomplished writer, it is hoped, will kindly forgive the liberty which has

been taken in citing so much of it. But such a musical anecdote is too good to be confined to mere private circulation. Such an incident, it is fairly presumable, could occur only in a peculiarly obfuscated musical atmosphere. There is commonly a pretty good sprinkling of musical knowledge and taste of some sort among the members of every congregation; and it is the object of the clergymen who have taken the matter in hand, to render these available for the purposes of public devotion. A laudable design truly, but probably hitherto not crowned, in most instances, with so much success as was desired, deserved, or expected.

There are hindrances in the way of the attainment of the object sought; hindrances of a physical nature; hindrances of a moral kind; hindrances generated by pride or prejudice, and fostered by custom and fashion; hindrances occasioned by want of uniformity of views and wishes, with regard to the style of music which should be cultivated; hindrances arising from defective or vicious education, conducted possibly in the absence of any musical element; to say nothing of that main hindrance, the ever present spirit of freedom and independence which refuses to bow with implicit submission to any autocratic authority, without which submission the musical operations of a multitude can never be harmoniously conducted. There is, therefore, much to struggle against, before any good congregational singing can be attained. Besides knowing or recognising, and possibly *liking*, the music (and much depends upon the latter), they must be both able and willing to sing it. This implies a great deal. Many possibly are able enough, but not willing, to sing. Others probably are willing enough, but professedly not able. And some there may be at once able and willing, but put to silence because they either do not know or do not like the music; or possibly because they prefer to hear others sing, which cannot so well be done when singing oneself. How are all these parties to be brought into harmonious co-operation?

There seems to be underlying the attempt now making to get up congregational singing a settled conviction of the truth of the two following propositions:—1. All people can sing: or at least might learn to sing. 2. All people ought to sing in the services of the church. But these are not self-evident truths. At all events, there are people, good people too, who may feel very much disposed to question such statements, and who would allow them only in a qualified sense; the qualifications taking away their point, and reducing them from general to specific propositions.

On the other hand, the advocates of congregational singing assume both the stringency of the duty and the capacity to perform it. But it were vain to pile up "singing books," and institute drilling parties, if people generally are not convinced that they are able to sing, and that it is their duty to do so. Some observations upon these two points may not be amiss, but they shall be reserved for another occasion. Meanwhile, it may be noted as a curious and somewhat problematical circumstance, that one effect of really general and hearty singing is to silence, one by one, the voices of the very individuals who most delight in it; the cause being their desire to *hear* and enjoy the volume of sound produced by those around them. This is by no means unusual; but it is evident that if it were the universal, or even the very general, effect of congregational singing, it must destroy itself. If all listen, where will be the singers? And it is not very easy to hear what is going on, when making any considerable effort to add to the general product of sound. Upon this fact, an argument may be built in favour of *intropical* singing, or singing by turns or interchange; but that is not now under consideration. It may come up hereafter.

An apt illustration of the *silencing* effect upon sensitive minds, produced by hearing the grand roar of an assembled multitude when heartily engaged in singing a well-known tune, is given by the Rev. W. E. Dickson, M.A., in his little pamphlet entitled *A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, on Congregational Singing in Parish Churches*. He says:

" Occasionally we have the happiness of hearing that noble composition, the Old Hundredth tune congregationally sung. I say, we have the happiness of hearing it; and happiness of

a high order it is to join in the time-honoured strain with an united congregation. I cannot easily forget the impression made on my own mind by the unanimous singing of this old tune at the opening of a church. First, the well-known, familiar melody stole upon the ear from the soft organ; then, all uprising, numerous choir began its unison, 'With one consent,' massive chorals, and majestic volumes of harmony rolled forth from the glorious instrument: at the second line, the choir seemed to be reinforced by hundreds of additional voices; at the second verse, the idea of a 'choir' was lost—the choir was commensurate with the congregation; every lip moved, every voice joined; the clergy in the chancel, the children in the transept, the poor from the almshouse, all helped to raise that strain which, I freely confess, had an effect wholly overpowering upon myself. I WAS SILENT, but I seemed alone in my silence; the joy of such a moment was too great for utterance; never did I feel so strongly, as at that moment, the majesty of holy song."

Mr. Dickson then proceeds to quote the well-known anecdote narrated by "Master Mace," as to the effect produced upon his mind at York Minster, in 1644; when, in a metrical psalm, the "vast concurring unity of the whole congregational chorus came thundering in," which filled him with "unutterable ravishing soul's delight," in which he was "so transported, and wrapt up into high contemplations, that there was no room left in his whole man, viz., body, soul, and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures."

Father Mace, in his book called *Musick's Monument*, from which the above extract was taken, does not inform us whether, upon the occasion alluded to, he himself sang or not; the probability, however, is very strong that he, like Mr. Dickson, was charmed into joy "too great for utterance," and so was silent. Under similar circumstances, it is not an uncommon case; and then it comes to pass that the warmest advocates of congregational-singing, when the thing is casually attained (as it now and then may be upon peculiar and extraordinary occasions, such as ordinations, consecrations, dedications, and missionary meetings; when *picked congregations*, all more than ordinarily interested in the proceedings of the day, are brought together), are perhaps the very first to close their lips, in order to the greater enjoyment of the "vast concurring unity of the whole congregational chorus."

ODE TO M. JULLIEN.

(From *Punch*.)

AND must you leave us, Jullien? must we wander
Through life's hard pathway tuneless and alone
Whilst you are gone your magic notes to squander
'Midst savages in regions little known.

What shall we have to cheer us when November
Oppresses us with fog and spleen galore,
Whilst you are playing tunes we well remember
On Timbuctoo' inhospitable shore?

Sure we shall cut most melancholy figures
When in your concert-room in far Penang,
Fair Jetty Trefft is singing to the niggers
The songs that once in Drury-lane she sang.

And will you go as far as Madagascar,
And take the *Trovatore* even there;
And will each pigtailed Chinaman and Lascar
Think you, for Verdi's *Miserere* care?

And do you think the notes of great Beethoven
Will feast the soul of greasy Quashyboo?
Take care he doesn't pop you in an oven,
And make another kind of feast of you.

Why have you taken up these strange vagaries
Of wandering off to foreign parts abroad;
Of visiting Azores and Canaries,
And leaving us by whom you are adored?

If, as we hope, your scheme is only puffing,
Be warned, dear Mons. your *Punch* sincerely begs,
By him who over-greedy for the stuffing,
Destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

BRIXTON—(From a Correspondent).—The Amateur Musical Society gave its first concert for the season, on Wednesday evening, at the New Hall, Brixton. Mr. Boosé, as usual, presided as conductor. The instrumental music consisted of Mozart's overture to *Cosi fan Tutti*, and Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, Haydn's Symphony, No. 11, and Meyerbeer's March from *Le Prophète*, all of which were given with spirit and precision. The vocalists were Miss S. Cole and Mr. Morgan. The former sang "Robert toi que j'aime" and other pieces with much artistic feeling, and in one instance deservedly received an encore. Mr. Morgan, a young but promising tenor, possessing a very agreeable voice, but requiring a little more energy, sang several pieces, and appeared to please the audience. The Society has materially increased its orchestral force, and bids fair to become an important institution. The hall has been fitted up with much taste, besides being carpeted and furnished. The whole entertainment, indeed, partakes quite of a drawing-room character. The next concert is fixed for Wednesday, the 8th December.

MANCHESTER.—About 230 vocalists (besides the principals) of the Bradford Festival Choir, assisted at the Monday Evening Concert of the 1st of November. They sang several part-songs and choruses, and fully justified the praises that have been bestowed upon them whenever they have sung. Madlle. Vaneri and Mr. Coates were the solo vocalists, Mr. Burton, organist, and Messrs. Banks and Jackson, conductors.

THE LATE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—Instead of the late Festival proving to be a failure, as had at one time been anticipated, it turns out the most productive one for the charity which these meetings support—viz.: the Clergy and Widows Orphans' Charity—that has ever been held in the century-and-a-half of their existence. Some liberal contributions to the fund have been sent in since the meeting, and the result is that the total amount received on behalf of the charity is £1,063 3s. 4d. The largest collection realised prior to this year was in 1840, when £1,061 2s. 1d. was received. The prospects of the next meeting at Hereford, too, are cheering, twenty-four of the twenty-five stewards required for the Hereford Festival in 1859 having been obtained. The meeting of the "Three Choirs" for 1859 will be held at Gloucester.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. W. H. Monk, director of the choir at King's College, London, delivered a lecture on the "History and development of Choral Music," the illustrations being given by the members of the Manchester Vocal Union, numbering about 150 voices. The lecturer entered pretty fully into the early history of the great choral masters, illustrating the various schools and styles by compositions of Palestrina, J. C. Bach, Leo, Telemann, &c., &c., the singing of which evidenced considerable study on the part of the choir, and their conductor, Mr. D. W. Banks. The selection from the *Grosse Passions-Musik*, by J. S. Bach, was given with great precision; as was also a part-song of Mendelssohn's "For the woods at morn I yearn," and which, notwithstanding, the lateness of the hour, received an enthusiastic and well-merited encore. Mr. George Freemantle ably discharged the duties of the organ, and previous to the commencement of the lecture gave the "Dead March" in *Saul*, in remembrance of the late Sir John Potter, one of the patrons of the society. We understand *Judas Maccabaeus* is the oratorio next selected for a public performance, and we think will be more likely to secure a better audience in point of numbers than the one with which the choir were favoured on Saturday.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MR. ALFRED WIGAN and Mrs. Wigan have accepted an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, for six nights, which was to commence on the 8th of November. At that date it will be two years and one week since Mr. Wigan left the stage; his return is a matter of interest to all true admirers of histrionic art.

LOLA MONTEZ, who has been lecturing in New York with great success, recently proposed to deliver her celebrated lecture on Rome, in aid of the fund for building a church to be free to the poor and unfortunate. Her offer was accepted by the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, and was to be given at Hope Chapel, Broadway.

AN INHARMONIOUS CONTRAST.

(From *Punch*.)

JULLIEN'S "Hymn of Universal Harmony" was certainly wanting in effect the first night; for the effect on the audience was anything but harmonious. Whilst the chorus was warbling the prettiest sentiments, oaths and blows were being freely exchanged in the promenade. The appeal from the orchestra, that the whole world should love one another as brothers, was answered from below by loud cries of "A Ring! A Ring!" Poetic exhortations to "Peace," ended in a general fight; and the only figure conjured up by the music, which was breathing nothing short of universal love, was that of a policeman, who flourished his staff about with a vigour and precision worthy of the great *maitre's bâton*. If the "Row Polka" had been played instead, the response from the brute part of the audience could not have been in better tone. As it was, the contradiction was most comical; and probably if Jullien follows up his present triumph with "A Hymn of Universal Discord," it may, judging from the present opposite result, send his shilling admirers into transports of the wildest good humour, and we may witness the curious sight of an entire pit of mouldy gents all embracing one another.

The exhibition would be most pathetic! In the meantime, we warn Jullien against trying any more "Harmony." The disturbance on the opening night should be a music-lesson to him as to the danger of such experiments. His excuse is, that he was anxious to know how far the gentish breast was open to the influence of "Universal Harmony." "If the gent takes it quietly," he reasoned, "I know at once the effect it would have upon the savages." The promenade is quieted now, and the Mons glows every evening with a sunset halo of golden delight. He has no misgivings about his forthcoming musical scamper, with the piccolo as his *alpenstock*, all over the world. He consoles himself with the comforting assurance, that since he has escaped the fury of the gents, the Anthropophagi are sure to receive him with open arms.

Jullien is so pleased with the success of his "Universal Harmony," that he intends dedicating it to his friend, John Bright.

GREEK TRAGEDY.—The production of *Oedipus Rex* has once more revived the question of the propriety of performances from the Greek in our classic theatres. Without wishing to detract from the merit of the present performance at the Théâtre-Français, there is, as we know, another mode of executing such pieces, and of this, *Antigone*, produced at the Odéon in 1844, was an example. It consists in singing the choral part, and playing the piece on a double stage, the first being the *thymele* for the chorus, and the second the *proscenium*, raised for the personages of the drama, after the antique fashion. In this way several *chef-d'œuvre*, including *Antigone*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Hippolitus*, and *Medea*, with music by eminent composers, have been represented at various times at the Theatres Royal of Berlin and Munich. This system—the merit of conceiving which M. Sébastien Rhéal has restored to the Emperor Napoléon I., by the citation of the passages from the *Mémorial de Saint-Hélène*—is completed by this learned poet in his translation of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, in which he has restored, for the first time be it remarked, the chorus of the orchestric dance, as employed in Greek tragedy, which was totally distinct from ours. Those persons who are anxious to be edified on such points can refer to M. Rhéal's interesting work, *Hippolyte porte Couronne*, published by Dentu, with instructive observations.—*Le Ménestrel*.

Dewsbury.—A miscellaneous concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the Town Hall by the Dewsbury Glee Club, assisted by Mrs. Lofthouse, of Ossett, and the Dewsbury Quadrille band. The audience was not large, but the performance, on the whole, was very good.

MILITARY BANDS.—Orders have been issued that, in order to obtain efficient musicians as bandsmen for Her Majesty's regiments, a bounty of £10 is to be paid to all joining, and a gratuity of £1 to any person bringing an efficient man.

BRUSSELS.—The success of *Quentin Durward* goes on increasing. There was a gala performance a short time since, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and it was M. Gevaert's work which was selected for the occasion. The *librato* is sometimes fatiguingly long; the action does not progress, or does not progress fast enough. A great deal of recitative, substituted for the dialogue, retards it still more. The actors speak little and sing a great deal; they sing too much. The work is thus no longer a comic opera, as its title indicates, but a real opera. The first act is that which contains the least striving after effect, but it is that, however, which the public prefer to the other two, and their judgment is the correct one. Nothing equals simplicity. With far fewer instruments, and less complication and concerted pieces, Grétry charmed a great deal more. We certainly do not wish to see art retrograde; we only desire that M. Gevaert, who has manifested so much talent, should not lose sight of his great models. Let him follow without imitating them; let him particularly study the requirements of that branch of the art which he treats, and let him not seek exclusively grandeur, where, above all things, we need grace. Besides, grandeur does not consist in the proportions, but the sentiment, of a work.

MAIDSTONE.—**LITERARY AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION CONCERT.**—This entertainment came off on Tuesday evening, and was a decided success. The management of the programme had been judiciously confided to Mr. H. W. Hill, of the Royal Italian Opera, and the band, although small in number, rendered several popular selections in brilliant style. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the concert was a selection from *Il Trovatore*, by Mr. Alfred Mellon, with solos for the violin, flute, and trombone. The performances of Mr. Hill on the violin, in this and the other pieces, exhibited the vigour of his style. Mr. Winterbottom's trombone playing in the *Trovatore*, as well as in the solo from *Martha*, produced a great effect. Mr. Dawson's *morceau* for the flute was well played and much applauded. Mr. Tolhurst played well, and ably accompanied the singers on the pianoforte. A solo on the violin by Master Malatrat, from New York, played in a style that augurs a brilliant future for him, was encored. Messrs. Levason, Howell, Wallin, Gibson, Amor, and Beale, were effective in the concerted pieces. The vocalists were Miss Frazer and Miss Jefferys. Miss Frazer, in "Why should I be sad?" new song by Mellor, and a Scotch ballad (encored), afforded much pleasure. Miss Jefferys, in "Happy moments," and other songs, was loudly applauded. Signor Tivoli, lately arrived in England, sings with feeling, and his tone is rich and powerful. "Hear me, gentle Maritana" (*Maritana*), with violin obligato (beautifully played by Mr. Hill), was sung in excellent style. The Corn Exchange was filled to overflowing.—*South Eastern Gazette*.

LIVERPOOL.—The second public performance of the Vocal Union took place on Tuesday week, in St. George's Hall. The solo singers were Miss Whitham, Mrs. Winterbottom, Messrs. Inkermann and Skarisbrick. The chorus were on their mettle, and sang "O, thou that tellest," "For unto us" (encored), and "He is the king of glory," capitally. Mr. Best was the organist, and Mr. Armstrong the leader.

AMATEUR CONCERT AT HEATON HALL.—On Saturday evening, the 30th ult., a second concert in aid of the funds for the enlargement of St. Margaret's Church, Prestwich, took place at Heaton Hall, the seat of the Earl of Wilton. In addition to Lady Katherine Egerton, Lady Alice Egerton, the Hon. Seymour Egerton, and the Countess of Wilton, who took part in the last concert, a further treat was afforded at this concert by the presence of Miss Graham and Miss Helen Graham, two of the daughters of Sir James Graham, and the Hon. Mrs. Duncombe, all of whom at present are on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Wilton. Mr. Charles Hallé acted again as conductor, and Mdlle. Merei, who, we believe, made her *début* at Heaton Hall at the last concert, again lent her valuable services.

MANCHESTER.—The chief feature of Mr. C. Hallé's orchestral concert was Beethoven's "Battle Symphony." Spontini's *Olympia*, and Weber's *Der Freischütz*, were also played. Miss Custance Johnson was the vocalist. Mr. Hallé played Liszt's "Hungarian Airs," Mr. Carrodus a violin *fantasia*, and Herr Grosse a clarinet *fantasia*. The room was crowded.

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The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENnobles WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Göethe*.

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VOL. 36.—No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
{STAMPED 5d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS.—The Examination of Candidates for the Two King's Scholarships, one male and one female, vacated at Christmas, will take place at the Academy, on Monday, the 20th of December next.

Candidates, whose age must not be under twelve, nor exceeding eighteen years, will send in their names and addresses to the Secretary at the Academy, accompanied by the recommendation of a Subscriber to the Institute, on or before the 13th of December.

The certificate of birth must be produced previous to the Candidate being allowed to compete for a Scholarship.

By order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden street, Hanover-square,
November 18th, 1858.

EXETER HALL.—MADAME ANNA BISHOP begs to announce that she will make her FIRST APPEARANCE since her return to Europe in a GRAND CONCERT to be given by her at EXETER HALL, MONDAY, December 18th. Full particulars and programmes will be shortly announced.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to acquaint her patrons, pupils, and friends, that she has commenced her teaching for the season. Address, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W., where may be had all her publications for the guitar and concertina, consisting of thirty-one pieces for the guitar, sixty songs, and Paganini's "Carnaval de Venise," transcribed for the guitar, with pianoforte accompaniment.

HER WILHELM GANZ begs to inform his friends and pupils that he will return to town from the Continent, on the 20th inst. 37, Golden-square, W.

A GOVERNESS.—A lady of considerable experience requires a daily engagement. Acquirements: English, French, Music, and Drawing. Young children preferred. Address, M. A. B., Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, W.

THERE is a VACANCY in NORWICH CATHEDRAL for a tenor voice. Salary £60 per annum. Persons desirous of becoming Candidates for the office are directed to send testimonials and apply for further particulars to the Rev. The Precentor, Lower Close, Norwich. The day fixed for the trial of voices is Wednesday, December 8th.

V. R.
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
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Little English, Irish, and Scotch boys, from five to sixteen years of age, who play operatic selections, solos, duets, quartets, quadrilles, marches, and polkas; and sing songs, choruses, &c., in a most effective manner, and to whom he gives a gratuitous general and musical education in order to illustrate his highly approved system of musical education, and with whom he travels about the country to excite an interest for and help to establish musical institutions called "Conservatoires of Music" for little children in every town, city, and village of this great empire.

Applications to be made direct to the Royal College of Music, Bridge-street, Manchester.

47

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE COUNCIL

Have the honour to announce that the arrangements, at present determined, for the First Season of the Society's operations, are as follows:—

A CONVERSAZIONE

Will take place at the

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, HARLEY-STREET,

CAVENDISH-SQUARE,

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 15th, 1858, to which the Fellows and Associates only will be invited.

FOUR ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS,

Conducted by

MR. ALFRED MELLON,

Will be given at

ST. JAMES'S HALL, ON THE FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY EVENINGS:
January 26th, February 23rd, March 30th, and May 11th.

To which Members, their Nominated Subscribers, and the Public will be admitted

THE PRACTICES OF THE

SOCIETY'S CHORUS,

During the present year, will take place on MONDAY EVENINGS, November 29th, December 6th, 13th, and 20th, at Eight o'clock, at the

ST. JAMES'S (MINOR) HALL, PICCADILLY,

Under the direction of

MR. HENRY SMART.

Members who desire to join these practices are requested to forward their names, and to state their description of voice, to the Honorary Secretary, on or before the 25th inst., and to meet the Chorus Director punctually at the time and place specified for the first practice.

The Council have to announce that the

LIBRARY

Will be arranged in the

SOCIETY'S ROOMS IN ST. JAMES'S HALL,

And accessible to Members, under certain regulations, from the 1st of January, 1859.

Further arrangements will be duly announced.

Prospectus, with full particulars, and a list of the Fellows and Associates, may be had at Messrs. Weare and Co., 18, Hanover-square, W., and of the Honorary Secretary, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

CHARLES SALAMAN,

HONORARY SECRETARY,

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BY RUDOLF NORDMANN.

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3. PHEBE DEAREST.
4. GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED.

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**M'APPARI TUTT' AMOR
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"In the present arrangement, Mario's great and really beautiful song is arranged most charmingly. The piece gives all the expressive and plaintive feeling of the original melody, and is at the same time so brilliant and striking a fantasia, that it has every element of popularity, and will be one of the favourite morceaux of the season."—*News of the World*.

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LORD LOVELL'S WALTZ,
BY HENRI LAURENT.

Comically Illustrated. Price 8s.

"M. Laurent is one of our best composers of dance music, and Lord Lovell's Waltz is one of his happiest, and most lively contributions to the ball room."—*Literary Gazette*.

6.

DAYBREAK,
NEW SONG,
BY LONGFELLOW AND BALFE.
Price 2s.

"The music is striking, characteristic, and telling, and, like his 'Maud' ballad, will be a special favourite with the many admirers of Balfe's songs."—*News of the World*.

"'Daybreak' is likely to become as popular as the setting of Tennyson's 'Come into the garden, Maud,' by the same composer. It has all the essentials of immediate popularity. The tune at once becomes familiar to the ear, and the sentiment of the poetry—the most attractive in Professor Longfellow's recent volume, is embodied by the musician in a frank and sympathetic manner."—*Literary Gazette*.

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7.

DON PASQUALE VALSE,

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Price 3s. piano; 3s. 6d. orchestra; 2s. 6d. septett.

8.

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BY A. LAMOTTE.

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9.

OBERON POLKA,

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"The Oberon Polka is one of the most charming we have ever heard, an even less accomplished performers will find it a most valuable addition to their répertoire."—*Brighton Herald*.

10.

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MADAME OURY.

Second Edition. Price 3s.

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"A delightful collection of the favourite airs of that opera in a brilliant and florid style."—*Brighton Herald*.

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"The most popular number of the twelve celebrated Volkslieder, arranged for the pianoforte by Adolph Gollmick.

"A highly attractive set of pieces."—*Illustrated London News*.

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COMPOSED FOR

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REVIEWS.

"DO YOU THINK OF THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE, JEANIE?"—
Ballad. Composed by Henry Smart.

"THE RHINE MAIDEN"—Song. Words by Amelia B. EDWARDS.
Music by Henry Smart.

"O, HEAR ME NOT MAIDENS"—Trio for equal voices. Written by
E. M. S. Composed by Henry Smart. (Cramer, Beale, and
Chappell.)

THESE are trifles, but, like all the trifles that proceed from the pen of Mr. Henry Smart, musically interesting on account of the careful finish with which they are composed. Of the ballads, while both are graceful, we prefer the "Rhine Maiden"—in the third bar of the symphony, of which, by the way, there is an engraver's error (A, instead of F, in the bass), which should be adjusted, if only for the sake of amateur purchasers. The trio is an unobtrusive little gem of the purest water—a pastoral, as fresh and charming as it is melodically spontaneous and voiced to perfection.

We may compliment Mr. Smart on his choice of words to set to music. The ballads are allied to verses of which no poet need be ashamed, and did our space allow, we should be tempted to quote them both *in extenso*. Indeed, we venture on a half promise to make our readers acquainted with them next week.

"LORD LOVELL'S WALTZ."—By Henri Laurent. (Boosey and Sons).

The first figure is built upon the well-known melody from which the waltz borrows its name; the other figures are M. Laurent's own property; and it is no small praise to say that he has found tunes genial and sparkling enough to keep company with such a long-established popular favourite. *Lord Lovell's Waltz*, in short, is one of its composer's most seductive contributions to the ball-room, and arranged for the pianoforte in such a manner as to combine facility with brilliancy.

"SOUVENIR DE GLUCK." Arranged for the Pianoforte, and Dedicated to Miss Edith F. Markham. By Charles McKorkell. (Duncan Davison and Co.)

Mr. M'Korkell must be praised for his taste in seeking materials for an easy teaching-piece at one of the fountain-heads of melody—the operas of Gluck. *Armide* is full of flowing exquisite tune, from which the skilful adapter has selected some of the most captivating passages, employing them for his own purposes without in any way damaging their intrinsic beauty. Some more "*Souvenirs*" of Gluck would be welcome. Such healthy music cannot be too widely disseminated, in every possible shape—provided always the original finds such sympathetic and congenial treatment as in the present instance.

"LA TARANTELLA"—pour piano—composée par Charles Luders. Op. 41. Duncan Davison and Co.

"LE CORSAIRE"—mélodie historique (du temps du moyen Âge)—pour piano. Par Charles Luders. Op. 42.

M. Luders, whose talent, both as pianist and composer, needs no testimony from us, has performed what we could scarcely have believed possible. He has written a new *tarantella*. Yes, a new one, and not only a new one, but a good one—sparkling, "*dansant*," and full of the genial fire of the south. The *tarantella* of M. Luders is not very difficult to play—which is of itself a desirable contingency; but it is quite as effective and brilliant as it is vigorous—which is another. That it is planned symmetrically, and written with the fluency and correctness of a practised musician,

will be at once concluded from the title page. M. Luders writes little (too little), but what he writes is invariably finished and artistic.

The *Corsaire* is just as attractive in its way, and just as sterling, judged from a musical point of view. The old melody, none the worse for its age, is bold and rhythmically marked; and M. Luders has made a capital movement out of it—developed it, indeed, most ingeniously. This piece is somewhat more difficult than the first, but not so much so as to place it beyond the reach of the great majority of competent amateurs. We can honestly recommend both Op. 41 and Op. 42—both the *Tarentelle* and the *Corsaire*.

"THE CHAIN OF FLOWERS"—Song. Poetry by J. E. Carpenter. Composed and dedicated to Miss Poole, by F. Harold Thomas (R. W. Olivier.)

We are fortunate this week. Here is another really charming little song, in which some smooth and sensible verses are set to music not merely smooth and sensible, but expressive in the bargain, besides having a certain air of independent thought about it which would alone be a recommendation.

"TARENTELLA"—pour piano—by Harold Thomas. "CHASSE"—pour piano—by the same. The former dedicated to Mrs. Anderson; the latter to Mr. Cipriani Potter. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.)

The *Tarantella* is clever, decidedly; but it is as unquestionably, dry, owing to the want of genuine *tune* which distinguishes each of the principal themes. The *Chasse* is both clever and interesting, and the first subject especially is marked by a certain energetic and resolute character which may pass muster even in the absence of that special quality of which we can find no indication in the companion-piece. The second subject ("*tranquillo*") has less charm; but the whole is so carefully written, and sustained with such spirit, that to dwell upon minor deficiencies would be hypercritical.

BIRMINGHAM.—The first concert for the season of the Birmingham Musical Union took place at Dee's Assembly Room on Monday last. Those persons who have hitherto been doubtful of the possibility of getting any miscellaneous audience to listen with attention and take a true interest in classical chamber compositions, may now fairly be called upon to acknowledge themselves mistaken, as the room was filled, all the pieces were listened to with the greatest attention, and (if we may judge from the general behaviour of the listeners) with unfeigned satisfaction. The programme consisted of three quartets by Beethoven (No. 4, C minor), Mendelssohn, and Haydn; concerto for violin (Mendelssohn), and sonata for two pianofortes (Mozart), with two songs, and a solo for violoncello. The quartet which elicited most applause was that by Mendelssohn for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. It was well played in all respects, the pianoforte part, by Mr. Duchemin, especially deserving praise. In the minds of those who heard this quartet for the first time it must have excited emotions very different from those produced by the music which forms the staple of ordinary "miscellaneous" concerts. One such piece—carefully got up and well played—will go far towards establishing a true interest in the class of music which the Musical Union are laudably endeavouring to popularise. Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin, played by Mr. Hayward, was warmly received, and deservedly so. Mozart's sonata for two pianos (Op. 58), by Messrs. Flavell and Duchemin, elicited great applause. As a duet of this character is rather a novelty in Birmingham, it was looked forward to with considerable interest. Miss Armstrong, a Manchester vocalist, sang one of Spohr's and one of Mendelssohn's songs, the latter with great taste. Herr Lidel played for his violoncello solo one of the melodies from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Flavell. Haydn's quartet, No. 77, better known as the "Emperor Quartet," was well given by Messrs. Wallerstein, Hayward, Bastens, and Lidel. So far as can be judged from a single concert, the Union bids fair to realise its object—that of cultivating a taste for classical compositions.—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.

M. STEPHEN HELLER.

A Monsieur le Directeur du Musical World.

MONSIEUR,—Dans le dernier numero de votre estimable feuille vous parlez à propos de mes dernières *Etudes* de l'inopportunité du titre de cet ouvrage:—*Ecole essentielle des Pianistes*, etc., etc.

En accueillant avec déférence et gratitude les critiques et les éloges dont mon œuvre est l'objet de votre part, je ne puis assumer la responsabilité d'un fait qui m'est étranger.

Le titre indiqué par l'auteur, tel qu'il se trouve sur les éditions française et allemande, est ainsi conçu:—24 *Nouvelles Etudes pour Piano*. C'est donc l'éditeur anglais qui, sans m'en donner avis, a pris sur lui de faire subir au véritable titre une altération dont je n'avais aucune idée.

Laisssez-moi espérer que vous voudrez bien donner une place à cette déclaration, puisque il s'agit du droit le plus simple de l'auteur, celui de donner le nom à son ouvrage.

Veuillez recevoir, Monsieur, l'assurance de la haute considération avec laquelle je suis, votre tout dévoué serviteur,

STEPHEN HELLER.

Paris, 15 November, 1858.

(TRANSLATION.)

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In the last number of your esteemed journal, in speaking of my *Studies* (Op. 90), you comment upon the impropriety of the title—*Ecole Essentielle des Pianistes*, etc., etc.

While accepting with deference and gratitude the criticism and the praise you bestow upon my work, I cannot assume the responsibility of a proceeding to which I am a stranger.

The title indicated by the author, and attached to the French and German editions, is as follows:—24 *Nouvelles Etudes pour Piano*. Thus it is the English publisher who, without informing me, has taken upon himself to make the real title undergo an alteration of which I had no idea.

Allow me to hope that you will find room for this declaration, since it relates to the most simple of an author's rights, that of giving a name to his work.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of the high consideration with which I am, yours, &c., &c.,

STEPHEN HELLER.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The Sacred Harmonic Society announces its 27th season as about to commence this month, and, relying on past successes and on past achievements in the cause of true art, appeals once more to the lovers of sacred music for their support.

For the first concert of the new season they announce a novelty—Haydn's *Creation!*—the Oratorio which the London Sacred Harmonic Society so constantly performs for the gratification of its subscribers; the oratorio which so frequently tempts our suburban friends to fill the now deserted Surrey Music Hall,—the oratorio which delights Islington,—which awakens the echoes of the old Crosby Hall,—which is a staple programme for the Cecilian and other minor choral societies of this metropolis, and the oratorio which every new-born provincial vocal association invariably announces to be performed at the first and opening concert.

Now I am not insensible to the beauties of old Haydn's popular and melodious oratorio. Apollo forbid! But, for a great Society like the Sacred Harmonic, after a six months' recess, to have nothing more stirring and interesting to present to its subscribers, shows a want of enterprising spirit, and a determination to keep in only a regular beaten-down track, which argues badly for future and continued success.

Why are so many of Handel's master-pieces still allowed to repose in dusty obscurity on the Society's library shelves? Why is Beethoven's mass in D still almost a closed book? Why is Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* left to Mr. Hullah and his Upper Singing School? and why should a masterpiece, such as Cherubini's *Requiem* be always so studiously neglected? Who, that heard this latter noble composition at a concert of the New Philharmonic Society some years ago, can forget its manifold and ex-

traordinary beauties, or the sensation which a comparatively inefficient performance created?

I take this opportunity of calling the attention of the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society to one vitally important subject—viz., the vocal efficiency of their choir.

Those who were present at the recent festivals at Leeds and Birmingham, could not fail to remark, that a choir of not more than three-hundred singers produced far more genuine tone and effect than the oft-vaunted Seven Hundred in Exeter Hall! And why so? because each singer was competent for his task, vocally and artistically! Not so the choir of the Sacred Harmonic Society. If properly tested, it would be found that a large proportion of the members are utterly incompetent through want of natural voice, and of sufficient musical ability. Many never attend any but the final rehearsals, and not always even these: and many, old age or physical infirmities have rendered worse than useless either at rehearsals or at performances.

It is certain that, if this state of affairs is not remedied, the standard of excellence at the Society's concerts must year by year become lower. Singers, who barely know their notes, or who are unable to sing in tune, produce noise and confusion, not musical sound; and men, who from age, or from natural infirmities, can only speak with labour, cannot be expected to aid much in the effect of a chorus.

The laws and regulations of the Society should be reformed. Every member of the choir should be subjected to a careful examination at the commencement of each season.

Old age, vocal deficiencies, and musical incompetency, should be rigorously excluded, and care should be taken that no member who had failed to attend a single rehearsal should be allowed, under any pretence whatever, to take part in the public performance of that particular programme.

Such regulations as these would work a speedy change. There are hundreds of applicants with fresh and vigorous voices anxious to enrol themselves in the ranks of the Society; but the answer invariably is, "We are full!"—ay, full of incompetency!

If the Sacred Harmonic Society would maintain its present position, fresh blood must be infused into the direction, their ranks must be weeded, and their laws be more stringent. The more select the choir, the greater will be the honour of being a member, and the greater will be the number of ready and able recruits.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
MUSICUS.

ROUND, CATCH, AND CANON CLUB.—The above society was founded by the late Mr. Hawkins, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, and afterwards removed to the Thatched House. Its meetings are now held at the Freemason's Tavern (the opening one being on Saturday), and are to continue fortnightly until March. Mr. Francis took the chair after prayers (grace), and his "orders of the day" were admirable, as the annexed list will testify.—Grace, "For thee and all thy mercies (1545); glee, "Strike the lyre" (T. Cooke), "Beauties, have you seen a toy" (Evans), "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue" (Horsley), "Sweet is Evening" (Horsley), "It was a lover and his lass" (Stevens), "The sycamore shade" (Goss), Catch, "Let's have a catch, and not a glee" (T. Cooke), Glees, "To a kiss" (Beale), "O the sweet contentment" (Horsley), "Just like love" (Davy), Madrigal, "We happy shepherd swains" (Netherclift). Finale, "Let the sparkling wine." The vocalists were Messrs. Barnby, Bradbury, Bagster, Cummings, Francis, Gear, Land, Lawler, Machin, and Wynn. Horsley's composition was redemandated. Novello's arrangement of Davy's popular melody was also given twice. In these encores, the vocalisation of Mr. Francis in the alto parts was universally admired. Mr. Cummings, a tenor in the Temple choir, and Mr. Lawler, the basso, also distinguished themselves in "Just like love." On the health of the visitors being drunk, with which toast Mr. Gruniesen's name, as an amateur, was associated, that well-known and highly-esteemed connoisseur pointed out, in returning thanks, the pre-eminence which this country had attained, not only through the number and variety of her musical institutions, but also through their speciality, vocalists and instrumentalists of every school being represented.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL may at length be looked upon as finished. Better late than never. We cannot express very strong admiration for the style in which the interior of the Great Hall is decorated,* but we may congratulate Mr. Hullah and his patrons on the arrangements which now render it what it was not previously, an arena where music can not only be heard under conditions favourable to sound, but with personal comfort and convenience. The new orchestra, too, is a wonderful improvement on the old one, the new stall seats are commodious, and the new stall-entrance, at the north side of the building, is an unquestionable advantage†. Opinions may differ about the artistic taste exhibited in the style with which these welcome innovations have been accomplished, but about the advantages secured to the frequenters of St. Martin's Hall there cannot be a question.

The winter season commenced on Wednesday night, with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, one of the works most calculated to perplex the members of Mr. Hullah's Upper Singing School, and with which they are the least familiar. The performance generally so far as the choruses were concerned, revealed all the defects complained of last season—unsteadiness, wavering intonation, absence of clearness and delicacy, occasionally preponderating. What was good was just as good before—for it is a peculiarity with the members of the Upper Singing School that they neither go backward nor forward, but maintain the same level with unswerving consistency. For this reason the less they meddle with music so difficult as that which abounds in *St. Paul* the better. We suppose they will not exert themselves, unless now and then for a "spirit"—as on the occasion when the *Ninth Symphony* was produced, and did them so much credit; at any rate there is no other way to account for so many short-comings after so long experience. Has Mr. Hullah enough of the despotic

* "In conformity with the original intentions of the proprietor, the Large Hall has been re-painted, and decorated polychromically, in a style which harmonises with the architectural design of the building. The ceiling is now covered with ornament, the prevailing colours in which are red, blue, white and green. The panels are covered with a bold Elizabethan design in white, while the mouldings are decorated with broad bands of colour, broken by the introduction, in parts, of Elizabethan ornaments. The walls have also been subjected to polychromical decoration, so that the effect of the entire Hall as it now stands, is to present a fine example of an interior of the Elizabethan period, while, at the same time, that air of cheerfulness which is so essential to a place of public amusement, has been secured. In connection with these decorations in the Large Hall, the staircases and smaller rooms throughout the building have been re-painted."—(From Mr. Hullah's *Prospectus*.)

† A new orchestra has been constructed, under the personal superintendence of the proprietor, whose long experience of the points required in a thoroughly good orchestra has been brought to bear in the present instance; and it is believed that the result is one of the most convenient and elegant orchestras in Europe. New stall-seats have been added, and care has been taken to secure comfort to the sitters, by constructing the seats of a proper height, and by allowing ample room for each person. In compliance with numerous requests, a portion of the stall-seats consists of chairs made expressly for St. Martin's Hall—the rest being settees with stuffed seats and backs, each capable of holding four persons. A new stall entrance has been opened in Wilson-street (on the north side of the building), which runs parallel with Long Acre. By this alteration visitors to the stalls will proceed up the grand staircase, and thus avoid the necessity of traversing the long passage under the great hall, and also of ascending the smaller staircase near the Charles-street end of the building. By this arrangement the latter staircase is left entirely free for the use of the lecturer or performers. Refreshment and waiting room.—Arrangements have been entered into for the supply of tea, coffee, ices, and other light refreshments on the occasions of concerts and entertainments, and for this purpose the long room known as the library, situated close to the new stall entrance, in Wilson-street, has been papered and painted, and will henceforth serve as a refreshment room, and also as a crush room after the concerts are over. For the convenience of visitors to the area and galleries, refreshment stands will be erected on the landings of the great staircase."—*Prospectus*.

in him? We fear not, although he is a contemporary of Mr. Costa and Louis Napoleon.

With the exception of Mr. Santley—who, if at present lacking weight for the effective delivery of all the music of *Paul* (such as was the case with his *Elijah*), still evinced such thoroughly artistic qualities as to entitle him (notwithstanding his desire to exhibit his high F sharp, at Mendelssohn's expense, in the second part of the air, "O God, have mercy!") to very high praise—we are unable to bestow unqualified eulogy upon any of the solo singers. What could have induced Mr. Hullah to entrust the tenor music (including the great and arduous part of Stephen) to a nervous semi-barytone, with a trembling *falso*, we are at a loss to guess. If he wished to afford Mr. Arthurson a chance, he might have carried out his good intentions without exposing his protégé to such imminent risk. Another newcomer—Madille. Behrens (a native of what country is not stated)—was the reverse of Mr. Arthurson in one respect, being not at all nervous, but very much the contrary. We own we should have been better pleased to observe some slight degree of timidity in this *débutante*, who might then have given us the beautiful contralto air, "But the Lord is mindful of his own," with the expression that becomes it, instead of in the exaggerated theatrical style which a writer in *The Globe* twists the "well-regulated critics" of the morning press for not admiring. Madille. Behrens was encored by the audience, and therefore will probably smile (with *The Globe*) at the "well-regulated critics," at which the "well-regulated critics" may or may not be disconcerted and abashed. But seriously Madille. Behrens will do well to consider that sacred music demands a certain calm elevation of style. Madille. Maria de Villar progresses. Her voice is good, especially in the upper notes, and she is painstaking and intelligent; but the soprano music in *St. Paul*, and especially the angelic air, "Jerusalem," does not require so many *rallentandi*, *ritardandi*, *diminuendi*, *sforzandi*, *crescendi*, *lusingandi*, &c.—and (*senza lusingheria*)—we are assured that Madille. de Villar has no more need of them than the music. Mr. Barnby was a very good second bass.

Nearly all the choruses, and nearly all the airs and duets were sung too slowly. Even "Consume them all" (otherwise famously given by Mr. Santley) suffered from this mistake. We have recently had to complain of *veloz lingue mania*; does Mr. Hullah, anxious to please "well-regulated critics," intend drifting back silently into the opposite extreme of the ancient and *effets* school of Knyvett and "Sir Henry?"

The band (Mr. Blagrove leader) played the overture well, and was generally efficient in the accompaniments. It is between 50 and 60 (nearer 60 than 50) strong, and only wants a little reinforcement in the lower "strings."* Mr. E. J. Hopkins was at the organ, as correct and diligent as always. This gentleman is Mr. Hullah's right arm, just as Mr. Blagrove is his left. The hall was very full, the oratorio much applauded, in spite of the marked opposition of ascetics and Pythagoreans, and Mr. Hullah welcomed with loud applause on taking his place in the orchestra.

SELBY.—Mr. Milnes has given a concert, with great success, in the Public Rooms. Miss Newbound, Miss Tankard, and Mr. Hinckcliffe were the vocalists, and Miss Milnes the pianist.

* Here is the official list of performers:—*First Violins*—Messrs. Blagrove (principal), Bannister, Bezeth, Clementi, W. H. Hill, H. Hill, Kreutzer, Le Jeune, Tolbecque, and Zorbini. *Second Violins*—Messrs. Watson (principal), Calkin, Colchester, Marshall, Newsham, Packer, Perry, A. Simmonds, T. Watson, and J. Zerbini. *Violas*—Messrs. Boileau, Trust, Webb, and Wealake. *Violoncellos*—Messrs. G. Colling (principal), Aylward, G. Calkin, Guest, and W. F. Reed. *Double Basses*—Messrs. Howell (principal), Mount, Reynolds, and Severn. *Flutes*—Messrs. Rockstro, and Chapman. *Oboes*—Messrs. Nicholson, and Chisholm. *Clarionets*—Messrs. Maycock, and Baddeley. *Bassoons*—Messrs. Hauserer and Nobbs. *Horns*—Messrs. Mann, Standen, Hayward, and Waterson. *Trumpets*—Messrs. Zeiss, and Ward. *Trombones*—Messrs. Webster, Horton, and Winterbottom. *Serpent*—Mr. Standen. *Drum*—Mr. Horton. *Long Drum and Cymbals*—Mr. Seymour.

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE.

(From the *Era*.)

MANY very absurd and unfounded statements are floating over the surface of theatrical gossip, and have even found their way into some of the public journals, in connection with the progress of the Adelphi Theatre; some going so far as to gravely declare that extreme doubts are entertained as to whether the new house will or ever can be opened.

The cause of these rumours is variously stated; with some it depends on a faulty plan, bad foundation, or rotten walls, while bolder hints point to a want of capital as being the real secret of delay. As such statements are extremely unfair, and at the same time most annoying to Mr. Webster, as from the credence given to them they in a measure impugn the veracity of that gentleman's declaration to the public, that at a certain time his new theatre would be open for dramatic representation, we take the opportunity, knowing all the facts, to flatly and definitely contradict every assertion that conveys a doubt of the due fulfilment of that promise.

It is true that the new theatre will not be open so soon as was expected, and, indeed, contracted for, but this neither proceeds from want of adequate funds nor any error of plan or construction, but simply from want of space to carry on the necessary operations, and a desire to make the building of more than efficient strength and solidity.

In the first place, the foundation is to be carried unusually low, and in consequence of the confined area, and having only one way of entrance for carts, but one vehicle can be filled at a time; this alone causes a most considerable delay in getting rid of the earth and debris. Another cause arose from making the party walls of a strength and thickness to carry the great weight of the superstructure, the consequence of which was that the adjoining old houses, unable to bear the pressure of the massive fabric raised against them, gave way, and necessitated Mr. Webster not only to take down and re-build his own work, but to put new walls to the rotten tenements on either side of him. But in despite of this unlooked-for cause of delay, the first principal of the roof is already in its place, and in a few days more the whole area will be roofed in. After that the work will proceed rapidly, for the gas is already laid on, and a double set of men will in future work night and day till the theatre is completed; and as the seats, fittings, scenery, and appurtenances are made, and only wait to be fitted into their several places, is sure to be effected by the time specified, and the house opened to the public early in December. As regards the rumour of deficient means, we have authority for stating that more than enough to make this the most elegant theatre in London is already in hand, and that if as much more as the estimated cost was required to complete the fabric it could be immediately procured.

The difficulties Mr. Webster has had to contend with have been great, and his anxiety considerable, and we are assured that, despite all delays and vexations consequent on the rebuilding of his theatre, the faith he has ever preserved with the public will, on this occasion, be redeemed, like all other promises, by the opening, in a few weeks, of the new Adelphi Theatre.

ALTRINCHAM.—The Choral Society gave their second concert in the Town Hall, which was crowded. The choir sang a selection from the music of Bishop, Hatton, &c., &c. The society is making great progress; several of the influential resident gentry have recently joined.

INTERPOLATIONS IN AUBER'S "CROWN DIAMONDS."—With so much to say in unequivocal praise of the manner in which the opera is executed it is vexatious to be called upon to visit any portion of it with such severe censure as is deserved by the unjustifiable liberties which have been taken with one of the most finished and gem-like works of the great French composer, by the interpolation of the two airs by Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. Tully respectively, and of Rode's air and variations, the latter introduced by Miss Pyne as a *finale* where the dramatic completeness and epigrammatic point of the conclusion, as left by composer and dramatist, positively exclude any such a conventional display of vocal fireworks. Excellent in themselves as these compositions may be, they are utterly at odds with the texture and character of the opera; and the attempt to graft anything, especially what is so incongruous in a work artistically perfect in itself, can only jar upon the ear and make the "judicious grieve." A better example than this should be set by managers who have shown so much zeal and devotion in establishing a field for English musical art.—*Morning Herald*.

ALBERT SMITH IN CHINA.

We copy the following from the *Hong Kong Daily Press* of Sept. 28, relative to an entertainment given by Mr. Albert Smith at the Club House, for the benefit of the local charities, on the previous Saturday:—

"If the pleasure of pleasing, and the consciousness of having contributed comfort to the poor and needy, can afford satisfaction to a Christian, Mr. Albert Smith must leave China a happy man. It really was an act of great politeness in him to afford this community the felicity of witnessing his powers of entertaining, and the managing of it in the manner he did, for the benefit of the charities, evinced a noble feeling, and the sensitiveness of a true gentleman. Had he given one entertainment for his own benefit towards defraying his travelling expenses, and another for the benefit of the charities, he would still have been entitled to great credit. Had he left without affording the community the pleasure of gratifying their curiosity in witnessing his far-famed powers, he might have been deemed a little ill-natured. But to gratify the public—to give alms to the poor—and take the consciousness of doing good, and the applause of a community he will never see again, for his reward, was doing the thing handsomely. We say, 'God bless him!'

"His success was unprecedentedly brilliant in the annals of China. The rooms were thronged, the audience were in raptures; and although the admittance was very low, the receipts exceeded £200 of clear profit. Some of the local allusions, in 'Galignani's Messenger,' to Hong Kong and its topics, elicited rapturous applause, at one time completely stopping him."

Mr. Albert Smith's departure from China, in the "Norma," on the 28th, was a perfect ovation. The Chinese populace, hearing that he had raised a large sum to be divided amongst the poor, requested permission, through Mr. Rosario, of the Home Office, to carry him to the point of embarkation. About one o'clock in the afternoon, a very picturesque native procession, with banners, embroidered cloths, lanterns, musical instruments, and various glittering accessories, formed in front of the Club at Hong-Kong, and an elaborately carved and gilt palanquin, similar to those used in the native wedding festivals, borne by four Chinese, carried Mr. Smith from the Club, along the Queen's-road, to the office and wharf of the *Peninsular and Oriental Company*, amidst the firing of guns and rockets, the music of the band, the cries of the people, and last, but not least, the hearty English "three times three" from the members of the club, who clustered about the portico and balconies of that fine building, to wish their popular countryman "God speed" on his long voyage. No similar compliment, that we can call to mind, has ever been paid by the Chinese people here to an Englishman. Let us hope that such evidences of good feeling, on either side, may become frequent. Mr. Smith leaves us with the best and most sincere wishes for his prosperity and happiness from all classes of our somewhat divided society, amongst whom his unaffected good-temper and agreeable social qualities have made him exceedingly popular.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The opening meeting of the 105th session of this society was to take place on Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., when Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, chairman of the council, will deliver the opening address. The medals awarded at the close of the last session will be distributed.

TOM THUMB'S EQUIPAGE.—A bull-dog attacked General Tom Thumb's ponies on Monday, as he was riding to the Teutonic Hall, at Liverpool. The ponies ran at great speed, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the general was rescued in safety. His valet was knocked down and injured, one of the ponies was seriously wounded, and the carriage broken. The dog was secured, and the owner appeared and offered to make good all damages.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

MANCHESTER.—M. Hallé's orchestra concert, on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., was very fashionably attended. The *caçet de bataille* was Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, which was capitally played. M. Hallé gave one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and a *Rondo Brillant* by the same composer. Mademoiselle Merle made her second appearance on this occasion, and fully justified the favourable opinion elicited by her *début*.

OLD PIECES.—GRÉTRY THE BROTHER OF GREUZE.

(From *L'Artiste de Paris*.)

WHAT life sparkles and flashes from the whole of Grétry's little composition, *Les Méprises par Ressemblance!* This was one of the earliest operas he wrote. He attached but little value to it. In his agreeable *mémoires* he mentions merely in an incidental manner this slight work, which is one of the most charming he ever composed. System has not obtained sole possession of it; the writer does not strive to impart impression to everything; as yet the philosophy, theory, and suggestions of Grimm, the speeches of Diderot, and the axioms of Mercier, have not bewilderingly penetrated the head and heart of the man who comes from Liège, and surrenders himself freely to his instinct. He does not yet arrange his inspirations, so as to frame them in system; he does not proceed with the pre-formed notions of a doctor; he advances without anxiously smoothing the folds of his robe. On all sides, the melody bursts forth, flowing on and developing itself like a living mountain spring, with a dash, copiousness and grace which enchant us. Scarcely has the first note resounded, ere passion is perceptible and forces its way through. Without any great amount of preparation, every touch is true; without scientific guidance, without mechanical skill, without laborious effort, our hero brings his work into the world; he draws rather than paints, but how lovely are his touches and how true his accent!

I was sitting at the Opéra-Comique, near one of our most genial and learned musicians, and we chatted together.

"I wish," I said to him, "all our more modern composers would come here and listen to Grétry. The worthy man has none of their merit, but he possesses a gift, one solitary quality, on which nearly all of them are deficient—namely, inspiration. Clever, learned, polished, mighty in resources, and fruitful in expedients, they would be perfect, if they were not deficient in this one point."

"They make up for it by their skill."

"Now-a-days, we do everything by calculation and artistic trickery. Machiavel has become our master; we are no longer simple in anything, and we darkly imprint a profound policy on all the arts. Coldness, calculation, and the genius of mastering ourselves, appear to us the end of greatness. Inspiration strikes us as childish, *naïvets* as folly, and feeling as madness. The exact contrary was the case with the eighteenth century, which everywhere sought out feeling, pushing it to the greatest lengths, abusing it, and straining to express it with love, and sometimes with fury and madness. Look at our admirable Grétry! How entirely he belongs to the eighteenth century! how beautiful is this simple composition, and how expressive!"

"Be it so!" replied my friend. "But how ridiculous is the *libretto*! You have a soldier of the Guard, giddy, virtuous, in love with every woman at the first glance, sentimental, elegiac, and a sturdy drinker. There is no more truth in this than in Watteau or even Greuze, whose roseate flesh tints, and roguish girls belong to the same style of thinking. What composer of the present day would set such a subject to music? O, those charming country manners! and that bailiff! and that tender father! and the voice of relationship and the cry of the heart!"

"Do not speak too ill of the eighteenth century. Any one would be inclined to think that you belonged to those useless and too virtuous guardians of the harem, who speak ill of love. What saves the honour of the art of the eighteenth century is: that it is sincere in its tendencies, hopes, and dreams. It believes in shepherd-life; it adorns nature with so much lace, embroidery, shirt-frills, and fans, that the whole affair is ridiculous. But so is the human race; Gluck was true, and so was Diderot. Both of them, I confess, exaggerated nature: but their efforts were real, their tendencies, high and glowing, were sincere."

"You affirm, also, then, that the theatre is the expression of society?"

"Not at all! not for the world! The drama does not express what the society of any age or country does and carries out, but that which it dreams itself; not exactly that which it feels, but

that for which it yearns; and that for which it endeavours to be, but that which it would like to be. Look at the serious and elevated reason of Molière's "artists"; at the glowing devotion of Calderon's "lovers"; at Corneille's argumentative and speculating heroes. Never has humanity expressly and perfectly realized those models. But, in proportion as men's souls strove to achieve a new idea, the theatre was renewed, in order to offer them, as it were, a slight shadow, a distant picture of this same much desired ideal, to their eternal deception. Hence, that which is called local colouring is an absurdity; the drama has never any colouring but that of its own age; it does not express society, but the dream of society, and it improves nothing. On the contrary, it encourages the faults which it portrays. Let us strike out of our papers, my dear sir, such fine principles as:

"The theatre is the improver of our morals;
"The most important thing in the drama is invention;
"The drama is the expression of society, &c. &c."

"Oh! what fables! and, as our forefather's said, what elevated trifles! Our libraries are filled with them; people speak and write in accordance with them; authors commentate on them; twenty provincial academies take them as the subjects for their prize compositions, and the competitors descend upon them. And yet there is not one of these maxims which is not a lie!"

"You speak like a book," observed the composer, interrupting me. "Yet what use is all this to me? Does it render Grétry's music less primitive and elementary? less without colour, breadth, and power, and less agreeable kind of music for the wineshop?"

"M. Limnander's music, I confess, contrasts especially with Grétry's. Dash and colour distinguish M. Limnander; fine orchestration, intelligence, and knowledge, with less care than power. You are instantly struck with his orchestral superiority, if you compare it with the meagre instrumentation with which the melodies of the old Liège composer are furnished. How little brass in Grétry's works; scarcely more than a few flutes, with the violins and the oboes! But the essential principle of music is, most decidedly, possessed by Grétry in a greater degree than by the most brilliant and most learned of modern composers. He possesses all the feeling, accent, and passion."

"He belongs to the time of Jean-Jacques, and Greuze, from which, thank goodness, we are now very far."

"It is true that we are no longer the same. Since the epoch in question France has often changed her soul, enthusiasm, and convulsions! How many chemical experiments were tried with the French material! In how many different forms was the national paste kneaded! What a workshop is this society of ours, so often dissolved and again put together! How much the *Micromégas* at the head of these changes laugh! That which astonishes us, and causes us to laugh with pity—this virtuous giddiness, this popular sentimentality, this emphatic verbal stamp, this pastoral frivolity, and all the amorous stories of such brusque banality, rising to heroism—how it delighted, nay, entranced the youth of its time."

"You mean the blockheads."

"No; the masses; the persons easily moved; the sheep. In all times, those who rejoice in a small stock of original ideas sink, at the commencement of youth, into the stream of the ideas then general. They suck in the colour of the fashion; they allow themselves to be completely soaked in it, and adopt the idea of the day. They live on it; they remain sunk in it, and carry it to the greatest length. About thirty or forty, when a woman or a shop, the toga or an embroidered coat changes them, they suddenly become wise, wash out the lively tints, cover the brilliant vermillion or ultra-marine with sober gray, and fall back stupidly into the every-day world, into the compact crowd."

PHILARÈTE CHARLES.

QUEENSRAY.—The members of the Black Dike Mills Literary Institution gave their fourth annual concert in the National School-room. The artists were, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr. Inkensall, and Mr. Delavanto (vocalist); and Mr. J. Burton of the Bradford Choral Society solo pianist and conductor.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.

On Monday and Thursday will be produced (first and second times this season), **THE BOHEMIAN GIRL**, Thaddeus (his original character), Mr. W. Harrison; Arline, Miss Louisa Pyne. On Tuesday and Friday (11th and 12th times), **THE ROSE OF CASTILLE**. On Wednesday, **THE CROWN DIAMONDS**. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with (each evening) a Ballet Divertissement. Commence at half-past Seven.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of **MACBETH** can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, **MACBETH**. Tuesday and Saturday, **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**. Thursday, **KING JOHN**. Preceded every evening by a **FARCE**.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCEUM THEATRE. LAST WEEK BUT TWO—EVERY NIGHT at Eight o'Clock.—M. WIRNIAWSKI, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.—Vocalist, Miss POOLE—"Fern Leaves Valse," Cornet Obbligato, M. DUHÉM, "Kiss Polka," "English Quadrille," "O'd Dog Tray Polka," M. Jullien's "Hymn of Universal Harmony." New Grand Operatic Selection from DER FRISCHSCHUTZ. M. Jullien's Annual BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 13th.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Madame Celeste in Six Characters. Production of the Adelphi drama of SATAN. First night of the Burlesque of NORMA; Mr. Paul Bedford as Norma. On Monday, and during the week, to commence with the Adelphi drama of SATAN. Satan, Madame Celeste; Cheshire, Mr. Paul Bedford; Mad. de Lucival, Miss Eliza Arden. To be followed by the Burlesque of NORMA; Norma. Mr. Paul Bedford; Pollio, Miss Eliza Arden; Adelgias, Mr. G. B. Bigwood. To conclude with a favourite drama, in which Mrs. R. Honner will perform. No Advance in the Prices.

DEATH.

M. Herman Léon, the well-known bass singer, at Paris, of apoplexy, on Sunday last, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1858.

If we were called upon to adduce some one proof more convincing than another of the progress music has made of late years in this country, we would unhesitatingly point to the fact of the greater regard paid to the production of operas in the present day than formerly, and the greater desire manifested to represent the composer according to his intentions. From the time of Pacchierotti, the famous male soprano, almost down to Catalani, the famous female soprano, the works brought out at the Italian Opera were mere pasticcios, or were treated as such, and were used to little other purpose than as outlines which the singer might fill up at his pleasure. The introduction of the works of the first Italian masters—more especially when the artist's conscience was not swallowed up in his vanity—created a reaction. Piccini, Paer, Paesiello, and Cimarosa were the original reformers of the Italian stage, but, until Mozart appeared, and by the consistency and perfect form of his compositions, precluded the possibility of interfering with them without destroying their symmetry and beauty, no opera was respected in its integrity. Afterwards, when composers wrote more carefully, and the librettos had greater dramatic meaning, the pasticcio-opera became the exception, not the rule, on the Italian stage.

At the English theatres, however, where opera was performed, the works of every foreign composer, including even Mozart, were converted into medleys, not merely to suit the caprices or idiosyncrasies of vocalists, but to afford the musical directors an opportunity of introducing vari-

ous compositions by themselves—after the manner of Jews at a grand sale by auction, when they send in some base articles of their own to solicit attention under cover of the superior goods. It is with a feeling something akin to horror we look back to the days when managers of the patent theatres deemed it necessary to make veritable hotch-potch of such masterpieces as the *Marriage of Figaro* and the *Barber of Seville*, to besit them, as they imagined, for the public palate. The late Sir Henry Bishop, when *Le Nozze di Figaro* was being adapted to the English stage, flung Mozart's overture into the waste-paper basket, and concocted, or decocted, a new one.* The most famous song in the *Barber of Seville*, some thirty years ago, used to be a ballad of the day called "An old man would be wooing,"—which, notwithstanding, has not preserved its fame like "Una Voce," or "Largo al factotum." Musical genius was held in strange reverence in those days. No work, whatever its reputation, whosoever the composer, was safe from those Fillibusters of Art. Rossini's operas, above all, furnished glorious material for their pruning knives, their scissors and paste. Mr. Rophino Lacy made a regular onslaught on that unfortunate composer, and scarcely left him a whole thought in the right place. Poor Cenerentola was converted into a real cinder-wench, who raked from the ashes of many heape tempting pieces of coke and bits of charcoal, to light her fire anew. Ivanhoe, the Saxon, borrowed barbaric gold and Assyrian splendour from Queen Semiramis, and southern grace and beauty from Count Corradino. "Last change of all"—*William Tell*, by a subtle and transcendental process—not to be fathomed in this dullage—was transmuted into *Hofer; or, The Tell of the Tyrol*, with such alterations, admissions, omissions, and excisions, as the wisdom of the sublime triad—manager, musical director, and publisher—deemed requisite in the Swan of Pesaro's immortal *chef-d'œuvre*. At length, when original operas, of graver pretensions than *Lore in a Village*, *The Devil's Bridge*, or *The Cabinet*, were introduced, managers began to understand that music was the primary consideration in such works, and the establishment of a regular "English Opera" at the Lyceum Theatre led the way to a right appreciation of lyric masterpieces.

It had never entered into the heads of English managers that operas, being elaborate works of art, should be held in the same estimation as tragedies and comedies, and treated in the same manner. It never occurred to them that *Don Giovanni*, in conception and execution, was a work comparable to Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, or Home's *Douglas*. In England the directors of musical theatres are almost invariably ignorant of music, and, being ignorant, are not prone to regard its merits, its influence, and its power. Let us consider for a moment what a manager might do, who, without any check upon his authority and placing poetry and music in the same balance—that is, estimating the drama at the same rate as the opera—felt inclined to produce an acknowledged masterpiece of dramatic literature with all the effect he could give it according to his peculiar way of thinking. Perhaps he might be repelled instinctively from laying hands upon *Lear*, *Othello*, or *Hamlet*—although, bearing our supposition in mind, we are not quite so sure of that—but still not shrink from meddling with *Romeo and Juliet*. The bills announcing this performance would then, in all probability, read as follows:—

* The *Barber of Seville* was afterwards re-overtured by the same gentleman in a similar manner.

"On Saturday will be revived Shakspeare's tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, when Mr. Keene will have the honour of introducing a soliloquy, written expressly for another occasion, by Mr. Edward Fitzball. A dialogue from one of the pantomimes of Mr. Nelson Lee, will also be delivered by Miss Barnes and Mr. Keene; and Mr. Makereddy will speak at the end the brilliant tag to Mr. Charles Selby's popular farce of *Shoes at the Duck*."

Or, let us put it in another light. The possessor of one of Turner's finest pictures is desirous of exhibiting it in public, but fearing least the picture—although, remember, an acknowledged masterpiece—should not have sufficient attractions, gives out that he has had painted in it a new figure by Phil Cobalt, and an original cloud by Smiles of Walworth. Or, an exhibition of Canova's statue of Venus might be heralded with the declaration, that, to render this grand work of Art more complete and striking, the proprietor has made additions to the figure of the Goddess, by placing an Irish diamond aigrette on the forehead, and a Colt's revolver in the right hand. We might multiply examples, if we were only desirous of raising a laugh; but the absurdities which present themselves in the above came unsought, and if we indulged in further caricatures, however unintentionally, we might seem to treat that with levity which deserves the severest censure.

Interpolations in a work of art, unless effected with judgment, are simply insults to the composer. They are sometimes, perhaps, allowable; but the pieces interpolated should always belong to the composer of the opera in which they are introduced. It would not do to have a round of Trap, Bat, and Ball lugged into the middle of a Cricket Match; it would not do to have drops of porter poured into our champagne; it would not do to have green gooseberries poked into our Christmas plum pudding; it would not do to have any thing that is delightful and agreeable interrupted and spoiled by platitudes and common-places. We have always had an instinctive dislike to currants in pancakes. No doubt the feeling originated in the same aversion to contrasts without meaning, and mixtures that will not amalgamate.

TWADDLING moralists delight to tell their few readers, that self-conquest is the greatest of victories. Alexander of Macedon subdued the larger portion of the known world; but though he tamed Bucephalus, he could not bridle his own hasty temper—and his conquests have not more busily employed historians, than his defeat has inspired the dealers in ethical common-places. Moreover, he went wrong in a lucky place. Clytus, whom he killed in a passion, was a "bore" of the first magnitude, and with "bores" of such eminence twaddling moralists naturally sympathise.

Granted that self-conquest is the greatest of victories, the Sydenham Palace is the greatest of victors, for within the last few days it has beaten itself hollow. We know not wherewith to compare it, save with some celebrated whist-player, who, having defeated every adversary, and bullied every partner, commits a "revoke," and thus gloriously deprives himself of three tricks.

Scanning over some cheap and instructive almanac, with its glass eye, the Crystal Palace has discovered that the centenary of Robert Burns's natal day will fall on the 25th of January, 1859. Inkermann and Balaclava having been used up (thriftily, be it observed—the same show serving for two occasions, as the same baked meats served Gertrude for her husband's funeral and her own wedding), it (the Palace) was thinking within itself, whether it should commemorate the Battle of Agincourt, and give a free admission

to all the London cobblers, because that memorable engagement took place on St. Crispin's Day. The fact of the *entente cordiale* with France was, however, rather perplexing; and the glass eye did not clearly see its way. Blessed, therefore was the revelation that the centenary of Burns's birthday was tolerably close at hand,—about to fall, too, at a season when Sydenham business inclines to be dull.

"We will have a Burns's festival," quoth the Crystal Palace, "and we will have for the nonce a sort of Burns's museum." What was Hecuba to the player, and what was the player to Hecuba? What has Burns, the poet of the north, to do with the Cockney palace in the south? A great deal. Burns, though a Scot, nevertheless had a birthday, and a birthday, after the lapse of 100 years, becomes a centenary, and a centeneray is something to celebrate. When the *Musical World* has reached the one hundredth year from its first foundation, won't there be something like a celebration at the Sydenham Palace then?

That the festival may have its appropriate accompaniments persons in the possession of "Burns relics" are invited to contribute from their abundance. If we are lucky we shall see Burns's tobacco-box, and Burns's cutty-pipe, and Burns's spittoon, and Burns's breeches—and we shall bless our good fortune. Proud too, and with reason, all the cannie Scots will be, at this tribute paid to their national bard. The blue bonnets are coming over the border with a vengeance. Charles Edward only brought them as far as Derby; but the directors of the Crystal Palace bring them all the way to Sydenham.

However, the mere festival is not deemed sufficient for the celebration of such an important day as the 25th of January, 1859. The Crystal Palace offers fifty guineas for the best poem contributed in honour of the occasion; Nor does it heedlessly bestow its favours. The poem must be in English, not in Scotch, though a Scotch phrase or two will be tolerated. It is to be not less than 100 nor more than 200 lines in length; and (be it written in letters of adamant) the copyright of the composition will be the property of the Sydenham donor. Munificent Crystal Palace!

When Sannazar wrote his celebrated Latin epigram in honour of Venice, the republic paid him a ducat for the first word, two ducats for the next, and so on in geometrical progression. History has not told us in whom the copyright was vested.

"Shall a Fiesco be outshone by a Doria in magnanimity?" says the hero of Schiller's tragedy. "Shall the Crystal Palace beat us in liberality?" say we. The anniversary of Hafiz's birthday is coming in the course of the year, and when it does come we will give two numbers of the *Musical World gratis* to the writer of the best Persian ode, and he may have his copyright all to himself. There!

~~X~~ MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, says the *Era*, (says the *Standard*,) is engaged to M. Gustavus L. Geary, the eminent tenor singer of Dublin, for a series of concerts in that city, Cork, and Limerick, the first week in February, in conjunction with other artists of celebrity.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The great Commemoration Festival to celebrate the centenary of Handel's death will be held at the Crystal Palace in June.

MR. HENRY LEE.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry Lee, late of the Theatres Royal, Drury-lane, Olympic, Marylebone, &c., after a protracted and painful illness. The deceased will be remembered by playgoers as a most painstaking and conscientious performer, while his private character had rendered him a valued friend to a large circle of the theatrical profession.—*Era*.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The first "Mendelssohn's Night" (Monday) attracted so vast a crowd of amateurs that it was impossible to accommodate them all in the Lyceum, and hundreds were sent away disappointed, many (*& rebrousse poil*) being forced to take their money back, and grumbling as they took it. It could not be helped, however. M. Jullien would willingly have received the whole multitude that besieged his doors, but "the nature of things," no two of which can be at the same time in the same place (as Professor Porson found to his displeasure), did not admit of it. And so those who arrived later than their more fortunate "devanciers" were compelled to wait till the second "night" (Friday), when the same programme, with the single exception of the vocal piece, was to be repeated. We never beheld a denser mob in a theatre—a more attentive mob than in the promenade and galleries, a better dressed or more eloquent mob than in the boxes, public and private—and never remember greater enthusiasm created by a musical performance. M. Jullien was in his element, and triumphed gloriously. The Mendelssohn selection was as follows :—

Symphony in A major—(the "Italian")	
Concerto (pianoforte) in G minor—Miss Arabella	
Goddard	Mendelssohn.
Scena (soprano) "Infelice"—Miss Stabbach	
Concerto (violin)—M. Wieniawski	
Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream)	

Neither too long, nor too short, this banquet of musical sweets was eagerly devoured, and left the ear and the mind at the end quite as unsatiated as refreshed. And then the execution was almost unexceptionably perfect. The symphony has rarely been executed with greater point and vigour, rarely with greater delicacy and attention to light and shade. The "*tempi*" were admirable, and the advantage obtained by not taking the *allegro vivace* as though it were a *presto*, according to recent custom, was incalculable. The *andante con moto* (no longer *Pilgrim's March*—for which proof of good sense M. Jullien deserves credit), was encored, and the splendidly characteristic *saltarello* heard with delight. The whole was a purely musical treat of the very highest order. The applause at the end of every movement was loud and unanimous.

M. Wieniawski played the violin concerto with amazing fire and a sureness of mechanism that nothing could disturb. He also restored the cadence in the first movement *almost* to its original shape, by which it lost neither brilliancy nor interest; on the contrary gained both. M. Wieniawski is too fine an artist himself not to reverence finished art in others. His reception was most flattering (not a bit more so, however, than was deserved), and he was recalled to the orchestra after descending the platform, and again and again applauded "to the echo."

It was one of M. Jullien's golden evenings. Everything was lucky—everything "went"—and "went off"—well. Miss Stabbach, trying and difficult as is the *scena* "Infelice," sang it in a correct, effective, and agreeably unpretending manner, which entitled her to the hearty approval of the lovers of Mendelssohn's music.

The pianoforte concerto was one of the most irreproachable performances we have ever heard. Miss Arabella Goddard always plays finely—we need not remind our readers of that; but on the present occasion she seemed inspired. The "gifted young goddess of the chords"** appeared calmly conscious of her divinity, and her fingers swept over the keys of the instrument like the breeze over the strings of an *Aolian* harp, making music just as plaintive, dulcet, and harmonious. It was a performance in all respects truly *Orphean*; and the whole audience, including M. Jullien himself, who sat listening with rapt attention (and, perhaps, mentally apostrophising the fair pianist in the words of Catullus)—

AD ARABELLAM.—*Carm. 51.*

" Ille mi par esse Deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est superare Divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te,
Spectat et audit"—)

and the members of the orchestra, were thoroughly enchanted. Had they been otherwise, indeed, they would have been as difficult to move as stocks and stones. That they had voices and palms, as well as hearts, for sweet music, was shown, *& maine reprise*, during the progress of the concerto, and uproariously at the end, when Miss Goddard was honoured by an "ovation"—and a "re-ovation" on returning to the orchestra—which we shall not attempt to describe."

The superb *Wedding March*, superbly played, brought the Mendelssohn selection to an end with the utmost *éclat*. It was, as a matter of course, encored.

In the second part, M. Wieniawski played Paganini's "Di tanti palpiti," with marvellous skill, and created a *furore*. On being encored, he performed some variations from the *Carnaval*. The *Der Freischütz* medley has made a great hit, while the *Fern Leaves Waltz* and *Kiss Polka*, are becoming quite the "rage." So that M. Jullien may be considered, now at this moment, in the full zenith of his popularity.

A word about the second "Mendelssohn night,"—which took place yesterday evening, while we were going to press—in our next. On the "Beethoven night," among other things we are led to expect the 4th symphony (in B flat), and the Kreutzer Sonata, by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski. If the rest is to match, there will be a glorious programme, and no mistake.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The first Saturday winter concert was given in the large concert-room on the afternoon of the 13th inst., the vocalists being Miss Stabbach, Mr. Montem Smith, and chorus selected from the Royal Italian Opera company, under the direction of Mr. Smythson, and the company's band, under Mr. Manga. The principal novelty was the performance, "by permission of Mr. Costa," for the first time in Loudon, of his serenade, *The Dream*, written and composed for the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, and executed before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The entire programme was as follows :—

Overture, "Jessonda"	Spohr.
Song, "I'll win renown," Mr. Montem Smith	A. Stacey.
Glee, "Sleep gentle Lady," by the Chorus	Sir H. Bishop.
Duet, "Zuleika and Hassan," Miss Stabbach and			
Mr. Montem Smith	Mendelssohn.
Symphony, No. 4 (The Italian)	Mendelssohn.
New Song, "Bonnie New Moon," Miss Stabbach	Linley.
Part Song, "I saw lovely Phillie," by the Chorus	Pearall.
Serenata, "The Dream," Miss Stabbach, Mr. Montem			
Smith, and Chorus	Costa.

On the whole the concert was one of more than average interest.

SURREY THEATRE.—The performances for this evening (Saturday) are under the superintendence of a committee of composers, engaged on the daily press, who have organised a benefit for the widow and child of one of their colleagues, whose recent death was attended by circumstances of a very melancholy description. Sheridan Knowles's play of *William Tell* is announced for representation. Mr. Mackney, the comic singer, has also offered his services to assist the commendable purpose for which the entertainment has been designed.

EPIGRAM.*

When drunk with Balf
And half and half,
Champagne and Auber (pronounce Ober)
Will get you sober.

PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

* Every one must be behind his "devancier."—*Printer's Devil*.

** The Leader.

* Found twisted round a bouquet, thrown from a private box during a recent performance of the *Crown Diamonds* at Drury Lane Theatre.

MADILLE. PICCOLOMINI AT NEW YORK.

(From the *New York Musical Review*.)

SHE has sung at last, and the feverish expectations, the sanguine hopes of success, and perhaps also of non-success, have subsided into the more calm and ordinary life of an operatic season. "Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte," and few know what this first step has cost our smart and enterprising manager and his "pet" *prima donna*. And it must have cost the public something too, for a larger and more paying audience we have seldom seen. The seats were sold at a high premium, and the professional dead heads represented only in the smallest number. As to the others, Mr. Ullman probably knows best how many of them filled his pockets.

When Madille. Piccolomini stepped forward, she created a most genuine feeling of agreeable surprise. The audience of the Academy saw for once a young and pretty girl on the stage. "This is decidedly new!" exclaimed our neighbour, an *habitué* who had long given up hope of the sight of anything but the old and worn-out, in the shape of *prime donne*. There was something fresh and natural about her, which made the public cheerful, and rather more enthusiastic than is customary at our opera-house. And this freshness and naturalness are also the distinct features of her performance. No doubt, in Madille. Piccolomini we have a marked individuality, something apart from the conventional appearances on the stage. We have seen the rôle of *Violetta* by Mesdames Lagrange, Gassier, Gazzaniga, and Colson, and yet there was not one air, one single phrase, which Madille. Piccolomini did not give quite differently from her predecessors in the same character. She details to an extent we have never seen done before. She pictures constantly; her slow movements, her *cabalettas* are full of points, and everything breathes life and intense feeling. Of course, if you cannot see her face and the constant changes of her features, if you only hear her sing, you will be disappointed; for her powers in this respect are moderate. Her voice is neither brilliant nor of large compass, and her execution quite ordinary; the trill, for instance, seems to be wanting entirely. Besides, her delivery of the upper tones is decidedly faulty, showing that ugly habit of making two tones out of one. But in spite of all this, she carries away her audience, and will do so wherever there is an appreciation of originality and individuality in art. A change from the sameness of life, in whatever phase of art or society it may be, will always produce this result. However, we are far from giving our final opinion as to the merits of Madille. Piccolomini. We must see and hear her in less grateful rôles than *Violetta* in *La Traviata*.

(From the *New York Times*.)

Without positive owlishness it is impossible to be blind to the fact that Madille. Piccolomini's influence over the audience is the result more of manner than method. She is not an astonishing vocalist, nor is she gifted with a voice of extraordinary power. If we try to analyse what it is that gives her pre-eminence, we must, at the outset, discard these ordinary considerations. Much as her vocal powers have been underrated, they are still in no proportion to her immense histrionic capacity, which embraces so wide a range of emotion that it overshadows everything else. Her voice is a very charming soprano, soft yet full, and of fair compass, though evidently not yet fully developed. It is as fresh as voice can be, and as supple as youth, without much experience, can make it. Under the impulse of emotion, it vibrates with feeling, and by indescribable inflection illuminates with electrical quickness a train of deep sentiment, even as the lightning illuminates the vale. It is this rare gift which distinguishes the true from conventional art, and we have seldom seen it manifested more wonderfully than in the case of Mademoiselle Piccolomini. Her entire performance is, in fact, a protest against conventionalism, and to this circumstance we attribute her great success in England, where things in art, as in everything else, move in the most steady and antiquated grooves. To say that this independence of model is mere talent, would be absurd. It is genius of the best kind, because creative, and absolutely free from the

taint of imitation. Blended as it was with all the gracious suavity of youth, and the bearing of good society, it is not remarkable that Madille. Piccolomini astonishes as much as she captivates her audiences.

(From the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*.)

In fact, Madille. Piccolomini, on this first evening, was far from producing one of those unanimous, decisive impressions from which a sort of judgment may be formed without appeal. She was applauded, called out and stormed with bouquets. But this flattering could not close the critics' eyes and ears. An agreeable voice, but deficient in body and firmness, and acting that had at times too much mannerism, these were the weaknesses observed in the two first acts.

In the last, the artist recovered himself, both as to the singing and as to the scenic sentiment. But she could not entirely efface the first impressions, and in fine, the public dispersed with some hesitation as to the exact rank to assign the new *prima donna*.

(From the Correspondent of *Dwight's Boston Journal*.)

New York, Oct. 26.—The great musical sensation—the *début* of Piccolomini—has transpired, and the excitement is already subsiding.

Of course there was a crowded house at the Academy of Music, and the auditorium, with its additional lights and its bewildering array of female beauty, presented a really imposing appearance. The audience was well-disposed to be pleased, and there were a number of excellent people who were present purposely to applaud—at least, so I judged from the startling exuberance of their enthusiasm, which was constantly bursting out in wrong places, and did not know when to stop.

They had a very pretty bit of new scenery for the opening scene; the stage was brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers, and the chorus were numerous and gorgeously dressed. It was quite exciting to look at them; the men were very gallant to the ladies, and the singer with the long legs, I noticed, was very attentive to the lady with the corkscrew curls, and, during the banquet, helped her several times to empty plates, and gave her two or three pasteboard gilt goblets to drink out of; she seemed to be gratified with these attentions.

After a while Piccolomini sailed in, looking quite enchanting in yellow silk with blue trimmings. She was received with great applause, and acknowledged it very gracefully; the chorus then gabbled a little, and there was heard the popping of corks from champagne bottles (the chorus had nothing to do with these—only the principal performers who sat round the little table in the centre), and pretty soon the tune for the drinking song came along. Piccolomini sang the *Brindisi* very sweetly and archly, but without the *abandon* that Gazzaniga throws into it. The following duet, with the tenor, called for no special comment, and then the little *prima donna* was left alone on the stage to sing the most brilliant cavatina in the opera—the finale of the first act.

To be sure, she did it very sweetly and gracefully, with ever so many bewitching gestures and shakes of the head—and then she avoided the runs and difficult passages so nicely that the alterations after all made little difference. She was called before the curtain three times, and repeated the cavatina. Everybody said afterwards, that she was a charming creature, excepting the critical owl who said she could not sing the music.

In the next act she was better, because there was more dramatic action, and less florid music; the duet with her lover's father was a very touching performance. In the last act she both acted and sang well, but did nothing really startling—nothing to call for special comment.

Piccolomini is by no means a great singer. Her voice, though somewhat sympathetic, is not powerful, and can scarcely be heard in the concerted pieces. Her execution is smooth, though not facile; and a difficult chromatic passage she will turn off into something else that is easier. Everybody knows that her *forte* lies in her acting, and for this she is certainly deserving of praise. It is not in startling bursts of passion that she is great—the very delicacy of her *physique* would incapacitate her for excelling in the Miss Heron or Gazzaniga line—but it is in her really ex-

quisite by-play that she is almost unrivalled. Every phrase of the *libretto* she utters is accompanied by some singularly appropriate gesture or motion, that seems so perfectly natural, you at once wonder no other representative of the part has ever made use of it. Piccolomini would make an excellent mimic artist, and in the part of Fenella, in *Masaniello*, would be irresistible, for her features are mobile, expressive as well as beautiful.

Of course she *takes*, and the house is thronged every night. The critics are very just and unanimous in their estimate of her abilities. While awarding to the young *prima donna* much praise for her finished and touching style of acting, and for her sympathetic singing, they all acknowledge that she is not a first-class opera singer—that is, as musically considered. Our audiences have heard so many that are really superior, that they cannot easily rush into ecstacies over a pretty enthusiastic little girl. Madile. Piccolomini is certainly delightful to see and hear, but she will not be as permanently popular as a finished artist like La Grange. And yet, after all, even though the new comer is not a "finished artist," there is something indescribably delightful in listening to the voice of a beautiful child of genius, like Piccolomini—in seeing her passionate, yet polished action—and wondering how it is that a girl of twenty-two, without much voice or remarkable vocal cultivation, can for hours enchain the attention, and enlist the heartfelt sympathies of thousands of hearers.

TROVATOR.

ST. ALKMUND'S CHURCH, DERBY—OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN.

In the summer of this year, the subject of erecting an organ was mooted amongst some of the principal parishioners of St. Alkmund's parish; its necessity had long been felt, and, the proposal finding very general favour, a committee was appointed and other steps taken towards accomplishing this desirable result. Mr. Barwick acted as chairman of the committee, with the Rev. W. H. Pearson, M.A., curate, as secretary and treasurer, assisted by several ladies who undertook to collect subscriptions, and by their united efforts were soon in a position to carry out the object in view. We believe the amount was collected principally in small sums, shewing the great desire felt by all to have so valuable an acquisition in conducting the solemn services of the church. The building of the instrument was entrusted to Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull. The ornamental part of the case is in strict harmony with the building, and presents an imposing appearance from the chancel end of the church. The instrument contains twenty stops, disposed in the following manner:—In the great organ, open diapason (in the front), stopt diapason, claribel, viola di gamba, principal flute, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra (4 ranks), trumpet (preparation only).—In the swelling organ, tenoroon, open diapason, dulciana, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, cornopean, hautboy.—In the pedal organ, two octaves and a half of open diapason pipes, from CCC, 16 ft.; couplers, swell to great organ, great organ to pedals.—Three composition pedals (double acting).—The whole is inclosed in a highly decorated Gothic case.

The "opening" took place on Thursday last, Divine Service commencing at 2 p.m. The congregation was large, including many of the clergy and gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Prayers were read by the vicar, the Rev. E. H. Abney, and the lessons by the Rev. W. H. Pearson, curate. Mr. Josiah Norton presided at the organ. The singers consisted of amateurs of the town, assisted by Mr. Bickley, of Lichfield Cathedral. The following was the table of services:—

Organ Voluntary.

Introductory Sentence,

"Lord of all Power and Might"—Mason.

Psalms { 22 Gregorian tone regular and Purcell in G.
23..... Boyce in D.
Magnificat } Ebdon in C.
Nunc Dimittis
Anthem, "Not unto us, O Lord"—Mendelssohn.
Anthem, "I was glad"—Pergolesi.

Before Sermon—Hymn.

After Sermon, "Hallelujah"—Jackson's Service.
Organ Voluntary.

The Rev. J. R. Errington, Vicar of Ashborne, and Rural Dean, preached an appropriate sermon, taking for text the 23rd verse of the 50th Psalm, "Whoso offreth praise glorifieth me." The Rev. gentleman, after adducing examples from Scripture, and making mention of the provision made by the Church of England for the employment of music, said that the services of St. Alkmund's had, until that day, laboured under great disadvantages from the want of an organ. There had been, in former times, good and well-intentioned people who objected to such assistance; but now the people were making efforts everywhere to obtain an organ, and the opening that day must be a subject of thanksgiving to both pastor and congregation.

The offertory sentences were then read by the vicar, during which the alms of the congregation were received, the collection amounting to £22 0s. 6d.

The services on Sunday were attended by large and attentive congregations. The musical portion of the service was ably sustained by the choir. Mr. Norton, jun., presided at the organ. The sermons in the morning and evening were preached by the Rev. E. H. Abney, B.A., vicar, the former being a very clear and argumentative exposition of the appropriateness of music in the celebration of divine worship. The sermon in the afternoon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Pearson, M.A., curate. The text in the morning was the 81st Psalm and the first four verses; in the afternoon, the 98th Psalm and the 6th verse; and in the evening, the 39th Psalm and the 3rd verse. The collections amounted to £32 4s. 0d., making altogether £54 4s. 6d.

MUSIC AT WOOLWICH—(*Politely communicated*).—The Misses Robinson's concert at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening last, afforded the lovers of music an unusual treat. The artistes were mostly connected with the Italian Opera, and the performance has never been surpassed even if equalled in this locality. The singing of the Misses Robinson was characterised by a fullness and brilliancy of tone and compass of voice which their friends were scarcely prepared to expect. Their subjects, one of which was written for them expressly for the occasion by Signor Ardit, of whom they are pupils, were *highly elaborated*, and the most rapid and difficult passages were manipulated with a distinctness and delicacy which evinced peculiar skill. The task they undertook was one of no ordinary difficulty, but they successfully accomplished it, and the audience unequivocally manifested their approbation by hearty plaudits. Madame Weiss sang with peculiar sweetness and richness. Mr. Weiss was a giant in music: yet his immense vocal power was combined with such a delicacy of expression and high finish, that certain portions of his songs were imbued with exquisite pathos, one in particular, the "Village Blacksmith," realised before the mental vision a vivid painting that found its way to the tenderest sympathies. As for M. Remenyi, he was a magician; in his hands the violin became a "thing of life," giving utterance to feelings and sentiments. Never could we have imagined the capabilities of this master instrument until developed by such a master-hand and master-mind. We cannot pass without encomium the trombone solo by Mr. Winterbottom, the master of the Marine Band. The variety of tones he elicited, from the "soft and sweet" to the "deep and grave," and the occasional rapidity of his execution, evinced consummate skill. His talents are deservedly appreciated by our local community, and are especially manifested in the improvement the Marine Band has made under his able guidance. Nor can we refrain from awarding our meed of praise to Mr. Allan Irving, whose assistance in the trio and song was much approved of. The concert was attended by a large portion of the élite of Woolwich, every one of whom we are persuaded left the Hall highly gratified with their evening's entertainment.

MANCHESTER.—The Monday evening concert of November 8th was numerously attended. The artists were Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Eliza Webb, Mr. Stembridge Ray, Mr. Walter Montgomery, and M. Kemenyi. Mr. D. W. Banks presided at the pianoforte.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE, FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE.

(From *Punch*.)

EVERYBODY knows the *Beggar's Opera*, with its wicked wit and pretty music. But everybody does not know that Mr. John Gay was pleased to write a sequel to the opera, and to call it *Polly*; and truly, for the credit of the pleasant fabulist, the fewer people who know it the better. The author was displeased that the world was convinced he had been aided in the first opera by stronger and bitterer pens than his own, and he probably determined to let the world see that he could do something without aid. He made a mess of it: he sent poor *Polly* to the West Indies, in boy's clothes, in search of *Macheath*, who had broken prison and turned pirate, taking Miss *Jenny Diver* with him, and finally Mr. Gay let *Macheath* be put to death by some virtuous blackamores, whose prince falls in love with *Polly*, and is promised his reward as soon as time shall have assuaged her sorrows, and permitted her to marry again. On the 7th December, 1728, which was a Saturday, Mr. Gay called on the Lord Chamberlain to read this piece to him, but was requested to leave it, and on the following Thursday, the Devonshire dramatist was told that *Polly* must be suppressed. Why, it is difficult to guess, for nothing can be more harmless and stupid than the piece; and we must suppose, either that the then Lord Chamberlain had a care for the poet's reputation or that Lord Chamberlains in those days were as great fools as they are now.

But *Mr. Punch*, happening to take up the book, detected, with his usual keenness, one bit of dialogue which he is inclined to reproduce, the rather that nobody but an omni-observant party like himself will ever discover a scrap of gold amid so much rubbish. He lighted upon a scene where certain of the pirates, *Macheath's* companions, were squabbling over the territories which they intended to conquer. And thus do the thieves talk:—

"*Hacker.* And then, brother, the Kingdom of *Mexico* shall be mine."

"*Copstern.* Who talks of *Mexico*? I'll never give it up. If you outlive me, brother, and I die without heirs, I'll leave it you for a legacy."

"*Laguerre.* The Island of *Cuba*, methinks, brother, might satisfy any reasonable man."

"*Cutlass.* That I had allotted for you. *Mexico* shall not be parted with without my consent. Captain *Morano* (*Macheath*), to be sure, will choose *Peru*—that's the country of gold, and all great men love gold. *Mexico* hath only silver. Governor of *Carthagena*, brother, is a title I shall not dispute with you."

"*Copstern.* Death, Sir, I shall not part with *Mexico* so easily."

"*Hacker.* }

"*Cutlass.* } Nor I."

"*Laguerre.* }

"*Culverin.* }

"*Hacker.* Draw, then, and let the survivor take it. [They fight.]

The book dropped from *Mr. Punch's* hands, and he slept, and dreamed a dream. And behold, there came unto him a Yankee, who took the book and read the above passage, and spoke as follows:—

"Calculate, strainger, that air coon of a play-writer of yourne is squinting his eye in a fine frenzy-rolling at the free and gallant sons of our immortal Republic, and that the crittur has made his best jumps to show that we are pirates, because we fulfil the destiny of natur, in aggregating them outlying tracts to the immortal Union. Lucky for him that he ain't promulgated that air upon this here free and enlightened soil, or I'd bet a red cent he'd be fitted with a clean new shirt of tar, and an elegant waistcoat of feathers. Jerusalem! Snakes!"

Mr. Punch jumped up in a cold fright, and waked himself by a desperate but unsuccessful effort to explain to his American friend that thieving was one thing and annexation another.

BLYTHE.—A concert has been given in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, which was numerously attended. Mr. J. S. Liddell, of Newcastle, presided at the pianoforte. The other artists were Miss Green, Mr. James Liddle, and Mr. Forbes.

"THE OPERA OF THE FUTURE."

(From *Punch*.)

MEYERBEER'S opera of the *Africaine* seems to be "The Opera of the Future," for there appears but little chance of its ever being played in our lifetime. How many years has it not been locked up in the great composer's portfolio, undergoing a species of African slavery, of which manager after manager has tried in vain to find the musical key. However, we are sorry to find Meyerbeer lending his great name to Messrs. Wagner, Listz, and other crotchet-mongers of the *Music of the Future*, in support of their inharmonious fallacies, that have lately been aired in a grand pretentious production, called *Lohengrin*. A "grin" seems to be the end of all their operas, though at best it is but a melancholy one, and anything but flattering to those who provoke it. The Viennese are all *Lohengrinning* like mad. We wish Meyerbeer would put this band of musical fanatics to shame by allowing his *Africaine* to become "An Opera of the Present," instead "of the Future," and so prove to these hair-brained gentlemen what good music really is. The best *Music of the Future* is that which has the elements of vitality in every note of it, so that there can be no doubt about its living several scores of years after its production. The specimen that we know of this class is *Don Giovanni*, and our would-be Mozarts cannot do better than take it as a model.

NEW PAVILION THEATRE.—Under the lesseeship of Mr. John Douglass, whose success in catering for the tastes of an East-end public has been so triumphantly manifested in his skilful and liberal management of the Standard Theatre, the new building, to be called the Royal Pavilion, was to open on Saturday, October 30th. Occupying the site of the old theatre, this magnificent edifice presents one of the finest, as it is one of the most recent additions to the architectural embellishments of the metropolis. So spacious as to accommodate five thousand visitors, of whom two thousand may be seated in the pit alone, and so admirably adapted to stage effect that the title of the great nautical and melodramatic theatre of London will be justified by the capacity it has of becoming the Porte St. Martin of the British capital, there is no doubt of the establishment answering the utmost expectation of the projector. A place of amusement of this superior kind has long been wanted in this part of town, and the constant stream of conveyances places the western population in a direct line of communication with it. Ventilation has been regarded by the introduction of a capacious iron shaft patent ventilator; ornament has been profusely employed to gratify the eye; and the comfort of the auditory has been studied in every part. A brilliant chandelier by Defries, and a new act-drop, representing Neptune bestowing on Britannia the sovereignty of the seas, are among the embellishments of the front portion of the house, and a good company and new pieces liberally mounted are to display the fullest resources of the management on the other side.

LOSS OF VOICE.—It is stated that "the younger Spurgeon, a minister of great promise, has lost his voice, and is sinking into consumption." As he is superior in some respects to his renowned brother, his early death will be regretted by multitudes. Many young clergymen of great promise have prematurely died, in consequence of their own mismanagement in one or two particulars. They speak on too high a key from the beginning, not giving the lungs time to warm up, to bring themselves up to the effort. A good traveller does not start on a trot, when he wants his horse to make a good journey that day. John Newland Maffit could speak with apparently a slight effort at the end of an hour's sermon, loud enough to be heard by thousands; but he always commenced on a low key. His first hymn and prayer were scarcely audible. The next important point is to cool off very gradually before leaving the assembly, when the discourse is ended—very gradually indeed—and then, even in summer time, bundle up well before leaving the house, and walk away quickly. Many an excellent minister has sacrificed life by the neglect of these two precautions.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

BERLIN—(From a Correspondent).—The well-known pianist, Herr Edward Ganz, lately gave the first of a series of concerts of classical chamber music, in which he was assisted by concert-meisters Herren M. and L. Ganz, Herr Richter, and Madlle. Bury. The concert opened with Weber's quartet for piano and three-stringed instruments, played capitally by the above named gentlemen. Every movement (the minuet in particular) was greatly applauded. The other pieces seemed equally to delight the audience. The concert attracted a very numerous assembly, amongst whom were many of the aristocracy of Prussia. Herren M. and L. Ganz gained considerable applause—the one by his performance of the violin part in a sonata by Sebastian Bach for piano and violin, the other in a violoncello *fantasia* of his own composition, called "The Dream," which produced a marked effect. Madlle. Bury sang an air from Mozart's *Figaro* and two songs by Mendelssohn, in all of which she distinguished herself highly. Herr Edward Ganz ended the concert most effectively with a sonata by Beethoven. The room was crowded, and the concert afforded the highest satisfaction.

THE HARMONIUM.—Mr. W. E. Evans, of Sheffield, has just introduced several improvements in the construction of this instrument. Mr. Evans claims the credit of having been the first to apply to practice the principle on which the harmonium is founded; having so far back as 1841 exhibited an instrument of this description, styled the organo-harmonium. Since then he has devoted much study and labour in removing many defects which have hitherto prevented its making way with the public; turning his attention especially to the objects of subduing and softening the metallic quality of the sound, and obviating the mechanical difficulties in the management of the wind. The means by which he has brought about these desirable results have been well and lucidly explained by Mr. Evans to a portion of his audience at the conclusion of a recent concert; and the effect of his improvements was made manifest during the performance. Without entering into comparisons between the merits of Mr. Evans's harmonium and those of other makers, we can state that his instrument is an excellent one, admirably calculated for accompanying the voice either in sacred or secular music, and also for the performance of instrumental pieces. Its qualities as an accompaniment to the voice, and its capabilities for instrumental music, were put to a satisfactory test, and the audience seemed highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

—*Daily News*.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.—Madame Colson has returned to the Italian Opera, Burton's Theatre, after her triumphs at Boston. Her visit will be but brief. Madame Colson enjoys a great reputation in the States, and, moreover, is exceedingly handsome. The American *prima donna*, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, who has just returned from Paris, and now forms a part of Maurice Strakosch's opera and concert company, will also make her appearance at Burton's Theatre. Report says that she has made vast progress. With such artists as Colson, De Wilhorst and Parodi, Brignoli, Amadio and Juncs, not to mention several other artists, if Strakosch does not make money it will be because there is no money in the pockets of the people. After a week's struggle against the most adverse circumstances, sickness, over haste, &c., the performances of the Lucy Estcott Company were brought to a very abrupt termination by the manager, Mr. Burton, peremptorily closing his theatre, and thus breaking his engagement, to fulfil which this company of artists left England and the very profitable engagement proffered them there. We do not know the nature of the contract between Manager Burton and the English Opera Company, but we are satisfied that there could be no provision by which the performances could, legally, be brought to so sudden and so disastrous a conclusion. It seems to us a most high-handed act on the part of Mr. Burton, and the effect of it upon the career of this company, in America, cannot fail to be of the most damaging character. That their artistic ability will eventually retrieve the position so cruelly forced upon them by Mr. Burton, we do not doubt; but the present damage to their interest is very apparent and very great. We understand that a suit has already been commenced against Mr. Burton, but we trust that the matter will be amicably arranged, and that the Estcott

Opera Company will have another opportunity of placing themselves in a right position with the public.—The popular Max Maretzki had a brilliant farewell at the Academy of Music on Monday afternoon and evening last. The house was crowded by the beauty and fashion of the city, the performances were varied and excellent, and we are certain that Max Maretzki closed his season amid the regrets of countless friends, and that he bears with him to Havana the good wishes of all for his well-deserved success and prosperity. May he come back with a golden ounce for every good wish breathed for him.—(*Leslie's Illustrated Paper, New York, Oct. 23.*)

GLOUCESTER.—On Wednesday, Mr. Mugford, of Axminster, was appointed bass lay clerk of the Gloucester Cathedral Choir, in the place of Mr. Wilton, lately appointed sub-sacrist, and Mr. Growtage, resigned. About 30 applicants sent in their names as competitors. Eight were selected by the judges, who were to decide on the contest, which took place on Wednesday morning, when the eight candidates underwent a trial of their vocal abilities at the Cathedral, in the presence of a congregation of about 100 ladies and gentlemen. The solo selected was from *The Messiah*, "Thus saith the Lord," and each candidate was also allowed to sing something of his own choosing. The result of the competition was to reduce the number of candidates to two,—Mr. Mugford and Mr. Kenningham, from Salisbury Cathedral. In the afternoon, these gentlemen went through a second trial, and subsequently a third. At the second trial Mr. Mugford sang "The trumpet shall sound"—*Messiah*: and Mr. Kenningham a solo, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out"—Dr. Croft. The merits of each appeared so equal that the judges hesitated as to whom they should appoint, when Mr. Kenningham withdrew in favour of Mr. Mugford. Mr. Morrie, late pupil of Mr. Amott, presided at the organ during the trials.—*Gloucester Journal*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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I dream of that village beside the sea,
I dream of that seat by the trysting tree,
And of one who will never come back to me—
Ah! many a time and oft!

Then the city is hush'd and the chimes are still,
And the voice of the crowd is soft;
And my thoughts wander on at their own wild will,
And my tears fall fast, and my heart is chill,
Many a time and oft!
I dream of the hopes that are faded and fled,
Of the vow that is broken, the shaft that is sped,
And of one to whom I for ever am dead—
Ah! many a time and oft!

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VOL. 36.—No. 48.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

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THE majority of these pieces, the composer informs us, were written "for the use of the gentlemen at the Amersham school." They are worthy for the most part of a much wider circulation, being characterised alike by genuine melody and well chosen harmony, unexceptionably arranged for the voices, and, if judged merely as compositions, interesting in themselves, and in every instance well adapted to the character of the words. Of the two settings of Tennyson we prefer "Excelsior," a four-part song, and one of the best musical versions of that too-often abused poem we have yet seen. The other—"The Hymn of the Moravian Nuns"—has, nevertheless, many points worth attention. The two Hunting Songs (four-part choruses, interspersed with solos), at the commencement of the book, are both spirited—the second, in B flat ("The Huntsman's horn is sounding"), occupying the first place, on account of its greater freshness and spontaneity. Not to examine the selection by detail, and premising that every one of the twelve compositions is more or less attractive, we may conclude by pointing to the madrigal "Sweet Echo" (Milton's words) as the most scholarly, and the four-part song, "Truth" (words from Ben Jonson), as the most graceful contained in the volume, which we can recommend without qualification, as a *bond fide* musical volume, without a vestige of triviality or clap-trap, and at the same time presenting few, if any, difficulties to singers.

("Rizzio"—"Miriam's Song"—and other pieces that have come to hand, will be noticed in our next.)

THE KREUZER SONATA AND MASTER BRIDGE-TOWER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In Ries's *Notigen*, it is stated that the Kreuzer Sonata, Op. 47, of Beethoven, was originally written for Bridgetower, an English performer, and that he played it at his concert in the Augarten Hall, at Vienna.

The name "Bridgetower" is found in none of our musical lexica, nor have we any means in our ordinary sources of information of arriving at his biography. From Ries's statement, it is clear that Bridgetower was in Vienna between the summer of 1800 and November 1805. Could the date of this visit not be fixed somewhat nearer?

In Gerber's *Musical Lexicon* (the second), in the article on Franz Clement, the violinist, we find that he (Clement) was in London at the age of 8 or 9 years, and that Cramer, Salomon, Jarnowick, and Haydn, were so pleased with him, that "these great men often amused themselves with playing quartets with this child, or by accompanying him. In one of these concerts, a quartet was given, for the fun of the thing (*aus spass*), by performers, whose ages in the aggregate did not amount to 40 years! A young African (?) ten years old, named Bridgetower, competed, as second violinist, with Clement for the mastery."

The Spires *Musikalische Correspondenz*, vol. ii., 1791-2, contains an extract from a letter of Abbé Vogler, who was then in London, in which he praises highly the violin playing of Franz Clement, eight-and-a-half, and "Bridgetower, from Africa, ten years old."

May I hope, Sir, for some further information in relation to this youth, through the columns of your valuable journal?

Respectfully,

T.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

(Communicated.)

A GENERAL meeting of the Vocal Association was held at St. James's Hall, on the 2nd inst, Sir JOHN E. HARINGTON, Bart., in the chair. The following is a brief report of the proceedings:—Another year being added to the history of the Vocal Association, it is the pleasing duty of the committee to furnish a report of the society's proceedings, and an abstract of its accounts. The establishment of a society is usually the trial of an experiment of which time alone can test the value, and the most anxious period in the history of a society is to be found in the first years of its existence. It is, therefore, with feelings of great pleasure that the committee congratulate their fellow-members upon the termination of the second year of this society's existence, and to express their conviction that there can now be no doubt that the Vocal Association has within itself the elements of durability, and will become an institution in which the public at large will feel an interest and desire to promote its success. In taking a general review of the society's career, the committee feel it their duty to refer to the different opportunities that have been presented for the appearance of the Vocal Association in public, apart from the series of six subscription concerts given at St. James's Hall, between the months of April and June of the present year. They would notice, in particular, the event of the marriage of the Princess Royal, on which occasion the society was honoured by the distinguished privilege of being allowed to sing in the state performances, at Her Majesty's Theatre, which will form part of the nation's history, and leave a record of the society's existence of the most advantageous character in public estimation. Also, your committee would refer to the inauguration performances of St. James's Hall, when the society was honoured by the attendance of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort and a distinguished circle of the nobility.

While recording these events, your committee do not conceal from themselves the necessity of making important changes as relates to the admission of members, and past experience has shown that the only practicable method of introducing new singers will be through the medium of an examination as to their capability in voice and musical knowledge. At the same time it has been conceded to our respected conductor that he is at liberty, when occasion shall require, to apply the same test to any individual member now belonging to the society. It is also thought desirable to reduce the number of the present choir, and steps have been taken to effect this purpose. In this movement the committee have felt the task extremely difficult, but resolved on not shrinking from a duty which could not fail eventually to be of immense advantage to the society.

The accounts were then read to the meeting, showing a balance in favour of the society in the hands of the bankers.

Mr. J. BUTTERWORTH (member) moved, That the report now presented to the meeting be adopted.

Mr. W. FULLER (member) seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. C. LONG (member) rose to move, That the best thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Benedict for his zealous and talented exertions as conductor of the Vocal Association, and for his uniform kindness in all that pertains to the interests of the society, and followed up his motion with the following speech:—"Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of our committee I venture to undertake a task which I much wish some other member had undertaken, because I must endeavour to pay a tribute of respect to a gentleman whose talents and genius are far above my poor powers of praise, and because, in speaking of certain attacks that have been made upon him, I must use plain terms, however unpleasant they may be to my own feelings, or however presumptuous it may appear to me to set myself up as a fault-finder. I feel we ought, in justice to ourselves, to convey to Mr. Benedict that the Vocal Association not only take no part in these attacks, but indignantly deny that there is the shadow of a foundation for them. The first I shall allude to of these appears in the *Musical Gazette* in a letter signed C. Cresswell, and runs in part as follows:—

"Mr. Benedict's voice, manner, and accent, render the understand-

ing his wishes and intentions difficult, if not impossible. Again, at the rehearsals, instead of beating he generally plays the piano; but I suppose this defect is owing to Mr. Benedict's well-known *penchant* for the piano. The performances have been so bad that the public press has declined to criticise."

Now, in all earnestness of heart, let me ask if there is one here who can coincide in the remarks so far as they apply to Mr. Benedict? This Mr. C. Creswell may have a voice whose ravishing tones enchant all listeners; and his manners may have been formed in the best of schools, and polished by intercourse with the *sûre* of society; but he gives a miserable specimen of them when he descends to vulgar personalities, such as no one with the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman could or would indulge in. I can well understand that Mr. C. Creswell finds it difficult, if not impossible, to understand the wishes and intentions of a man of highly refined mind, and of great intellect. The wishes and intentions of Mr. Benedict must be far beyond the scope of Mr. C. Creswell's understanding. "*Penchant* for the piano!"—preserve us from evil, what next? I know not if Mr. Benedict has a "*penchant* for the piano;" but I do know that thousands have a *penchant* for hearing him play upon the piano, that thousands are ready to hail him whenever he may appear as a pianist, and that amongst the most anxious of the listeners will be found some of the most accomplished musicians the world can boast. Is it possible that Mr. C. Creswell is so lost as to imagine that it can be a luxury for Mr. Benedict to sit at the piano and play over the parts separately to properly instruct a body of amateurs. Some one has compared this Mr. C. Creswell to "*Quintus Curtius*," but I fancy the simile will hardly hold good, for "*Quintus*" did not make the hole himself. To my mind, Mr. C. Creswell more resembles the learned monkey, who, wishing to know how the ball came out of the cannon's mouth, lighted a slow match, and stood before the weapon till the explosion took place. The report tells us, I think truly, that we have been fortunate in our opportunities, but who has led us to those opportunities?—should we have had them without Mr. Benedict? Permit me to tell you that the committee shrank from the pecuniary responsibility, which the concerts devolved on the Society, and Mr. Benedict took them in his own hands, at his own personal risk; and although he might have claimed the whole profit as his just due, he hands it over to the Association, and lays open the accounts for inspection. I am told there is only one gentleman of the name of "Creswell" in the Association, and that he denies all knowledge of this letter. So much the better for him, so much the worse for us; because this letter was evidently written by one who mixes with us, and therefore we know we have amongst us one who is not only capable of writing this disgraceful letter, but who is base, wicked enough to commit forgery to shield himself from the consequences of his conduct. Can any thing be more stupidly suicidal than these attacks? Are there not critics enough to detect our faults, but we must ourselves publish them? Add to this the ridiculous exhibition of an advertisement on one page of a periodical, inviting the public to come and hear us, and a letter from one of ourselves on another page, telling that we are not worth hearing. I am ashamed of having trespassed so long upon your attention. And now let me ask you to convey to Mr. Benedict that you appreciate his exertions on our behalf, and are grateful for them; that the voices of his detractors are raised in opposition to the voices and feelings of the members of the Vocal Association; that we honour the musician who is honoured by the civilized world; and that we esteem the man who has laboured so ardently for us. If you feel you ought to do this, let me ask you all to rise, and convey in one loud long cheer, that the Vocal Association is neither dead nor dying, but that its heart is whole and its lungs sound; that we commence the season with a determination to do our best to assist our much-respected conductor; that we esteem and honour him; and that "our thanks are writ where every day we turn the page to read them." (Long and tremendous cheering.)

Mr. WM. LOCKYER (the secretary), in seconding the vote of thanks, said that, after the excellent speech of Mr. Long, it would ill-become him to occupy the time of the meeting by any

remarks he would wish to make, further than to add his approval of all that had been said by his worthy friend, the mover of the resolution, referring to the disgraceful letter which had appeared in the *Musical Gazette*. Strong evidence was in favour of the letters being written by some one not at all connected with the society, for from "Vox" down to "Creswell," the letters were of such a treacherous and shameful character, that he could not believe so ill an act could emanate from any of the members. On the part of the *Gazette*, he was sorry that the editor allowed the letter of "Creswell" to appear, as the same only bore the address "Canonbury," without "number," "place," or "street;" but these were evils which must be remedied in the proper quarter, and which he had no doubt would be in future.

Mr. BENEDICT returned thanks in an excellent and humorous speech, which was received by the meeting with great enthusiasm, and continued interruptions with cheering and applause.

A vote of thanks to Sir John E. Harrington, Bart., was then put and carried with immense acclamations, and the meeting was brought to a termination.

HENRI WIENIAWSKI.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

THE renowned violinist, Henri Wieniawski, whose wonderful powers of execution are nightly exciting enthusiastic admiration at M. Jullien's concerts, and whose portrait we publish this week, was born at Lublin, in Poland. At the age of eight, having given the most marked evidence of a musical organisation, he was sent, by command and at the expense of the Emperor Nicholas, to commence a course of musical study at the Conservatoire of Paris. The violin was the instrument to which he devoted himself with all the intensity of his energetic nature, and with such astonishing eagerness did he devour and profit by the lessons of his instructor, the celebrated Massart, that at the age of eleven he was awarded the first prize of the Conservatoire—the highest distinction which, in the eyes of Europe, can be conferred on the successful musical student. This brilliant honour, however, was attended with as deep a shadow which, in the eyes of the earnest and enthusiastic little virtuoso, robbed the triumph of almost all its satisfaction. By the rules of the Conservatoire, when a pupil has attained this final token of the highest proficiency in the studies for which it affords such unrivalled opportunities, he is dismissed to employ the advantages thus gained in the struggle of life, and to commence his career with his "blushing honours thick upon him." Doubtless the regulation is framed in the spirit of the fairest justice to the existing and future pupils of the institution, and operates beneficially in the majority of cases; nor could it be expected that the authors of the law should foresee that one day the triumphant owner which they had placed at the goal of the academic curriculum would be grasped by such tender hands, and that the *alma mater* of European musical students would ruthlessly close her doors on almost an infant. Such was the inexorable rule, however; and Henri Wieniawski, in spite of his passionate tears and poignant regret to be so soon deprived of all the means and appliances of the study he loved so deeply, had to abide by it, and turn away from the Conservatoire. His obligations to the munificence of the Emperor of Russia rendered it incumbent that he should now wend his way northward, and present himself at the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg, and give his august protector an opportunity of judging how well bestowed had been his paternal care and solicitude on his little Polish subject.

At the age of sixteen Wieniawski visited Berlin, where he found the great violinist Vieuxtemps reigning supreme, who, on hearing his youthful rival, pronounced the highest encomium on his marvellous mastery of all the difficulties of his instrument, and foretold that he would one day obtain the most brilliant success in the artistic world. Never was prophecy so rapidly accomplished; for ere the little "Northern Star" had left the horizon of Berlin he had during that single season given sixteen concerts, all of which were brilliantly attended; while the great Vieuxtemps only commanded patronage for four. On the occasion of his visit to this capital he was presented by the King of Prussia with the grand medal, "Des Beaux Arts"—a distinction

only accorded to the most eminent merit. During a subsequent tour through Saxony, where he continued to win the most signal proofs of admiration, he received the decoration of the Ernestine Haus Order. Pursuing his triumphant career with undiminished brilliancy through the country of the De Beriotis, the Vieux-temps, the Sivoris, he proceeded to Holland, where he gave in succession one hundred and forty concerts, and once more received from Royal hands a badge of honourable distinction in the Order of the Couronne de Chêne, shortly afterwards exchanged for the commandership of that order. Although so early the object of such enthusiastic admiration, and overwhelmed ere he had reached maturity with the most dazzling honours, Wieniawski is remarkable in private for his modest and retiring demeanour.

THE WORCESTER INFIRMARY.

(From *Berrow's Worcester Journal*.)

THE charitable effort which has been made this week to extend the usefulness of that most valuable institution, the Worcester Infirmary, has been very successful.

The Cathedral yesterday morning (Thursday, Nov. 18), was crowded by a large congregation, the members being considerably swelled by the attendance of the Mayor and Corporation, with the numerous guests of his worship, who had that morning attended the inaugural breakfast at the Guildhall; and the concert in the evening at the College Hall was also attended by a large audience. The service of the morning was fixed for half-past eleven o'clock. On the entrance of the civic procession, the National Anthem was played on the organ. The musical service was Croft's in A, the *preces* were intoned by Revs. R. Fowler and R. Cattley, and the lessons read by the Rev. Canons Wood and Fortescue. The anthem was Boyce's "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy." At the conclusion of morning prayer, the Very Rev. the Dean ascended the pulpit, and delivered an eloquent, impressive, and touching discourse from the text St. Matthew, c. 25, part of v. 36: "I was sick and ye visited me."

At the concert, in the evening, the old College Hall was exceedingly well filled, almost to the back seats, and as the majority of the members of the orchestra rendered their services gratuitously, the results must be pecuniarily remunerative. The hall was well lighted up with gas, which aided most materially in warming the spacious apartment on a night of unusual severity for an English November. The programme was as follows:

PART I. Overture, "Zampa"—Herold. Part Song, "The Shepherd's Farewell," the Cathedral Choir—Smart. Aria, "O quanta vaga" (Azor and Zenire), Mrs. Weiss—Spohr. Piano-forte—Impromptu de concert, "Robin Adair," Miss Arabella Goddard—Wallace. Quartett, "Lo! the early beam of morning"—Baise. New Song, "The Slave's Dream," Mr. Weiss—W. H. Weiss. Violin Solo, variations on "La ci darem," Mr. H. Blagrove—H. Blagrove. Duett, "The Siren and Friar," Mr. and Mrs. Penny—L. Emanuel. Grand Quartett in G minor—Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Viola, Mr. R. Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. Waite—Mozart.

PART II. Overture, (Lo Nozze de Figaro)—Mozart. Duett, "Non fuggir," Mr. and Mrs. Weiss—Donizetti. Piano-forte Fantasia, "Home, sweet home," Miss Arabella Goddard—Thalberg. Cavatina, "Di piacer," Miss Gilbert—Rossini. Solo Concertina; Fantasia on airs from "William Tell," Mr. R. Blagrove—R. Blagrove. Old English Ballad, Mrs. Weiss—C. Smith. Descriptive Song, "The Bear Hunt," Mr. Penny—H. Phillips. Part Song, "The dawn of day," the Cathedral Choir—S. Reay. Song, "I'm a roamer," Mr. Weiss—Mendelssohn. Solo Quartett and Chorus, "O fill the wine cup"—Sir H. Bishop. The National Anthem.

Mr. Done was conductor. The only paid professionals were these engaged from London, who, however, modified their terms for the benefit of the charity; the other ladies and gentlemen gave their services gratuitously, as also the gentlemen of the Cathedral choir, and certain others who are not mentioned in the official programme or advertisements. We may mention one gentleman whose bow is ever ready to be wielded in the cause of charity, and who, with his father before him, has been associated with the Worcester musical gatherings for the last

half century. We allude to Mr. J. H. D'Egville, whose name was not mentioned in the programmes or advertisements. The Harmonic Society offered its services in the same good cause, and they were accepted, though only availed of to sing in a glee at the fag end of the concert. The two overtures were correctly played, but the band was too limited for the room, and the effect, therefore, weak. The first part of the scheme went off tamely, the audience appeared sleepy and phlegmatic, and it was not until they had got well into part two that they were roused from their lethargy.

The first encore was awarded to Miss Arabella Goddard's second piano-forte solo. This young lady certainly is a most accomplished pianist, both as a solo performer and accompanist, and it is not always that the two accomplishments are combined. The instrumental portions of the programme, indeed, were the plums in the musical pudding—*ex. gr.*, Mr. H. Blagrove's masterly handling of his own violin solo, the quartet by Mozart, and the concertina solo of Mr. R. Blagrove. The Mozart quartet was the gem of the evening. Miss Goddard's playing was exquisite—full of delicacy and expression. The Messrs. Blagrove are too well known to need commendation, but Mr. Waite is new to Worcester audiences. He is from Bristol, where he ranks highly as a musician, which his playing with the above-named first-rate *artistes* fully justified.

Mrs. Weiss sang, "O quanta vaga," charmingly, and was encored in "O softly sleep, my baby boy." Miss Gilbert sang "Di piacer," in a highly-finished manner; and the songs of Mr. Penny and Mr. Weiss were given with characteristic humour. Mr. Weiss' "Slave's Dream" is an improvement on the good things he has given to the musical world before. The part songs by the Cathedral choir exhibited the accomplishments of the executants, and the excellence of their training.

The pecuniary results, so far as they can at present be ascertained, will certainly exceed £300, which sum will afford timely aid to an institution which calls for the sympathy of all classes and conditions. The collections at the doors of the Cathedral amounted to £252 15s. 2d., in which were included the handsome gifts of £50 each by Sir E. H. Lechmere and Lady Lechmere, and Mr. Laslett, £20. The donations forwarded to the secretaries by parties who did not attend the Cathedral amounted to £66, and the concert is expected to realize about £80.

This pecuniary success has induced a suggestion that a similar plan shall be perpetuated, that the mayor's entertainment be given on some day in the week, other than Sunday, that a sermon be preached annually in aid of the Infirmary funds on the day on which the new chief magistrate and the corporation attend the Cathedral, and that an annual concert be given on the evening of the same day; but there are many objections to be urged against such a proposition, should it ever be actually brought before the public.

OXFORD.—Dr. Mark and his young pupils gave two concerts in the Town Hall, on Wednesday week (morning and evening). Both were numerously attended. On the following day Dr. Mark gave a concert, at which the children from the charity schools and the children of the poor people generally, not less than 2000 children, were present on the occasion. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Price, head master of the Grey Coat School, moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Mark and his pupils, which was carried with acclamation. The same evening Dr. Mark gave his farewell concert, when the room was completely filled; after the first part of the concert, some of the gentlemen of Wadham College presented Dr. Mark with a handsome gold pencil case.

IMPROPTU.

(On hearing that the Pyne and Harrison management had offered an engagement to Mr. Sims Reeves.)

Oh, Pyne! should'st thou, on due comparison,
Opine more certain pelf might be achieved.
By joining Reeve instead of Harrison,
Sure he* would pine to see thee, Pyne, be-Reeve'd.

MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(Abridged from *The Birmingham Journal*.)

THE concert at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening was a "Triton among minnows," a Great Eastern of steam ships, or a Bright amongst Reformers, in comparison with other musical manifestations which we have lately had to record. Not that either monster orchestra or colossal chorus lent the imposing weight of numbers to the demonstration, for the motto of Wednesday's performance was "great effects with numerically small means;" but the occasion derived importance from a more legitimate cause, viz., the congress of the most eminent musical talent of the day, in a hall which, beyond all others, affords the finest scope for its display and appreciation. Arrangements of a very comprehensive character had been made for the reception and accommodation of the public—even the orchestra being converted for the nonce into gallery seats. The audience were not of that critical cast we are accustomed to meet at quartet meetings, piano-forte soirées, &c., but of a more mixed stamp—intent, doubtless, on hearing good music, and capable in a broad way of distinguishing between the good and the indifferent, "*et vous tout.*" Only on this supposition can we account for the qualified applause bestowed on one or two of the finest performances of the evening, as compared with the enthusiasm which in other parts appeared to mark the popular preference for Balfe over Beethoven, and Verdi over the unapproachable Mozart. The programme fortunately included of music sufficiently varied character to meet all reasonable shades of taste.

PART I.

Quartet, "Where art thou, beam of Light?"—Bishop; aria, "Ah si ben mio," Mr. George Perren—Verdi; solo (violin), Herr Molique—air, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Mad. Rudersdorff—Meyerbeer; "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Miss Palmer—Hattou; duet, "La ci darem," Mad. Rudersdorf and Mr. Thomas—Mozart—piano, grand sonata, Op. 101, in A major, Miss Arabella Goddard—Beethoven; romanza, "Il balen," Mr. Thomas—Verdi; laughing trio, "I'm not the Queen," Mad. Rudersdorff; Miss Palmer, and Mr. George Perren—Balfe.

PART II.

Quartet, "Over the dark blue waters,"—Weber; "The Minstrel Boy," Miss Palmer—Moore; solo (pianoforte), impromptu on Robin Adair," Miss Arabella Goddard—Wallace; song, "Round the corner waiting," Mad. Rudersdorff—Randegger; solo (violin), Herr Molique—Molique; Spanish song, "La calesera," Mad. Rudersdorff—Yradier; "The Thorn," Mr. George Perren—Shield; finale, "The fisherman's good night"—Bishop.

In Bishop's quartet, sung unaccompanied, Mad. Rudersdorff's soprano rang out with too marked effect for the unity of the performance; and Miss Palmer's contralto appealed less prominently, but scarcely less eloquently, to the attentive ear of the audience. Mr. Perren and Mr. Thomas eschewed all efforts at effect, and contented themselves with a careful rendering of their parts. Herr Molique's *entrée* was greeted with that applause to which his high artistic standing fairly entitles him at the hands of all lovers of good music. His performance was accompanied with judgment and taste by Signor Randegger, who presided at the pianoforte throughout the evening. Of Herr Molique's playing we can only say, in the *native* language of his erudite compatriot, Mr. F. Müller, that "to hear him is the most perfect treat." Ease, absence of affectation, disregard of meretricious display, combined with executive power of no common order, are his characteristics. The composition to which he devoted himself appeals too exclusively to the intelligent few to admit of its popularity. A wild Mephistophelian strain pervades its melody, and it abounds with passages of wonderful harmonic combinations, which to the untutored ear smack strangely of "barbarous dissonance." It may be inferred from these remarks that the applause bestowed on Herr Molique's performance was scarcely proportioned either to the merits of the work or to the ability displayed in its execution; but the gifted *mæstro* retired amidst the discriminating plaudits of what in Parliamentary phraseology would be termed a "formidable minority." Madme. Rudersdorff in Meyerbeer's magnificent air created a *furore*, and not until Signor Randegger, whose execution of the piano accompaniment contributed in no small degree to the success of the piece, had struck the opening

chord of a fresh piece, did the excitement subside. Madme. Rudersdorff chose for her encore a Spanish ditty, of the Venzano Waltz class. The simple, though beautiful ballad music of Hatton following Meyerbeer, suggested comparisons bewilderingly impracticable from the want of some common basis. Miss Palmer's artistic rendering of the piece suggested comment on the mellow voice, instinctive grace, and dramatic feeling to which so much enjoyment was due. The duet from *Don Giovanni* by Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Thomas was heard with unfeigned pleasure.

Miss Arabella Goddard, in a toilette of the extremest Parisian taste, next made her appearance on the low temporary platform which had been erected for the purpose in front, and slightly under the usual orchestral gallery. As compared with other stars of magnitude in the musical firmament, Mis Goddard's person is less familiar to the Birmingham public than it ought to be, or than the recent pictorial efforts of an illustrated London contemporary have sought to render it. From the plate we are alluding to, a tolerably correct notion of all that appertains to figure and height may certainly be obtained, but, as a portrait, the illustration is a failure. Hence the first feeling produced in the minds of the audience on Wednesday was one of astonishment, no less at the personal charms than the extreme youth of a lady who had already attained so unprecedentedly high a position in her profession, and fully one half of the admiration bestowed on her performance must be set down to other considerations than those of pure art; who, as we have before hinted, had many lukewarm votaries in the multitude assembled at her shrine. Miss Goddard had the misfortune to be attended by a not very dexterous or intelligent *cavalier servante*, and the versatility with which she contrived in the midst of her absorbing occupation to transfix the blundering leaf-turner with a Medean glance from one side of her pretty countenance, whilst presenting an ever-smiling frontispiece to the public on the other, was something marvellous to contemplate. Her playing was characterised by singular grace, freedom from affectation, and that incomprehensible mastery of mechanical difficulties which it seems the prerogative of genius to possess, whilst mere physical excellence retreats crest-fallen from its pursuit. Unlike many other pianists, Miss Goddard observed no perceptible interval between the performance of the several movements, but passed rapidly from the opening *alle-gretto* to the bold *vivace alla Marcia*, thence to the sublime and deeply poetic *adagio*, concluding without valid rest or apparent fatigue, with the sparkling and elaborately fugued *allegro*, in which alone her execution,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

would have stamped the name of any hitherto unheard of artist. This performance was one of those rather beyond the ken of a considerable proportion of the mixed multitude assembled in the hall, and accordingly the *encore* was somewhat qualified, and Miss Goddard, with much good sense, curtseying formally to the audience, resisted all subsequent endeavours to lure her forth from her retirement.

Mr. Thomas imparted as much freshness to the now hackneyed "Il Balen" as was in the power of an intelligent and careful artist, and was rewarded with no stinted measure of applause. The laughing trio from Balfe's new opera, which from its enduring pretensions to public favour, has been happily designated in a *jeu d'esprit*, racy of the soil, as the "rose of cast steel," brought the first part of the programme to a conclusion. It was remarkable only as being one of the few encored performances of the evening—a circumstance in a great measure attributable to the humorous extravagance of Mr. Perren, some of whose gesticulations, however, were open to question on the score of good taste.

In the second part Weber's quartett elicited symptoms of well-deserved approval. Miss Palmer created a sensation in Moore's "Minstrel Boy," and on the *encore*, treated her audience to the Irish ballad "The Letter." Miss Goddard, in Wallace's "Impromptu," met her audience on congenial soil. The applause was warm, hearty, and unequivocal; qualities that Miss Goddard's long professional experience enabled her to recognise and

acknowledge. She readily and gracefully acceded to the demand for an encore, and tipped the climax of her triumph by a masterly and impassioned execution of one of the most pleasing fantasias on "Home, Sweet Home."

Mad. Rudersdorff made the most of Sig. Randegger's song, but the performance failed to excite any vivid demonstration.

Herr Molique's second solo was better appreciated than his previous performance, and the inexhaustible fertility of resources displayed in the composition, no less than the matchless power and feeling manifested in its execution, warranted the warm tribute of admiration which greeted it. The ballad by the Spanish composer, Yradier, was exquisitely sung by Mad. Rudersdorff, and Mr. Perren did full justice to the song-solo of Shield. Bishop, as he had opened, concluded the entertainment with sterling English music.

LEICESTER.—The want of an efficient and well conducted musical society has been long felt in the town, and the attention of a few of our leading musicians has been lately occupied in determining of the best method to be adopted for attaining this desirable object. Having obtained the co-operations of Mr. Henry Nicholson, who consented to undertake the duties of conductor, a post for which his musical attainments and practical experience peculiarly fit him, they decided on forming a new society, and limiting the membership to those persons who possessed ability and diligence sufficient to make their assistance useful. A few rules were accordingly drawn up and printed, with a circular inviting the co-operation of all who were competent. The names of Miss Deacon, and Messrs. Henry Gill, Thomas Graham, William Rowlett, John Stanyon, Samuel Cleaver, George Royce, John Sansome, and William Branston, were appended to the Council, thereby affording the best possible guarantee for the good management of the society. The result has exceeded the expectations of the promoters, and a society has been formed already numbering upwards of 70 members, all qualified to take an efficient part in the performance of choral music. The rehearsals have been commenced at the New Music Hall, and we understand they have proved highly satisfactory. In order to render the performances as complete and effective as possible, Mr. Nicholson has procured the use of an organ, which is now in course of erection at the New Music Hall. We congratulate the members on this valuable acquisition, and we are glad to learn that the opening is arranged to take place at one of our fortnightly concerts, on December 20, and that the society will assist on the occasion, and perform a selection from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, as also some part songs.—*Leicester Journal*.

The third of Mr. Nicholson's popular entertainments, the Concerts for the People, in the present season, took place on Monday evening in the Corn Exchange, which was crowded to excess, nearly 2,000 persons being present. The principal vocalists were Miss Deacon, Mr. W. T. Briggs (of the Worcester Cathedral choir), Mr. Sansome, and Mr. Oldershaw. The solo instrumentalists were Picco with his Pastoral Tibia, and Mr. Henry Nicholson (flute).

NOTTINGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Midland Counties Philharmonic Society gave their first concert in the Mechanics' Hall, on Wednesday, the 17th. There was a gay and brilliant assemblage, among whom we noticed the Mayor, the ex-Mayor, the Sheriff, and Sir A. Knight. The concert opened with the overture to *Masaniello*, which was played with vigour and precision. The *pot-pourri*, on airs from *Martha*, was effective, and the last solo on the flute played with great sweetness. The selection from *Il Travatore*, arranged by the society's conductor, showed the power and efficiency of the orchestra. The march from the *Prophète* concluded the first part. The second part opened with the overture to *Il Barbiere*. The selection from *La Traviata* was played admirably by the band. We noticed among the instruments something novel in the shape of a sonorophone, on which the baritone solo was played in *La Traviata*, being lent for the occasion to the conductor by the inventor, Mr. Waddell, band-master of the 1st Life Guards. The first song on the programme was Mozart's "Dove Son,"

sung by the talented and rising young vocalist, Miss Theresa Jefferys, who made her second appearance in Nottingham. She also sang the Irish melody "The Minstrel Boy," and Bishop's aria, "Tell me, my Heart," in which she was encored, for which she gave "Summer Breezes." The great tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, commenced with Weber's grand scena, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," from Oberon, in magnificent trumpet tone, combining vocal eloquence of the highest order. It was quite evident, however, that he was suffering from a severe cold, and his acting (!) lacked his accustomed dramatic force. He next sang the ballad, "Come into the garden, Maud," which was vociferously encored! Mr. Reeves would not comply with the very urgent and uproarious call. It is right to state that Mr. Reeves came to sing contrary to the positive orders of his physician, and that he sacrificed two engagements—one on Monday, at Newcastle, and the other at Preston, on Tuesday, that he might fulfil that at Nottingham. The audience were most unreasonable, since Mr. Reeves sang what was set down in the programme; but the mob, as Shakespeare truly says, are ever "fickle and ignorant." He concluded his part of the performance by singing the ballad, "Phoeby, Dearest," which, in spite of cold and hoarseness, was almost perfection. The concert terminated with Beethoven's overture to *The Men of Prometheus*. The band altogether was one of the finest, if not the finest ever collected together in the Mechanics' Hall, and their success has more than justified the expectations of the most sanguine. The speculation promises and deserves to be successful.

LEEDS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The concerts for the people have commenced in the Town Hall. At the first, which took place on the 13th inst., nearly 1,700 persons were present. The performers were—Miss Witham, Miss Newbound, Mr. Inkeraall, Mr. Delavanti, a band of about 40, and Mr. Burton as conductor. The band was the principal attraction, and played one or two overtures in capital style. Last Saturday, the same vocalists were engaged, and four members of the band only. The room was not more than half-filled.—A very good concert was given in the Music Hall, last week, by Mr. Richard Rameden, who, since he left the Leeds parish church as a chorister-boy, has been cultivating a very promising baritone voice. His assistants were—Miss Dobson, Miss Pilling, Mr. Archibald Mann (of whom the local papers speak in the highest terms), Mr. Winn, and Mr. Broughton, pianist.—Last Friday, the Festival Committee, headed by Sir Peter Fairbairn (Mayor), attended the board-room of the Infirmary, and there formally presented to the trustees the sum of £2000, as the balance left from the recent Leeds Festival. It seems to be well understood, that the second festival will take place here within three years. I would recommend to the committee the great advantage of giving the next festival at the end of two years, for then it would not clash with either Birmingham or Bradford. The *Leeds Express*, of Saturday last, has the following:—"The organ committee of the Town Council have recommended to the Town Hall Committee the desirability of immediately ventilating the cove in the orchestra of the Town Hall, and the bellows-room in the vaults. It is already well known that, from the want of ventilation in the cove, the organ pipes get very much out of tune during the nights when the Hall is occupied; whilst the bellows-room requires ventilation to prevent that dampness which has already injured some portions of the bellows work. We understand that it is in contemplation to add the pneumatic action to the pedal and composition movements in the organ, and that this, and the instrument itself, will be entirely completed in about six weeks' time. Until then, we believe the organ will not be publicly used."

EPIGRAM.

"Audi alterem partam."
"For Ober's soup meagre
I'm not over eager.
I'd leafer by half
Old Roast Beef with Balf."

GUSARRI

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

On Monday, for the BENEFIT of Mr. W. HARRISON, Verdi's opera IL TROVATORE, Manrico (first time in London) Mr. W. Harrison; Leonora (first time in London) Miss Louisa Pyne. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. In consequence of their great success the ROSE OF CASTILLE and THE BOHEMIAN GIRL will be repeated in the course of the week. To conclude (each evening) with a Ballet Divertissement. Commence at half-past Seven.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of MACBETH can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH. Tuesday and Saturday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Thursday, KING JOHN. Preceded every evening by a FARCE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCEUM THEATRE
LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—EVERY NIGHT at Eight o'clock.—M. WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.—To-morrow, Monday, November 29th, A GRAND BEETHOVEN NIGHT. On which occasion Mad. Evelina GARCIA will make her first appearance these three years. The first part of the Programme will consist of the works of Beethoven, including the Overture "Leonora," Symphony in C minor, Concerto, Violin, performed by M. WIENIAWSKI—and the celebrated Septet, performed by Soloists of M. Jullien's Orchestra. Second part, miscellaneous.—Quadrille, "The Campbells are comin'" and "Hymn of Universal Harmony," Jullien.—"Fern Leaves" Valse, Jullien.—Solo, Violin, "Carnaval de Venise" (Paganini), performed by M. WIENIAWSKI.—"Friskell Galop," Jullien.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 18th.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The celebrated Madame Celeste will appear every evening this week with Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Eliza Arden. On Monday, SATAN, Madame Celeste; Chescoria, Mr. Paul Bedford. On Tuesday, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST, Cynthia, Madame Celeste. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, to commence with the Adelphi Drama of CHRISTMAS EVE. Madeleine, Madame Celeste, supported by Mr. Paul Bedford and the whole of the Company. To be followed by an original drama called THE LITTLE SUTTLER. Natalie, Madame Celeste. To conclude on Monday and Tuesday with THE WHITE SLAVE. On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, a Favorite Burletta. On Wednesday, for the Benefit of Madame Celeste. Every department is busily engaged for the production of the Great National Pantomime.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CANDIDATE.—Apply to Mr. Gimson, Secretary, No. 4, Tenterden-st, Hanover-square.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1858.

THE Vocal Association has issued its prospectus for the ensuing Season, which commences in January and terminates in June. Mr. Benedict, who originated the Society, in 1856, is its director and conductor. A more zealous orchestral chief or a more energetic administrator it would be difficult to find. What notoriety the Association already enjoys is owing entirely to his exertions. Mr. Benedict's original idea was to institute a choral body which might vie in excellence with the Cologne Männer-Gesang-Verein and the Berlin Choirs. He knew that no country in the world possessed finer voices than England, and, determined to procure the most efficient singers, and to spare no pains in improving them, it was natural he should indulge in the fairest prospects of success. It was no easy matter, however, to bring together three hundred singers with good voices, competent musical knowledge, and refinement of style, so as to execute with propriety and effect the master-pieces of ancient and modern writers—madrigals, glees, part-songs, &c., and to say nothing of the grander choral works, which no doubt Mr. Benedict contemplated. The celebrated choirs of Berlin and Cologne had been singing and practising

together for years before they arrived at the perfection ultimately attained, and Mr. Benedict, of course, did not expect his own society to reach the degree of excellence aimed at in one or two seasons.

The Vocal Association commenced not badly. At a concert in the Crystal Palace they were first brought into prominent notice, and opinions were very generally favourable to their performances. Of course allowance was made for amateurs who had sung so rarely in public, but they were found entitled to no small share of praise. So promising a beginning augured well for the future, and several warm admirers of Mr. Benedict, and well-wishers to the Association, prophesied that before two years had passed they would equal the Cologne Union.

Unfortunately progress did not keep pace with expectation. In 1857, the members of the Vocal Association showed signs of improvement, although on one or two occasions—when entrusted with more complicated works than madrigals and part-songs—a falling off was manifested. Frequent hearings, too, led to the conviction that all the voices were not good; that many were harsh,—not a few habitually out of tune; and that some of the members did not sing at all. This was placed beyond a doubt last season on the opening night at St. James's Hall, when the Association had to take part in the finale to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*—a performance by no means calculated to raise it in the estimation of connoisseurs. Mr. Benedict was far from satisfied, and saw that reformation was needed; but all arrangements had been made, and nothing could be done until the end of the year.

The prospectus just offered to subscribers states that nearly one-fourth of the members have been dismissed, and that none have been admitted as substitutes without undergoing, in advance, a strict examination before Mr. Benedict.

This very necessary measure having been carried out, we may now look forward to better things from the Vocal Association, and entertain a hope that after some years, with assiduity and zeal, they may be entitled to rank among the most efficient choral societies. That nothing will be left unattempted by Mr. Benedict in order to obtain this result, we feel assured. All that promptitude and energy united to talent and experience can hope to achieve will be achieved.

A highly interesting feature of the prospectus is the announcement of four works by Mendelssohn, with which the public are unacquainted, and which will be introduced in the course of the season. These are, three Marches, and an "Ave Maria," belonging to the unfinished *Loreley*. The "Ave Maria" has been presented by Mr. Buxton to Mr. Benedict, for the exclusive advantage of the Vocal Association. It consists of a solo for soprano and four-part chorus, and is as completely scored and finished as the long *finale* with which we are already familiar, and a new piece from *Loreley* cannot fail to excite curiosity.

The performances are to consist of twelve Concerts—six dress and six undress. To the latter—held for the purpose of introducing young and untried singers, who would not otherwise have an opportunity of appearing in public—subscribers only will be admitted. This alone is likely to attract a certain amount of patronage. In brief, from the promises held out, we have a right to anticipate that the forthcoming season will place the Vocal Association in a far better position than it can hitherto be said to have occupied.

LET us now, as we are wont from time to time, look over the list of metropolitan non-lyrical theatres and see what they are all about.

With the Princess's, as the temple, *par excellence*, of the poetical drama, we begin. In consequence of a judicious series of revivals, Mr. Charles Kean is enabled to ring three changes every week, while both he and Mrs. C. Kean appear every night, so varying their labours as to obtain comparative repose. As they prove themselves in *Macbeth* the undoubted chiefs of the tragic profession, so in their last revival, *Much Ado About Nothing*, do they proclaim themselves joint monarchs of high comedy. The young men of the present age, who have only seen this charming play acted in middling style, do not know what it ought to look like till they have seen the Benedick and Beatrice of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean. Let them, the young men of the present day, find themselves at the door of the Princess's Theatre, at seven o'clock, in order to secure a good place; not in order to see a farce, called *Thirty-three next Birthday*.

To-night Mrs. Charles Mathews will take her benefit at the Haymarket, thus bringing to a close a singularly prosperous engagement.

The revival of the *Boots at the Swan*, fresh in the mind of every one whose memory can command six months, and of the *Thumping Legacy*, which is less familiar to the present play-goer, has done wonders for the Olympic Theatre. Robson as the "boots,"—Robson as the cockney druggist, lured into vindictive Corsica—is an attraction altogether irresistible.

Even those who have already seen the *Maid and the Magpie* at the Strand Theatre, may venture there again, not only because this lively burlesque is well worth seeing twice, but because there is a new farce called the *Little Savage*, which, in itself no great affair, renders Marie Wilton exceedingly prominent in the character of a pretended romp, and Marie Wilton is neither more nor less than an incarnate sunbeam.

The suburbs don't assume any new feature of great importance. *Henry V.* seems to have retreated from Sadler's Wells, where business of a mere routine kind is now carried on—the *Hypocrite* one night, the *Bridal* another, &c. Mad. Celeste is so firm in the favour of oriental enthusiasts that she seems likely to remain at the National Standard till the opening of the new Adelphi gives her a western home. Those who wish to see an M.P. on horseback, may go to Astley's, where Mr. Townsend plays Glo'ster. At the Surrey, the *Woman of the World*, one of the leading tales of "Reynolds's Miscellany," has been turned into a drama of intense interest, though in this respect Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick have been anticipated by the manager of the Victoria.

However, whether performances are good, bad, or indifferent, all the theatres in London will speedily be crowded. The Annual Cattle Show is coming on, and will bring with it a throng of sturdy, pleasure-seeking agriculturists, bent on seeing everything from the Princess's to Canterbury Hall. As the mythical bull carried personified Europe all the way from Phœnicia to Crete, so does the real ox bring all England from the provinces to London.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—M. Jullien has engaged this accomplished vocalist for the last week of his Farewell Concerts at the Lyceum, and also for his Farewell Tour in the provinces, in Ireland, and Scotland. Madame Bishop will make her first appearance at M. Jullien's Concerts, on Tuesday, December 14th.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This Society began its winter concerts last night, with Haydon's *Creation*.

M. SAINTON, the eminent violinist, has had the honour of receiving from his Majesty the King of Holland the royal order of the "Couronne de Chêne."

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, who has been playing all the week at the Liverpool concerts given under the superintendance of Mr. E. Thomas, is engaged at Chatham on Monday, at Brighton on Tuesday, at M. Jullien's (Beethoven night) Wednesday, and at Greenwich on Thursday.

MR. MACREADY has experienced another bereavement in the death, on Monday, at Sherborne House, Sherborne, of his sister.

DEATH OF MR. ALLCROFT.—Mr. F. W. Allcroft, whose name has been for a considerable time associated with musical and dramatic undertakings, expired on Sunday fortnight, under such painful circumstances, that his death must be regarded by his friends as a happy release from the sufferings he has lately undergone. It was the unfortunate gentleman's fate to be afflicted with mental as well as physical derangement, and for some months past he had been the inmate of a private lunatic asylum. As the well-known music-publisher in New Bond-street, the most frequent provider, if not the originator, of those "monster concerts" that included in one night's programme an unprecedented array of vocal and instrumental talent, and latterly, after the secession of Mr. Copeland, the lessee of the Strand Theatre (which he held until his decease), there have been few names more prominently before the public. To heavy pecuniary losses connected with the Lyceum, some years since, the excitement of the brain, which led to final mental aberration, has been generally attributed; and the later period of his life has been so severely afflicted, that it can scarcely be regretted the hand of death has now put a period to his sufferings.—*Era*.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BLAGROVE.—On Monday week the funeral of Mr. William Blagrove, who died so suddenly the preceding week, took place at Highgate Cemetery. His remains were deposited with those of his brother Charles, who died a short time since, and the arrangements for the mournful ceremony were most admirably conducted by Mr. W. Garstin, of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square. The funeral was attended by several of his professional brethren, by whom he was much respected.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS has been stated, by a contemporary, to be engaged in preparing a Christmas piece for one of the theatres. It is not the case, and probably he finds almost enough occupation in his duties as the new editor of the *Literary Gazette*, in completing the *Gordian Knot*, and in contributing to *Punch*.—*Era*.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.—A Parisian journal publishes an account of the sums which M. Calzado, proprietor of the Italian Opera House in Paris, is now paying to his singers. Tamberlik is to receive 40,000 fr. for seventeen representations; Mario, 15,000fr. per month for five months; Alboni, 12,000fr. per month during the season. This lady is engaged to sing only seven times during each month. Madame Penco gets 70,000fr. for the whole season; Graziani (Francesco), 40,000fr.; Graziani (Ludovic), 37,000fr.; Corsi, 21,000fr.; Galvani, 18,000fr.; Madle de Ruda, 17,000fr.; Madame Cambardi, 7,000fr.; Soldi, 3,500fr.; Patriossi, 3,000fr.; Madame Dell'Anese, 3,000fr.; Rossi, 3,000fr. We have not done yet. The French *prima donna*, Madame Nantier-Didiée, receives 20,000fr.; Zucchini, the comic basso, 18,000fr.; Angelini, 14,000fr.; and Madame Grisi is to be paid 20,000 francs for two months. The chorus costs 41,540fr. for the season. The orchestra costs 46,455fr. Then there are the expenses of scenery, dresses, lighting, and servants of the theatre; altogether obliging an expenditure which it is calculated the utmost patronage on the part of the public can scarcely cover.

MANCHESTER.—At M. Hallé's orchestral concert on Wednesday week, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was the chief feature. Madlle. Marie was the vocalist and Mr. Hallé the pianist. At the meeting of the Madrigal Society, Mr. W. Shore, the president, was presented by his fellow members with a handsome time piece. Mr. Shore has been president of the society since its foundation.

M. JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.

THE crowds do not abate. The concerts appear to possess greater attractions than ever; whether derived from the eager wish of the public to do hommage to M. Jullien before his departure; or the increasing reputation of the new violinist, M. Wieniawski; or the superior character of the entertainments, we cannot answer. Certain it is, that the Lyceum Theatre is not half large enough to accommodate M. Jullien's patrons, that numbers are rejected from the doors nightly, and money returned in many instances to those who entertain a horror of a crowd, and dare not trust their tender selves to the enthusiastic and unrespecting denizens of the pit.

The second "Mendelssohn Night" took place on Friday evening week, and attracted, if possible, even a greater overflow than the first. The programme was nearly the same. The symphony in A went just as well; Miss Arabella Goddard played the first concerto for piano just as perfectly, and elicited just the same enthusiasm; while M. Wieniawski restored his own *cadenza* to the violin concerto. Instead of "Infelice," (Miss Stabbach being absent) Miss Poole sang "The First Violet," and besides the Wedding March, there was the welcome addition of the overture to *Ruy Blas*, which was very superbly executed.

The revival of M. Jullien's famous "English Quadrille" has constituted a highly attractive feature in the week's performances. The applause nightly following this exciting composition is enthusiastic in the extreme. Each well-known air employed in the different figures is received with repeated cheers, while the soloists, whose special talents have never been employed to greater advantage, come in for no small share of the applauding thunder.

On Wednesday the first "Beethoven Night" will be given, when Miss Arabella Goddard will perform the Kreutzer Sonata with M. Wieniawski.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme of the second winter concert, on Saturday afternoon, was as follows:—

Overture (Euryanthe)	C. M. v. Weber,
X Concerto for the Concertina, expressly composed for the Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi ...		B. Molique
Song, "Lo! here the gentle lark," Miss Louisa Vining	Sir H. Bishop
Flute Obligato, Mr. Svensden.		Beethoven.
Symphony, No. 4, in B flat	G. Macfarren.
New Ballad, "When shall we meet again," expressly composed for Miss Louisa Vining ...		Regondi.
Morceau de concert, "Les Oiseaux," Signor Giulio Regondi	Pratten.
Ballad, "Too late, too late!" Miss Louisa Vining	Cherubini.
Overture (Faniska)	

Both selection and performance reflected much credit upon Mr. Manns and every one concerned.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN delivered his lecture on "Weber and his Compositions," in the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, at Hull, on Monday evening, the 15th inst., and on Wednesday evening, the 17th, his lecture on the "Dramatic Compositions of Handel and his Contemporaries." Both lectures were received with great marks of approbation. Mr. Salaman was assisted in the vocal illustrations by Miss Eliza Hughes and Mr. Theodore Distin. On the 18th Mr. Salaman read his Handel lecture in the minor room, St. George's Hall, Bradford, with equal success.

THE RUDERSDORFF-MOLIQUE-RANDEGGER party have returned from a highly successful tour in the provinces. To the three artists named were joined Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Thomas. Madame Rudersdorff took with her a new song, entitled, "Merrily shines the morn," composed expressly for her by Signor Randegger, in which she rarely failed to obtain an encore.

MANCHESTER.—At the Monday evening concert, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Thomas, and Herr Molique, have again been the attraction.

DRURY LANE.

THE *Bohemian Girl* was revived on Monday, but did not attract—which did not surprise us, considering how the opera has been hackneyed for fifteen years. The applause, however, was loud and frequent; bouquets were thick, and recalls numerous. Miss Louisa Pyne sings the music of *Arline* to perfection. She was encored, as a matter of course, in "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls." Mr. Harrison's two songs—"When other lips," and "The fair land of Poland," were tempestuously bissed and repeated to the great delight of the upper and the under gods, with whom the Balfian airs of sentiment are prodigious favourites. The reception of the "Old Girl" must have vastly pleased the composer and the managers, although we doubt very much the policy of the resuscitation of so antiquated a maiden of the muse. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison should recollect that there are other English composers besides Mr. Balfie, and that to display unmistakeable favouritism towards one writer, however talented and popular, is not adhering to the spirit of their prospectus. If the "National English Opera" were entitled the "Balfie and Co. Opera," we should have no objection even to the *Bohemian Girl*.

OXFORD.—Mr. James Russell gave a concert in the Town Hall on Friday evening, the 19th instant. The artists included Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Thomas, as vocalists, Herr Molique as solo violinist, and Signor Randegger, conductor—the party, in fact, which have been making a professional *tournée* in the provinces, with great ~~success~~—to whom was added Miss Dolby, as being a special favourite in *Alma Mater*. The pieces which obtained most applause were Balfie's new and charming ballad, "Daybreak," Duggan's song, "Many a time and oft," vociferously encored, but not repeated, "The green trees" being substituted—all three sung to perfection by Miss Dolby, and a new song by Signor Randegger, called "Merrily shines the morn," given with great point and expression by Madame Rudersdorff. Herr Molique was applauded to the echo in both his performances—"Souvenir de Norma," and Fantasia on English, and Scotch melodies.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent).—The Thomas concerts have been going on favourably. On Tuesday evening, the first part was all Mendelssohn, including the overture to *Ruy Blas*, the *andante* from the symphony in A, and the pianoforte concerto in G minor. The concerto was magnificently played by Miss Arabella Goddard, who was unanimously re-called at the termination. The orchestra pieces were capitally given under Mr. Thomas's able direction; and Miss Louisa Vining's "Garland," (the only vocal piece) would have been irreproachable, and pleased even more, but for a *cadenza* hardly in good keeping with the unaffected character of the music. Selections from *Rigoletto* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, daily, morning and evening (for we have had afternoon concerts as well), afforded the public an opportunity of admiring and applauding the solo playing of Messrs. Percival (flute), Maycock (clarionet), Nicholson (oboe), Hawkes (cornet), and Prospere (ophicleide). Miss Arabella Goddard has created quite a *furore*, and is invariably encored in her solos. On Wednesday afternoon, the "Last rose of summer," being redemanded with acclamations, she returned to the orchestra and substituted Thalberg's *Don Pasquale*. In the evening, the same composer's *fantasia* on *Massaniello*, being similarly complimented, the gifted pianist (to the universal satisfaction) satisfied the demand of the audience with "Home, sweet home," which created an equal measure of enthusiasm. Miss Louisa Vining has been singing "Tacea la notte," Pratten's "Too late, too late," "Vedrai carino," "Where the bees suck," and a very pretty ballad by Macfarren, written expressly for her, and entitled "When shall we meet again?" with uniform success. The overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Fra Diavolo*, have added to the achievements of the band—solos on the clarionet (Mr. Maycock), cornet (Mr. Hawkes), and a duet for flute and clarionet (Messrs. Percival and Maycock), to the displays of the chief instrumentalists. In short, the concerts of Mr. Thomas have never presented a greater variety of attraction.

THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY gave a concert at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening. The programme was more varied than we have been accustomed to expect in suburban entertainments. It consisted of a tolerable selection of sacred, secular, and instrumental music. The singers were Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Montem Smith ; the instrumentalists, Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), Mr. Isaac (second violin), Mr. Richard Blagrove (viola and concertina), Mr. Aylward (violoncello), and Herr Wilhelm Ganz (pianoforte and harmonium). Movements from Haydn's "God save the Emperor" quartet, and from Beethoven's quartet, in A major, No. 5, were finely executed by Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Isaac, and Aylward. Solos were performed on their respective instruments by Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. R. Blagrove (concertina), and Herr Wilhelm Ganz (pianoforte and harmonium). The vocal piece most admired was Balfe's new song, "Daybreak," which Miss Dolby sang most admirably.

LIVERPOOL.—(Abridged from the *Liverpool Daily Post*, Nov. 23rd).—The sixth series of shilling concerts given by our indefatigable townsmen, Mr. Thomas, began last night at St. George's Hall, with a thoroughly successful performance ; and it is with no small pleasure that we have to report that the attendance, both in the reserved and shilling places, was very much better than on previous first nights ; and we have no doubt that the result will realize Mr. Thomas's expectations, in a pecuniary point of view ; while, as regards the music, it must be admitted by all, that whether we take the band "*ensemble*," or the soloists and vocalist individually, the attractions offered surpass the arrangements of foregoing years, and must receive that appreciating patronage which the exertions of Mr. Thomas so richly deserve.

The programme of last night consisted of the usual *melange* of symphony, overture, opera selection, solos, and songs, with dance music. The *intermezzo* movement from Beethoven in F and Hérold's *Zampa* were as effective as ever. We have seldom been more pleased with the *Trovatore* music ; the soloists, including Nicholson on the oboe, Maycock (clarinet), Percival (flute), Prospère (ophecleide), and Snelling (bassoon), being perfect. We felt inclined to award to each in turn the first place in our list ; but, as each on his respective instrument was so good, we feel that in uniting their names in one common award of praise, we pay each the best compliment.

The violoncello solo of Herr Lidel was admirable. He met with a hearty recognition on his appearance for the sake of "auld lang syne," which was repeated on his retirement.

Miss Louisa Vinning was received in a manner that was not more complimentary to her than well deserved. She is a vocalist we have every reason to be proud of, and we were glad to find that the audience estimated her at her value. She was encored in every song, and recalled a second time after singing "Comin' through the rye." Abelli's song, "I'm a laughing Zingarella," is too close a copy of the well-known tarantella to be a favourite with us ; but though lacking originality, Miss Louisa Vinning redeemed it by her excellent singing, and we were much charmed with her interpretation of "Ah, fors' e lui," and "Where the bee sucks." To-night she will appear, we expect, to even greater advantage in Mendelssohn's lovely song, "The Garland."

The great attraction of these concerts, however, and marked improvement on former years, is to be found in the engagement of Miss Arabella Goddard. If we had had the least doubts of her great powers, the execution of Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer," and, on being encored, the same composer's "Home, sweet home," would have set that feeling at rest once and for ever. The clearness of every passage—the evenness, force, and delicacy she displayed were wonderful. The melody kept singing out as distinctly as though there were no extraordinary variations in arpeggios, octaves, &c., built upon them ; and these same ornamental accompaniments were in themselves perfect throughout, each note telling, every passage a perfect marvel of executive skill. But great as she undoubtedly is in works of the class we have named, it is in the grand works of the great masters that

she shines ; here we find, coupled with dexterity, a refined interpretation, a close observance, and conscientious rendering of the author's intentions. Replete with difficulties just as great as in Thalberg, the merit of the performance is enhanced by the presence of genius ; and, in the reading and playing of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, to-night, in the works she will hereafter introduce from the pianoforte writings of Beethoven and Mozart, will be found the great outstanding attractions of Mr. Thomas's series ; and we cannot for one moment doubt that the musical public of Liverpool will appreciate and crowd to hear her in these her greatest triumphs. It is an opportunity seldom offered us, and it is one that should be eagerly availed of.

We must not omit to notice the way in which Meyerbeer's "March" from the *Camp of Silesia* was performed, and we are sure ere the week closes, the verdict we now give will be endorsed by all, that band and soloists excel those of any previous season.

C.

THE NEW BRITANNIA THEATRE.—The site of the Hoxton Theatre occupies two parallelograms of ground, whereof one, next High-street, 36 by 52 feet, is appropriated to a tavern and two entrance ways—and the other at the back, 150 feet by 110 feet, is occupied by the theatre and its accessories, as promenades, scene painters' rooms and carpenters' shop. Between the two main buildings is a corridor covered with glass. Into this both the entrances lead, and it is united by wide archways to a similar space in the theatre building, at the back of the pit, the whole together forming a promenade of 50 feet by 30 feet, from which access is gained to the pit, and by the staircases to the other parts of the house. There are three tiers of boxes at the sides of the house, but in the centre, the space corresponding in height with the two upper tiers is occupied by one large gallery, which extends to the full limit of the building, or over the saloon, which itself corresponds with that part of the promenade which is immediately attached to the pit. The pit extends under the lower tier of boxes. It measures 76 feet in width, and is 58 feet from the back wall to the orchestra front. The stage is the same width, 76 feet, and it measures 60 feet from the footlights to the back wall. The curtain opening in the proscenium is 35 feet across and 36 feet in height. A portion of the pit is arranged as stalls. The accommodation in that floor is estimated at 1,200 persons seated (1,000 in the general area, and 200 in the stalls) ; but bringing into consideration the standing room in the promenade, and at the back of the pit, the total number accommodated will be 1,600 persons. The seats in the lower tier of boxes are divided into two classes by framed partitions. The whole accommodation in this tier will give 600 sittings ; but the standing-places in the refreshment room and adjoining will raise the number to 650 persons. The side boxes in the upper tiers and the great gallery will altogether hold 1,250 persons ; whilst the sum of accommodation in all parts of the house, at 1 foot 6 inches to each sitter, will be 8,250 persons. The two entrances from High-street are each of them 14 feet wide. There are in all five staircases ; one of the number, however, is merely a staircase of communication between different parts of the house. Leading out from the ends of the promenade are two staircases to the boxes, each 5 feet wide, and at one end is a staircase of the same width to the galleries. The other staircases are those placed as before noticed. The refreshment room to the boxes is 50 feet by 60 feet ; and the floor is fire-proof. Three doorways of 4 feet opening, and others of 4 feet 6 inches, give access to the boxes of the two classes on this tier. All doors are made to open outwardly, and within the thickness of the walls. Cisterns and fire-proof cocks are to be provided. In case of a rush from the house escape, in addition to that by the 14 feet ways, could be afforded by removal of some light framed partitions separating the inner bar of the tavern from the outer bar, or that next the street. The arrangements for the refreshment department, and in the provision of various conveniences, are extensive, as they are required to be from the practice of the house to avoid trouble in checks and re-admissions. Besides the tavern and the refreshment saloon of the boxes, there is a refreshment court communicating with the pit promenade, and measuring 28 feet by 25 feet, and an open court on the opposite side 50 feet by 15 feet. The main walls are 2 feet 3 inches in thickness at the piers, which carry the roof principals, the recesses being formed with arches above, and inverted arches below. The front to High-street, comprising that of the tavern, with the entrance to the theatre, is of stone, save the ground story, which is in cast iron. Piers or pilasters with ornament carved thereon at the upper part of the shaft, a plain cornice, and windows with moulded and splayed reveals are the chief features.—*Builder*.

LECTURE ON CHURCH MUSIC.

On Tuesday evening the Rev. T. Helmore, M.A., of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Manchester, delivered a lecture in the large room of the Free-trade Hall, on "Church Music." The Right Hon. the Earl of Wilton occupied the chair, and the large hall was crowded with a respectable audience. Amongst those present were Lord Grey de Wilton, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Grey, Lady Elizabeth de Roos, the Dean of Manchester, &c., &c.

The Earl of WILTON, in opening the proceedings, said:—Ladies and gentlemen, I have been requested to take the chair upon this occasion, for the purpose of introducing to your notice Mr. Helmore, who has undertaken to give a lecture upon church music in this hall. And it is with feelings of no common pleasure and satisfaction that I have undertaken to preside upon this occasion, having myself taken a deep interest in this important subject.—(Hear, hear.) And having again and again devoted no inconsiderable share of thought and attention to it, I am perfectly satisfied that the introduction of music into the services of our church—I mean music of a good, sound, and proper character—has been a means of improving and of diffusing a spirit of piety and devotion throughout this kingdom and people.—(Hear, hear.) And remember, ladies and gentlemen, in countenancing this meeting with your support, and in cultivating and nourishing a taste for music, you are performing a great national good.—(Hear.) You are adding a most important element to the advancement of social improvement by encouraging that to which these feelings and these impulses must invariably tend—I mean a sense of the value of order, an attachment to the constituted ordinances and authorities of the state, and above all a love of those great and varied institutions of this country, which has brought it to that state of social and moral eminence, which has made it regarded alike with feelings of admiration, and perhaps of envy, by almost every state in Europe. But, ladies and gentlemen, while we are speaking upon this subject, and the object for which we are more immediately brought together on this occasion, we must not forget that this is but a branch of the parent tree; it is but a branch of that parent institution which I am anxious to take this opportunity of recommending to your special notice and sympathy and support—I mean the Manchester Church Institute. (Applause.) This institution possesses news and reading rooms, which are supplied with the leading Church publications, London and other weekly and daily papers, magazines, and reviews. The institution contains also a library for reference and lending purposes, a class for vocal music, and also classes for acquiring French and German. Now these are the most important objects. It would indeed be a great subject for regret if an institution with such aims and objects did not meet with the support of the friends of the Church generally in Manchester, more especially of the younger portion of the community. Another most important object of this institute, which I wish particularly to draw attention to is, the promotion of unity in the Church. Unity, in my opinion, is the very soul of Christianity, and there is nothing that has ever appeared to me so subversive of that unity in the Church as the employment and the assumption of party watchwords and party titles, and above all, the habit of imputing unsound views to others. Would to God that anything I could say could tend to draw together that dismemberment which has taken place, or to heal those wounds which have been inflicted upon our Church during the last few years. But I have often thought that a very few grains of common sense, and a very few drops of charity and indulgence to others, would contribute more perhaps than anything else to heal those wounds and to soften the asperity that so constantly enters into the discussion of religious subjects.—(Hear and applause.) Why should there be any party in the Church of England? For myself I belong to none.—(Applause.) The only party we should acknowledge in the Church is the reformed Protestant Church, and more especially "that pure and apostolic branch of it which has been established in these realms."—(Loud applause.) For myself I confess that I love to hear our beautiful liturgy, the compilation of the wisdom and piety and virtue of the ablest and the most virtuous men that ever existed—I say I love to hear

that liturgy read with reverence and decorum, I love to hear the services of the Church performed with decency and in order, and above all I love to hear the pealing organ calling upon the united congregation to join with one harmonious heart and voice to the praise and glory of God.—(Applause.) Having stated the objects of the Church Institute, I would ask you what objects could be greater and more ennobling than these? and, depend upon it, by cultivating church music and those feelings and impressions to which it is calculated to give rise, by affording to the young and the ardent the means of religious and literary instruction and, above all, by promoting unity in the Church itself, we are establishing one of the greatest means to improve the social advancement of the country, and to augment the contentment, the happiness, the prosperity, and the splendour of the empire.—(Loud applause.)

In our notice of the admirable illustration of Church music given by the Madrigal Society on the 22nd of April, 1858, we remarked upon the fact that the whole of the illustrations to Mr. Helmore's lecture, given in the Free-trade Hall on the previous January, were of a mediæval character. The same was again the case on Tuesday evening; with the exception of a small anthem, 35 bars long, by the present professor of music at Oxford, and the concluding portion of an anthem by Croft, none of the music was much less than 300 years old. When Mr. Helmore thus limits his subject, the title of his lecture would be more appropriate if it was less comprehensive, for it were to place the music of the English church in a truly contemptible position to insinuate that such illustrations gave anything approaching to a fair exposition of the ecclesiastical music of England. The magnificent anthems of Purcell, the father of English Church music, are entirely ignored, and Mr. Helmore has not yet given a single specimen of the fine works of such worthy successors of that mighty genius as Clarke, Blow, Greene, Handel, Hayes, Boyce, Nares, Cooke, Battishill, Wesley, Attwood, Crotch, Walmsley, Elvey, &c., &c. And, the principal of foreign adaptation being conceded in the case of Palestrina, why is the privilege confined to that one composer, when the annals of music contain such names as Bach, Graun, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummell, Righini, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn? The man who can be contented with the materials which are to be found in the works of Palestrina and his predecessors, and who would obstinately reject the splendid acquisitions which succeeding generations have accumulated, must have a strange notion of the history of the art, and must be devoid of all sympathy with that feature in musical composition on which Mozart placed the highest value and importance—*expression*, which is seldom obtained by the dull and monotonous rhythm, the timid and unvaried harmonies, or the meaningless canons, imitations, and other elaborate nonsense of the founders of our Church music. After giving a review of his first lecture, Mr. Helmore commenced by commenting on the striking difference between the old Church music and the music of the opera, the theatre, or the military band, forgetting, however, to inform his audience that the secular music of the period, which he considers the golden age of Church music, was in all respects precisely similar to the sacred, as any one may see by examining the madrigals, &c., of the period. The first illustration was the *Venite*, sung to the eighth Gregorian tone, the verses sung in unison alternately by men and lads, comprising the choirs of All Saints, St. Andrew's, St. Matthew's, St. George's, the Holy Trinity, Manchester; St. Stephen's, Salford; St. Thomas's, Pendleton; All Saints Newton Heath; St. James's, Birch; and St. James's, Didsbury; assisted by four of the children of the Chapel Royal; the harmonies arranged by Mr. Charles Childe Spencer, being given on the organ by Mr. Stevens, organist of Holy Trinity Church, Hulme, whom we must highly compliment for the smooth and judicious manner in which he played during the evening. Mr. Helmore resumed his lecture with quotations from the Fathers on the subject of music, incidentally mentioning that in the fourth century the choirs were divided into two bands, one of men and one of women, so that youths and virgins, old men and young, were all unitedly engaged in celebrating the praise of God in His Church. After alluding to the chants of St. Ambrose, he came to Pope Gregory, surnamed the Great, though

he called himself "*servus servorum Dei*;" to whose missionary zeal Great Britain is indebted for the introduction of Christianity. It was he who ordered the first antiphonarium, and he was the author of the suffrages, "Give peace in our time," the "Kyrie eleison," and the Hallelujah, translated in our liturgy, "Praise ye the Lord." The second illustration consisted of the *Magnificat* chanted, with the festal intonations, to the 7th tone, 4th ending. Mr. Helmore then noticed the gradual introduction of harmony, which was at first merely a succession of concords now thought extremely offensive to the ear. The earliest efforts of contrapuntal skill were all based upon the old melodies. Byrd's anthem, "Bow thine ear," which is founded on an Ambrosian chant, might be cited as an instance. Palestrina was stated to have carried the art to the greatest possible perfection—that he had never been surpassed—and that in spite of all subsequent advances, he still remained the best exponent of ideal perfection. He composed a whole mass on the plain song of the hymn "*Eterna Christi Munera*," which formed the next illustration.

The specimens of hymnology were from Mr. Helmore's "Hymnal Noted; or Translations of the Ancient Hymns of the Church, set to their proper melodies." This work on its being presented to the Bishop of Exeter by the Churchwardens of St. Olave's, Exeter, as inculcating Romish doctrine, and as being an object of offence, was declared by his lordship to contain phrases likely to excite scandal, and though the harmonies are in the prospectus stated to be "composed on the model of the great harmonists of the best periods of Church music," there are many points to which a sound musician would object. The very first cadence of the hymn, "The eternal gifts of Christ the King," or as it was called in the earlier advertisements "*Eterna Christi Munera*," presents neither the *Bachish* boldness of the leading note descending to the dominant, or the English stricter course of ascending to the tonic, and there remaining, but is an awkward jumble of the two. The latter half of the music to the hymn, "Ad oenam Agni providi," consists of a series of "chopping and changing" in the parts with the view of avoiding progressions grammatically incorrect, a result which is achieved at such a sacrifice of all that is natural and harmonious as scarcely to leave anything deserving the name of music. The first verse of the former hymn was sung in full harmony, the second by men in unison, the third by trebles in unison, and the last verse full again. Any one acquainted with the history of music must know that this is a series of *modern* effects, and by no means a genuine exhibition of the early hymns. We do not think Mr. Helmore has any right to abuse modern music and modern resources and yet flinch from them when it suits his purpose to do so. With regard to the adaptation of the words to the music, it struck us that the multiplication of notes to the one syllable had a very clumsy effect. In short, they were far inferior to our standard psalm tunes—the Old Hundredth, St. Anne's, &c. Mr. Helmore then entered upon an eulogium of Gregorian music, apologising for its apparent failure in the Free-trade Hall, and remarking that it ought not to be judged of by its accidents of time and place, but as the expression of the hearty worship of the sincere Christian, or as a means of edification. We confess that we could not see in what manner the selections from his favourite composer, the Sanctus and the Anthem, "O Saviour of the world," satisfied the latter requirement, as in the way of edification we imagine little can be obtained unless the words are distinguishable, which they certainly are not in such compositions as necessitate the singing of different words by each part simultaneously. In fact it was only once or twice in any of the anthems selected that with the closest attention and the programme in hand could a single syllable be detected. Anthems of this class have no accompaniment *proper*—if one is given it is a mere replication of the vocal parts; the organ was silent in two by Palestrina, but a most clumsy effect was produced by the use of the piano, which it seemed was necessary to enable the singers to take up their points; this said little for the ability of the ten choirs. Mr. Helmore, on resuming his lecture, remarked that the professional musicians of England were generally against the church modes, but that as God had raised up Pugin to restore Christian architecture; so he would give the church

another Palestrina to compose Christian music. He then enumerated several authorities who had spoken highly of these modes and who had advocated them being made a subject of study by the musical student. He instituted a comparison between them and modern melodies, and protested against the advocacy of them being considered to have any connection with the controversy between the Church of Rome and the Church of England. After an eulogium of Pugin who he said was a great admirer of the Plain Song, and reading a very absurd account of his visit to Cologne Cathedral, the lecturer again asserted his belief that the works of Croce, Vittoria, and Palestrina, were superior to the Masses of Beethoven, the Seven Last Words of Haydn, and the Requiem of Mozart. Mr. Helmore proceeded at considerable length, but the expression of impatience on the part of the audience which at this period became constant, prevented us from being able to gather even the meaning of the lecturer. If Mr. Helmore visits the Free Trade Hall again we should recommend him to imitate the method adopted by the Madrigal Society, and have the lecture printed with the book of words to be read at leisure, so that it would be only necessary to give the illustrations. The Holy Communion Service was then sung to the plain song of Merbecke, with organ accompaniment; the only effect produced appearing to be that of extreme weariness. Four specimens of anthem music followed.

The anthem, "I will exalt thee," by Dr. Tye, of which the choir sang the first part, is the first anthem set to English words after the Reformation. It was the result of the failure of a notable work which the Doctor, learned in all the science of the age, had composed in imitation of those who had previously set the Genealogy of Christ to music, and turned the "Psalms and Bookes of Kynges" into "ryme."

"The verse pleasant to make."

However "pleasant" the verse of Tye, the Doctor, according to Anthony à Wood, was "a peevish and humorsome man, especially in his latter days; and sometimes playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, what contained much music, but little delight to the ear, she would send the verger to tell him that he played out of tune; wheresupon he sent word that her Majesty's ears were out of tune." The Rev. William Mason on this story observed that it tells us "precisely what the merit and demerit of Dr. Tye's music and that of his contemporaries was; they had all the learning of their time, without knowing how to make it useful. The primary use of music is to please the ear, and of vocal to convey the words it is joined to in a pleasing and intelligent strain; the second, but much more essential use, is to convey sentiment and affect the passions." And Mr. Avison remarks, "that there are, properly speaking, but three circumstances on which the worth of any musical composition can depend. These are *melody*, *harmony*, and *expression*. When these three are united in their full excellence, the composition is then perfect; if any of these are wanting or imperfect, the composition is proportionably defective." The anthem, by Tallis, "If ye love me," was very unsteadily given; the choirs were not only not up to the mark, but Mr. Helmore's *baton* did not mend matters, for he evidently knows little how to use it. The anthem by Redford, though a nice specimen of the style, made us recall, by way of contrast, the fine composition by Purcell, to the same words, "Rejoice in the Lord alway," which was given so well at the concert of the Madrigal Society. The short anthem by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, demands no remark. Three quaint carols appeared to afford as much relief to the audience as they did on the former occasion; they were the only illustrations which enlisted any sympathy during the evening, but how far they are to be considered Church music we do not pretend to say. The chorus part of an anthem, by Croft, concluded the programme. The music was much better sung than at Mr. Helmore's former lecture, ample time having been afforded for rehearsals, which were commenced with the intention of being ready for last Easter, the time originally fixed for the lecture. But was it really requisite to bring down four of the children of the Chapel Royal to enable the boys to sing a few chants and choruses? The trebles in point of quality were the best portion of the choir, the other parts were somewhat coarse and unmusical.

After the conclusion of the lecture the Rev. Mr. Lamb, incumbent of St. Paul's, moved that the best thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Helmore for the delivery of his most interesting and valuable lecture on Church music, and also to those gentlemen who had generously assisted him, and the united choirs who had so largely contributed to the efficiency of his illustrations on that occasion.—(Applause.)

Lord Grey: Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in seconding the motion which has just been proposed by Mr. Lamb; for I am quite sure our best thanks are due to Mr. Helmore. I think also that our thanks are equally due to the gentlemen who have so kindly assisted him. I therefore trust our motion will be carried unanimously and by acclamation. The motion was then put and carried, after which Mr. Helmore briefly acknowledged the compliment.

The Rev. Canon Marsden moved a vote of thanks to Lord Wilton for his kindness in presiding on that occasion, and for his readiness at all times to promote objects of public usefulness in connection with Manchester and the neighbourhood. The Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester seconded the resolution, which was carried with acclamation.

The Earl of Wilton acknowledged the compliment, and said it would always be a source of consolation to him to be able to reflect upon this and any other occasion on which he might have conducted anything to the welfare, happiness, comfort, or amusement of the town of Manchester.—(Applause.)—*Manchester Courier*, Oct. 23.

AN ANCIENT CONCERT.

BY A VENERABLE DIRECTOR.

"Give me old music—let me hear
The songs of days gone by."—H. F. CHORLEY.

O! come all ye who love to hear
An ancient song in ancient taste,
To whom all bygone Music's dear
As verdant spots on memory's waste!
Its name, "The Ancient Concert" wrongs,
And has not hit the proper clef,
To wit, Old Folks, to sing Old Songs,
To Old Subscribers rather deaf.

Away, then, Hawes! with all your band!
Ye beardless boys, this room desert!
One youthful voice, or youthful hand,
Our concert-pitch would disconcert!
No bird must join our "vocal throng,"
The present age beheld at font:
Away, then, all ye "Sons of Song,"
Your Fathers are the men we want!

Away, Miss Birch, you're in your prime!
Miss Romer, seek some other door!
Go, Mrs. Shaw! till, counting time,
You count you're nearly fifty-four.
Go, Miss Novello, sadly young!
Go, thou composing chevalier,
And roam the country towns among,
No newcomer will be welcome here!

Our Concert aims to give at night
The music that has had its day!
So, Cooke, for us you cannot write
Till time has made you Raven gray.
Your score may charm a modern ear,
Nay, ours, when three or four score old;
But in this Ancient atmosphere
Fresh airs like yours would give us cold!

Go Hawse, and Cawse, and Woodyat, go!
Hence, Sheriff, with your native curls;
And Master Coward ought to know
This is no place for boys and girls.
No Massons here we wish to see;
Nor is it Mrs. Seguin's sphere,
And Mrs. B——! oh, Mrs. B——!
Such bishops are not reverend here.

What! Grisi, bright and beaming thus
To sing the songs gone gray with age!
No, Grisi, no—but come to us
And welcome, when you leave the stage.
Off, Ivanhoff!—till weak and harsh—
Rubini, hence! with all the clan;
But come, Lablache, years hence, Lablache,
A little shrivell'd thin old man!

Go, Mr. Phillips, where you please;
Away, Tom Cooke, and all your batch,
You'd run us out of breath with glee
And catched that we could not catch.
Away, ye leaders all, who lead
With violins—quite modern things;
To guide our ancient band we need
Old fiddles out of leading strings.

But come, ye songsters, over-ripe,
And into "childish treble break,"
And bring, Miss Winter, bring the pipe
That cannot sing without a shake;
Nay, come, ye spinsters all, that spin
A slender thread of ancient voice—
Old notes that almost seem call'd in;
At such as you we shall rejoice.

No Thund'ring Thalbergs here shall baulk
Or ride your pet D-cadence o'er;
But fingers with a little chalk
Shall moderate—and keep the score!
No Broadwoods here, so full of tone—
But Harpsichords assist the strain;
No Lincoln's pipes—we have our own
Bird-Organ, built by Tubal-Cain.

And welcome! St. Cecilians now—
Ye willy-nilly, ex good fellows,
Who will strike up, no matter how,
With organs that survive their bellows!
And brief, O bring, your ancient styles
In which our elders lov'd to roam,
Those flourishes that strayed for miles,
Till some good fiddle led them home!
O come, ye ancient London cries,
When Christmas Carols erst were sung!
Come, Nurse, who dron'd the lullabies,
"When music, heavenly maid, was young!"
No matter how the critics treat,
What modern sins and faults detect,
The copy-book shall still repeat,
These Concerts must "command respect!"

Hood's Own, 1839.

NOTTINGHAM.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The following programme was performed at the third Concert of Chamber Music, on Friday, the 19th instant:

PART I.—Quartet, Op. 21 in E minor, for two violins, tenor and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby-Onslow. Sonata, Op. 21, in D minor, for violin and pianoforte, Messrs. Henry Farmer and Shelmardine—Gade.

PART II.—Quintet, Op. 4, in E flat, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, Messrs. Henry Farmer, Myers, Praeger, Allsop and T. L. Selby—Beethoven. Trio, Op. 66, in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. White, Henry Farmer, and T. L. Selby—Mendelssohn.

The Onslow quartet, with its refreshing flow of melody, and the Beethoven quintet, one of the most captivating works of the great man's first period, were played with great precision and nicety, and elicited loud plaudits. Gade's sonata, one of those poetic effusions of that charming and highly-gifted composer, was beautifully interpreted. The evening closed with the *trio per excellence*, that miracle of symphonious part-writing, with its impetuous first movement, its love, and comfort-breaking adante, the witching faery of the scherzo, and the plaintively passionate finale, with the glorious and triumphant chorale. There is an increasing interest manifested in these concerts, which augurs well for the future.

JOHN FIELD.

(From the *Echo*.)

JOHN FIELD is one of those few Englishmen whose name is inscribed in ineffaceable characters in the archives of art. He was born in 1782, in Dublin, and was a pupil of Clementi's. He soon took his place among the most distinguished pianists of his time; and, even up to the present day, has never been surpassed for touch and melodious tone. He gained his first laurels as a *virtuoso* in Paris and St. Petersburg. In 1822, he migrated to Moscow, where his concerts and lessons became very popular. From 1832, he travelled through England, France, and Italy. He was detained in Naples by sickness, until he returned, in 1835, with a Russian family, to Russia, and died at Moscow, in 1837. A great number of concertos and solo pieces for the pianoforte have given an imperishable importance to his name. But the compositions which have enjoyed the widest circulation, are his celebrated *nocturnes*, which have been frequently imitated, but never equalled for unsurpassable and simple depth of feeling. F. Liszt characterises them as follows, in the preface to J. Schubert's admirable edition :

"Field's nocturnes are yet new by the side of much that has grown old; six-and-thirty years have elapsed since their first appearance, and a balmy freshness, a fragrant odour, is still wafted to us from them. Where else should we now find such perfect and inimitable *naïveté*? Since Field, no one has been able to express himself in that language of the heart, which moves us as a tender, moist glance does; which cradles to repose, like the soft, equal rocking of a boat, or the swinging of a hammock, which is so gentle and easy, that we fancy we hear around us the low murmuring of dying kisses."

"No one has ever attained these indefinite harmonies of the *Aeolian harp*, these half sighs, floating away into air, and, gently complaining, melted in sweet pain. No one has ever attempted this, especially no one of those who heard Field himself play, or rather dream out his songs, at moments when, abandoning himself entirely to his inspiration, he departed from the first plan of the piece, as it existed in his imagination, and invented, in uninterrupted succession, fresh groups which, like wreaths of flowers, he twined around his melodies, while he kept continually decorating the latter with this rain of nosegays, and yet so decked them out, that their languishing tremulousness and charming serpentines were not concealed, but simply covered with a transparent veil. With what inexhaustible profusion did he vary the thought when it occurred! With what unusual felicity did he surround, without disturbing it, with a net of arabesques!"

(To be continued.)

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"The Fugue in B flat, on the letters composing his name—B A C H—which represent four musical notes ('H,' in German, standing for our own B natural), although it cannot precisely be traced to Bach, is nevertheless well worth preserving, and is both valuable and interesting as a test of comparison between good and bad counterpoint, when viewed in conjunction with the very inferior fugue on the same theme composed by John Christian Bach, the patriarch's youngest and least-accomplished son. At the same time the former contains examples of common-place 'sequence' that induce us to side with those who refuse to admit that it is genuine Bach.

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VOL. 36.—No. 49.

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STRING PARTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR.—Can any of your correspondents oblige me by informing me where I can get separate string parts of Beethoven's and Mozart's symphonies. Yours, obliged,

PHILHARMONIC.

THE KREUTZER SONATA AND MR. BRIDGE-TOWER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—In a Dictionary of Musicians, published in England in 1827, is the following notice :

"BRIDGETOWER.—This eminent performer on the violin is said to be a descendant of an Indian prince.* He was a pupil of Gornovichi, and, for theory, of Attwood. In the early part of his life he was much patronised by his present Majesty. At present he is residing on the continent, and is, we believe, about forty-eight years of age."

In respect to the Krentzer sonata, Bridgetower told me, that when it was written, Beethoven and he were constant companions, and on the first copy was a dedication to his friend Bridgetower; but, ere it was published, they had some silly quarrel about a girl, and in consequence Beethoven scratched out the name of Bridgetower and inserted that of Kreutzer—a man whom he had never seen.

I think it possible that Mr. Bridgetower himself may answer the queries of your correspondent; if not, he is welcome to mine. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. W. THIRLWALL.

[If Mr. Bridgetower still lives he must, according to *The Dictionary of Musicians*, by this time be nearly 80.—ED. M.W.]

EPIGRAM No. 1.

Wouldst thou on the earth grovel—
Read MY NOVEL.
Wouldst soar on eagles' pinions—
The VIRGINIANS.

EPIGRAM No. 2.

Some men's thoughts a'nt' worth a ha'penny,
Some, agen, are all on'm guinea 'uns;
Look at P. Caxton's, who can't shape any,
And at his who's writing THE VIRGINIANS.

THE LAME DUCK.

PUNCH A POACHER.

(From *Punch*, Oct. 23.)

"The Rose of Castille, as at present performed, is the sweetest opera yet known; for in it, besides the Rose itself, we have two Pines, one Mellon, and a little Honey."

[See also *Musical World*—"ante"—we forget the page.—ED. M.W.]

HERR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—This "incomparable" magician is making a provincial tour with brilliant success. He is at present at Manchester, where he attracts large audiences.

BRADFORD.—The Amateur Society gave a concert on Wednesday night in St. George's Hall, for the benefit of the Bradford Infirmary. The attendance was large, and the performance on the whole very satisfactory. The artists were chiefly inhabitants of the town, and comprised the Amateur Musical Society, about forty male voices of the Bradford Choral Union, with Miss Witham as soloist. Mr. Jackson conducted.

LEEDS.—On Tuesday evening, the 23rd ult., Mr. J. Scholey, organist of St. John's Church, Leeds, (late a pupil at the Blind School, York,) gave a miscellaneous concert in St. John's School. The principal vocalists were Miss Ford, Messrs. Blackburn, Wilson, Horn, Carter, and Harrison, and Masters Holmes, Fall, Briggs, and Robinson, with a chorus, under the conductorship of Mr. T. Wilson, organist of St. Mark's, Woodhouse.

* Supposed by his friends to be the son of an English nobleman by an Indian princess.

JOHN FIELD.

(From the *Echo*.)

JOHN FIELD is one of those few Englishmen whose name is inscribed in ineffaceable characters in the archives of art. He was born in 1782, in Dublin, and was a pupil of Clementi's. He soon took his place among the most distinguished pianists of his time; and, even up to the present day, has never been surpassed for touch and melodious tone. He gained his first laurels as a *virtuoso* in Paris and St. Petersburg. In 1822, he migrated to Moscow, where his concerts and lessons became very popular. From 1832, he travelled through England, France, and Italy. He was detained in Naples by sickness, until he returned, in 1835, with a Russian family, to Russia, and died at Moscow, in 1837. A great number of concertos and solo pieces for the pianoforte have given an imperishable importance to his name. But the compositions which have enjoyed the widest circulation, are his celebrated *nocturnes*, which have been frequently imitated, but never equalled for unsurpassable and simple depth of feeling. F. Liszt characterises them as follows, in the preface to J. Schubert's admirable edition :

"Field's nocturnes are yet new by the side of much that has grown old; six-and-thirty years have elapsed since their first appearance, and a balmy freshness, a fragrant odour, is still wafted to us from them. Where else should we now find such perfect and inimitable *naïveté*? Since Field, no one has been able to express himself in that language of the heart, which moves us as a tender, moist glance does; which cradles to repose, like the soft, equal rocking of a boat, or the swinging of a hammock, which is so gentle and easy, that we fancy we hear around us the low murmuring of dying kisses.

"No one has ever attained these indefinite harmonies of the Aeolian harp, these half sighs, floating away into air, and, gently complaining, melted in sweet pain. No one has ever attempted this, especially no one of those who heard Field himself play, or rather dream out his songs, at moments when, abandoning himself entirely to his inspiration, he departed from the first plan of the piece, as it existed in his imagination, and invented, in uninterrupted succession, fresh groups which, like wreaths of flowers, he twined around his melodies, while he kept continually decorating the latter with this rain of nosegays, and yet so decked them out, that their languishing tremulousness and charming serpentings were not concealed, but simply covered with a transparent veil. With what inexhaustible profusion did he vary the thought when it occurred? With what unusual felicity did he surround, without disturbing it, with a net of arabesques?"

"If we allow ourselves to be thoroughly embued with the touching softness which is manifested in his compositions, just as it swayed his playing, we cannot avoid feeling perfectly convinced how useless it would be to attempt to copy him, or to abandon ourselves to the hope that we might successfully imitate his tender originality, which is characterised quite as much by the utmost simplicity of feeling, as by the greatest diversity of form and ornament. If there is anything, the mystery of which we shall in vain strive to pierce, supposing nature has not given it as a distinguishing mark of our own disposition, it is the grace of simplicity and the charm of ingenuousness. We may possess these qualities naturally, but we can never acquire them. Field was naturally endowed with them, and, consequently, his compositions will always possess a charm, over which time has no power; his forms will never grow old, for they correspond exactly with his feelings, which do not belong to the domain of what is transient and rapidly fleeting, and which arises from the influence to which we are most immediately exposed, but to those pure emotions of the mind which possess an eternal charm for the human heart, because the latter always finds them unchanged with regard to the beauties of nature, and those tender sentiments which steal over it, in the spring of life, when the brilliant prism of the world of feeling is not yet clouded by the shadows of reflection. We must not, therefore, think of forming ourselves on so wonderful a model, for, without especial natural aptitude, we cannot achieve such effects, which can be attained only when they are not sought. It would be in vain for us to

attempt subjecting the charm of their capriciousness to analysis. That capriciousness springs entirely from a mind like Field's.

"For Field the invention of what was new was a relief from what existed, and variety and diversity of form were a necessity, as is usually the case with all who are overflowing with any particular feeling. But, despite this elegance and capricious changeableness, his talent was free from all affectation; on the contrary, his fancy was distinguished for primitive simplicity, which takes a pleasure in finding an endless number of modes of representing the simple and happy harmony of a sentiment with which the heart is filled.

"What we now say, is intended to apply to the composer as well as the *virtuoso*. When he was writing, just as when he was playing, Field's sole aim was to obtain a clear insight into his own feelings, and it is impossible to fancy a more childlike indifference than his towards the public.

"When he went to Paris, he contented himself, in his concerts, with a table-formed instrument, the effect of which was necessarily far inferior to that which could have been produced by another more suited to the places in which attentive audiences assembled, and whom he charmed without intending or knowing it. The almost complete immovability of his hands, and his expressive look awoke no curiosity. His eye was not fixed on that of any one else, and his playing proceeded with clearness and fluency. His hands glided over the keys, while the notes grew up beneath them like a long track of pealing foam. It required no effort to discover that he had not so much at heart the satisfaction of any of his auditors as his own. His calmness bordered on apathy, and nothing could trouble him less than the impression he might produce on his audience. Neither in his bearing or the rhythm of his playing was there anything hard or jarring, to break the thread of his melodious dreaming, that spread around him a certain something full of precious fascination, which, by means of his melodies, and in a low voice, caressingly lisped a confession of the sweetest impressions and most charming surprises of the heart.

"Far from ever leaving him, this cool sedateness appeared, on the contrary, to obtain a greater and greater mastery over him the older he grew. Every noise, every movement became completely repulsive to him; he was fond of silence, and when he spoke he did so softly and slowly. Everything boisterous and noisy was opposed to his nature, and avoided by him. His playing, which was so tasty and admirable, assumed the character of a *morbidezza*, the languor of which appeared to grow more striking every day.

"In order to avoid the least unnecessary motion, he invented for the practice, to which he daily devoted several hours to the end of his life, a plan that, unfortunately, seems to have fallen too much into oblivion at the present day. This plan consists in the player's placing a broad gold coin on the surface of the hand, and, in order to prevent it from falling, avoiding all violent movement when playing. This trait affords an excellent estimate of the calmness of his playing and his character. During the later years of his life, a feeling of complete indifference obtained possession of him, and ruled all his corporeal habits to such an extent, that even standing up or walking became a trouble to him. The light weight of a walking-stick was too much for the strength of his hand, unused to all kinds of exertion, and, if he let it fall while he was out, he remained, for want of the amount of energy necessary to pick it up himself, standing near it, and waited quietly until some one happened to pass that way, and picked it up for him.

"Nearly the same was true of his reputation, about which he did not trouble himself in the least. He cared little whether being known far and wide, and praised and celebrated by those who gave the tone to public opinion. For him, art possessed no gratification save that which he found in the charm of giving himself up to it. He never troubled his head as to what place would be assigned him, what kind of name would follow him, what success his works would achieve, or how long they would last. He sang for himself; his own pleasure was the only gratification he required from his art. If he wrote anything, he did so in a kind of abstraction. Many of his works, unfortunately not very numerous, especially his concertos, contain passages

full of originality, astonishing novelty of invention, and indisputable harmonic beauty; when, however, we study them, and imbue ourselves more thoroughly with their contents, we are tempted to believe that, when writing, just as when playing, he consulted merely his own fancy, creating without effort, inventing without exertion, elaborating with ease, and publishing without any ulterior views. How is everything changed now-a-days! But it is precisely to this absence of consideration of the effect that we are indebted for the first (so perfect) attempts to free pianoforte composition from the constraint imposed on it by the normal form, over which all pieces had to be regularly and faithfully stretched, and to endow it with the expression of feeling and a world of dreamy forms. Before his time, a composition was necessarily a sonata, a rondo, or something of that kind. Field was the first to introduce a class of composition which took its origin from none of the existing forms, and in which feeling and song held sole sway, free from the fetters and shackles of a form forcibly imposed on it. He paved the way for all subsequent productions, which appeared under the name of "Songs without words," "Impromptus," "Ballads," etc., and we may trace back to him the origin of those pieces intended to find utterance in notes for particular emotions and intense feeling. It was he who discovered this new field of action, so favourable to the development of natural qualities, distinguished more for tenderness than for lyrical dash.

"The name 'Nocturne' is well adapted to those pieces which Field took it in his head to designate so, for it immediately carries our thoughts, from the present, to those hours when the soul, having escaped all the care of day, and sunk back in itself, soars upwards to the regions of the starry firmament, where we see it, merry and beplinced, like the Philomel of the ancients, floating about over the flowers and perfumes of nature, whose lover it is.

"The charm, which constantly attracts back again to these pure and simple effusions such persons as still retain some of their youthful impulses, is all the more irresistible now-a-days, the more we experience the necessity of recovering from the forced and far-fetched outbreaks of more violent and confused passions, peculiar to a considerable portion of the modern school. We have been fated to see, even under the name of 'nocturne,' efforts as strange as they were astonishing offered us, instead of the modest and harmless tenderness which Field introduced in his compositions. One man of genius alone succeeded in breathing into this kind of composition the greatest flexibility and fervour of which it was capable, without losing its sweetness and the vagueness of its pretensions.

"Striking all the chords of elegiac feeling, and dying his dreams in the dark tints of mourning for which Young found such painfully moving expression, Chopin gave us in his 'nocturnes' harmony which becomes the source of our most inexpressible delights, but, at the same time, of our most unquiet and passionate emotions. His flight is higher, although his passions are more deeply wounded, and his sweetness possesses a penetratingly painful effect, so little can it conceal his dispondency. No one will ever be able to surpass, or—what in art is the same thing—to equal the perfection of invention and form, which distinguish all the pieces he published under the name of 'nocturnes.'

"They are more nearly allied to pain than those of Field, and therefore more significant. Their darkly gleaming poetry overpowers us more, but calms us less, and consequently causes us to feel happy at being again able to turn to those pearl-shells, which open, far from the storms of the monster ocean, on the banks of some stream murmuring under the shade of palm-trees, in an oasis whose joys make us forget the desert by which it is surrounded.

"The charm which I always found in these pieces, distinguished by so much melody, and such delicate harmony, extends back to the years of my youth. Long before I thought I should ever meet the author of them, I cradled myself for hours in dreams full of many forms, which arose before my intoxicated soul, after I had been plunged by the music in a sweet stupor, similar to that caused by the agreeable vapour of rose tobacco, replacing, in a marginally full of jasmine perfume, theirs had

and fragrant tombeki ; hallucinations without fever or convulsions, and rather full of impalpable pictures, gradually fading away, and the touching beauty of which changed, in a moment of ecstatic madness, emotion into passion. In these pieces are united, in the most charming manner, all the qualities which ever excited men to write or read idylls or eclogues. How often did I allow my eye and my thoughts to float over the name of that Madame Rosenkampf, to whom the longest and most beautiful (the fourth nocturne) of these pieces is dedicated ; how many confused and pleasing ideas were suggested to me by this same name of Rosenkampf, which had been the motive of such a profoundly feeling, tenderly melancholy, and yet happy creation ! Beauty of style is here united with grace of sentiment, and there is such softness in the ornamentation, so choice a selection in the modulations of the thought, that it appears as if nothing was noble, choice and blameless enough for the composer, when he wrote lines so pure.

"The first and fifth of these nocturnes breathes a sentiment of beaming joy. We might almost say they are the development of happiness gained without effort, and enjoyed with raptures. In the second, the tints are darker, like that of light losing itself in shady alley. We are tempted to assert that, in this song, there predominates the painful feeling of absence, which induced some one to say :

"Absence is a world without a sun."

"The third and sixth are treated more in a pastoral style ; the mild breath of balmy breezes pervades their melodies. In them shines the reflection of those changing colours, with which the fleeting vapours of morning dye the dew, so that it is, in turn, roseate, blue, and then lilac. In the last, however, the forms are plainer and the outlines more definite ; thus, we perceive, when the oppressive heat of day has dispersed the early fog, wave-shaped vapoury forms which roll like a billow, with a number of smaller billows, glittering like diamonds, in serpentlike folds, over a landscape beaming with light and freshness. This brilliant clearness is by no means opposed to the title of these pieces, nor was it out of mere whim that Field called one of his nocturnes, 'Midday.' Is this not the dream of a man only half awake in one of those summer nights without darkness in St. Petersburg, which he so often saw ? Nights covered with a pale veil, which conceals nothing from the eye, and merely envelopes objects in a mist, not thicker than shining dun-coloured silvery crepe. A secret affinity dispels the difference between the night shades and the beaming clearness of day, and we no longer are astonished ; for the vagueness of the picture causes us to feel that it takes the form it does only in the poet's dreamy fancy, and not in consequence of a model really existing.

"We shall not err in saying that Field's whole life, which was as free from the feverish anxiety to which the wish of seeing and being seen urges most men, as it was unscathed by the parching fire of violent passions, flowed on in a dreamy leisure, lighted up, here and there, by half-tints, and an uncertain chiaro-oscuro, and passed away almost like a long nocturne without the stormy lightning, or the tempestuous blast disturbing the calm of his peaceable disposition.

"As Clementi's favourite pupil, he learned from that great master the secrets of the most beautiful style of playing of which that epoch could boast, and he changed it into a kind of poetry, in which he will always be an imitable model of natural grace, melancholy naïveté, and, at the same time, simplicity. He is one of those peculiar types of the past school, which are met with only in certain periods of art, when the latter has already become acquainted with its resources, but has not exhausted them to such an extent as to be tempted to extend its dominion and develop itself more freely, in doing which it has more than once wounded its wings, while endeavouring to liberate itself from its fetters.

"FRANZ LISZT."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.—The pantomime which Mr. Harrison purposed producing at Christmas, at this theatre, is by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, and will be entitled *Little Red-Riding Hood*.

MANAGER ULLMAN AND THE "THREE HUNGRY FRENCHMEN."

(From the *New York Herald*.)

ASTRONOMERS have discovered spots on the sun. There are periods when the glory of the moon is obscured. The solar system is not perfect. The celestial bodies are eccentric in their conduct. The earth itself, which we inhabit, has its little irregularities—such as volcanoes and earthquakes. As with the terrestrial and celestial bodies, so with the animal creation ; and man, the king of all, even in his highest development, is not exempt from the common lot. The greatest statesmen, the most distinguished artists, and the bravest captains have always made almost as many mistakes as they have gained successes. The career of the first Napoleon, splendid as it was, was not free from errors of judgment. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the little Napoleon of the Opera should have some spots on his sun, and that the star of his destiny should sometimes make tracks in eccentric directions. It would be wonderful if, with his astonishing success, and the superior tact with which he has gained it—the dashing brilliancy of his *coupés*—he should not have left some joints of his armour open to the lance of envy, malice, or hatred. Such is the fact. Ullman has quarrelled with some of the critics, oyster house and otherwise. As a rule, quarrels are mistakes. But sometimes a gentleman accidentally gets at loggerheads with his valet, or his bootblack, or his cook ; sometimes he kicks them out. So with the man of the Academy. He got at loggerheads with some of the critics, quarrels ensued, and he kicked them out. Especially, and palpably, and unthinkably, did he kick out three hungry Frenchmen. Of course we mean kick in a figurative sense. The idea of proceeding physically with a hungry Frenchman would be absurd. Well, what do the three hungry Frenchmen do ? Cut off from their free admission to the Opera, they howl like hyenas on a short allowance, or young men about town when asked to a party where there's no supper. They tear their hair, they beat their breasts, they mourn, and groan, and rave, in a way that is especially French and exceedingly amusing. They pour out hogsheads of wrath upon the manager of the Opera, and don't hesitate at a falsehood or two to injure an artist or prejudice the director. That was good fun for the three hungry Frenchmen ; but fun must not be all on one side. So the manager has taken up the pen and polished off the three hungry Frenchmen.

Here is the Napoleonic *pronunciamento*, sharp, short, savage, as any of the Little Corporal's effusions : *Voila !*—

THE MANAGER TO THE HUNGRY FRENCHMEN.

Academy of Music—Statement.

In the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* of last Monday appeared an article charging me with selling more tickets for the two last matinées than the Academy could hold. I give that assertion a flat denial. The Academy seats comfortably four thousand persons, and there have been on several occasions over five thousand in that building. Seeing last Saturday so many ladies—who did not like to go up to the amphitheatre—standing in the passages and lobbies, I had the sale of tickets stopped when the number sold reached 3,800.

I seize the present opportunity to state that for over a year past I have been daily attacked in that paper in the most malicious manner. As the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* is too insignificant to do either good or harm, I never would have noticed them ; but these attacks are not confined to me—all my artists are assailed in the same public way, and the chivahous editors have particularly singled out Madile, Piccolomini, whom they not only insult in the grossest manner, but annoy her by sending the paper (in office wrappers) to her apartments.

I have not the least doubt that this infamous conduct towards a young and amiable girl will be condemned by the public, and it is only just that this fact should be made known by me.

The French paper enjoyed an enviable position as long as it was in the hands of Mr. Gaillardet. But since that gentleman sold out it has been controlled by three hungry Frenchmen, and in their hands it has lost all its influence, has dwindled down to a very small circulation, and is repudiated by all respectable Frenchmen, who are justly ashamed that it should be considered the organ of a powerful nation. These three hungry Frenchmen are—Trobrland, formally a resident of Tours, in France ; the second is Masseras, half a Frenchman and half a Spaniard ; the third, and, thank God, last, is Lassale, the proprietor, who tells every body, with tears in his eyes, that Masseras, his paid

editor, rules him with an iron hand; that he is bound by contract to let Trobriand write what he pleases; that he has to pay him \$25 a week, and that he cannot get rid of him before next May.

I have had the misfortune to displease all of them. Trobriand, because I would not permit my artists to sing at his sugar and water *soirées*, and to be black-mailed to the tune of a couple of airs and a duet per week; Lassale, because I do not advertise as largely in his paper as in the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Express*, *Post*, &c.; Masseras, because I used to address the free admissions to the editors, and not to him alone—he personally being greatly in want of opera tickets for purposes to me unknown, and asking only the moderate number of eighteen reserved and best seats per week, at £2 each. With all these requests I refused to comply, and continued to send four parquet seats to the editors, over which, I am told, the three hungry Frenchmen have been fighting as only excited Frenchmen can fight, until they got tired, when they combined their united forces and fell upon me and my artists, which assaults I answered by stopping both advertisements and free tickets.

B. ULLMAN.

This remarkable *exposé*, the points of which have been discussed in the saloons and lobbies of the Opera, opens to the public view a new chapter in the career of the musical critics of Manhattan. We have been, during several years, keeping a sharp eye upon the oyster-house critics, who pretended once to give the law to the Opera, and, without claiming too much for ourselves, we can still say that they have been brought down to their proper level. But here we have a new cabal, organised by three hungry Frenchmen, upon an entirely new basis, happily denominated sugar and water criticism—sugar and water, the expensive beverage affected by Frenchmen who dine at one pence a head and pocket a lump of the toothsome luxury. Why, alongside of the sugar and water critics the *débris* of the oyster-house clique rises absolutely to the level of comparative respectability. Why, it is meaner than the free feed system of the Sunday papers, and smaller than the existence of the Fifth avenue aristocracy with seven dollars a month butcher's bills. Inviting artists to a *soirée*, forcing them to sing—after the fashion of the British Meccenas, who asked Paganini to dinner, and then inquired why he didn't bring his fiddle—and then sugaring and watering all hands. We have heard of weak tea criticism, but the sugar and water article is several degrees lower than the faintest infusion of the mildest souchong. The *eau sucre* aroma will adhere to the skirts of the three hungry Frenchmen more tenaciously than the odour of garlic, which adhereth to the Gaul closer than a brother. It will rise up in their absinthe, poison their kirsch, embitter their dominoes, and sharpen the salad of their existence. The record of their tremendous riots over the precious parquette tickets will go down to posterity side by side with the chronicles of the glorious victories of Ullman. Sugar and water on one side, vinegar on the other—fun all around for the appreciative public, with its quiet grin.

But to leave the manager to deal with the three hungry Frenchmen—he who craves for the advertisements, he who gives the sugar and water *soirées*, and makes it a *sine quid non* that artists shall sing for him or be ignored in the *Courrier*—and, apropos, they say that there is still another critic who is grand in the *soirée* business—strictly business in the latter case—or he with the inordinate appetite for tickets, probably to sell them to buy sugar and water for *soirées* like those of his *confrère*—let them go; Ullman can take care of them. The only serious objection to the affair is that the Frenchmen should be so cowardly, so despicable and so mean as to attempt to take their revenge on the manager by false personal attacks upon the bright fame of so admirable an artist, and so altogether estimable a person as Madlle. Piccolomini. What gentleman would be guilty of such a piece of meanness as to send, under his own seal, a malicious attack upon a lady to the person abused! We are quite confident that such conduct will not be sustained by the French people of this city. Their proverbial politeness pretermits the possibility of their doing so. The *Courrier* itself has no standing, but small circulation, and is not in any sense what it pretends to be—the organ of the French population of New York. Even the sugar and water may be withdrawn from the three hungry Frenchmen if they do not have a care. If they libel women to revenge themselves upon men, they may find an *émeute* in a quarter where

they least expect it. Their conduct has opened the way for the establishment of a French organ of the first class, and if they do not mend their manner we should not be surprised to see it. What will become of the three hungry Frenchmen? Salt and water, repentance and ashes, will be their portion, miserable animals as they are.

NEW YORK.—ITALIAN OPERA BY DAYLIGHT.—During the past two Saturday mornings the Academy of Music in this city has witnessed a spectacle which has never been paralleled in the world. We refer to the immense crowd of crinoline that has been gathered there to hear the opera by daylight. The two *matinées* have been attended by as many as eight thousand persons, nearly all women and children. The almost total banishment of the sombre masculine attire, and the gay dresses of the ladies, the buzz of their voices, and the music of their laughter, their tremendous struggles to get in, and their no less extraordinary efforts to get out, made up a scene of delicious novelty. The *matinée* is a great thing; it is curious, refreshing, and amusing in the highest degree.

We do not believe that such an audience as that which assembled at the Academy on last Saturday could be collected in any other capital. In Paris they have occasionally morning concerts; recently in London the experiment of operatic *matinées* has been tried, but without making any very great impression upon the public. The concerts at the Crystal Palace have drawn large audiences; but the people went to Sydenham as much to see the building as to hear the music; and although *matinées* of all sorts are fashionable in England, yet never was John Bull astonished by such a display of the feminine part of his family as that which the Academy day performances have shown to Jonathan. True, the most extraordinary efforts have been made to augment the attractions of the daylight opera. Yet, after all, it is really hard to account altogether for its extraordinary success. It grows, however, chiefly, we apprehend, from the peculiar organisation of society here, and the marked attention that is paid to the musical education of our children. As has already been remarked, when the opera was first introduced here by Malibran, there were only a few families that were sufficiently cultivated to appreciate such a luxury as the music of the great composers expressed by one of the greatest of artists. Then music was not taught in the free schools; then there were but two first-class private academies for the polishing up and finishing off of young ladies. Now there are forty or fifty, each one of which employs several professors of different branches of the musical art.

The proficiency of American ladies in music is known all over the world. Nearly all of them play well, many of them are charming singers, and they are generally first-rate critics—learned equally in laces and cadenzas, ribbons and roulades, *fichus* and *fioritures*. All are passionately fond of the opera, and many of them being unable to instil into the minds of their masculine parents, guardians, husbands, or tender weaknesses, a degree of art enthusiasm equal to that with which their lovely bosoms burn, they hail the *matinée* with delight, regard Ullman as a benefactor of his species, and give him the next place in their affections after the youth who leads the German and the fashionable clergyman with the interesting bronchitis. They can go to the *matinée* in morning costume—that saves money and time; they can go alone or with children, thus obviating the necessity of disturbing the post-prandial slumbers of the *pater familias*; they can fill up the terrible interval between lunch and dinner, when all the men are down town, and they can have their opera and return in good season for the duties connected with the household. Then, the prices are much less, and the expense of a carriage, which is almost a necessity for an evening performance, is saved. The younger branches of the family can receive at the *matinée* instruction and amusement at the same time. The fair daughters of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other suburban localities, are even more enthusiastic than their metropolitan sisters, the luxury of an operatic performance being an unusual treat to them.

We have thus accounted in our own way for the *matinée* excitement among the ladies. The success of the new movement is so

thorough and complete, that we have no doubt that the opera by sunlight will become a permanent institution—it has now penetrated as far as the right-angled village of Philadelphia—and that the matinées would be profitable if they were given as often as twice or thrice during each week. The only trouble about the matinées has been found in the crush at the doors before opening, and this may be easily avoided by opening the doors an hour or two earlier. Then Ullman shall be crowned with laurel by a committee of Fifth avenue belles.—*New York Herald*.

Ten of the twelve performances announced by Mr. Ullman, as the Piccolomini season, have already been given at the Academy, at an average receipt of more than three thousand dollars for each representation. The season will be extended so as to make up eighteen or twenty performances, for which the gross receipts will not fall under fifty-thousand dollars. So much for the pecuniary success of the opera. The manager's main reliance, Madlle. Piccolomini, has made a solid triumph. If perfection cannot be claimed for her in each of the four parts—Violetta, Leonora (*Trovatore*), Zerlina and Serpina (*La Serva Padrona*)—it may at any rate be admitted that in each of them she has improved her position with the public. Among the future events of the season, which closes with the month, is a matinée on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day); the revival of *Robert le Diable*, with Gazzaniga and Laborde; the production of the *Nozze di Figaro*, with Piccolomini and Formes; and the débüt of the new *prima donna*, Madlle. Poinsot, as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. Also an operatic performance at the Brooklyn Athenæum. After next week, the company goes to Boston for eight nights, and to Philadelphia for the same time.

Madame d'Angri sailed for Europe by the "Fulton," on Saturday, and Madame Gazzaniga will sing two nights with the Strakosch company at Philadelphia, previous to her departure for Havana.

The first oratorio performance, *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn, will be given by the Union which bears the composer's name, at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening next, with a full orchestral accompaniment, and, as we are informed, a choral force of 140 voices.

At Niblo's Garden, the present week closes the engagement of Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Bourcicault. *The Life of an Actress* was played on Monday evening, and Miss Robertson gave the receipts to the Mount Vernon Fund. On Wednesday, Mr. A. H. Davenport takes a farewell benefit before going to New Orleans, where he is engaged for the winter. On Thursday afternoon, Jessie Brown will be played for the last time, and on Friday everybody will assist at the *adieu*s of Miss Robertson, whose present engagement has been one of sixty-six nights, and who is charming enough to play six hundred times more without wearying the public. The Ravelles commence at Niblo's next Monday.

Mr. Tom Taylor's *Going to the Bad* has been produced with success at Wallack's—Mr. Brougham as Peter Potts.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Strakosch opera company at Philadelphia attracted larger audiences last week than at the opening of the season. On Friday there was a full house to hear Mad. de Wilhorst in the *Sonnambula*, and Mad. Colson in the *Daughter of the Regiment*. The Italian version of Flotow's *Martha* was produced last night. It has never been sung in Italian in this country. The cast includes Mad. Colson as Henrietta, Mad. Strakosch as Nancy, Sig. Brignoli as Lionel, and Junca (his first appearance) as Plunkett.

PARIS.—Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, after being neglected for upwards of twenty years, has been produced at the Italiens with great success. The principal characters are supported by Mesdames Penco and Alboni, and Signors L. and F. Graziani. When brought out in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, about sixteen or seventeen years ago, if our memory serve us right, the cast included Madame Grisi, Mademoiselle Brambilla, Signor Moriani, and Signor Fornasari. *Il Giuramento* is considered in Italy the *chef-d'œuvre* of the composer.

THE YANKEES AND THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The Liverpool *Northern Daily Times* of Wednesday, in a "leader" about the spread of luxurious habits among our Yankee brethren, thus speaks of "matters operatic" in the United States:—

"There is, however, another item of luxury, which our republican cousins also import, and at a great cost, from Europe, that is not included in the foregoing calculation; and that is not, in fact, to be found in any of their lists of imports, official or otherwise—we mean the Italian Opera. It would be difficult, perhaps, to estimate very correctly the actual cost of this particular import altogether. We find that in the city of New York alone there is expended upon that constantly going series of musical and dramatic entertainments, of which it is the foremost and the dearest, as much as 6,000 dollars a-night—that is, between 30,000 and 40,000 dollars a-week; and, on an average, it is calculated to be not far short of 2,000,000 of dollars a-year. It is an import, the introduction of which they date back, we see, to about three-and-thirty years ago. 'The history of the Italian opera in the United States,' says the *New York Herald*, 'may be fairly commenced from the 29th day of November, 1825, when Maria Felicia Garcia, known subsequently as Madame Malibran, made her *début* in New York as Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*'.

"It would be idle to say that the audience which greeted the young artist was capable of understanding the music of Rossini, or of appreciating its fair and gifted exponents. In that day there was hardly anything like musical criticism in the journals or in society. Since that time, however, such capability has made extraordinary progress, not only in New York, but more or less in all the principal cities of the Union. 'In the twenty years succeeding Malibran's visit'—the account we have just quoted from continues—'the city made wonderful progress in wealth and refinement. The musical education of young women in fashionable circles became a speciality in the boarding schools, seminaries, and convents, which sprang up in the aristocratic quarters of the city and in the suburbs. All the young ladies in society were taught to play or to sing, sometimes before they had learned to spell correctly, and many of them at this day understand French and Italian better than their mother tongue. Consequently, when the Astor Place Opera House was erected, there was an audience already grown up for it, and this audience has been receiving multitudes of recruits as the finishing schools turn out their cohorts year by year, until now, that we have a public—as least so far as the feminine part of it is concerned—perfectly capable to weigh truly the merits of any music, however difficult, or any artist, however great or small.' Besides, not in the fashionable circles only is music now cultivated, but there are musical classes for those in the middle walks of life, with musical *soirées* being continually held for displaying their attainments; and, moreover, 'within a few years vocal music has been taught in all the free schools of the city, which have turned out many creditable pupils.' 'And this,' argues the New York annalist, 'is the whole secret of the success of the Opera. The ladies of our moneyed aristocracy, from fourteen to forty years of age, are better educated musically, as a rule, than the class which makes up the London and Paris audiences, and our native amateur artists go to the Opera as much to hear the music as to show their new clothes or criticize others, which shows a devotion to art that is wonderful in the extreme.'

"It is altogether, in fact, one cannot but conclude, an *extreme* concern. See, in further illustration of this, what another account in the New York papers last to hand tells us of a recent *Opera Matinée* in that city:—'Any foreigner entering the Academy at two o'clock yesterday, would take our citizens to be the idlest or the most musically fanatical of any of the great metropolitan communities. To see a theatre like this filled with close upon four thousand people, in the busiest time of the day, and during a pelting rain, would naturally lead him to one or other of those conclusions. In London, Paris, or any other great cities of the Continent, no such spectacle is to be witnessed—not that the attractions are wanting there to draw people together. The reason we are to presume is, that the inhabitants of those capitals have neither the taste nor the means to support day entertainments on such a gigantic scale. It is only the aristocracy who sustain the Opera abroad, whilst here all classes take delight in it, and find means to indulge their inclinations. It is quite true, as we also read in the New York papers, that 'there must be some refining, soothing, and agreeable amusement in a country where the intellectual and physical man are constantly overworked, and the problem as to exactly what this amusement should be, has, we believe, been solved by the permanent establishment of the Italian Opera in this country.' This, we say, may be quite true. But matter-of-fact men of business must naturally ask, 'Will it pay?'"

"As a question of social economy, then, it is both curious and serious. This taste, this refinement of 'the ladies of the moneyed aristocracy' of New York—and of ladies also, we are persuaded, who are neither very moneyed nor very aristocratical,—and not such only, but the very multitude, almost; for all classes take delight in it, and find means to indulge their inclinations,—such costly gratifications, so commonly enjoyed, we say, must of necessity involve financial considerations of no slight moment. The one item of Italian import, could it only be correctly estimated, would form a line of figures, among those of silk, satins, jewellery, and such like, which must swell out the amount, already enormous enough, of general imports to a very pretty sum—a pretty sum indeed for a commercial community, under any circumstances, to be mulcted of; but more extraordinary in a political and social, as well as a financial point of view, when that community is republican—we will not say plebeian—as well as commercial."

BEDFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Rose gave his annual Concert, on Tuesday, Nov. 9, in the Assembly room, to a crowded audience. Several madrigals were given in good style by the Bedford Harmonic Society. Miss Lazarus was encored in "Constance," which she sang very sweetly. The lady is also a pianist, and a clever one to boot, and played a fantasia on airs from Weber's operas. Mr. Lazarus's clarionet performance was, of course, the gem of the concert. He was vociferously encored in a solo of his own composition, and played instead one of the Irish melodies with variations, which again created an uproar of applause.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

LAST ELEVEN NIGHTS.

On Monday (by special desire) her Majest's servants will perform for the last time *Widmaier's opera*, *MARITANA*. Don Cesare de Bassa (his original character) Mr. W. Harrison; Mariana, Miss Louisa Pyne. Other quartets by Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, Mr. George Honey, Mr. J. G. Patey, &c. On Wednesday and Thursday (10th, 11th, and last times) Half's highly successful opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*. Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss M. Prescott, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, Mr. A. St. Albany, Mr. George Honey, Mr. B. Atterton and Mr. W. Harrison. On Wednesday and Friday, *IL TROVATORE*. Maurice, Mr. W. Harrison; Leonora, Miss Louisa Pyne; Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. To conclude with (on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday), a Ballet Diversissement; in which Madeline, Zilla, Michelot, Morlaochi and Pasquale will appear. On Tuesday and Thursday, *LA FLEUR D'AMOUR*. On Saturday evening (the last night of the season) the performances will be for the BENEFIT OF MISS LOUISA PYNE.

Acting Managers Mr. William Brough and Mr. Edward Murray. Stage Manager Mr. Edward Billing. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past.

The Public is respectfully informed, that the Tragedy of *MACBETH* can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE. Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, *MACBETH*.
Tuesday and Saturday, *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*. Thursday,
KING JOHN. Preceded every evening by a FARCE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCEUM THEATRE
LAST ELEVEN NIGHTS, ending on Saturday, Dec. 18th.—EVERY NIGHT at Eight o'clock.—M. WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.—Vocalist, Mad. EVELINA GARCIA. On Monday, a 3rd and Last BEETHOVEN NIGHT, on which occasion Miss ARABELLA GODDARD will make her 4th appearance this season. The First Part of the programme will consist entirely of the Works of Beethoven, including Overture "Leonora," Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin (Krautler Sonata) performed by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. WIENIAWSKI. "Symphony in C minor." Second Part—Miscellaneous.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 18th.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The Entertainment on Madame Celeste's Benefit having met with the most unequivocal success, the piece will be repeated four nights this week. The original drama of THE LITTLE SUTLER a decided hit; see the opinions of the public press. On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, to commence with CHRISTMAS EVE, in which Madame Celeste will sustain her original character, supported by Mr. Paul Bedford. To be followed by, every evening (Friday excepted), an original drama called THE LITTLE SUTLER. The Little Sutler, Madame Celeste; Immalie, Miss Eliza Arden; The Czar, Mr. James Johnston. On Wednesday, by desire, SATAN. On Friday, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. To conclude each evening with THE FATAL DREAMER. Ruth Martin, Mrs. R. Honner. Great preparations for the CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME. The celebrated TOM MATTHEWS as Clown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT AND A CONSTANT READER.—"Medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio." More is a lover of justice, therefore let every man have his plate and bottle.

THE CHURCHES OF STOKE NEWINGTON.—Next week.

JOB.—"Post Ascellum Diaris non sumo."

M. A. DUMAS.—No reports of concerts can be inserted, unless from accredited contractors and correspondents. We were not aware that M. A. Dumas, who forwards us a notice of a concert that recently took place at Idington, with the following peremptory order—"For insertion into the Musical World, from A. Dumas—was either one or the other.

MR. E. B. CRESSWELL.—We cannot open our columns to controversies which have already been exhausted in those of a contemporary.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1858.

The French dramatists, who, blown up by English bellows, made a great fume some time ago, about the adaptation of their pieces for the London stage, which they declared was a violation of the law of international copyright, and who wished to reserve to themselves the right of specifying the particular translation that might be legally performed in our metropolis, overlooked one very important fact—the fact that the public of London is not identical with the public of Paris.

In his sublime self-complacency the French dramatist, who has attained a success in his native capital, firmly believes that his piece is perfect, not only considered with reference to the place in which it has been actually produced, but with reference to the entire universe. The lax vaudeville that has excited roars at the Palais Royal would—as the Frenchman thinks—be equally fortunate in Jupiter's fourth moon, if it could be conveyed thither by some daring proficient in aeronautical art. Tell him that the precious emanation of his brain requires modification in order to suit the English taste, and he will give an answer similar to that given by Handel to the poetaster, who complained that the former had written music ill-adapted to his words. "My music is very good music," said the irate composer, "alter your d—d words to fit it." "Modify my piece!" exclaims the French dramatist; "No—let the English be modified till they like it."

The British zealots, who—Heaven knows why—so long kept urging the French to advance their claims with vigour, really exhorted them to seek a privilege which they could not have turned to any practical account whatever. The translation that most accurately resembled the original would have been the one preferred by the French author, but this very accuracy, which would be a merit in his eyes, would utterly preclude it from the London stage. The least successful adaptations from the French are those which have most closely adhered to the original text; the most successful have been those, in which the idea only, and perhaps the sequence of the situations, has been brought from the other side of the channel, while the characters and the dialogue are thoroughly English. Who ever saw a more thoroughly Cockney farce than *Box and Cox*? Yet this deservedly popular piece is a growth from a Parisian root. The British dramatists of the present day may not be overstocked with inventive talent, but at all events there is something of their own in the most successful adaptations, and on this something does the success very materially depend.

We call attention to this fact, not for the sake of ripping up an old quarrel with the French dramatists, who, if left to themselves, would have been utterly indifferent to the London stage and its doings, and have now, we hope, forgotten all that has been said and written on the subject; we call attention to it because certain London publishers act on the assumption that a literal translation from the French will answer all the purposes of the cleverest adaptation; and thus do considerable damage to the members of the Dramatic Author's Society, who, at whatever rate they may be estimated, fairly represent the present condition of dramatic talent in this country. There may not be a Shakspere or a Sheridan in the society; but at all events its members are far superior to the "outsiders," and every young author, who has made anything like a respectable "hit," contrives as soon as he can to enter the fraternity.

Now, the act of the London publishers to which we refer, is something of this kind. As soon as an adaptation from the French has been produced in London, and has achieved a success, they make a literal translation of their own, which they send into the provinces, and ignorant managers are easily induced to believe that this has all the qualifications of the London piece, and that, by playing it, they may avoid those fees that constitute the revenue of the Dramatic Author's Society. When a "London Star" goes down into the country the mischief is discovered. Instead of a piece sparkling with dialogue, which he has often rendered still more brilliant by his own vivacity; instead of a number of droll allusions to social matters that Englishmen can appreciate, he finds a wooden, lifeless thing, without a particle of fun about it, and the provincial company must unlearn all they have previously studied before the "star" can make a particular piece a vehicle for the display of his talents.

We do not mean to deny the right of booksellers to translate what they please, and to pay what they please for translation; but we would warn provincial managers that two pieces are not necessarily of equal merit because they are founded on the same original, and that if they mean to take advantage of a London success, they ought to see the very adaptation by which the success has been achieved.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—In consequence of its enormous success, it has been decided to repeat the Beethoven selection on Monday night, on which occasion the Kreutzer Sonata will be performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Wieniawski.

EXETER HALL.—Last night the first great vocal rehearsal of the Handel Commemoration Festival took place in Exeter Hall, when the choruses of Handel's *Balaazar* were tried, under the direction of Mr. Costa.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has issued the programme for her first concert, at Exeter Hall, on Monday week. She sings Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus," the clarinet obbligato by Mr. Lazarus; Mendelssohn's "Infelice;" the song, "Oft in the silly night;" a new ballad, written expressly for her, called "Little Nell;" and, with Signor Belletti, the duet "Quante Amore," from *L'Elise d'Amore*. This is an admirable selection, comprising examples of the highest classic, the Italian florid, and the simple ballad schools. Miss Arabella Goddard will play Weber's *Concert-Stück* and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." Between the parts M. Wieniawski will perform the "Carnaval de Venise." Besides Signor Belletti, Madame Bishop has joined with her, in the vocal department, Mr. and Madame Weiss.

MANCHESTER.—The Free-trade Hall, on Monday evening, the 28th ult., presented a very crowded appearance. The artists were all popular, and the programme was peculiarly adapted to their capacities. The list included Miss Armstrong, Miss Newbound, Miss Eliza Webb, and Mr. Charles Braham, as vocalists. M. Remenyi made his second appearance as solo violinist.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

THE following was the programme at the first concert of the fourth season, which took place in St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday evening, before a large audience:—

PART I.

Madrigal, "Sweet flowers" T. Attwood Walmisley.
Madrigal, "Fair May Queen" Luca Marenzio.
*Part-song for Male Voices, "This pleasant month of May" Beale.
Trio, "The Warrior," Miss L. Van Noorden, Miss Cazaly, and Miss Leffler G. A. Macfarren.
*Part-song, "The dawn of day" S. Reay.
Motet for Double Choir, "The Spirit also helpeth us" J. S. Bach.
Organist, Mr. J. C. Ward.	

PART II.

Madrigal, "Lullaby" W. Byrd.
*Madrigal, "My bonnie lass she smileth" Morley.
Duo Concertante for two pianofortes (MS.).	
—first time of performance—Miss E. Ward and Mr. C. E. Stephens Charles E. Stephens.
Part-song, "Orpheus with his lute" G. A. Macfarren.
Part-song for Male Voices, "The Hunter's farewell" Mendelssohn.
Part-song, "Ave Maria" Henry Smart.
Conductor, Mr. Leslie.	

Although, we understand, Mr. Leslie has to regret the loss of some of his best singers since last season, there was no very perceptible difference in the excellence of the choir. The first and second madrigals (Walmisley and Marenzio), both fine specimens, the one modern, the other ancient, were capitally given, and we should like to have heard them repeated, instead of those to which asterisks are affixed (the asterisks are meant to designate "encores")—which, while equally well performed, are (Morley's madrigal excepted) much inferior as compositions. Byrd's "Lullaby," too, Mr. Macfarren's "Orpheus," Mendelssohn's "Hunter," and Mr. Henry Smart's "Ave Maria," were all genuine treats, notwithstanding the fact that, excepting the "Lullaby," (where the "pianissimo" was delicious), they have all been better—much better executed.

J. S. Bach's motet (of which Mr. Macfarren has given a very interesting analysis in the programme) was a complete and well-merited success. *Bravissimo!* Mr. Leslie. Go on in this direction, and you will do some service; you will aid Professor Bennett in the accomplishment of his hobby, the popularisation of Bach's vocal music, and you will help the onward march of true art in the bargain. Nothing could have been more creditable to the conductor and his choir than the manner in which this complex and difficult music was performed, nothing more creditable to the audience than the attention with which it was heard, and the thorough appreciation it received. Mr. T. C. Ward played the organ part.

The duo concertante of Mr. C. E. Stephens is very well written, and was played with infinite spirit by the composer and Miss E. Ward, a light, promising, young pianist. But it was much too long for such a concert, and, moreover, was placed too late in the programme—so at least the audience seemed to think. The performances began with the "National Anthem," and terminated with "Rule Britannia." Mr. Leslie was warmly welcomed. Next week we shall have a word or two to say about his prospects.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—To day a concert, composed entirely of Mozart's music, will take place, it being the anniversary of the great composer's death. Of this, and of the third concert (on Saturday last), we shall speak in our next.

STOURPORT.—About sixty of the inhabitants of this town held a meeting at the National School Room, to form a choral society. Mr. Blundell was called to the chair, and after briefly explaining the subject for the consideration of which they had assembled, a committee was appointed to carry out the arrangements. Fifty were entered as members, and the formation of a large choral society may be looked for. A vote of thanks to Mr. Blundell was proposed and carried unanimously.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

MONDAY and Wednesday were "Beethoven Nights." On Monday, when the house was crowded, the first part of the programme was as follows :

- Overture, "Leonora."
- Sonata, (dedicated to Kreutzer), piano and violin.
- Song, (Marcellina), "Fidelio."
- Overture, "Egmont."
- Symphony in C minor.

Miss Poole sang the charming air from *Fidelio*, simply and purely. The great Kreutzer sonata went with spirit. M. Wieniawski's playing was admirable, and he was encored in the most popular variation of the slow movement. M. Silas, an able and experienced musician, if not quite a first-rate concert pianist, performed his task bravely, and shared the applause with the Polish *virtuoso*, when the audience recalled them both to the orchestra. In the overture to *Egmont*, the band was unusually careless, and the passage that leads from the introduction to the *allegro* was missed altogether. Such a want of respect towards the public, on the part of the gentlemen who have been, perhaps, too warmly and constantly eulogised by the press, was unpardonable. M. Wieniawski, arriving late, did not play till after the *Egmont* overture; but meanwhile, M. Jullien, in a short speech, stated that he had sent "the commissioner" after him—which greatly amused the house, and prevented any expression of discontent.

The symphony was well played, and immensely applauded.

On Wednesday—when the house was crammed to suffocation, from roof to floor, and hundreds were sent away from the doors—the song from *Fidelio* and the Kreutzer sonata were omitted. In their place, however, we had the first movement of the violin concerto, and the whole of the matchless pianoforte concerto in E flat.

Why M. Wieniawski omitted the last two movements of the violin concerto is best known to himself. Perhaps he has not committed them to memory, like the first *allegro*. At any rate on such an occasion, and before so musical an audience, there was no excuse for curtailing so grand a work. M. Wieniawski played splendidly and was greatly applauded, besides being recalled—and thin in spite of a *cadenza* on which we cannot by any means compliment him.

Miss Arabella Goddard (who never curtails or otherwise takes liberties with classical music) achieved the most brilliant success of the evening. Her performance was masterly, expressive, intelligent, and poetical, from first to last, and roused the audience to the utmost degree of enthusiasm. She was summoned back to the orchestra, on retiring, amidst acclamations of delight from all parts of the house—a result the more satisfactory, inasmuch as the triumph of Miss Goddard was wholly genuine and artistic.

M. Jullien must give another "Beethoven night," to console those who were disappointed on Wednesday—when, not only the concerto, but the overtures and symphony all went to perfection, and were all uproariously applauded.

The singer at these concerts is now Mad. Evelina (not Eugenie, still less Pauline Viardot) Garcia. On Monday night (in the second part) she was favourably received, and encored in "Robert, toi que j'aime."

MANCHESTER.—At M. Charles Hallé's orchestral concert last week, the *Pattie Symphony* of Beethoven, Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, Hérold's to *Zampa*, the marches from the *Prophète* and *Tannhäuser* were the principal instrumental pieces. A violin solo was cleverly played by Master Iles, and a solo on the oboe by Herr Engl. Miss Armstrong, the vocalist, was encored in "Kathleen Mavourneen." M. Hallé did not play a solo on this occasion.

TORQUAY.—The first concert of the Choral Society was not very fully attended, owing to the unfavourable weather. The band played Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus* in capital style. The same praise may be awarded to the madrigal sung by the chorus, "Down in a flowery vale." Miss Brimacombe was encored in a song entitled "Liberty." A duet for violin and piano, played by Messrs. Rice and Fowler, was deservedly applauded. Altogether the concert gave satisfaction.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE season commenced on Friday night (26th ultimo) with *The Creation*. The Hall was full, and the execution of Haydn's light and cheerful oratorio, so far as the choruses were concerned, remarkably good. The solo parts were not so fortunate. Mr. Sims Reeves being indisposed, his place was supplied by Mr. George Perren, who did his best, but whose best could not possibly atone for the loss of the greatest living singer of sacred music. Mad. Rudersdorf, the soprano, in the first two parts, gave "With verdure clad" finely, but "On mighty pens" and the rest indifferently. Mr. Weiss, the bass, was all that could be desired; and Mad. Weiss (as Eve), in Part III., sang her best. Mr. Costa conducted, and was warmly received. The *Messiah* will be the next oratorio. Meanwhile Handel's *Balahtar* is to be revived. *Tant mieux.* The Sacred Harmonic Society, as a contemporary justly observes, "has been too long reposing on its laurels."

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the 13th season took place on Monday night in the Hanover-square Rooms. The symphony was one of Haydn's in B flat, the overtures were *Ruy Blas* and *Le Lac des Fées*. These were played by this amateur band much in the same style as they have been played before and are likely to be played again, whatever pains Mr. Henry Leslie, the conductor, may take. No improvement was remarked. How, indeed, can improvement be expected?

There was vocal music—Miss Kemble giving a song from *The Gipsy's Warning* (Benedict), Mr. Santley the serenade from *Don Giovanni*, and this lady and gentleman in conjunction a duet by Signor Schira. The serenade was encored.

One feature in this concert would have redeemed more sins of commission and of omission than we have to bring against it—we mean the pianoforte playing of Mdlle. Angelina, who should be called the professor-amateur, so great does she excel other *dilettanti*, and so superior is she to the large majority of professors. This extremely talented young lady performed twice. Her first essay was Sterndale Bennett's caprice in E major, a work as difficult as it is beautiful; but neither too difficult for Mdlle. Angelina to execute, nor too profoundly beautiful for her to understand. Her playing of this was in all respects admirable, spirited, and congenial to the author. In the second part Mdlle. Angelina introduced two very graceful little pieces, entitled *Rêveries*, from her own pen; the first (*Lament*) a tender and expressive romance in G minor; the second a sparkling and genial pastoral in A flat—both of which engaging and highly-finished bagatelles were played to perfection. Mdlle. Angelina ought to play at every one of the amateur concerts to give them an *éclat artistique*.

Mr. Henry Leslie was warmly received on entering the orchestra.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Dawson's concert came off on Monday evening, in the New Town Hall. Great disappointment was caused by the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, who telegraphed to the concert given the previous evening, his inability to attend, through a severe attack of influenza. Mr. Dawson, however, kept the secret to himself until the hall was filled when the unwelcome news was received with loud and angry disapprobation. The concert proceeded with much interruption until Miss Dolby calmed the angry storm by her beautiful performance of Balfe's last inspiration "Daybreak." The audience then consented to listen to the remainder of the programme, which was a highly attractive one, and included the names of Miss Dolby, Mr. and Mdlme. Weiss, Messrs. Biagrove, Dawson, Aylward, Clementi, and Colchester.

BRIGHTON.—The concert of Herr Derffel, the eminent pianist, was attended by one of the largest audiences of the season. M. Sington, Sig. Piatti, Sig. Dragoni, M. Regondi, Mr. Ransford, and Mdlle. Finoli were the artists. The programme consisted chiefly of classic pieces. A sonata by Mozart, for piano and violin, admirably played by Herr Derffel and M. Sington, produced a great effect. The slow movement was encored.

DRURY LANE

MR. W. HARRISON took his benefit on Monday, and selected Verdi's opera, *Il Trovatore*—the English version, of course. He performed the part of Manrico for the first time in London, having played it frequently in the provinces, and, we believe, in America. Miss Louisa Pyne appeared also for the first time before the London public as Leonora. Mr. Ferdinand Glover was the Count di Luna; Miss Susan Pyne, Azucena; and Miss Marian Prescott, Inez. The house was very full, and the performance received throughout with great applause.

Mr. Harrison is seen to much advantage in Manrico. In the first act he does not shine conspicuously—as, indeed, who does? “Ah! si ben mio” was well given, while the *cabaletta*, “Di quella pira,” deserves to be praised for its power and energy. In the “Miserere” Mr. Harrison sang his very best, and vented poor Manrico’s plaints within the tower with excellent effect. This piece, capitally given by the tenor, Miss Louisa Pyne, and the chorus, was loudly encored. On the whole, Mr. Harrison may be said to have produced a decided effect in his new impersonation.

Miss Louisa Pyne is hardly well fitted in so severely dramatic a character as that of Leonora, which taxes the powers of Grisi, Titiens, Mesdames Bosio and Spezia, to the utmost. The general public, on Monday night, nevertheless, were completely satisfied. The opening cavatina, “Tacea la notte,” most admirably sung, was unanimously encored and repeated, and the perfect vocalisation of Miss Pyne in the “Miserere” was mainly instrumental in obtaining for it the loud and universal redemand it achieved.

Mr. Ferdinand Glover made a discreet Count, and sang the popular “Il balen” to such good purpose as to elicit a decided encore.

Miss Susan Pyne surprised the audience by her vigorous efforts in the character of the gipsy mother, although her voice was not at all times equal to the music.

The chorus throughout was admirable, and the band, under Mr. Alfred Mellon’s direction, unexceptionable.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Mrs. Charles Mathews took her benefit on Saturday evening. That, and the fact that it was positively the last night of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, attracted a great crowd to the theatre. The play was the comedy of *The Belle’s Stratagem*—once so popular as affording actresses in the highest walks of comedy an opportunity of showing off their allurements and talents in Miss Letitia Hardy. The piece is now as old-fashioned and antiquated as a pig-tail, or ribbed stockings. Mrs. Charles Mathews appears to know none of the traditions of Letitia Hardy. Her views are entirely original. We have seen parts interpreted with far greater effect, and yet Mrs. Charles Mathews pleased us much by her extreme suavity and artlessness, and a certain air, grace and manner, more homely than belonging to the boards, and anything but of the stage, stagy. Mr. Charles Mathews is inimitable in Flutter. The part must have been written for him by anticipation. The comedy was followed by *The Critic*, Puff and Sir. Fretful Plagiary—as on former occasions, at the Lyceum and elsewhere—being sustained by Mr. Charles Mathews, and Tilburina by Mrs. Charles Mathews. The lady shines in burlesque, simply because she plays without attempting to burlesque, which is the great secret in performances of this kind, as the late Mr. Hammond, more than any other actor we remember, proved most satisfactorily in his *Othello Travestied*. Her quiet earnestness was irresistible. On Monday, to make some amends for the loss of such two great favourites as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Buckstone introduced for the first time on the boards of the Haymarket theatre, that eccentric baronet, hight Sir William Don, who, as a grotesque comedian, has been endeavouring, for some months past, to delight the audiences in the principal towns of the provinces, and now descends on the metropolis to take London by storm. Sir Don, if an artist, is an artist entirely *in generis*. He does not act so much as gesticulate; he does not care to copy nature in the abstract or the concrete; grimace in his

countenance performs part the of expression, while extravagance and caricature in the play of the features and distortion of the limbs are carried even without the limits of pantomime. Sir Don is six feet and a half in his vamps, and, with well regulated high heels, might do the state some service by letting himself out—or *in* rather—to be carried round the country inside a van as a giant. He would make a good giant of his inches. As an actor, he will never become a dwarf, much less a giant. If he could keep himself quiet, he would do to play Gulliver in the burlesque of the *Lilliputians*, with Messrs. Keeley, Buckstone, Robson, Clark, Rogers, Tool, and others, as the pigmy men moving round him. Sir Don created such roars of laughter as were never created before inside the walls of a patent theatre. The audience roared at his size, screamed at his smirks and smiles, bellowed at his elocution, and went frantic at his capers. There is no denying that Sir Don made everybody laugh; in short—or, in *long*, rather—the Don is irresistible, and, as a novelty, is decidedly entitled to support. He made his appearance as John Small in Morton’s not very brilliant farce, *Whalebait at Greenwich*, which has been repeated every night during the week. We advise everybody to pay a visit to the Haymarket, and see Sir Don, Bart., in John Small. So great a man in so small a part he is never likely to see again.

OLYMPIC.—A new drama from the French, entitled *The Porter’s Knot*, was brought out on Thursday evening, with entire success, Mr. Robson sustaining the principal character with great effect.

MISS VINNING.—This accomplished young lady, who has become one of the most favourite vocalists visiting Liverpool, deserves a special notice at our hands, not alone for the talents displayed by her, but also for the anxious desire evinced to please the numerous audiences (assembled at the concerts of Mr. Thomas). We believe, at a very early age, Miss Vinning was introduced to the “foot lights” through the medium of her parents, and, as the “Infant Sappho,” for several years gave promise of that which has since charmed her admirers, and which, in due time, has created her one of the most popular ballad singers of the day. It is indeed in the “home ballads” of our own land that Miss Vinning has made herself the general favourite she has become. During the present week, at Mr. E. W. Thomas’s concerts she has proved herself to be a greater favourite than ever, and certainly more than we expected. The pieces given by her have comprised selections from the *Trovatore* and *Traviata*. The “Garland,” Macfarren’s “When shall we meet again,” “Vedrai Carino,” “Where the bee sucks,” “Home sweet home,” “Too late, too late,” &c., all of which she gave with the utmost sweetness, ease, and power. In reference to the song, “Too late,” by Mr. R. S. Pratten, we may remark, that it was specially written for her, and certainly the author has reason to congratulate himself on the success of his piece, in no little degree to be attributed to the fair songstress. We may be allowed to rejoice upon Miss Vinning’s high position and success in the profession, and also that Mr. E. W. Thomas may always depend upon the success of his concerts with such vocalists.—*Northern Times*.

THE HARVEST MOON.—September, the month of the Harvest Moon, is the beloved month of moonshine for the million. This month of bright English autumn weather is the holyday month of many a fagged student and many a busy labourer in the world’s work. In this month, of all others, the full moon rises so soon after sunset that the short evening walk begun in sunshine may be closed in moonlight. After the 21st of this month, English moonlight walks, weather permitting, are to be enjoyed at reasonable hours in their perfection. Simply because of its rising, night after night, after the full, more closely upon the sunset than any other, the moon, which is at its full on or nearest the 21st of September, is called the Harvest Moon. Labourers who would make haste to gather in their harvests, may go on with their work by moonlight when the sunlight fails. On the 21st of September the sun sets due west, and the moon rises due east. Then it is that the orbit of the moon makes the least possible angle with the horizon.—*Household Words*.

BRIGHTON.—(*From a Lady Correspondent*).—A concert was held on Tuesday evening, in the Banqueting Room of the Pavilion, by Mad. Dotti, a new visitor to these shingles, and one who, to judge from testimonials, references, announcements, *réclames*, and so forth, should be "some-body" (as Mad. Sherrington Lemmema says in the old ballad). At any rate the concert was fashionably attended, and some first-rate artists from London were engaged—notammente Arabella Goddard (the pianist), Sainton (the violinist), and Piatti (the violoncellist). The entertainment began with truly splendid performance of Mendelssohn's second trio (in C minor) by the above-named famous players, with which the audience were more than delighted (as was testified by the heartiness of their applause), and about which a local leaf (*The Brighton Gazette*) speaks as subjoined :—

" We question very much the propriety of introducing long trios and quartets in entertainments of this kind, however admirably they may be performed. No greater treat could be afforded to those who really understand and appreciate classical chamber music, than the execution of Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti, which was perfection itself, but the audience evidently were pleased when it was finished. There are times and places for the introduction of such music as this, but the ordinary concert room should not be selected for displays of this kind."

Which amounts to saying that in the ordinary concert-room music is out of place. We deny, however, the writer's major. The audience were not pleased at the end because the trio was finished, but because they had listened to a magnificent composition magnificently interpreted. In another place, after rendering full justice to Arabella Goddard's superb execution of W. V. Wallace's "Robin Adair," on being encored in which the young lady substituted the same ready and gifted Hibernian composer's "Home, Sweet Home" ("Horatio—or I do forget myself"—it may have been Sigismund Thalberg's), states his preference for Herr Kuhe's reading of the latter piece. I quote the paragraph unshorn :—

" Much interest was taken, after the lapse of a considerable period, in the re-appearance at Brighton of Miss Arabella Goddard, who enjoys a high reputation as a pianist. The extraordinary progress this young lady has made since she performed a fantasia, on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, here, when a child of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, was strikingly evinced by her admirable execution of a fantasia on "Robin Adair," written expressly for her by Vincent Wallace, in which the power of her left hand was forcibly shown, thundering out the bass with almost the giant power of a Thalberg, whilst she revelled in a shower of light upper notes, displaying the most exquisite touch and skill. We need scarcely add that she was most rapturously encored, and she then treated the audience to the now popular, "Home, Sweet Home," of Thalberg, which she gave with all that artistic skill, acquired only by long practice and experience. But with all deference to Miss Goddard, we like Kuhe's interpretation of the piece better than that of Miss Goddard. This now seems to be a sort of stock piece among the leading pianists of the day, and it certainly requires the most refined interpretation."

Poor Herr Kuhe, a harmless individual, and a highly respectable teacher-how-to-shoot of the young idea, must have committed some awful offence against the critic of *The Brighton Gazette* to be thus satirised. No one is better aware than Herr Kuhe himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard, from the diatonic scale of C major, to the Sonata Op. 106 of Beethoven. You had some time since an article by Heine, which you entitled, "*A stone thrown at Mendelssohn from behind a wall.*" Now this declaration of preference on the part of the Brighthelmstone Aristarchus was neither more nor less than a stone thrown at Herr Kuhe from behind Arabella Goddard. The unoffending pedagogue may well cry, "Save me from my friends"—if ever, indeed, he was soft enough to believe this Sussex mad wag a friend of his.

Among the singers at the concert was our ancient acquaintance Bardini, who received an encore in Mario's air from *Martha*, which he transposed to serve his turn. Mr. Charles Braham had a cold, but otherwise sang strenuously. Sig. Piatti played a solo; Herr Kuhe endeavoured to accompany M. Sainton in the duet on *Don Giovanni*, the joint composition of MM.

Wolff and Vieuxtemps (a precious result of the union of two energetic pericraniums!), and made another attempt at a *fantasia* on the *Huguenots*, by M. Emile Prudent, a rather imprudent *coup d'essai* than otherwise; lastly, M. Sainton gave his own piece on the *Traviata*, which, like the solo of Piatti, was a triumph of executive skill.

Madame Dotti is decidedly clever and intelligent, which she showed in "Non più mesta," the duet "Dunque io son" (with our ancient trusty and well-beloved Bardini), and a MS. extravaganza, advertised as follows :—

"The last composition of Donizetti, written by the great *maestro* in her (Madame Dotti's) presence, a few hours before his madness declared itself, and expressing in the most touching manner the feelings which induced it."

This announcement was enough to prejudice any ordinary person against the thing, and so I confess I paid no attention to it. The Kuhe-ist reporter of the *Gazette* thus describes his own expression :—

"It certainly is one of the most wild compositions we have ever heard, and we should say decidedly symptomatic of departing reason in the composer. That Madame Dotti did her utmost to give it effect by the dramatic expression she threw into the air is true, but the abrupt termination of the 'last composition of Donizetti' seemed to leave the audience in doubt whether they ought to applaud it or not; and so they remained perfectly quiescent at its close, and suffered the lady to leave the platform with scarcely a hand of applause, which we thought unkind of them, after the efforts she made to render the composition effective. On the whole, the concert afforded the highest gratification!"

The admirably accomplished Madame de Belleville Oury has announced her grand morning concert for the 23rd instant (Duncan's birthday), for which she has engaged Madame Anna Bishop and M. Wieniawski, M. Jullien's terrific drawer of horse-hair over catgut.

A DE R. O.

Brighthelmstone, Dec. 2.

MUSIC AT LIVERPOOL.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mr. Thomas's concerts in St. George's Hall came to a conclusion on Saturday and universal opinion has pronounced them the very best the spirited *entrepreneur* has ever given. Besides his own admirable violin-playing—of which brilliant examples were presented in Vieuxtemps' *Rêverie*, a sonata for piano and violin by Beethoven, and the difficult duet or air from *Don Giovanni* (in which he had the advantage of being associated with that incomparable pianist, Arabella Goddard), by Wolff (not Woelfl) and Vieuxtemps; besides his capital conducting, which, aided by an orchestra fifty in number and strong at all points, made the symphonies and overtures (especially at the Mendelssohn and Beethoven concerts) go so famously; besides the finished solo playing by Messrs. Percival (flute), Nicholson (oboe), Maycock (clarinet), Hawkes (cornet), and Prospère (ophicleide), so advantageously exhibited in the "selections"—and besides all these, we had Miss Louisa Vinning to sing and Miss Arabella to play on every occasion. The local press renders full justice to the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Thomas. "Being determined," says *The Liverpool Mail*—

"That the most fastidious and critical amateur should have no cause of complaint, he engaged a band of fifty performers, consisting of artists of established metropolitan and provincial fame—while, for what we may call his *pièces de résistance*, he secured the services of Miss Arabella Goddard, a *pianiste* who is now universally acknowledged to hold the very highest rank in her profession; and of Miss Louisa Vinning, a vocal artist who, both in her juvenile and more mature years, has ever been a great and deserved favorite with the public. The programmes have been varied at each concert, and, while we have heard with pleasure many old favorite *morceaux*, Mr. Thomas gave, at each concert, a variety of novelties in dance, operatic, and classical music, many of them being played in Liverpool for the first time. We can safely assert that, for the money, more praiseworthy or pleasant musical performances were never given anywhere than Mr. Thomas has, this week, provided for his patrons in St. George's Hall. There was something to please every listener—brilliant dance music, by D'Albert, Lamotte, Laurent, &c.; classical selections from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, &c.; operatic selections from the works of Verdi, Donizetti, &c.; overtures and

marches, by Rossini, Meyerbeer, &c.; and, above all, the truly unequalled performances of Miss Arabella Goddard. We have not, of course, in a weekly journal, sufficient space at command to notice each concert in detail; but, though it is a work of supererogation, we feel bound to express our admiration at the wondrous versatility and talent of this charming, youthful artist, of whom we may well be proud; for neither France, Germany, or Italy can produce her equal. She plays entirely from memory, yet, be it an elaborate concerto by Beethoven or Mozart, or a series of brilliant *tours de force* by Thalberg or Wallace, her performance leaves literally nothing to be desired, except its repetition. Her touch, expression, and execution satisfy the most critical; and while the learned are thoroughly satisfied, the general public, ordinarily so apathetic at solo displays on the pianoforte, are roused to an enthusiasm rarely excited, except by a vocalist or actor of the highest talent. At each of Mr. Thomas's concerts Miss Goddard succeeded in arousing universal admiration by her marvellous performances, the effect of which was heightened by her graceful, modest, and lady-like demeanour."

Another paper—*The Liverpool Albion*—a great authority in musical matters, is equally complimentary to Mr. Thomas, and gives a graphic description of his arch-enemy during the week—I need scarcely particularise the *weather* :—

The local musical event of the last week was the annual series of vocal and instrumental concerts given by Mr. E. W. Thomas, who this year removed from the Philharmonic Hall to the more central locality of St. George's Hall. By a customary and most unfortunate coincidence, the weather, ever Mr. Thomas's great enemy, was last week the worse: that we have had during the whole of the past twelve months—every description of atmospheric nuisance in the shape of fogs, east winds, sleet, and rain being present daily and nightly with more than customary violence for even "dreary dark November." This had naturally a most decided and untoward effect upon the success of Mr. Thomas's Concerts; and though the latter ones were better attended than those in the beginning of the week, still we fear that, considering the very heavy expenses, Mr. Thomas will be a loser by his really spirited and praiseworthy efforts to give the public of Liverpool a series of musical performances of the very highest order of excellence. Everything that Mr. Thomas could do to ensure the success of his speculation, and to attract the public, was done, without regard to cost. The band, numbering fifty performers, all first-class *artistes*, were backed by two "bright particular stars"—Miss Arabella Goddard, the world-famous pianist, and Miss Louisa Vining, the most youthful and pleasing of our native singers. Nine concerts were given during the week—three in the afternoons of Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, and six in the evenings—the evening concert, on Thursday, and that which took place on Saturday afternoon, being given in the beautiful small Concert-room, the large hall being then engaged for Mr. Best's customary performances on the great organ. The concerts themselves were the best of the kind ever given in the town."

* * * * *

"On Saturday, at the morning concert, Mr. Thomas played a solo, *Vieurtemps' Récit*, accompanied by Miss Arabella Goddard. Mr. Thomas proved himself as completely master of the violin as ever, his performance being perfect both as to execution and expression, the *diminuendo* at its conclusion being most effectively and delicately managed. The 'star' of the concerts was undoubtedly Miss Arabella Goddard, who is now universally acknowledged as the first of living *pianistes*, and her performances at these concerts fully sustained her reputation. On Tuesday Mr. Thomas gave a 'Mendelssohn' festival, and a 'Beethoven' festival on Friday, and on those two occasions Miss Goddard played from memory two elaborate concertos, with a degree of taste, finish, and thorough appreciation of the music which made it even more effective than usual. At the other concerts she selected a variety of Thalberg's fantasias, and in these she proved herself as completely mistress of the modern school of what has been termed 'musical pyrotechnics,' as she is of the more refined and classical compositions of the great German *maestri*. It is something rare for a *pianiste* to rouse large audiences to unanimous and spontaneous enthusiasm, but this Miss Goddard always succeeded in doing, and she never played once without being uproariously encored, and on each occasion she complied with the wishes of the public with a lady-like and most modest diffidence somewhat rare in one so young and talented."

"Miss Louisa Vining, Mr. Thomas's other 'star,' also succeeded in giving satisfaction to the public—her favourite songs being always received with every mark of approbation. We trust that our anticipations as to the non-success, in a pecuniary sense, of Mr. Thomas's

Concerts will prove unfounded; at all events, if he has not won success, he has certainly deserved it.—J. H. N."

"There can be little doubt but that, had Mr. Thomas's Concerts taken place this week instead of last, the result would have been no less a pecuniary than artistic triumph." C.

CRACOW.—(Extract from a Letter.)—We have had a musical week.—One concert has followed another in quick succession. Reichardt, Rappoldi, and Mad. Haagn, had rivalled each other in their efforts to attract the public. "Chrysanthemus" Alexander Reichardt sang twice in the Polish, and Rappoldi played three times in the German Theatres, while Mad. Haagn gave a sonnet in the Redoutensaal. Rappoldi's farewell concert took place yesterday, and Reichardt's star engagement commenced to-day at the German opera. Reichardt has sang the tenor air ("Il mio tesoro") from *Don Juan*, as well as airs from *Otello*, *Dom Sébastien*, and *Linda*, besides two French romances, "Le Chemin du Paradis," and "Le Papillon," by Blumenthal. As an operatic singer he belongs to that class of artists who threaten to become more rare every day, and who do not consider their sole aim to be the worship of common materialism, and the pompous development of their vocal powers, *grand mème*, but an artistically perfect education of the voice, which required the singer to learn singing before he was able to sing. Formerly we heard singers, real singers, but at present, we generally hear only voices and—parts. As a singer of songs, Reichardt stands high, on account of the perfect good taste of the pieces he selects and the excellence of his execution. The flexibility and ease with which he employs his *mezzo voce*, imparts a charming character, a rich fulness of light and shade, to his singing. When he thus sings, with half voice and entire soul, he produces the most beautiful effects. Everything appears so well considered, and yet so unconstrained, that any one would think he could imitate it, though he could not do so, however he might strive. Wieland and Heine have, by their flowing verse, called into existence a great many watery poems, songs which would better have remained unsung. Herr Reichardt, admirably supported by the excellent accompanying of Herr Jahn, sang the "Tirsnenavá" from *Don Juan* (we could attend only the second concert) with great artistic perfection. The aria from *Linda*, given with much tenderness and feeling, and the romance "Le Papillon," excellently declaimed, were accompanied with a great deal of suppleness and elegance by the young wife Herr Reichardt took unto himself, last summer, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and, who will, also, "accompany" him on his artistic pilgrimage to the icy north—Cracow, Nov. 19.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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EXETER HALL.—MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S GRAND CONCERT on Monday, December 18th, commences at Half-past Seven. Vocalists, Madame Anna Bishop, her FIRST APPEARANCE since her return, Mad. Weiss, and Signor Belletti. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. WIENIAWSKI, the great Violinist, will play the "Carnaval de Venise." Conductor, Mr. George Loder. Full orchestra. Madame Bishop will sing Gugelheim's celebrated Graciosa Agnus (clarinet obligato, Mr. Lazarus), also Mendelssohn's Infelice, besides several popular ballads and the duet from L'Elixir de Quanto amore! with Signor Belletti. Admission one shilling; unreserved seats 2s.; reserved seats 5s.; and stalls 7s. 6d.; to be had of Cramer and Beale, Julian and Co., Regent-street; Mitchell, 83, Old Bond-street; Chappell, Bond-street; Fenton, Strand; Keith and Prowse, Cheapside; at the Hall; and at Mapleton and Co.'s, Musical Agency, 12, Haymarket.

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ST. MARYLEBONE, Nov. 27, 1858.—Organist.—Notice is hereby given, that the Vestry of the Parish of St. Marylebone are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS from persons desirous of becoming CANDIDATES for the APPOINTMENT of ORGANIST to All Souls Church, Langham-place, in this parish. Applications, with testimonials, to be forwarded, under cover, to the Vestry Clerk, previous to 11 o'clock on Saturday, the 11th day of December next, after which time no application can be received. Notice will be given to candidates of the day on which their attendance will be required. Further information and amount of salary may be obtained on application. By order
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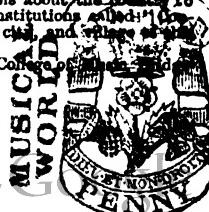
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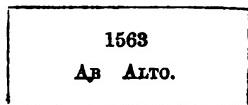
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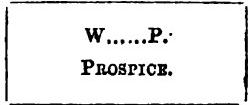
THE CHURCHES OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

At the commencement of the present century Stoke Newington is described as a pleasant village lying three miles north of London; having an ancient little Gothic church, standing in a well-stocked little graveyard, and presenting, as viewed in connection with the windings of the New River, which skirts the village, a very picturesque appearance. But London has now reached it, and the once sequestered little village of Stoke Newington is fast becoming absorbed in the great metropolis.

Although it is evident a church has existed here since the time of Edward the Confessor—perhaps from that of his predecessor, King Athelstan, about the year 940—yet the earliest records relating to the sacred edifice itself is in the continuation of Stow, which states that the church was “repaired, or rather new-built,” by William Patten, lessee of the manor, the date of which, carved in stone, still remains over the porch door thus:—



Above another door a little more to the east—Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, used as the vestry—is the arms of that gentleman with the initials of his name, and his, motto:—



The south arcade of the nave and the lower portion of the tower are undoubtedly remains of the former edifice, and date, probably, a century anterior. In the year 1716 the church was enlarged, and at the same time an exterior shell of brick was added; the ancient windows all removed, except that on the east side, and brick casements inserted. In 1806 a further enlargement of the edifice took place, together with a thorough repair, when the outside was covered with cement, to imitate stone, and the inside was embellished and newly paved, and an organ set up at a total expense of £2,500.

In 1828, the church, still too small for the wants of a growing neighbourhood, was placed in the hands of Mr. Barry (now Sir Charles, architect of the Houses of Parliament), for further augmentation and improvement; and in carrying out this, he gave to an irregular and shapeless structure the appearance of comparative uniformity the edifice now wears. He pulled down the northern arcade of the nave, re-built it on a larger scale, and added a second north aisle, placing a gallery in it; extended the edifice eastward for forming a chancel, replacing therein the old eastern window of five lights, with its stained glass; added a clerestory to the nave, and a shingled spire to the tower, in place of the old wooden bell-turret, and restored all the windows. Considering the age in which the restoration took place, it must be regarded as a very creditable work.*

The painted glass that ornaments the eastern window, was purchased out of a collection imported from the Continent, by Jonathan Eade, Esq., the then Lord of the Manor, and by him to the parish in 1806. The paintings represent the preaching of St. John the Baptist; the Levitical purification after childbirth; and the giving of alms. In the south aisle of the nave is an alabaster tomb with painted effigies of John Dudley and his wife, kneeling at faldstools (1580), this widow having re-married with Mr. Sutton, the founder of the

Charter-house. The monument having become in a state of decay, was, about fifty years ago restored as now seen; the expense of which was defrayed by a subscription of gentlemen educated at the Charter-house. A monument on the east wall of the north aisle records the memory of John Tavener, rector of the parish, died 1638. He was the publisher of Mathew's Bible, and was an eminent musician, having taken degrees as such at Oxford, and was Professor of Music at Gresham College. And here rests the ashes of Dr. Watts, the sacred poet, who spent the last thirty years of his life, the guest of Lady Abney, at the Manor House close by, where he composed most of his beautiful hymns, and where he died on the 28th of November, 1748, at the age of seventy-four. The organ, previously adverted to, was the facture of the elder Mr. England, and was of a single row of keys, and was reputed by Mr. Mann, organist of the church, who died 1808, as a very beautiful little instrument; however, it some time ago gave place to a new one by Robson. This is also of a single row of keys, it is in a general swell, and has eleven stops, with a full scale pedal and bourdon pipes.

Notwithstanding the various enlargements the edifice had undergone as related above, it is still but the village church of limited capacity, totally inadequate to the accommodation of the neighbourhood now covered with habitations; and, in 1855, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, who had just been collated thereto, proposed to his friends and parishioners to erect a new church by subscription, on a grand scale, to serve as the parish church—a proposition that was well received, and the appeal for funds sufficiently liberally responded to as to justify immediate practical operations—and the new structure was commenced in that year on the site of the old rectory house and grounds on the other side of the road, from designs by Mr. G. G. Scott, the eminent ecclesiastical architect, and was consecrated June 25th, 1858.

It is a Gothic building of most noble proportions—one of the grandest of the sacred edifices that has been erected in the suburbs of the metropolis since the revival here, in our own time of the mediæval style. It is built of rag stone in horizontal courses, the walls resting upon a sub-plinth of grey granite, dressed, which gives an appearance of additional strength and durability; the after dressings externally and also internally, being of Bath stone. The style of the architecture is that of the transitional period between the early English and the early decorative. The plan of the church is cruciform, comprising nave with side aisles, transepts, and chancel, the latter having aisles of two bays, and terminating easterly in an apse semi-octangular, with tower standing square at the western end (not yet, however, carried up higher than the apex of the roof of the body of the church, but progressing) surmounted by a spire 220 feet high. The principal entrance to the church is through the basement of the tower, which latter here displays a stone ground roof carrying the floor of the bell-ringing chamber: the entrance arch, deeply recessed, having a double doorway separated by a clustered pillar of Aubigny stone. The tympanum over the doorway is filled by a circular window, and in the apex of the arch a block is inserted, intended for a carving of the Virgin, to be cut in position. Another entrance is by a northern porch, of very effective composition: this is a very deeply recessed arch, ornamented with circular columns; its frontage comprising a central pediment with a minor arm on each side, the tympanums over which are designed to receive carvings. One roof—very high pitched—covers nave and aisles, hence there is no clerestory; the side windows—triple lancets with cinquefoil heads—are each under a separate gable. The gable of the north transept has a noble five-light tracery window 22 feet in height to the springing of the arched head. The south transept—the unseen side of the church—has a pair of double lights, with a circular window in the apex.

The interior—wholly without galleries—is 180 feet long, inclusive of the chancel, which is 53; 60 feet wide (across the nave and aisles) and 80 at the transepts, and presents, from whatever point viewed, a general air of stately grandeur.

The separation of nave and aisles is by arcades of pointed arches carried on circular columns, their capitals elegantly

* At this time, Mr. Barry had just been appointed by the Commissioners for Building New Churches, to erect the churches of St. Paul's, Ball's-pond, St. John, Upper Holloway, and Trinity, Cloudesley-square—these were all in the pointed style; and this may be considered as the commencement of the revival, in the present era, of our ancient ecclesiastical architecture; since, nearly all the churches decided upon by the Commissioners up to this date, were, in point of architecture, Grecian. Within ten years of this date, the same hand produced the designs for the greatest Gothic work ever executed.

carved with foliage, representing English plants, such as the briony, the oak, the mandrake, the vine, the currant, the mulberry, &c.; these very excellent carvings were executed by Mr. Farmer, of Westminster. The chancel, which is raised four steps, the apsidal sanctuary one more, is divided from the nave by a large archway, having deeply sunken mouldings, the piers being clusters of columns. The chancel aisles are divided off by two arches on each side, supported by coupled columns of Aubigny stone; the soffits of the arches are embellished with forty deep sunken panels, on which are carved, in alto-relievo, angels bearing musical instruments, and other emblematic scriptural figures. There is no reredos. The altar rail is of oak, supported on iron standards, gilded. The altar has fine, long windows, of two lights each, with tracery heads, and these are about to be filled with stained and painted glass, illustrative of the Te Deum: artists, Messrs. Clayton and Bell. A small beginning in the stained glass has already been made; of this material are the four clerestory windows of the chancel—triple trefoils. Also, a two-light window in the south chancel aisle, containing figures of the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, and the raising of Lazarus; another small window on the east side of the north transept, and two very small lancets under the organ-stage in the south transept. The roofs of the body of the church show the constructive timbers, which are of deal stained imitation of old oak. The seats throughout, which are somewhat plain, though characteristic, are of the same material. The reading-deck is of oak, elaborately carved. The font is a rich and graceful work, the production of Mr. Westmacott, the eminent sculptor, and said to have cost £450, and a gift to the church by Mr. A. Burnand. The basin is, as it were, a vast goblet, hewn out of a block of Caen stone, and stands on an octagonal base of two steps. The plan of the inside of the basin is a quatrefoil, and on each side of it are carved patterns of leafage within a circular moulded rim. The basin is supported round by four dwarf pillars composed of pink marble, having richly carved capitals, on which rest four kneeling statuettes, emblematic of the sacrament of the baptism, cut in white marble. The pulpit (now being prepared by Mr. Farmer) is of Caen stone, from the design of the architect, and is to cost £400.

The organ—part only of which is yet fabricated, and intended, for a while at least, to suffice—stands in the south transept, on a platform of stained timber, raised about fifteen feet above the level of the church. It is not, as is usual, in a case, but the frame of the instrument filling the transept is parclosed off by a row of its double diapasons, ranging a little in advance of the face of the wall of the nave aisle. These pipes are handsomely illuminated, alternately white and gold and vermillion and gold, in patterns after the ancient style of organ pipe decoration. The key-boards are set at a console on the floor of the church, where the organist sits facing the congregation, the trackers from the keys passing downwards and under his seat, whence they ascend through a wooden shaft at his back to the organ above. The instrument is designed for one on a very grand scale, to contain forty stops, including a complete independent pedal organ,* but the only part as yet set up in the church is the swell, which is as follows:—

Compass C C to F.		
1. Double Diapason	Wood	16 feet.
2. Open Diapason		8 "
3. Kerasophon	Tenor C	8 "
4. Stop Diapason	Bass	8 "
5. Clarionet Flute	(through)	8 "
6. Octave		4 "
7. Fifteenth		2 "

* The pedal, regarded as in a state of entirety, is an unusual feature in an English church organ; it is the one great point in which our organs are compared with the German. Our model is yet short-coming. The usual English adjustment is not only deficient, but is in practice musically anomalous; and the connoisseur in the music of the "king of instruments" naturally feels interest in every instance of the erection of the correct thing in this way. But the large space required for standing-room of a German pedal organ, which few of our churches can afford, together with the high price in England of wood and metal, will ever be prohibitory to a general adoption here of the real "pedale."

8. Mixture	3 ranks.
9. Cornopean						8 feet.
10. Oboe						8 "
11. Clarion						4 "

A Tremulant.

With the Pedal

Open Diapason	.	16 feet.
Bourdon	.	8 "

16 " time.

The remaining portions are to be added as funds for the purpose shall be forthcoming. The spaciousness of the edifice, the loftiness of the roof, and the absence of galleries, combine to render the position of this instrument, remarkably favourable to sound, and the effect of the swell extremely fine. Messrs. Gray and Davison are the artists employed on this work, which is estimated to cost, when completed, £1,200.

The church contains 1,000 sittings for adults, one-third of which are free, and 200 more for children. The entire cost, when the whole design shall have been carried out, will, it is said, exceed £15,000.

At the onset of the scheme for the new church at Stoke Newington, it was intended as a rebuilding of the parish church. The new site was a matter of expediency resorting to in order to keep one church open until the other was ready for occupation; the intent was, to then close the old edifice—perhaps pull it down, as was done in the adjoining parish of Hackney sixty years ago, or to convert the building into schools. The plan adopted has, however, led to a difficulty. The two churches stand in juxtaposition, the road only separating them, and have assumed—to use a familiar phrase—the position of opposition shops. There is a very powerful and influential "old church" party in the parish, who strenuously oppose the virtual extinction of an old place of worship to which they feel a strong attachment, and in which they still may largely congregate, notwithstanding the attractions over the way, among which may be included the popular sermons of the reverend rector, who preaches twice every Sunday in the new church. The supporters of the old church have memorialised the bishop against the proposed consecration, or rather translation, of the parish church; and await his lordship's decision. Whatever this may be it is certain that the closing of the old church would not only give great offence to many of the parishioners, but induce a deficiency of church accommodation, as both the old and the new buildings are simultaneously well filled, and the neighbourhood is a rapidly growing one. Under all circumstances, it is to be regretted that the worthy prebend* had not chosen a spot somewhat more distant for the erection of the new church. It is presumed that there could have been little difficulty in obtaining a suitable site for the purpose, considering that more than two-thirds of the lands of the parish is ecclesiastical property.† St. Pancras, Paddington, St. Marylebone, and Chelsea, afford an instance of the erection of a new parish church, and the conversion of the old one into a chapel of ease or district church.

There is another church at Stoke Newington, situated in

* The Rector, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, is Prebend of the stall "Wedland" in St. Paul's Cathedral. The position is one of dignity only, the revenue belonging thereto having become confiscated to the Ecclesiastical Commission at the last vacation, 1850, by the operation of the Act of 1836. It is understood that these are not cathedral duties appertaining to these prebendaries, of which there are 27; but, in the stalls, under the title of each prebend, is that of a Psalm, "which every Prebendary is in duty bound to repeat daily, in praise to the glory of God, and for the more fully answering the intent of the founders and benefactors heretounto."

† The parish of Stoke Newington is comprised in 550 acres, of which 325 belongs to the Prebendal Stall of "Newington" in St. Paul's Cathedral, which stall, lapsing in 1842, its revenues fell in to the Ecclesiastical Commission. The last incumbent of the stall was the Rev. J. Lonsdale, who retained the income at £1,251 per annum. But considering that ere long these lands will probably become covered with houses, ultimately Stoke Newington will be the source of immense revenues for Church purposes. The stall still exists, but with confiscated revenues; the present dignitary is the Rev. R. W. Browne, Professor of King's College, London.

Barrett's Green, south east division of the parish, consecrated 1853, and dedicated to St. Mathias. It is a Gothic structure, built from the designs of Mr. Butterfield, and presents some features of novelty and successful economic arrangement, by which a spacious interior has been given, and an unusual appearance of architectural grandeur and dignity, at the comparatively small cost of £7000. The church has a fine "C organ," by Willis, standing in the south chancel aisle. This instrument is composed of three rows of keys and pedal, twenty stops (swell tenor C), and a rank of sixteen feet open pedal pipes, and embraces numerous modern improvements, such as the pneumatic lever, curved and radiating, pedal board, and combination movements. The incumbent is the Rev. Samuel W. Mangin, B.A., who directs the sacred services of his church in strict accordance with high "Tractarian" views.

55, Regent Street.

F. C.

MESSRS. BROADWOOD'S PIANO MANUFACTORY.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

It is not, perhaps, generally known that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, and of course by consequence our dependencies abroad, are supplied with those universal household appendages, pianofortes, by the metropolis alone. As in all other of our great trades, this supply depends a good deal on certain large manufacturers with whose names every one is familiar. It was therefore with some interest that the public learned, in August, 1856, of the occurrence of a destructive fire which took place on the premises of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, in the Horseferry-road, Westminster. A new manufactory has since arisen on the site of that which was destroyed, and which is established on the largest and most perfect scale of anything of the kind in this country. On entering the premises, the first thing which strikes one is the large area which they cover, implying, of course, a corresponding employment of a number of workmen, and yet the business of the place goes on with an absence of bustle which is remarkable. The new range of workshops is on the left, on the right is the only remaining part of the old factory which escaped the fire. The new building is 303 feet 9 inches in length, by 46 feet in breadth. The large area within the walls is divided into thirty-two workshops, each 70 feet long by 21 feet wide, communication with which is obtained from without by a general entrance situated in the centre of the building, formed by a segmental-headed archway, 14 feet wide and 10 feet high. In this archway are the staircase and two lifts for the purpose of raising pianos and materials into the different workshops. Passing on we came to another yard, on one side of which is a shed covered with corrugated iron filled with dry timber from a wharf near Vauxhall-bridge, where the greater part of the valuable seasoned wood is kept, and the command of a large supply of which has been one of the main causes of the reputation which Messrs. Broadwood's pianos have attained. Near to this depository is the department for preparing glue, an item of expenditure which amounts to £2,000 a-year. The steam for the coppers in which the glue is boiled is supplied from the engine and boiler house, which, with a saw-mill and shed, a room for drilling and turning by steam power, and a foreman's room for matching veneers, &c., complete the subsidiary range of buildings on the left-hand side. At the northern end of the building are the counting-houses and store-rooms. The building is heated throughout with steam, by means of upwards of 10,000 feet of piping; one vertical pipe communicating with the various floors. The southern part of the building contains sixteen workshops, in one of which is a hot chamber for gluing, technically termed a "caulchest." The ventilation is effected by cold air admitted under each of the windows, and the vitiated warm air is carried off by four shafts in each workshop. There is a square shaft for the carrying off of accumulated shavings every night, and which are burnt in the furnaces. On the roof is an iron tank containing 6,000 gallons of water, which is supplied twice daily, and from which five hoses are attached sufficiently long to reach to either end of the building. As further precautions against fire, there is a smaller

tank over the counting-houses, and another sunk tank containing 10,000 gallons of water, with all the necessary apparatus. To give some idea of the extent of this edifice, it may be added that it contains upwards of 200 large windows, and when fully lighted up with gas presents a very striking appearance. As a whole, the arrangements are as complete as it is possible to conceive, and reflect great credit on the builders, Messrs. Baker and Fielder, of Stangate.

Turning to the consideration of the operations carried on in the factory, we find that fourteen out of thirty-two workshops are occupied entirely by the manufacture of grand pianos, consisting of the large full compass concert grand, the most powerful instruments ever yet manufactured, and the smaller grands of three strings and two strings; and as we understand that Messrs. Broadwood probably manufactured one half of the grand pianos annually supplied in the United Kingdom, as well as more of the cottage and square descriptions than any other makers, some idea of the extent of their manufactory may be formed. The space required for making a grand piano is equal to that requisite for three cottage pianos, and there is necessarily a difficulty in obtaining workmen sufficiently skilled for work of such delicate quality. The time required to complete a grand piano is generally from six to eight months, while a cottage piano may be finished in three. The number of pieces of wood and materials of different kinds employed in the construction of a grand piano amounts to nearly five thousand. In the case-making department alone there are, we are told, usually more than a thousand pianos in different stages of progress; and the stock of finished instruments exceeds that number. The former department is that in which the cases are made and the veneer glued on. The place in which the most critical part of the work is done is what is called the marking-off shop, that is where the sounding-board is put into the instrument and the ironwork fitted, which resists the pull of the strings—an operation requiring mathematical nicety and precision. Then follow in succession the grand top-making shop, the pinning and fronting shop, and, lastly, the finishing shop, where the several parts are at last combined in a piano complete.

The remaining range of the old factory is devoted to the making of small work, polishing, &c. Between the new building and the wing of the old one is the veneer vault, in which a large collection of very valuable veneers is kept. Upwards of 200,000 feet of rosewood veneers are used in the course of the year; but the most expensive is the walnut veneer, which, as seen in the factory, has much the appearance of damaged leather. Of necessity in an establishment of such extent a large number of skilled workmen are required. We are informed the number of men employed by Messrs. Broadwood on the premises above described, at a smaller factory in Bridle-lane, Silver-street, Golden-square, and in Great Pulteney-street, amounts to between six and seven hundred. The wages which are earned by this able body of artisans exceed those of most handicrafts, and their comfort and welfare are well considered and under excellent regulation. Seven foremen besides clerks are engaged in the manufactory, and one of the principals of the firm, as manager, is constantly on the premises. The iron-work used in this manufactory is obtained from the foundry of Messrs. Bramah and Co., of Pimlico, who have supplied Messrs. Broadwood with this material for nearly forty years.

It may be interesting to add that the founder of this large and important business was a gentleman of Swiss extraction, Mr. Burkhardt Shudi, of whom there is a picture on the premises in Great Pulteney-street, in which he is represented tuning a harpsichord presented by him to Frederick the Great, and which we believe is still to be found in the palace at Potsdam. This gentleman established the business in the same house in which it is now conducted in the year 1732. Mr. Shudi was a great friend of Handel, who often visited him; and his favourite harpsichord is now to be seen in one of the warerooms in Great Pulteney-street. During Mr. Shudi's time the harpsichord was the keyed instrument in use, but when he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. John Broadwood, later in the last century, that gentleman introduced the instrument since called the pianoforte, which has by degrees been brought to its present state.

of perfection. Descendants of Mr. John Broadwood bearing his name, are still members of the firm, no one who was not of the family having been admitted into partnership. After the fire in 1856, when it was decided to reinstate the manufactory with every improvement which experience of the trade had shown to be necessary, and which modern science has rendered possible, three gentlemen long engaged in the establishment were taken into partnership, in order that the business might have the full benefit of their co-operation, the result of which arrangement has proved satisfactory to all concerned.

THE OPERA OF LOHENGRIN.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

THE reception with which Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* met three months since in Vienna, was so brilliant that a few remarks on the work may not, perhaps, be too late. We cannot say positively whether—as we have been assured is the case—the *Lohengrin* enthusiasm is already subsiding; the public, at any rate, still flock to the theatre in considerable numbers. The unexceptionably admirable *mise-en-scène*, not to be excelled at any other German theatre, would of itself be sufficient to account for this fact. At all events, a person devoid of the power of hearing, and merely capable of receiving the impression produced by the scenery, processions, groups, and the acting of the artists, would understand the public enthusiasm more readily than any one who knew nothing of *Lohengrin* but the music.

However unanimous the public were *en masse*, we have found great diversity of opinion in individual cases. The most amusing feature in all this, namely, the laboured enthusiasm of those persons who will not, on any account, remain in the rear of "Progress" and the "Future," we must leave to *Figaro* or *Kladderadatsch*. But even sincerity has wonderful extremes to show. It is a fact that persons of the most different ranks and degrees of education, who make no secret of their indifference for all kinds of music whatever, and who, as a general rule, are scarcely ever to be seen at any opera or concert, have been amused half-a-dozen evenings with *Lohengrin*. On the other hand, it is, also, a fact, that several of our most accomplished and impartial musicians were so impartially bored at the first representation of *Lohengrin* that they left the theatre after the second act.

A highly numerous and moderate "centre" very correctly characterise the novelty as "interesting;" but, on asking them to explain more definitely in what the interest consists, we meet with a remarkable uncertainty of judgment. Numerous partisans of *Lohengrin*, who can say only next to nothing in favour of the music, are perfectly compensated by the "incomparable book." I must undisguisedly confess I am as little able to be enthusiastic for the book as for the music to it.

To begin with the book. We have unfortunately been doomed to hear that it was an independent work of art, of the highest poetical beauty, and of a perfect drama, which, without more ado, could be played as such. We ruthlessly wish the experiment had really been made on those who entertain this opinion. If we measure the *libretto* to *Lohengrin* as a poetical composition, we find that the sum of its merits consists in a few poetically, or I should rather say *picturesquely*, imagined situations. In plot and characters it is undramatic, and in diction painfully harsh and bombastic.*

* Verses in the following style may be found at every page:—

"Lass mich ihn sehn, wie ich ihn sah,
Wie ich ihn sah, sei er mir nah!"

(sixteen monosyllabic words). Or,

"Wie gäb' es Zweifels Schuld, die grösser,
Als die an Dich den Glauben raubt?"

In *Tannhäuser* there are passages which might almost do in *Die Zauberflöte*. For instance:

"Ihr Edlen mögt in diesen Worten lesen,
Wie ich erkannt der Liebe reinstes Wesen,"

Or:

"Hoch über aller Welt ist Gott,
Und sein Erbarmen ist kein Spott."

We prized in *Lohengrin* a very skilfully formed operatic *libretto*, not alone more effective musically, but, in itself, more connectedly imagined and more carefully worked out than most such productions; whoever is contented with a work of this description as an independent drama, may consider *Lohengrin* one.

In the first place, the choice of the Gral myth is a very unhappy one. It is doubly so, as far as regards Wagner's peculiar requirements, such as:—*a libretto* must, above all things, be popular and generally comprehensible; it must appeal to the most secret passions of a nation, &c. Now, no operatic hero can well be more exclusive than this Knight of the Holy Gral. Who is *Lohengrin*? Who is the Holy Gral? In what audience can we and ought we to presuppose an acquaintance with the mediæval round of legends, on which everything in *Lohengrin* turns? We are separated by a whole world from the moral notions and poetry of those times, the pathos of which we might term armed ecstasy. Even the serious literary mass, fond of plunging into these epics of the Middle Ages, will, in fact, guard against accounting them *dramatic*. The first thing we demand from the drama is that it should present us with characters, beings of flesh and blood, whose fate is brought about by their own acts and passions. We wish to see freedom of will acting against great struggles, in order to know, with the deepest emotion, how (according to Göthe) "man feels"—"dem Menschen zu Muth ist." What does *Lohengrin* know about this? He is a knight of the Holy Gral on Mount-salvat; of the blood of Christ, preserved in a costly vessel of precious stones, which the legend celebrates as the miracle-working and dominant centre of the heavenly kingdom on earth. The Holy Gral despatches its knights to seek adventures in its service: alone it decides and suggests their thoughts, feelings, and acts. Through it they are not liable to be deceived, but are free from fault, and endowed with divine nature, though they are bound to preserve the secret of their wondrous mission. Can *Lohengrin*'s virtue and justice move us, when they are not the results of his own free will, but the mere reflection of the Gral? Can his love for Elsa excite our joy and sympathy, when we know he possesses no pathos but his secret? Must we not consider inhuman his desire that Elsa, "his beloved wife," shall never question him concerning his origin and name? The bond of love is confidence and not secrecy; we range ourselves on Elsa's side, when she yields to "culpable curiosity," and is, in consequence, abandoned by her husband. In vain she falls at *Lohengrin*'s feet, and implores him to remain as "witness of her repentance." He has no answer for her, but: "I must, I must; the Gral will be angry with me if I stay any longer!" A being who *must* do anything ("No one must must"—"muss müssen"—says Lessing), is no hero for a drama, for he is not a person like ourselves. He is, according to Stahr's striking expression, a "seraphic soldier," whose will and conscience do not reside in his own breast, but "in the frowning forehead of his divine commander."

Taking into consideration the laudatory tone of Wagner's prefaces, we will not stop to notice the fact that Wagner himself designates *Lohengrin* as the "type of a real and only tragical material, especially of the tragedy of the life-element of the modern Present." It will ever be an act of perversity to have sought the revivification of opera in a return to those mystically symbolical subjects, which, destitute in themselves of all dramatic movement, have long since ceased to live in the consciousness of the nation. The real opera of the "Future" is the *historical*.

The superiority possessed by Wagner's mythical Christian operatic librettos over the surmounted classically mythological ones is the element of the *Fatherland*. They are German, and those scenes in *Lohengrin* which depict German manners will always produce the most permanent results, however obstinately Wagner himself may continue to designate the mythically symbolical principle as the real pith of opera. We cannot discover any eminent specific dramatic power in the poetry of *Lohengrin*, but simply lyrical capability combined with unusual theatrical

Such verses are not at all offensive in opera, but they must not be given out as the production of a great poet.

skill. How poor do the separate *characters* in *Lohengrin* appear, all of them being, from beginning to end, stereotyped, and without any development or gradual increase of intensity, compared to the life of the masses in it! The power of forming groups, and bringing about situations, which cannot prove aught but picturesque, is, perhaps, the most peculiar feature in Wagner's talent, and that which, in a fuller investigation than that which we are here enabled to make, ought to be especially discussed. Wagner is neither a great poet, nor a great musician, but he may be termed, in the highest sense of the word, a *decorative genius*. The highest pitch to which such decorative genius, assisted by intellect and education, can rise, is: *Wagnerian Operas*. We can admire their author for the penetration and energy with which he has provided his talent with a perfectly adequate art-form, the only artistic speciality attainable by him, but, at the same time, one which could have been attained by him alone. The highest artistic prize, however, to be gained by Wagner's stakes, is still not the highest prize of art. One fact which is decisive against the pretended absolute greatness of his operas is their musical unfruitfulness. They are deficient in something we cannot acquire, but with which we cannot dispense: the divine gift, the creative power, the innate richness—in a word, the entire beautiful injustice of nature.

When the celebrated Jomelli was once called upon to decide a dispute concerning Piccini's talent, he did so by the solemn exclamation: "Questi è inventore!" He thought these three words were the strongest expression for his admiration of Piccini; and, in fact, he thus defined the essence of artistic productions, which, in music more than in any other art, is one continual course of invention and creation of novelty. Whoever is in music no "inventor," whoever wants the mysterious power of creating something independently beautiful in tone and by means of tone, may certainly become a most clever experimentalist in art-history,—a master of his art, but never a musical genius.

No one can object to our dwelling on the *musical* part of the subject, in Wagner's case, as long as his operas are sung and played from beginning to end, and as long as sensible people continue to go to an opera-house for the sake of music. It is only a melancholy proof of far-spreading infatuation that even persons who confess Wagner's musical helplessness, claim for him another and quite peculiar position, and celebrate, as the grand advantage newly gained, "the dramatic agreement of his music with the poem," an advantage which puts out of the question for the future the beauty of the music. It would be a sad thing, if the German public possessed so short a memory. Have we, then, really hitherto had no operas combining the most fragrant aroma of melody with the seriousness of dramatic truth? Have the greatest masters of three nations laboured in vain to become *dramatic* composers? Was the whole history of opera, as Wagner fain would persuade us, in truth merely a continuous sin, awaiting redemption by means of *Lohengrin*?

I cannot see that, in pregnant and moving pourtrayal of situations, Wagner has gone farther than Beethoven, for instance, in *Fidelio*, which—apart from this dramatic quality—is all music in the fullest sense of the word. Is there in the whole of *Lohengrin* a single piece which causes the hearer's heart to beat like the trio or the quartet in the dungeon? Has Wagner, with his sublimated declamatory apparatus, ever produced such pulsations as Beethoven has by purely musical means? Or can *Lohengrin* even show one character which stands out from the background of the picture so plastically, and with so much truth to nature as the personages in *Don Juan*? What are Talramund and Ortrud, as theatrical models, compared to similar characters in the works of Weber and Spontini? Can the "Gottesgericht," indisputably one of the best scenes in *Lohengrin* be compared with the exactly analogous scene in Marschner's *Templer*, where Rebecca, condemned to perish by the flames, looks out anxiously, and yet believably, for a champion of her innocence? We here quite leave out of the question the musical side of the subject, properly so called, and simply ask, whether Wagner has really obtained new and unexpected effects in *dramatic truth*, as has

been so remarkably asserted by him? whether in the delineation of a personage or situation, he has really surpassed or ever equalled, what has been done by the masters mentioned above? The latter knew and respected well enough the pretensions of the poet, but they were, at the same time musicians and inventors. They possessed a power, which Wagner would ignore, because he does not possess it, namely, the power of melody, of the independently beautiful *musical thought*. It is a great error to represent melody as being of itself, and as a matter of course, the foe to every kind of dramatic characterisation; this is only done by persons, who, naturally wanting in melody, endeavour to gain a small advantage by clever effects. On the contrary, there can exist in original musical thought, in the *melody itself*, a dramatic power to which declamatory pathos, and all the instrumental cleverness in the world will never attain.

We have mentioned names which render it completely unnecessary for us to adduce examples. But we need not at all confine ourselves to classical composers; let the reader recollect the *Huguenots*. The depreciation of Meyerbeer, one of the "Gesinnungs" articles, as is well known, for some time of the "German critics" (who, we may remark, are enraptured with one of the stupidest of all conductors), has, since the unbounded abuse of him by Wagner, risen to such a pitch that it is high time to remind people of the reverse of the medal. The delusive adventitious expedients with which Meyerbeer disfigures his great talent, no one can regret more sincerely, or criticise more unreservedly than we did, when speaking of his *Etoile du Nord*, but the actual fact of his *great musical talent* is not to be disputed.

After the finest pieces, Meyerbeer disturbs our equanimity only too often by a few subtle bars, but we always again come across passages which only a musical genius of the first rank could have written. In every opera—perhaps in every act—of Meyerbeer's, there are musical thoughts of overpowering novelty and beauty; thoughts which no living composer can rival; in a word: thoughts which throw the public into ecstacies, and cause musicians to say, "Questi è inventore!" Can the same be asserted of Wagner? After studying, repeatedly and attentively, *Lohengrin*, I have not been able to find, in the midst of the author's clever intentions and touches, a theme of eight bars of which it could be said, "These eight bars could have been written only by a musical genius of the first rank; they are the work of a creator in his art."

(To be continued.)

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—To the new works already announced for performance in the course of the season by the members of this Society, we may add a new *cantata*, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, entitled *The Birth Day*. Mr. Sims Reeves has been especially engaged to sing the tenor music in Professor Bennett's *May-Queen*.

THE CONSUMPTION OF PARIS.—The amount of edibles and liquids consumed by the city of Paris is certainly something prodigious. Paris drinks annually 1,200,000 hectolitres* of wine, 50,900 hectolitres of brandy, 21,000 hectolitres of vinegar, and 175,000 hectolitres of beer. It eats 1,000,000 of flour, 500,000 hectolitres of grapes, 70,000 oxen, 20,000 cows, 82,000 calves, 500,000 sheep, 90,000 pigs and wild boars, 12,000,000 francs' worth of butter, 6,000,000 francs' worth of eggs, 8,000,000 francs' worth of game and poultry, and 6,000,000 francs' worth of salt-water fish, exclusive of 1,500,000 francs' worth of oysters. Finally, it eats above 22,000,000 francs' worth of vegetables, fruit, oil, cheese, *charcuterie*, ready-dressed meat, pies, jars of salted or preserved meats, shrimps, snails, lobsters, etc. Thus, Paris spends annually on eating and drinking more than 500,000,000 francs. Its pleasures, furniture, and dress, cost three times as much, or more—1,500,000,000 or 2,000,000,000 francs. Every year the women of Paris have 31,000 children, living, 10,000 of whom are illegitimate.

* A hectolitre is 3.5317 cubic feet, or 22.009668 imperial gallons, or 2.7412 Winchester bushels.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPÉRA-COMIQUE FRANÇAISE.—This theatre will open on Wednesday, December 20 next, with a troupe of eminent artists, among whom, Madame Faure (from the Théâtre Lyrique de Paris), Madlle. Céline Mathieu, (from the Grand Théâtre de Bordeaux), Mons. Fouquer, and Mons. Enou (from the Opéra-Comique de Paris), will make their first appearance in England. Full chorus and complete orchestra under the direction of Mons. Etienne (of the Académie Impériale and Opéra-Comique de Paris), comprising the principal performers of Her Majesty's Theatre and Royal Italian Opera. Full particulars will be duly announced. Every information respecting Boxes, Seats, &c., can be obtained at Mitchell's, Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street. Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barnett.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The Public is respectfully informed that the Tragedy of MACBETH can only be represented for a limited number of nights.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

ON MONDAY, Wednesday, and Friday, MACBETH. On Tuesday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. On Thursday KING JOHN. Saturday, THE JEALOUS WIFE. Preceded every evening by a FARCE.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—LYCÉUM THEATRE.—LAST FIVE NIGHTS, ending positively on Saturday next, Dec. 18th.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight.—Engagement of Madame ANNA BISHOP, who will make her First Appearance on Tuesday next, Dec. 14th. M. WIENIAWSKI, the celebrated Violinist, will perform every evening.

On Monday, December 18th, M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE.

LYCÉUM THEATRE.—M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL BAL MASQUE, on Monday, December 18th, 1858.—M. JULLIEN'S present BAL MASQUE will be given with un-paralleled splendour.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d. Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured of Mr. CHATTERTON, at the Box-Office, Lyceum. Open at Half-past Nine, and the Dancing commences at Half-past Ten.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louise Fyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

The public are respectfully informed that the above new and elegant theatre will be opened for the FIRST ENGLISH OPERA SEASON, on Monday, Dec. 20th. The celebrated Fyne and Harrison English Opera Company every evening.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. Re-engagement of the celebrated Mad. Celeste. Her last appearance at the East-end—likewise Mr. Paul Bedford and Miss Eliza Arden. On Monday, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. Cynthia, Mad. Celeste; The Kinchin, Mr. Paul Bedford; Starlight Bear, Miss Eliza Arden. On Tuesday (last time), SATAN, Satan, Mad. Celeste. On Wednesday and Friday (last times), THE GREEN BUSHESS. Miami, Mad. Celeste. On Thursday, CHRISTMAS EVE. Madeline, Mad. Celeste. After the first on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday (last times), THE LITTLE SUTLER. Natale, Mad. Celeste. To conclude on Monday with THE FLAG OF FREEDOM. On Tuesday, to conclude with VILLAGE SCANDAL. To conclude on Wednesday and Friday with, last time, the burlesque of NORMA. Norma, Mr. Paul Bedford. Great preparations for the Comic Pantomime. Crown by the celebrated TOM MATTHEWS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORNET-A-PISTONS—(W. D., Ipswich).—We have no doubt that the works named are as perfect as described by our correspondent. He had better inform every person he meets of their great merits. The publishers will treat him liberally for a number of copies.

ERRATUM.—In the advertisement of the Musical Society of London, in last week's number, the name of Mr. Vincent Wallace was inadvertently inserted in the list of the Council, in the place of that of Mr. G. A. Osborne.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1858.

MADAME ANASTASIE DE BELLEVILLE OURY has addressed a letter to the publisher and manager of the *Musical World*, indignantly disclaiming the authorship of a certain communication "from a lady correspondent," which appeared in our last impression, and requesting (or, perhaps, we should say, insisting) that a notice to the effect that she was not the writer of the document may be inserted in the present issue. Always charmed to oblige one of Madame Anastasie de Belleville Oury's gentle sex, we hereby declare emphatically that the epistle was not either of her writing or of her composition—to which we may add that nobody but the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette* would have

been likely to lay such a misdemeanour to her charge; seeing that the letter itself gives evidence of her innocence,* which, though presumptive, would be received as undeniable by any jury ever empanelled, commented upon approvingly by any judge that ever sat on the bench, and accepted unconditionally by any person endowed with a grain of common sense. That grain, however, seems to have been wanting to the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*. But of this anon. Suffice it here that we exculpate Mad. Oury, and that in doing so we are overwhelmed with astonishment at the fact of such an exculpation being thought necessary by any one who knows Mad. Oury, who is aware how, during the course of a long and brilliant artistic career, she has invariably kept aloof from all kinds of petty bickering and intrigue, winning and sustaining the honourable position at which she aspired from the first entirely through the agency of her own talent.

One of the causes of the mystification of the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*, and, it would appear, of Mad. Oury herself, must be attributed to a misprint in the signature of the article which has caused so much offence in certain quarters. The signature, as printed, was "A. de B. O.", but the signature, as written, was "A. de R. Q." Now this mistake of one of our *amansuenses* (we keep copies of all letters addressed to the *Musical World*) was unfortunate, inasmuch as we can neither take the blame upon ourselves, nor attribute it to the compositors and readers. Nevertheless, we have said quite enough to eradicate the last vestige of suspicion that could possibly remain in the mind of any envious person, like Herr Block, or any simple person, like the Editor of the *Brighton Gazette*.

With regard to a desire expressed that the name of the writer of the letter be given up, we have only to reply that such an act on our parts would not only be one of ill-faith, but superfluous. For both reasons, therefore, but especially for the first, we decline.

The *Brighton Gazette* is angry, but amusing. We always imagined ourselves on tolerably friendly terms with this periodical, and for that reason, have never lodged any complaint against its hebdomadal custom of appropriating large slices of our musical news and our musical criticisms, usually (unless the matter should be controversial, and the *Gazette* anxious not to incur responsibility) without acknowledgment of the obligation, without reference to the source which enables it to dispense with a London correspondent, and yet to appear extremely well informed on the art-topics of the day. It seems that we have reckoned without our *Gazette*. We, however, quote the rejoinder of our Sussex contemporary, who advocates the cause of Kuhe with as much enthusiasm (if with not as much eloquence) as the poet Shelley that of the poet Keats. Here is the prose *Adonais* of the *Gazette*:—

* CRITICISMS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

"In the *Musical World* of Saturday, appeared an article on Madame Dotti's concert at Brighton, on the previous Tuesday. It purported to be the production of a *lady* correspondent, and is not so much a criticism upon the concert, as it is a vehicle for the most fulsome praise of Miss Arabella Goddard, an attack upon us and our musical critic, and a cowardly stab in the dark at Herr Kuhe. With the first item we have nothing to do, feeling convinced that we did full justice to Miss Goddard. The attack upon ourselves we are also content to pass by, for we are bold enough to regard our opinion in the matter to be as good as that of the writer of the article in question. But it is to the attack on Herr Kuhe we would more particularly allude. We were bold

* * The admirably accomplished Madame de Belleville Oury has announced her grand morning concert for the 28th instant."

enough to say that we preferred Herr Kuhe's interpretation of a certain piece to that of Miss Goddard. For this Herr Kuhe is designated as a *harmless individual, and a highly respectable teacher—how-to-shoot—of the young idea*, and we are told that *no one is better aware than himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard*. Further on we read that *Herr Kuhe endeavoured to accompany M. Sainton in a duet, and afterwards made another attempt, &c.*

"The character, ability, talents and high standing of Herr Kuhe require no comments from us, but we feel it a duty incumbent on us to protect a kind-hearted, good-hearted man, and one of the most clever pianists of the day, from such unwarrantable attacks.

"We do not believe Miss Goddard to be in any way implicated in this. Her character in the profession stands too high, but justice to herself requires that she should rid herself of such 'friends' who seek to draw odious comparisons, calculated to involve her in quarrels with her brothers and sisters of the profession.

"The article concludes with an announcement of the forthcoming concert of 'Madame de Belleville Oury,' and the article itself is signed A. de B. O., and dated from Brightelmstone.

"On this every reader will say 'This is palpable, it is from the pen of Madame Oury.' Such, we admit, was our impression, but inquiry leads us unhesitatingly to say, it is not the production of this talented lady, nor is she at all aware who the writer is. Nay, more than this, we are requested by the lady to say that she has written to the *Musical World* to demand the name of the fair (?) writer who thus dares to attempt to injure Herr Kuhe, and shields himself or herself under the initials of Madame de Belleville Oury. Perhaps the writer may yet have cause to regret so ill-timed a composition."

Now really our friend near the Downs is a little bit too down upon "A. de R. Q." In her whole letter, which occupies a column and a-half of our type, the subjoined is a summary of what is actually written about Miss Goddard :—

- 1.—"Notamment, Arabella Goddard, the pianist."
- 2.—"A truly splendid performance by the above-named famous players, with which the audience were more than delighted, as was testified by the heartiness of their applause."
- 3.—"After rendering full justice to Arabella Goddard's superb execution of 'Robin Adair,' on being encored in which the young lady substituted 'Home, sweet home.'
4. "No one is better aware than Herr Kuhe himself of the immeasurable distance between his playing and that of Madlle. Goddard, from the diatonic scale of C major to the sonata Op. 106 of Beethoven."

The above is absolutely *all* upon which "A. de R. Q." ventures in praise of a lady who, by general consent, is the first pianist in the metropolis, and might, therefore, be highly rated throughout Great Britain, without offence to watering places, inland or outland. *First*—that Miss Goddard is "a pianist," will hardly be denied. *Second*—that Mendelssohn's second trio, by Miss Goddard, M. Sainton, and Sig. Piatti, should be a "splendid performance" was not surprising, considering that they are all three deservedly "famous players," nor was it surprising that the audience should applaud. The *Brighton Guardian* pronounces the performance "almost perfection,"—while the *Brighton Gazette* surpasses "A. de R. Q." herself, by citing it as "perfection," without qualification.

Third—that Miss Goddard's execution of Mr. Wallace's "Robin Adair" is "superb" every connoisseur knows who has enjoyed the advantage of hearing it. (See what the *Gazette*, which accuses our correspondent of "fulsome praise," itself reports.) *Fourth*—the "immeasurable distance" between Herr Kuhe's playing and that of Miss Goddard is surely no paradox, if pianoforte playing is to be regarded from a serious point of view. For this reason the parallel between the German pianist and the English pianist, advertured on by the *Gazette*, most probably led "A. de R. Q." to suppose that the writer was not in earnest, and that, instead of intending a compliment to Herr Kuhe—one of the most highly

respected of the hundred and one respectable Teutons who gladden this realm with their presence, and make music and "hay" simultaneously—he was aiming at a species of Socratic irony. Now, however, we are fully convinced that the *Gazette* reporter is quite innocent of irony, if indeed he ever heard of the man of whom Plato was the chief disciple.

But, seriously, these questions had best be left alone. We have no doubt that our correspondent will be able, when necessary, to take her own part, and that she will write a rejoinder to the *Gazette*. If she does, however, we must request her to address herself to the Brighton journal, and not to the *Musical World*. We desire, *as long as it is possible*, to avoid consideration of the respective claims of foreign and native professors, whether public performers, like Miss Goddard, or—like Herr Kuhe—in strict truth merely teachers. The metaphor of the *sign-post* is inconveniently at hand—and as we do not like always to take the path conventionally indicated for our guidance, we would willingly avoid the subject. At the same time, if provoked, we are quite ready with materials for discussion.

THE present state of theatrical art is sickly enough, but is not quite so bad as some mourners for the good old times would have us believe. If there is no strong company capable of giving weight to the smallest part in a numerous list of personages, such as, for instance, we find in the old comedies, we are at any rate free from such utter rubbish as the pieces that, forty years ago, were considered not only tolerable but highly meritorious. Something like regularity of construction has been learned from the French dramatists, and though our national pride is wounded by our subjection to theatrical Paris, the chastisement has not been unaccompanied by instruction.

One peculiar feature of the modern play-going public is a love of brevity, which, by-the-way, is national enough, as we do not find it on the other side of the Channel. Much as we borrow from the French, we generally avoid those lengthy dramas that make the fortunes of the Porte Saint Martin, the Ambigu-Comique, and the Gaîté, or at all events trim them down so liberally, that, instead of filling up an entire evening, they merely serve as the substantial fare to be followed by a spectacle or a couple of farces. Modern John Bull has an instinctive dread of the "slow;" slowness and length are with him equivalent terms, and the more genteel he becomes in his habits, the greater is his terror of being wearied.

One of the consequences of a love for brevity on the part of the public is a predilection for those pieces in which an actor stands pre-eminent above the rest. A very complicated action becomes perplexing if it takes place within limits too narrow, and hence dramas of character, rather than of intrigue, appeal to the public taste. Again, a complete development of several characters within a small compass is impossible, while a single personage, or perhaps two, may, under similar circumstances, be elaborated to the highest degree. From a one-character piece, therefore, a modern audience derives greater enjoyment than from a broad *ensemble*, and it is moreover encouraged in its preference by the actual condition of the stage; for we have several theatrical companies, who can work efficiently, especially when under the guidance of an experienced and judicious manager, but of actors, who can make a strong impression on an audience, the number is exceedingly few.

All these circumstances being taken into consideration, we can scarcely wonder that a London manager is ever anxious to secure those pieces, that employ in the most striking manner the principal member of his company. This one member is probably the great attraction of the establishment, and if his fellow-labourers were allowed the same opportunities for distinction, the public who came to see the star, would be perplexed if it were nearly rivalled by a number of lesser luminaries.

Let not our meaning be perverted into an assertion that subordinate parts should be ill-played; that the minnows should become puny minnows, in order that the Triton may be a more magnificent Triton. No—let every part be perfectly acted, if possible, but at the same time let subordinates accept their position, and not mar their own usefulness by indulgence in ambitious dreams. Experience forces upon us the conclusion that from an English public one man in particular draws the money to a theatre, and that he had better be as forward as possible. How transient is the existence of those plays, that without any exhibition of marked individual character, depend altogether on the ingenuity of the intrigue; how long do those works remain on the stage and dwell in the memory, which are distinguished by the presence of one single personage, who is either the type of a class or an exceptional idiosyncrasy.

Nor is this a mere peculiarity of modern degenerate days. From time immemorial, actors rather than dramatic writers have drawn the public to the theatre, and among the actors there has generally been one who was the constant object of curiosity and admiration.

LAURENT'S MAUD VALSE.—This popular *morceau de danse* has been one of the nightly attractions at M. Jullien's concerts during the past week.

STEPNEY TONIC SOL-FA CONCERT.—A very successful concert in aid of the Carr-street Ragged Schools, was given in Stepney Meeting School Rooms, on Wednesday evening, the 8th instant. The choir, consisting of 50 voices, selected entirely from two Tonic Sol-fa singing classes, gave the vocal music so satisfactorily, that five of the pieces, including Miss Stirling's Harvest Hymn, were encored. A selection from one of Bach's motets also went extremely well. Some instrumental pieces were well rendered, by Miss Stirling and Mr. Kemp.

THE BUXTON AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave their second concert on Wednesday evening to a crowded audience. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Booze. The concert opened with Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, which was well played, with the exception of a little wavering in the first few bars. This was fully atoned for by the spirited performance of the rest of the orchestral music, more particularly in Mozart's symphony No. 2, every movement of which was executed with an amount of care and steadiness seldom met with amongst amateur players. The same praise may be awarded to Rossini's overture, *L'Italiana*, and Weber's March from *Oberon*, and two solos on the cornet-à-piston and clarinet were applauded. The latter was by Mr. Snelling, junior, a young and promising pupil of Mr. Booze's. The vocal department, with the exception of Mrs. Lucas (always a favourite here, and well meriting the distinction), was weak throughout, especially in the case of one "professional," whose name is needless to mention. The third concert is announced for Wednesday, January 5th, 1859.

ISLINGTON MUSICAL UNION.—Myddleton Hall was densely crowded on Monday evening, when the first concert of the Islington Musical Union took place. The artists were Mrs. Weiss, Miss Laura Baxter, the Misses Danby; Mr. Weiss, Mr. G. A. Cooper, and M. Sington. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was conductor and solo pianist. For the next concert (on Wednesday in Christmas week) Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. H. Blagrove, and M. Paque, are engaged.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

On Monday—the third "Beethoven Night"—the overtures to *Leonora* and *Egmont*, the symphony in C minor, and the piano-forte concerto in E flat, were repeated—Miss Arabella Goddard being once more the pianist, and once more re-called unanimously after her wonderful performance of the concerto.

To the above already rich selection M. Jullien added the Kreutzer Sonata for pianoforte and violin—Miss Araeblla Goddard and M. Wieniawski. This performance was in every respect perfect, and created an enthusiasm for which we scarcely remember a precedent. A tempest of cheers and plaudits greeted the two artists at the conclusion, and again when they were summoned back to the orchestra. A more brilliant success was never achieved.

The "Mozart Night" comes off this evening, when, among other things, Miss Goddard is to play the famous pianoforte concerto in D minor—its composer's masterpiece.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The "Mozart Concert"—which has now resolved itself into an "annual" entertainment on the anniversary of the death of the great composer—was given on Saturday, the 4th, in place of Sunday, the 5th, Mozart having died on that day, 1791. It is questionable whether such events should be "commemorated" in this fashion. To celebrate the birth-days of eminent men would be far more graceful and appropriate. At all events, if it be deemed necessary to remind us annually that Mozart died on December 5th, it would be as well to select some of the graver works of the master for the occasion. The *Requiem* would be just the thing.

Apart from these considerations the programme on Saturday was admirable, comprising the Symphony in C, the pianoforte concerto in the same key, the overture to *Der Schauspiel Director* (*L'Impresario*), and a selection from the *Zauberflöte*, including the overture, grand march, and chorus of the Priests of Isis, the tenor air, "O cara imagine," the duet "La dove prende," the comic duet "Papagena, Papageno," the grand bass air "Qui sdegno" ("In diesen heiligen Hallen"), &c. None of the music of the Queen of Night was attempted.

The Symphony was well played, and the accompaniments to the concerto left little to be desired. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte* was occasionally open to criticism. That to the comic opera, *Der Schauspiel Director*, which exhibits all the ease, grace, and vivacity of the *Figaro*, and *Cosi fan tutte*, was excellent throughout.

The Concerto in C (played by Miss Arabella Goddard last winter, on two occasions, at M. Jullien's concerts) was capitally given by Herr Pauer, whose performance was characterised by vigour of style and great mechanical dexterity. His "cadenzas" in the first and last movements, however, were by no means Mozartean. Nevertheless, he was greatly applauded, and with good reason.

The vocalists were Mr. and Madame Weiss, and Mr. George Perren. The exquisite tenor air, "O cara imagine," sung by Mr. George Perren, was something wanting in expression. Mr. Perren has a capable voice, and with a little more refinement, would be a decided acquisition to the concert room. The lovely duet "La dove prende" (so well and long known to the English public as "The manly heart") was extremely well given by Mr. and Madame Weiss. Mr. Weiss declaimed the magnificent air of the high priest, Sarastro, "Possenti numi," and "Qui sdegno," with befitting solemnity. The comic duet (for Papageno and Papagena) requires the stage for effect. A foot note in the programme informs us that Rossini, in his *light and playful* opera, the *Burbiere*, was greatly indebted to the duet "Papageno, Papagena," which "light and playful" remark was, no doubt, made at hap-hazard. That Rossini is greatly indebted to Mozart, Rossini himself glories in acknowledging, but we cannot see what on earth the *Burbiere* owes to the duet. Had the writer affirmed that the duet "Papageno, Papagena," had suggested the trio "Papataci, Papataci," in the *Italiana in Algeri*, he would have been nearer the mark.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THESE concerts, denominated "Popular," were given at the above hall on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, ostensibly got up for the London public, but directly addressed to the visitors who flock to town at this period of the year, eager to behold certain unctuous beasts rolling their larded sides in stifling pens at the Bazaar, Baker-street. It is not always, however, that the lovers of fatted beeves and eyeless pigs are attracted by a musical programme, or moved by the concord of sweet sounds. Dearer to the ears of our cattle-surfeiting gentry are the low of herds, the bull's loud bellow, the neigh of the gelding, the grunt of the pig, the quack of the duck, the cackle of the goose, the bray of the donkey—the whole artillery of the farm-yard—than the finest symphony or the sweetest song. The crowds expected from Baker-street did not arrive, and so the great hall of St. James's was not as well filled as might have been anticipated. Certainly one great attraction was wanting the first night, in Mr. Sims Reeves, whose Newcastle influenza still lingering about him, prevented him from attending. On Wednesday and Thursday, however, he was able to attend, when the hall was better filled.

The three concerts were of the slightest possible contexture—such, indeed, as would have consorted better with entertainments given in remote suburban nooks, than in the splendid metropolitan hall. The programme exhibited a few eminent and several goodly names. A concert, which shone conspicuously with the names of Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, Alfredo Piatti, Miss Dolby, Mr. and Madame Weiss, Miss Messent, Miss Stabbach, Mr. and Mrs. Tenant, Miss Poole, Madlle. de Villar, Madlle. Behrens, Herr Engel and The Swedish Singers, argued, *a priori*, an entertainment of excellence and variety. The "Three Concerts" have been denominated the "Cattle-Show Concerts." With greater justice, we think, they might be called "The Publisher's Concerts." Nearly every vocal piece sung was of the latest production; copies, still wet from the press, lying on the counter, crying out, "Who'll come and buy me?" As long as the compositions are good we do not find fault with this mode of advertising; but the attempt to force indifferent ware upon the public should meet with no forbearance. Of course with such practised artists nothing but success could follow, and we have only to chronicle the leading features of each night's performance.

On Tuesday the triumphs of the evening must be awarded to Miss Arabella Goddard, in the first instance, in Wallace's fantasia on "Robin Adair," and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," in both of which she created a furor, the latter being demanded with acclamations; afterwards to Signor Piatti, for his fantasia on airs from *Sonnambula*: to Miss Dolby, for her expressive singing in Balfe's charming song, "Daybreak;" to Miss Stabbach, in Linley's ballad, "Bonnie new moon;" and to the Swedish singers in all they sang.

At the second concert, on Wednesday, Mr. Sims Reeves made his appearance and was received with uproarious delight. He sang Balfe's never-tiring song, "Come into the garden, Maud," and with Mr. Weiss, the duet, "All's well," and was enthusiastically encored in both. Miss Arabella Goddard again enraptured her hearers in Funigalli's "Clarice" and Thalberg's "Prophète." Miss Dolby sang in her most finished and expressive manner Duggan's new song, "Many a time and oft;" and the Swedish singers again distinguished themselves in several of their national melodies.

At the third concert Miss Arabella Goddard played Thalberg's fantasias on "Masaniello," and "The Last Rose of Summer;" Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Bonnie Jean," and "Phœbe, dearest;" Mr. Weiss gave his own song, "We were boys together," also a song by Angelina, called "Sir Marmaduke," a very pleasing composition, by the way; and Miss Dolby sang Faithful's ballad, "These dear old times." All these pleased more or less, and constituted the features of the performance. Miss Goddard, receiving five "encores" too marked and unanimous to be resisted, thus played *eleven times* during the series of concerts instead of six!

The three concerts were conducted by Mr. Benedict with his accustomed ability, and with more than his accustomed indefatigability.

FUNKE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Can you inform me whether Mr. J. Funke (a composer for the pianoforte) was ever in England? He was, of course, only a spark, but perhaps in your extensive researches you may have seen or heard of him.

I am yours, &c.,

STYKA.

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—In the paragraph you have inserted in to-day's *Musical World*, on the late concert given by the Torquay Choral Society, you have omitted to give the name of the duet for violin and piano, played by Mr. Rice and myself. It was the "Kreutzer Sonata."

Had it been an unimportant composition, I should not, of course, have troubled you with this note; but as it is about the most important composition for the violin and piano ever written, and also extremely important to find that it was enjoyed by a tolerably large audience in so out-of-the-way a place as this, I trust you will kindly mention in your next number that this was the duet performed. Faithfully yours,

Torquay, Dec. 5.

C. FOWLER.

"ELLA TREMANTE."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly inform me in which opera of Donizetti's is to be found the tenor aria "Ella tremante," as I have in vain endeavoured to procure the same. Should you be unacquainted with it, possibly some of your many readers may oblige me with the information. Your obedient servant,

TENORE ROBUSTO.

EPIGRAMS.

No. 1.

Lo! Fashion scorns the gifts of health and wealth,
Upon her altar laid by Folly and by Vice;
The pampered goddess now demands by stealth
Of wives and daughters a *burnt sacrifice*.

No. 2.

You pretty birds, whom Fashion now engages,
The better to display how fine you're plumed,
Mind, only phoenixes—my little sages—
Rise from their ashes when by fire consumed.

DUBLIN.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews made their first appearance here, after their recent successful engagement in London, in the brilliant and cleverly written comedy of *London Assurance*. The acting of Mr. Charles Mathews is so familiar to the theatrical public, so easy and assured, and marked by such self-possession under the most startling circumstances, that he imparts the impress of a conventional reality in scenes which are meant to test the coolness of the men of the world, and leaves the idea on the mind that he could light a cigar at the crater of Vesuvius, without being disturbed in his equanimity, by the sudden outbreak of flames that Pliny could not speak of without peculiar emotion. As the fashionable and worldly Dazzle, Mr. Mathews acted with his wonted quiet piquancy of manner, and telling *abandon*, producing a commensurate effect upon the audience. Mrs. Mathews does not make her appearance in *Lady Gay Spanker*, until a late period in the comedy, and when her joyous laughter was heard behind the scenes, the applause was initiated. In person and face the lady is attractive, her voice is clear and judiciously modulated, and the dashing fox-hunting woman of the country was depicted with great vivacity. In the well-known passage in which the exciting race, and the rivalry of the opposing horses, was described, the dash and animation of the actress renders justice to the author's word-painting.—*Swindlers.*

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE."

(From *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.)

Berlin, Sept. 30, 1858.

DEAR DWIGHT,—Remembering how very interesting to me, years ago, any operatic programme from a foreign city was; how it seemed to give me a clearer idea of the manner how things were done, I translate complete the "Zettel" of last evening, leaving it for you to drop it into the basket or not, as you see fit.

ROYAL DRAMA, OPERA-HOUSE.

Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

(167th performance.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Opera in 2 parts, by E. SCHICKANEDER.

Music, G. MOZART.

Sarastro	Hr. Fricke.
Tanino	Hr. Krüger.
Queen of Night	Frau Köster.
Pamina, her daughter	Fraulein Wippert.
Papageno	Hr. Krause.
Monastatos, a negro	Hr. Basse.
Speakers (of the Priests)	Hr. Bost, Hr. Koser.
Ladies	Fraulein Carl, Frau Bötticher, Fr. Baldamus.
Papagena	Fraulein Baur.
Two men in black armour	Hr. Lieder, Hr. Fries.
Genii	Fr. Gey, Fr. v. Meddlhammer, Frau Stürmer.
Retinue of Priests, Slaves, People.	

Text books, 12 1-2 cts.

Programme, 2 1-2 cts.

Middle Prices.

Strangers' Boxes	\$1 50.
1st Rank and its Balcony with Proscenium boxes and orchestral seats	1 00.
Parquet, Parquet Boxes, and Proscenium, 2nd Rank,	75.
3rd Rank Boxes	56.
3d Rank and its Balcony	44.
Parterre	37 1-2.
Amphitheatre (Gallery)	25.

Notice.

Thursday, September 30. 168th Performance. Die Capuleti and Montecchi. Opera in 4 parts, translated from the Italian by J. C. Gräubaum. Music by Bellini. Middle Prices.

Sick. Fraulein Triet-oh, Herr Schäffer.

Beginning 6 1-2 P.M. End about 9 1-2.

Ticket Office will be open at 5 1-2 P.M.

I have no long disquisition to write upon the music of the *Magic Flute*. It is enough to say that I consider it as possessing more truly beautiful and popular music, both melodic and harmonic, than any other opera ever written. *Don Juan* is greater, because there are greater passions in it to pourtray; but nothing can be more beautiful than the constant succession, the heaping up, of the loveliest melodies, together with accompaniments and harmonic combinations, which are as extraordinary and marvellous to the contrapuntist now as in 1791. Sometimes when I have not read *As You Like It*, or the *Tempest*, or the *Winter's Tale*, for several months, I reperuse them with the feeling that I never felt their beauty adequately before. So last evening, solos, duets, quintets, choruses, overture, accompaniment and all, familiar as all are,—constantly to be met with as most of them are in our song-books, glee-books, psalm-books in all sorts of shapes and all kinds of texts—seemed almost for the first time to open to me their delicious perfection.

Near the close of the opera, as I listened with "John"—whose emotions were written in his face—it was the first hearing—both of us in that rather rare state, one of perfect satisfaction with the music—I was startled by something peculiarly familiar. Ah, Mozart, I should not have thought this of you! I hope I

shall find myself mistaken, when I hear it again or get the music to examine; and I shall be so, if it does not prove that you, in the ritornello, in this air of Monastatos, and in a part of the vocal motives, have stolen the idea bodily from the *Largo al factotum*, in Rossini's *Barber*.

(Interruption from the reader.) "But, Mr. Diarist, Rossini's opera was not written until twenty-three years after the *Magic Flute*!"

Is that so, reader? Well, then, Mozart is free from the imputation of plagiarism in this case. But what right had he to compose such prophetic music? He was always doing it. If at the opera you are struck with a concerted piece for any number of voices up to the sextet, which naturally springs out of the dramatic situation, in which, at the same moment, as many different passions are depicted in music upon the stage, as there are parts, you will be sure to find something almost perfect of the same kind, as a model, in one or more of his operas; if you are struck with the effect of a concealed chorus, singing solemn music, as in so many modern operas, this bad Mozart did the same thing again and again, and save by Gluck, with almost unparalleled effect; in this very *Magic Flute*, you have two men come upon the stage and sing an old Lutheran choral, while the orchestra works up a fugued subject about it. Now, what right had this man to forestall Meyerbeer's greatest effects in the *Huguenots* and *The Prophet*? If the man had lived twenty years longer, I don't see that he would have left a single new musical idea for his successors to have wrought out—his European successors; of course, for when our "free, independent, and enlightened citizens" take to operatic writing, we shall beat the world, as we do now in architecture, sculpture, painting, landscape gardening, railroad building, steamboat exploding, and I know not what all. John Smith assures me, that we do lead all Europe in these things, and this being so, we shall soon also lead the way in opera. Then where will Mozart be with his *Don Juan* and *Magic Flute*? This brings me back again, from my ride on the American eagle.

A vast amount of matter has been printed upon the history of the *Magic Flute*, but much of it is scattered, and has escaped both Holmes and Oulibicheff. Without waiting for the fourth volume of Jahn, which, judging from the first three, will give us the story in full, here are two or three matters, which I think will be new to the reader.

The authorship of the text is almost universally attributed to Schikaneder, as it is by the programme given above, by Nissen, and after him by Holmes and Oulibicheff. Yet, many years ago, I think in an early volume of the London *Musical World*, some twenty-five years since, there is a notice of the death of a German teacher in Dublin, Ireland, who claimed it. So far as my reading goes, no notice of this has ever been taken—not even so much as to question the man's veracity. And yet a text is a matter of some importance at least—many a one has carried good music with it to the shades, and some have saved music in itself hardly good enough to be worthy of contempt—and its author is worth finding out.

I translate a short article on this point from the *Neues Berliner Zeitung*, of June 13, 1849.

"The real author of the text to the *Magic Flute*, was not Schikaneder, but his chorus singer, Giesecke, who drew up the plan of the action, made the division of scenes, and manufactured the familiar native rhymes. This Giesecke—as J. Cornelius writes in his interesting book, *Die Oper in Deutschland*—a student born in Brunswick, and expelled from the University at Halle—was author of several magic operas, also of the *Magic Flute* (after Wieland's *Lulu**), Schikaneder having no other share in it than to alter, cut out, add, and—claim the whole. The poor devil of a Giesecke contrived to keep soul and body together by singing small parts, and in the chorus on Schikaneder's stage in the *Freihaus auf der Wieden*—the Theater an der Wien not yet being built.

(To be continued).

* Wieland's *Lulu*? I know of no play or tale of this title in Wieland's Works. The poem, "Schack Lolo," has nothing in common with the text of the *Magic Flute*. Who can tell us?

MUSIC AND MUSICAL TASTE IN HAVANA.

LETTER FROM SIGNOR TAGLIACICO TO A FRENCH FRIEND IN CUBA.
(Translated for the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* from the
Courrier des Etats-Unis.

Havana, February 25th.

MY DEAR V.—We have often conversed during the present season of the Havana Italian Opera, and you have seemed to attach some value to my observations, rather, I fancy from the recollection of the days when we were chums at the college of Henry IV., than on account of my personal importance in this theatre. Allow me, in leaving here, to give you my impressions with the candour of which you know that I am possessed.

I have, during my stay in your fine country, written a dozen letters that I design for publication. I will send you what I have written from Paris or from London. In the meantime I will give you a summary, as brief as possible, of all in those letters that touches the question of art.

You have often smilingly asked me, "What do you think of our Italian theatre?" My dear V., you know Mrs. Glass's receipt for a potted hare: "the indispensable thing is first a theatre."

"But, say you, the great Tacon theatre?" Well, the Tacon theatre is an immense building, which might do admirably for a ballet or a fairy spectacle, but never, never for hearing singing, and especially Italian singing. Built in violation of all the best known rules of acoustics, without any regard for draughts of air (I appeal for this to the musicians of the orchestra, whose cigar smoke darkened the foot lights and choked the singers during rehearsals), open to every wind, to every noise, to every smell; not far from a railroad, whose American engines, with a most unmelodious screaming, add new effects to Verdi's harmonies: finally, covered with a kind of zinc roof, which, on rainy days, makes cymbals entirely useless in the orchestra, the great Tacon theatre has not even a retiring room (for the singers that would be a luxury) which, communicating with the orchestra, would allow the musicians to tune their instruments at the beginning and between the acts of the opera.

You call this a theatre for Italian Opera? I do not speak of the stage—that *sancium impenetrabile* of every theatre that respects itself, to which, in Paris and St. Petersburg, no one is admitted except by a permit of the Minister. Here the stage is a mere tobacco-shop. Smoking is prohibited in the lobbies of the theatre; but behind the scenes one may smoke in the *coulisses* in the very faces of the singers, who may have taken, during the day, every precaution to keep their voices clear and their lips fresh; so that Lucrezia, or the Favourite of King Alphonso, or the niece of the very noble Don Ruiz Gomez de Silva, have to sweep up, with their velvet or satin robes, the saliva of Messieurs the subscribers. The chorister smokes, the machinist smokes, the soldier on guard smokes, dressers, sweepers, servants, black and white—all smoke. Is there any need of all this, to remind us poor artists that our art, our ambition, our glory, everything, is only smoke? We know it well enough, without having to pay so dear for it.

An Italian theatre requires, moreover, an orchestra and a chorus. I know your opinion, and the press has been unanimous in regard to the orchestra and chorus of this season. I have, therefore, no hesitation in testifying to their worthlessness. But by what right can you demand at Havana an orchestra and a chorus? Have you ever done anything to procure them? You do not pretend that Maretzke, or any other director, should bring you from Europe or the United States, twenty-four choristers, and as many first-class musicians for the orchestra, which are necessary to put your theatre on a level with other establishments of the kind? We have often laughed, I assure you, when your journals have anathematised the first performance of *La Favorita*, on account of the general effect and the scenic appointments. Do you know that, to produce this work in Paris, six months of rehearsals were required, with the orchestra and chorus of the Grand-Opéra? Do you know that, in London, for two months, our chorus have been rehearsing every day the works that we are to produce next summer? You say the *mise-en-scène* is deplorable. And whose fault is it? Did not Maretzke

have to pay \$550 for the right of *not* having in *Norma* a view of the Rue de la Paix, with the Vendôme column in the background, and in *Maria di Rohan* a Pompadour chamber and ornaments, in *Ernani* a portrait nailed to the wall, so that the bandit was obliged to hide himself in the antechamber—in a word, pitiable appointments, and disgustingly dirty!

When, Havanese, you shall have established by a private subscription—which is the easiest thing in the world with your pecuniary resources—a conservatory of music, where you can train vocal and instrumental performers; a Philharmonic Society, such as are found now-a-days in the small cities of Italy, France, England, and Germany—a society which will promote a taste for music in all classes—when you shall bring out at your monthly concerts and in a grand annual festival, the productions of the great masters; when, in a word, you shall know, otherwise than by name, the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Cherubini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., &c., then you will have a right to be hard to please, and to demand of foreign managers, to whom you furnish resources found in your own country, a perfect performance; then, but then only, you will have the right to call your country a musical country. Why, you have not even a quartett *soirée* in Havana! You have not a single house where people meet for music, or where artists are received! You know, my dear V., how much the art of music at home owes to the *salons* of your countrywoman, the Countess Merlin, to the Rochefoucaults, the Cazes, the Orfilas, the Cre-mieux, the Girardins, and others, among whom the greatest artists of all kinds were the peers of the greatest names of France.

To return to the theatre. You have a queer word in your island, which shocked me a good deal at first. It is the word *Trabajár* (to work) applied to the profession of a singer. "When do you work?" people would ask me. "Do you work in *La Sonnambula*?" "How well Madame Gazzaniga worked last evening in *La Traviata*!" This word, I soon learned, was perfectly appropriate to these who sang at the Tacon Theatre.

You are right. The art of singing here, is not the most ideal, the most perfect expression of the feelings of the soul. It is work, work for the throat, the lungs, the arms, the legs, the whole muscular system. There is only one way to sing at the Tacon Theatre, it is to scream. *Cantar es gridar!* And this will explain the success of every singer who, consenting to sacrifice his artistic convictions, seeks to produce effects, for example, by that eternal holding of the dominant, on which he seems to hang with his whole strength, to fall afterwards with all his weight on the tonic. Everywhere else this is a mark of bad taste, but in Havana it excites frenzies of applause, especially if the thing is accompanied by a blow of the fist in the air, or by several rapid slaps with the open hand on the chest; (probably a sign of *mea culpa*!) This is sublime, according to Havana taste.

"But," say you, "the great Marty company." When you say these words you produce in me all the effect of most old grumbler of the first Empire, who, when reading the reports from the Crimea, never failed to exclaim, "Ah, the Old Guard! Where is the grand army?" The artists of this great company have been our friends and comrades of the theatre, at London or St. Petersburg, before they dreamed of coming to Havana, where, it is true, they had their greatest success, but where also they terminated their career, with one exception, and (between ourselves) without getting rich, for their wardrobes, left in pledge in your hands, alone saved them from Moro Castle, the Clichy of the Antilles.

"*Il ne chantent plus,*" as Marcel says in the *Hugenots*, and the exception I have made proves the rule in the Tacon Theatre. In fact, I have read all the papers of the time, and I have found that Mdme. Bosio was daily accused of sparing her voice, of singing carelessly, of being cold, in a word, of not *working* as hard as her associates. Mdme. Bosio is now the first cantatrice of Europe. She is, said lately one of your friends, the only one of the "great company" who understood the Tacon Theatre—the theatre still full of their voices. That does not surprise me, I answered; they left their voices here!

I would not speak to you of the press and the public (that is

hard for me, who owe them nothing but praise)—of the public, whose judgment is always sovereign, if not infallible—of the press, whose duty it is first to express the impressions of the public, and then (and it is its most important mission) to enlighten it, to guide it, to instruct it, to teach it, to regulate its sympathies, so that art may not fall into the hands of the parties that cannot fail to arise in a country like yours, far removed from the great centres of light, progress, and civilisation. I have certainly read all that has been written in the journals upon the Italian Opera, during the season, and I candidly declare there are not two lines from which an artist could derive benefit, or which could in the least degree assist the public in forming their opinion.

One paper, in the beginning, with a very slightly disguised opposition to Maretzki's undertaking, hazarded some technical musical words, confounding style with method, blaming one artist for altering, and another for transposing his airs, without troubling itself about the voices, the proprieties, nor even the traditions of the great operas of Europe. This, happily, did not last long; the critic soon found himself at the end of his vocabulary, and then began what we call the "proof before letters," the criticism before performance. Here is a specimen: "On such a day, such an opera was given. Why does such an artist sing in it, and why not another? We should like to know, Mr. Manager, how many rehearsals you are going to have. Ah, ah! eight years ago we heard the same opera given by the great company. Take care, *caramba!* for we shall be there, we the Cids of criticism, the Don Quixotes of the *feuilleton*!"

But of rational appreciation there is none; of analysis of the good points of this artist or the defects of that one, none. No, I am mistaken. A certain sergeant of my acquaintance was blamed for having, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, kicked away a piece of bread which annoyed him on the stage, without regard for the public! But this poor sergeant had tight pantaloons, and an accident might happen to him so easily. To go higher; Ronconi was to be the star of the season. What is the amount of the criticism on this artist? In *Maria di Rohan*, they have proved clear as day that it is always imprudent for husbands to look through key-holes; also that in seizing a woman by the hair, there is danger of pulling off her head-dress. We have read all these things! In *L'Elisir d'Amore* he has been advised not to embrace the Notary, as he does when he has to say, "T' abbraccio, e ti saluto, ufficial d'amor." These are observations full of delicacy and propriety, when they relate to two of the grandest creations of that great artist, called Ronconi. Poor Ronconi! has he not been advised by a journal—I will spare it the shame of naming it—to engage himself in the comic *troupe*, to take the place of Ruiz, the clown and buffoon of the place? O glory! That the greatest dramatic genius of the time, the actor whose name is inscribed by London critics next after that of Rachel on the list of celebrities of the stage, should come to Havana, to be disposed of in this way! *Habenit sua fata, histriones!*

I have told you that, under such circumstances, parties are inevitable, especially with an ignorant and foolish public. So we have had them this season here, where, instead of a public—*l'illustrado pubblico*, as the bills say—we have had two parties; where, instead of an Italian *troupe*, we have had two *prima donnas* eclipsing all the rest; vehement, fanatical, insane parties, and *prima donnas* much amazed, I am sure, at the excess of honour or of indignity offered them. One evening I asked one of these rude partisans the cause of this inexplicable worship of an idol who was certainly far from reckoning perfection among her divine attributes. He answered me, "I love Gog, because I hate Magog." "And you hate Magog?" "Because I love Gog!" I asked no more.

What idolatries have we not witnessed! You recollect, my dear V., that temple ringing with frantic hurrahs, the seats shaking under the blows of the knights of the chandelier (the *claqueurs*) the bouquets strewing the stage (they were swept away at each fall of the curtain to serve for further triumphs in succeeding acts); the crowns of artificial flowers, of gold or tinsel acorns, with which the goddess had to cover her heated brow; the doves—that emblem of peace ever since the flood—carrying in their claws the symbols of discord, the colours of the

parties; and finally the sonnets, the caricatures, the journals, the papers, large and small, rough or satined, of every form, of every colour—this was the ordinary ceremony.

But on the great days, the benefits, the ancient saturnalia was revived in all its splendour. After having exhibited the goddess in a glory, surrounded by little loves, in a blaze of Bengal lights, amid a shower of scraps of gold paper, the adepts conducted her to her chariot, and the march of the ox Apis began. Nothing was wanting—neither the yelling of the crowd, nor the torches waving in the dark night, nor the boys hanging to the trees, the windows, everywhere, and crying "Long live the goddess! Death to her rival!" At last and above all, the inexpressible *zizi boumoum* of two military bands, playing two different airs at the same time (what airs! what music!) accompanied and completed this tropical masquerade.

"What!" they will exclaim in Europe, "all that for a scale well done, a note finely given, or a trill skilfully executed?" Well, well, voice, singing, talent had nothing to do with this matter. People had first to amuse themselves, to belong to a party, to pretend to be connoisseurs, and as, at the end of the account, the result was no small amount of golden ounces and Spanish quadruples, for the manager and the artista, everybody found the fun charming. But *pour l'amour de Dieu!* my dear V., ask me no more what I think of your Italian Opera. Come and see Ronconi and me in London, next summer. We will show you the Royal Italian Opera; and you shall see for yourself, as we used to say at college, *quod erat demonstrandum*. Bring us some cigars! Yours,

D. TAGLIAFICO.

HARMONDSWORTH—(From a Correspondent).—A concert, aided by professional talent, was given in the National Schoolroom of the united parishes of Harmondsworth and West Drayton, Middlesex, in aid of the school funds, on Saturday last, and attracted a very numerous audience. The amount realised was considerable. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (*Semiramide*), Pianoforte à Quatre Mains. Messrs. Clinton and J. F. Clinton—Rossini. Song, "To Julie," Mr. Braithwaite—Hatton. Ballad, "Oh! chide me not, my mother," Mrs. Thrupp—Maria B. Hawes. Song, "Di Provenza" (*Travia*), Mr. Thorley—Verdi. Canzonet, "La Primavera" with Flute Obbligato, Mrs. Thrupp, and Hon. and Rev. T. O. Skeffington—T. C. Skeffington. Song, "A tanto amor" (*Favorita*), Mr. Chaple—Donizetti. Song, "Il segreto" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), Mrs. Thrupp—Donizetti. Song, "The maiden's dream," Mr. Braithwaite.

PART II.—Andante and capriccio, pianoforte, Mrs. Thrupp—Mendelssohn. Song, "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee," Mr. Braithwaite—Hodson. Song, "The three fishers," Mr. Thorley—Hullah. Fantasia, flute, on airs from *Rigoletto*, Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington—Clinton. Song, "Nobil donna" (*Huguenots*), Mrs. Thrupp—Meyerbeer. Song, "Il Balen" (*Trovatore*), Mr. Chaple—Verdi. Song, "The minstrel boy," Mr. Thorley—Moore. Buffo song, Mr. Braithwaite. Finale, "God save the Queen." Conductor, Mr. Clinton.

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13. SI, LA STANCHEZZA

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18. LA DONNA E MOBILE
19. TUTTO E GIOJA

ERNANI.

20. COME RUGIADA
21. ERNANI INVOLAMI
22. TUTTO SPREZZO
23. INFELICE! E TU CREDEVI
24. AH! MORIR
25. VIENI MECO
26. OH! DE VERD

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85. SULLA TOMBA (second movement)
86. O SOLE PIU RATTO
87. Fra poco a me
88. Tu che a dio

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI.

89. O LUCE DI QUEST'
90. PER SUA MADRE
91. A CONSOLAMI

L'ELISIRE D'AMORE.

92. UNA FURTIVA

LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

93. APPARVI ALLA LUCE
94. CIASCUN LO DICE
95. TIROLESE

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

96. QUAND JE QUITTAIS
97. O FORTUNE A TON

LES HUGUENOTS.

98. PIFF, PAFF
99. NOBIL DONNA
100. RATAPLAN

THE GREEK SCALES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Will you, or any of your correspondents, be kind enough to inform me upon what authority we term the scales upon which the church tones are founded "GREEK"? I know, of course, that successive writers have for a long period been in the habit of so calling them; but I desire to understand whether any certainty exists on the subject, and, if so, *how derived*. Have the tones been founded on the scales, or *vice versa*? Furthermore, is it *positively known*, or only surmised, that Gregory the Great added those tones called "Plagal." And what proof have we that these are not just as ancient as the authentic—popularly so named? I have waded through many treatises on the subject, but can only meet with unsupported statements which may or may not be correct, and which too often appear to have been reiterated by musical theorists upon very loose authority, as an easy means of glossing over the history of a matter beyond their learning.

ZULENDORF.

CONDUCTING AND CONDUCTORS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The following observations which I have to offer are neither prompted by a wish for notoriety, nor to show how little I know about it, but for the simple benefit of those who, like myself, occasionally murmur in secret.

To criticise the art of conducting, or conductors themselves, is not my wish, but simply to remind conductors that their motions are seldom as intelligible to the performers as they imagine, (I speak with respect to choral bodies). With a body of voices, no one will deny that unless certain given rules are strictly adhered to, musical rhythm must fall to the ground; and even the smallest degree of precision could not be hoped for, unless *one* uniform plan were laid down to commence with, and never deviated from. We often wish to convey inuendoes without speaking out, especially to those who are so far our superiors, and if those interested can be benefited, without incurring the displeasure of others, to whom doubtless it does not occur that their ideas are misunderstood, or sometimes unintelligible, a point is gained which many would think (foolishly) a presumption to comment on. Having sung myself in a choral body for some years, I do not speak without some experience, and I have no doubt that many will echo my sentiments. In the first place, that the commencement of a part song (for instance) should *always* be preceded by a *whole* bar, and not sometimes *with*, and sometimes *without*, thereby occasionally causing part of the chorus to start, and part to stay behind; and secondly, that all eyes should see the baton perfectly motionless and elevated, that a certainty may be obtained that they all start at the *same beat*. I am perfectly convinced that the real success of Mr. Leslie's choir is mainly owing to this extreme nicety, as the deviation of a few inches suffices to cut all the voices off dead, which creates such a fine effect, particularly in part singing. If you can find a corner for these remarks, you will oblige a former contributor, and many readers of the *Musical World*.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

REFORMER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Hope Lodge, Woodford, Dec. 9th.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen in some of the daily papers an account of the fearful accident that occurred on Monday evening last, the 6th, at the Hackney Station of the North London Railway, and thinking that some account of it might appear in your journal, the *Musical World*, I have been induced to trouble you with this to correct a misstatement, viz., that it was not myself, but that it was my dear son, Mr. F. W. Bates, who was so severely injured on that occasion by the gross negligence of the railway servants.

He has been removed home from Dr. Pye Smith's residence at Hackney, and I feel happy to state that he is progressing favourably; he has one fractured leg, his face much contused, and otherwise severely bruised.

I am, dear sir, most truly yours,
FRANCIS BATES, Sen.

ELLA TREMANTE.*

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—"Tenoro Robusto" will probably find the song he wishes to procure is by Bellini, in *I Puritani*. I believe the second movement of "Ceda si misera." Yours &c., &c.,

* See last week's *Musical World*.

MUSIC AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I read your paper constantly, and, therefore, I feel a kind of familiarity towards you, as the Editor, which gives me courage to insist upon at least half-a-column of your valuable space. I hope you will have the decency to insert this letter.

I like your paper for several reasons.

Firstly.—Because it is lively, for it has usually four or five lives going on at the same time (may I instance your excellent biographical articles upon Weber, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven and Haydn).

Secondly.—I like your notices of new organs, and that careful and interesting manner in which you allude to open diapasons, clarabella trebles, doublets, three ranks and preparation for trumpets, &c., &c.

Thirdly.—I like Haydn Wilson's poetry.

Fourthly.—I am fond of class newspapers, and consider the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* one of the best conducted periodicals of the day. You will excuse me. You'll find me, generally, pretty correct.

But Sir,—I am speaking seriously—if you allow that "Old Truepenny" to write any more of his nonsense about Music and Social Improvement, I'll make my scullery-maid use your enlightened pages for cruel purposes. I can stand a good deal, but there are some ideas which, &c., cannot brook, &c., and are indecent, &c., tell a gentleman by his cloth, &c. Trusting to your sense of justice, I remain,

STRAIGHTFORWARD AND NO UNDERWORK.

[Our correspondent—our humorous correspondent—our witty, nay, ironical, correspondent—must have just returned from the Antipodes. "Old Truepenny" was cashiered for insubordination and insults to the sub-editor as far back as February last. He has since been writing a novel. "*What will he do with it?*"—ED. M. W.]

LOLA MONTEZ.—A letter from Dublin, dated Thursday, says:—"The news of the day is all about Lola Montez. Nothing else is spoken of. She has created quite a furor here. Last night she effected a triumph, as they say in the theatrical world. A few preliminary notices in the newspapers, that the 'Countess of Lansfeld' would deliver a lecture at the Rotunda, suffice to attract the largest audience which has appeared in the great room of that building for many years. It is capable of accommodating about 1,600 persons comfortably; but there was little room left for comfort last night. Every available spot was packed. The lecture was announced to commence at eight o'clock, but long previously the doors were shut against the incoming throng, the ticket-takers hallooing, 'Full, full.' The platform, which was set apart for the holders of 'reserved' tickets, which, by the way, cost 3s. each, was just as densely packed as the body of the room, to which access was obtained for half the money. There were but very few ladies present; in fact, it was nearly altogether a 'gentleman's party.' At half-past eight o'clock Madame Montez made her way to the platform, and after a round of applause proceeded to deliver her lecture 'On America and its people.'"

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—Nearly 8,000 persons were present in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on several evenings during the engagement of this popular conjuror.

BRIGHTON.—A concert was given in the Town Hall, for the benefit of the Choir Fund. Miss Hulme and Miss Heywood, assisted by the members of the Choir of St. John's Church, sang several pieces, and more than one encore was awarded. The Honorary Organist of St. John's played some solos on the piano.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S CONCERT.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

AFTER an absence of ten years Madame Anna Bishop has returned to the country of her birth, the scene of her early artistic successes, and with laudable ambition has at once placed herself before the tribunal of public opinion. "Am I," she might inwardly have speculated before the numerous audience assembled on Monday night, in Exeter Hall, to welcome her, "Am I much changed since I last sang before you—have I retrograded, or have I advanced as a proficient in my art?" In both cases the response, had the interrogation been audibly tendered, would have been decidedly favourable. Mad. Anna Bishop, if changed, is changed for the better, being now stout and buxom, while retaining all those attractions of physiognomy that used to lend a charm to her slender personal exterior. As an artist she must also be congratulated, for besides the perfect justness of intonation, agreeable quality of tone, fluency and uniform correctness of execution for which she was deservedly renowned from the first, her voice has considerably gained in force, her style in expression and what may be termed *dramatic* vigour.

Mad. Bishop's reception on Monday night was enthusiastic beyond measure; and her performance in the old-fashioned sacred *bravura* of Guglielmi (a contemporary of Mozart's) entitled "Gratias agimus tibi," with clarinet *obbligato* (Mr. Lazarus), was so irreproachable as at once and unequivocally to entitle her to the highest honours. Later in the evening, the fire and passion she infused into Mendelssohn's superb "concert *scena*," known in Italian as *Infelice*, showed her equally at home in another and a nobler school. A duet from Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* (with Signor Belletti), with a couple of sentimental ballads, "Oft in the stilly night," and a ballad about Mr. Dickens's "Little Nell," not quite up to the calibre of Thomas Moore, were Mad. Bishop's other contributions to the programme. In every piece she was successful, her ballad singing being quite on a par with her *bravura*, and with her more serious exertions in the fine composition of Mendelssohn. She was recalled after each performance, and enthusiastically encored after "Oft in the stilly night." In short, our great harmonic societies, sacred and secular, and it may be surmised our lyric stage, have now at command a new singer, thoroughly efficient and more than ordinarily endowed—an artist at all points, equal to any emergency, and exactly suited to fill up the gap which has so long yawned in the *terra firma* of metropolitan musical entertainments. Madame Clara Novello has found an honourable competitor in the concert room, and Miss Louisa Pyne on the operatic boards.

The concert was otherwise rich in attractions, although the members of the orchestra were at fault all the evening, and even in Weber's familiar *Concert-stück* played so badly, so out of time and out of tune, that had not the pianist been the accomplished Miss Arabella Goddard, whose executive proficiency is so great that nothing can wholly disconcert her, it is doubtful whether they would have got to the end of it. Happily the audience were not over-critical, and Miss Goddard was loudly recalled at the termination of the performance; while in her solo "Home, sweet home," where she had no such antagonist elements to fight against, she took what our friends on the other side of the Channel term *une éclatante revanche*, playing with such exquisite refinement and such dazzling brilliancy of finger as fairly enraptured the audience, who recalled her with acclamations and compelled her to repeat the whole. Another interesting feature was the masterly performance by M. Wieniawski (from M. Jullien's concerts) of a solo by Vieuxtemps. This being unanimously redemanded, the great Polish violinist introduced the popular Carnaval, in which the well-known variation in harmonics was, as usual, encored. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and Signor Belletti swelled the list of vocalists, and the Italian artist was deservedly recalled, after Ricci's air, "Sulla poppa del mio brik," which he gave with genuine spirit, and repeated with increased effect. The conductor, Mr. G. Loder, did not seem to have much control over his orchestra, except in a somewhat lugubrious overture of his own composition, "suggested" (according to the programme) by Scott's "Marmion," but which we are

rather inclined to think must have been "suggested" by certain inspirations of Carl Maria von Weber, composer of the opera of *Der Freischütz*, &c. This overture, at least, went well; but of all the other pieces with which the band had to do—and, beyond all, the unfortunate *Concert-stück*—the less said the better.

[The other morning papers are agreed with the *Herald* as to the merits of Madame Anna Bishop, but at issue with regard to those of Mr. George Loder's overture, which they pronounce extremely clever, and which we were not fortunate enough to hear.—ED. M. W.]

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE."

(From *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.)

(Concluded from our last.)

At length Giesecke disappeared, nobody knew whither. (During Napoleon's continental embargo he was in Poland indulging his taste for natural history and collecting mineralogical specimens.)

"In the summer of 1818," says Cornet, "at Vienna, a nice looking old gentleman, in a blue swallow-tailed coat, white neckcloth, wearing the ribbon of an order, seated himself one day at the table in an inn, where Ignaz von Seyfried, Korntheuer, Jul. Larocque, Küstner, Gned and I met daily to dine. The venerable snow-white head, his carefully chosen words and phrases, his demeanour in general, made a very pleasant impression upon us all. It proved to be Giesecke, once chorus singer, but now professor in the University at Dublin, who had now come directly from Iceland and Lapland to Vienna with a collection of specimens of natural history from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms for the imperial Cabinet. Seyfried was the only one among us who knew him. The delight of the old man in Vienna, and at his reception from the Emperor Francis—who had presented to him a really splendid gold box, sparkling with jewels, and filled with the newest Kremsnitz gold pieces—was a sufficient reward for the labours and necessities of many years. Here we had opportunity to learn many things in the past; among them, that in him we saw the real author of the text to the *Magic Flute* (he was a member at that time of the persecuted order of the Freemasons)—a fact which Seyfried indeed in some sort suspected. I relate this from his own assertions, which we had no reason whatever to doubt. He made the statement to us in connection with my singing of the cavatina from the *Mirror of Arcadia*,* which was introduced into Mozart's work. Many have supposed that Helmböck, the prompter, was Schikaneder's assistant in the work. Giesecke corrected us in this, and moreover stated that, nothing but the parts of Papageno and his wife belonged to Schikaneder."

The character of Schikaneder, as shown in his treatment of Mozart, is not such as to lead any unprejudiced person to doubt his readiness to claim anything in his power, which could be for the benefit of his establishment, or of his own reputation.

Some additional light as well as doubt is thrown upon the matter by Treitschke, the poet who, in 1814, revised the text of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. He states that, just as Schikaneder was engaged upon the text of the first finale, in 1791, the Leopoldstädten Theatre announced *The Magic Cither, or, Casper the Fagottist*, prepared by Isaacium Perinet (for thirty years poet of that theatre), from the same Märchen of Wieland, and in the main closely following the original story. Just this lamentable occurrence (for Schikaneder) proved the salvation of the *Magic Flute*, for he was compelled to change the entire character of the opera. For instance, Sarastro, who was to have appeared as a monster, took the new character of a Priest of Wisdom. Treitschke does not state it, but from other testimony in connection with his, I infer that it was now that Papageno and Papagena were introduced into the play.

The splendid success of the *Zauberflöte* induced the manager to prepare a second part under the title of *The Labyrinth, or,*

* *Der Spiegel von Arkadien*, by Süssmeyer.

the Strife of the Elements, and Winter was employed to compose the music. It was a failure.

Oulibicheff can hardly find words to express his disgust and contempt for the text of the *Magic Flute*. It has found but two or three defenders during the sixty-nine years of its existence—but one of these was Goethe! Perhaps defending is too strong a term to use—but here is his expression—"Es gehört mehr Bildung dazu, den Werth zu erkennen, als ihn abzuleugnen" a higher intellectual culture is necessary to appreciate its value than to deny it.

This letter from Goethe to Paul Wranizky, Schikaneder's Kapellmeister, dated Jan. 26, 1786, I think will be new to most, if not all the readers of the *Journal*:

"The immense success of the *Magic Flute*, and the difficulty of writing a piece to rival it, has awakened the thought of taking it as the fundamental idea of a new piece, both in order to meet the public in the line of its taste and to lighten the task, both for managers and actors, of producing a new and complicated piece. I have to reach my object most directly, by writing a Second Part to the *Magic Flute*; the characters are all well known, the actors practised in them, and the author, having the first part before him, is enabled to paint the situations and relations of the characters in stronger colours without overdoing them, and thus give such a work much life and interest. In how far I have reached my aim, the effect must show."

"That the piece may at once make its way throughout Germany, I have so arranged it, that the dresses and scenery of the first *Magic Flute*, will nearly suffice for the production of the second; still if a manager should see fit to add expensive decorations, the effect would be greater! but, at the same time, it is my desire, that even in these, the first *Magic Flute* be constantly kept in mind."

"J. W. V. GOETHE."

No one at a performance of the *Magic Flute* can help feeling the utter insipidity of the verses, the weakness of the plot—hardly worthy the name—and the looseness, almost at times incongruity of the succession of scenes. But great things could not be expected from a chorus singer in a minor theatre, even though an expelled student of Halle, where the grand aim was to produce another "taking" Magic Spectacle for the delectation of by no means the higher classes of society. It is clear, however, that the writer had a leading practical idea in his mind, however incapable he was of adequately reproducing that idea either in plot or poetry; and this is, the triumph of light over darkness—the certainty that the earnest, persevering effort of a courageous, steadfast, unfaltering soul in the pursuit of wisdom, shall not fail of obtaining its aim and receiving its reward. Mozart perceived the idea, felt it, and to the priests' music gave a nobleness and grandeur which places it among even his grandest conceptions.

But what is the *Zauberflöte*, the *Magic Flute* or *La Flute Enchantée* all about? asks the reader: just as I asked in vain from my childhood on, until I saw and heard it here in Berlin—and that too more than once. I have never found in any book or periodical any such account of this opera as a drama, as enabled me to form any satisfactory conception of its plot, or to follow its story. Although it forms one of the grand stages in the historic progress of the operatic drama, all who have written upon it, so far as their writing have come under my notice, have either taken it for granted, that the story was already known to their readers—or they did not have any clear conception of it themselves. The various editions of the opera, which have come under my notice, are all printed without the spoken dialogue, and without stage directions; this is also true of the text books; it is then no easy matter to follow this opera as a drama. My late friend, "Brown," seems to have felt this difficulty, and to have considered both the *Magic Flute* and *Don Juan* as epoch-making works, worthy of a careful study not only as musical but as dramatic works; for among his papers both are found written out as tales. A pretty poor tale the former proves to be, but the poorer it be the brighter shines the genius which could compose such music to it! I send it to you for the *Journal*, if you think proper to use it.

A. W. T.

THE OPERA OF LOHENGRIN.

(Concluded from page 791.)

HOWEVER paradoxical it may appear, it is, at bottom, a fact that Wagner's music is, essentially, composed of *declamation* and *instrumentation*. These two component elements, hitherto employed to adorn and support the musical part, properly so called, of a work, rule, in Wagner's case, the foreground, like great emancipated powers. Wagner's skill in declamation is one of the things in which he most decidedly excels; that he fancies he can supply the place of melody by a rising and sinking in the recitation is at once the root and the fruit of the error. The place of true song is occupied by agreeable recitatives. The question which now arises is, whether Wagner was really led to adopt this theory by independent conviction, or by the limited nature of his capabilities; I believe the latter was the case, for, as long as there has been a history of music, contempt for melody and deficiency in it have been identical. *Language*, therefore, is predominant, and goes first, while music follows it, through every turn, at the sacrifice of its own importance and dignity. It is the true characteristic of music, such as we find it in the works of all great composers, not to throw down the edifice of the musical connection, in order to fit the words of the text, one by one, with separate little stones—it looks to the spirit of the whole. There is nothing more lamentable than this characteristic in duodecimo, such as we meet with every day in songs composed by amateurs; at certain words, such as "Horror" and "Dismay," we have a *tremolo* on the bass, while "forest" is represented by a passage on the horn, and "bird" by a shake on the upper notes, by which course the connection of the piece and the hearer's sympathy are simultaneously and completely crushed. A great many lovers of music, both male and female, are passionately fond of this; they sit with the book of the words in their hand, and are delighted the libretto agrees so magnificently line for line, nay, word with word, with the music. We know from Haydn's *Creation*, which first became popular from the instances of tone-painting it contains, what a charm there is for a large audience in such an employment of the understanding; in such a comparison of a characteristic series of sounds with a definite object. The more Mosaic the relation between the words and the music, the better pleased are a great number of "accomplished *dilettanti*," while the musician keeps to the musical connection, which asserts itself independently beneath the poetical one.

The despotic degradation of music to a mere means of expression produced in *Lohengrin* those spun-out scenes, in which we do not hear much more than a continuous surging of shapeless, and, as it were, fluid sounds, for that which forms the body of music, properly so called, namely melody, independent tune, is wanting. Let the reader call to mind Telramund's scenes with Ortrud, and the finales of the second and third act. Whatever real melody there is in *Lohengrin* is partly quite commonplace, and partly strikingly suggestive of reminiscences of C. M. von Weber. If we examine many of the passages for Elsa, the trio in the marriage march, the procession to church in the second act, the first boisterous finale, conceived in Weber's or Marschner's worst style, etc., we do not feel so much inclined to call Wagner a pioneer of the "Future," as the last of the romantic school. Yet these few melodies are most thankfully welcomed, for what real tune could be so insignificant as not to produce the effect of manna in the desert, after the declamatory exercises of the King and his Herald?

Let us see how Wagner employs the separate musical elements for his dramatic end. In order to correspond to each turn in the dialogue by an unexpected instance of colouring the music, he has recourse to the expedient of uninterrupted modulation. I know nothing in the world more fatiguing than the half recitative songs in *Lohengrin*, which do not remain for four bars, or close, in the same key, but, restlessly changing, deceive, with one false conclusion after the other, the ear, until the latter, deadened and resigned, submits to everything. Wagner is fondest of modulating on the basis of immediate pure triades; the strange legendary impression, which he at first produces by this plan, is

naturally soon lost by exaggeration. In this shower-bath of harmonious surprises it quickly comes to pass that the hearer is no longer surprised at anything.

The painful want of composure, combined with the pretentious character of these modulations, give Wagner's music that *dilettante* and forced expression which was censured by Mendelssohn and Schumann. Harmony is developed in his works not according to its own laws; he arbitrarily subjects it in the service of his unfettered melody "growing out of the verbal verse."

It was one of Wagner's partisans, who first asserted that these pretended characteristic transitions were nothing more than "hard attacks on our ears" (harte Griffe in unsex Gehör Hinrichs). We feel the accidental, capricious element; the melody cannot possibly always serve as motive, by pregnant turns, for the instances of harmonic harshness; we soon perceive the latter are caprices, and we receive these knock-down blows of the orchestra with silent submission; without any free exercise of our will, we allow things to take their course, like Fate. We might say, shortly: Wagner ill-treats music, in order to keep us in a state of nervous excitement. But he is successful;—he surprises us at every bar, and speaks in nothing but musical points. There is something about this plan which keeps the mind so on the stretch, that it really preserves the declamatory pathos in *Lohengrin* always up to a certain level; but on this level it moves forward with the hollow monotony of certain preachers. Hand-in-hand with the sameness of the wearying chase after the modulations, we have the sameness of a rhythmical poverty. No music is got out of the trailing rhythmical periods of two and four bars. Now, moreover, as contrapuntal resources and everything called "thematic treatment," have, so to speak, no existence as far as Wagner is concerned, what has to be put on the scale, as a counterbalance to the depressing weight of this monotony?

It is his management of the *orchestra*. In this particular, Wagner is not only admirable, but partly new. Mendelssohn and Berlioz (if we leave out of the question some few youthful attempts speedily forgotten) have not written for the stage. Thus Wagner, who has formed his instrumentation mostly after their model, was the first person to avail himself of the magical charm of new and bold orchestral effects, to their fullest extent, for dramatic purposes. His instrumentation, from the clever employment of the various kinds of instruments,* and its elastic twining and clinging to the text, interests the musician and captivates the non-professional hearer. It is this, principally, which gives his music the dazzling appearance of novelty, strangeness, and legendary charm, and completely compensates so many persons for the absence of real music.

The dramatic vivification of the orchestra, which Berlioz had in view for the symphony, has been employed for the stage by Wagner in quite a peculiar manner. The only material objection to this is the far too glaring and deafening use of the brass instruments, and the stereotyping of many effects, such as the *tremolo* of the distributed violins in the highest notes, etc.

To what a degree the orchestral brilliancy alone helps many of the scenes in *Lohengrin* over the poverty of the musical thought, the reader may convince himself, with mathematical certainty, by studying the so-called "complete pianoforte edition, with the words." He will be astonished to find how small the hero looks in his dressing gown.

Despite its brilliant outwardness, the music of *Lohengrin* leaves behind it a general impression of unedifying vacuity. Excited at first by the charm of the instrumentation and the uncommon nature of the modulation; the hearer finds himself, the longer he listens, more and more fatigued by a composition destitute of a musical backbone. He never feels in a quiet and certain frame of mind, but as if plunged in the agitation caused by the incessant working of a mill-wheel.

I have been spoken to very earnestly by several persons, but I cannot remember in *Lohengrin* a single piece anything like great, of which I feel bound to say that it seizes the hearer with irresistible power, and moves the inmost recesses of his heart. Wagner's music affects the soul less than the nerves; it does

not stagger us; it is merely indescribably exciting, painfully sharpened to a point, and sensually and poetically subtle. The last fact can escape the notice of only the most credulous enthusiasts. This subtlety, which, in *Tannhäuser*, frequently made way for the original cry of the feelings, is, in *Lohengrin*, predominant. Wagner produces far less the impression of a Vulcanic nature, hurling away all its fetters, than that of a man with an acute talent for combination, and who, with the secret consciousness of his insipidity, is continually and violently exalting himself.

The most estimable and finest side of Wagner's exertions is their sincerity and power. Wagner can be accused of nothing as far as artistic morality is concerned. With uncommon and indomitable energy, he pursues the path, which, according to his conviction, is the only right one. This ethical warmth pervades, also, *Lohengrin*. Everybody feels instinctively that he has before him a work of the greatest and most honest exertion. Nor is there an absence of detailed passages, which, in the midst of the deafening uniformity of the whole, produce an edifying impression. These are nearly all such as move in Wagner's own especial sphere, namely: the *fantastic*; of this kind are *Lohengrin's* first appearance, with the beautiful choral movement in A major, and then a few other movements, treated simply and in a connected manner, as, for instance, the Bridal song, etc. We do not think the lover's duet in the third act so moving and deeply imagined as interesting, from the mysterious expression of a certain lurking excitement.

Consideration for our reader's patience forbids our going, on the present occasion, any further into details. It has, for the moment, been our aim to characterise our subject generally as a whole, and if the negative sides have come out prominently into the foreground, this was not from any wish of ours to blame, but because they struck us as being that which most needed explanation.

In conclusion, we will just make a few remarks upon the relation, which has been so much discussed, between *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. The latter appears to us decidedly more successful, both in the words and music, than the former. The legend of *Tannhäuser*, and that of the Wartburg war, so skilfully interwoven with it, are nearer to us, historically and socially, than the myth of the Holy Gral. The demoniacal principal is employed in *Tannhäuser* not only with moderation, but, which is decisive as an effective contrast, Elizabeth on the one side, and Frau Venus on the other—here the Wartburg, and there the Hörselberg—are pitted against one another as extreme contrasts, each standing out the more strongly in consequence. In *Lohengrin*, the demoniacal element is not contrasted with the human, but contained inseparably from it, in the person of *Lohengrin*. As a rule, wherever we expect amorous feelings and conduct from him, the hero wraps himself up in his seraphic dignity, and thus prevents our sympathy. In a technical point of view, also, the *libretto* of *Tannhäuser* was much more cleverly mapped out, the motives being more intelligible, the knot tighter, and the catastrophe more touching.

Although Wagner himself, and all his champions, assert that *Lohengrin* is a decided improvement on *Tannhäuser*, so much so, indeed, that the heavenly reign of the "Future," properly so-called, first began with the former, we do not hesitate ranking *Tannhäuser* higher, even musically. We find in it incomparably fresher life, terribly kept down, it is true, by wearisome declamation, but still ever and anon agreeably peeping through such melodies as the chorus of syrens in the Hörselberg, the song of the "Evening star," &c. We no more find in *Lohengrin* than concerted pieces of the musical symmetry and effect of the sextet for male voices. The misfortune which Wagner's disciples lament, that, despite everything, some few melodies escaped him in *Tannhäuser*, was at any rate, not very great. In *Lohengrin*, he is more one-sided and consequent, but he has become a fanatic as far as all absence of melody is concerned. In addition to its "future-ish" intentions, *Tannhäuser* contained so much musical Present, that we were justified in believing that the composer, progressing in all that was beautiful and important, would soon rule the German stage. The music and poetical tendency of *Lohengrin*,

* "Klangfarben," literally, "sound colours."

and all we have heard concerning *Niebelungen*, have rather diminished our hopes of anything of the kind. Wagner will, nevertheless, continue to shine as a star in the German operatic firmament—as long as everything remains about him as dark as it does now. What portion of the interest manifested by the public is to be separated as the pure gold of enthusiasm from the dross of curiosity, is something which the next few years must determine. Everything will turn upon the question: will a thorough knowledge of Wagner's music be more prejudicial than advantageous to it?* If we may be allowed to indulge in a conjecture, we believe that the public will grow tired of these dainties, the moment three or four other composers take it into their heads, to write in "Wagner's only true" manner.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC—*(From a Correspondent)*.—The programme of the fourth concert, on Friday, December 3rd, was as follows:—

PART I.

"Quartet, No. 1, in G minor," pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. White, H. Farmer, Praeger, and T. L. Selby—W. A. v. Mozart. "Sonata, Op. 45, in B flat," violoncello and pianoforte, Messrs. T. L. Selby and White—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

PART II.

"Quartet, Op. 44, in A minor," two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby—B. Molique. "Grand Trio, in D," (Op. 71), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Shielmerdine, H. Farmer, and T. L. Selby—L. v. Beethoven.

The Mozart quartet was heartily welcomed. The persuasive slow movement, and the sparkling rondo especially pleased Mendelssohn's violoncello sonata in B flat, a romance throughout, was rendered with feeling and brilliancy. Molique's quartet was heard for the first time. It is full of happy and original points, which did not fail to be appreciated. The last piece on the programme was Beethoven's trio in D. Although one of the later works, it exhibits all the early vigour of the great composer. The *adagio* is unique, and stands unrivalled even by the author's own efforts.

There was a slight misprint in the last notice. For love and comfort breaking andante, read comfort breathing.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.—The Sacred Harmonic Society recently gave Haydn's *Creation* in the Town Hall, under the conduct of Mr. Webbe. Mr. Redshaw presided at the organ, Mr. Ainsworth was leader of the orchestra, Herr Hausmann principal violoncellist, and Madame Enderssohn, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Irving principal vocalists. The choruses went well throughout. "A new created world," and "The Heavens are telling," may be specially mentioned as worthy praise. The last chorus was repeated at the end of the oratorio. Madame Enderssohn sang, "With verdure clad" most charmingly; as also "On mighty pens." The duet, "Graceful Consort," of Madame Enderssohn and Mr. Irving was perhaps the most expressive piece of the evening, though "In native worth," by Mr. Tennant, was highly effective. Mr. Tennant has a good voice, and Madame Enderssohn is too well known here to need any recapitulation of her merits. The oratorio was completely successful, and the audience large. Some little improvements had been made in the Hall, and the place was more endurable than on the last occasion, but it is still not what a concert room ought to be on a winter's evening, and we suppose the fact must be dinned a thousand times into the ears at the Town Hall Committee before they can be made aware of it.

DE. MARX and his young pupils have been giving concerts in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, during which, a solo on the violin by Master Joseph Sturge, and a duet for two cornets, by Masters Cresswell and Sturge, were among the attractions.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Choral Society have commenced a series of concerts in the Protestant Hall, under the patronage of the mayor, the vicar, &c. Mr. Scholey is the conductor.

* It has struck us, as remarkable, that so many articles beginning enthusiastically about Wagner, should, as they went on, contain a greater and greater number of more and more important objections. See, for instance, the clever notices by Hinrichs, Joseph Bayer, etc.

LEEDS.—*(From our own Correspondent)*.—Last Monday the late Festival Committee dined together at Fleishmann's Hotel, under the presidency of the mayor, and, I am informed on good authority, they decided to give the next festival as a triennial gathering in 1861. Dr. Bennett's health was drank with great enthusiasm, and there is no doubt that his services as conductor will be secured for the next festival. The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society have been presented with a complete set of Dr. Bennett's *May Queen*, by John Piper, jun., Esq., hon. sec. to the Society, and it is to be performed at the annual *soirée* on the 6th January, under the direction of Mr. Spark, the Society's conductor.

The cheap concert given on Saturday evening last in the Town Hall was but thinly attended. The singers were Mad. Enderssohn, Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. A. Irving; Signor Belletta accompanying the piano. If the operetta which these artists perform so well had been given, instead of a miscellaneous and a meagre programme, large numbers would have attended. I am informed that the Town Hall sub-committee objected to anything like drama being enacted within "their" building!

The members of the Harmonic Union gave a concert in the model infant school-room. Mrs. Fox presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. Dodd was conductor. The principal vocalists were Miss Cliff, Master Simpkins, and Mr. G. Leaf. A concert has also been given for the benefit of the Eye and Ear Infirmary, at which a surplus profit of £100 was made. Mr. and Mrs. Wood undertook the arrangement. The vocalists were Miss Dobson, Miss Hirst, Miss Newbound, Miss Pilling (pupil of Mrs. Wood), Mr. A. Mann, and Mr. Baraclough. Various songs were encored, and the concert went off with spirit. Mrs. Wood presided at the pianoforte.

WORCESTER.—*(From a Correspondent)*.—The receipts of the Infirmary Concert amounted to £165 6s. (including a donation of £10 10s. by Miss Goddard, in the shape of an abatement of her terms to that amount), and the expenses to £137 4s. 10d., leaving a balance of profit of £28 1s. 2d. for the benefit of the institution—certainly a very inconsiderable, and by no means satisfactory, result. The cause of this failure does not appear upon the surface. A correspondent of the *Worcestershire Chronicle* hints that professional jealousy was infused into the management from the outset, and that this marred the arrangements, by excluding the most eminent musical names in the city from taking part in the performance, and causing the Worcester Harmonic Society to be treated with great lack of consideration, if not want of courtesy. The total sum paid over to the secretary, in connection with the late movement on behalf of the Infirmary, is £375 3s. 4d., which is made up as follows:—Collection at the Cathedral, £252 15s. 2d.; donations since received, £74 7s.; profits at the concert, including a donation of £10 10s. from Miss Arabella Goddard, £28 1s. 2d.; E. Bickerton Evans, Esq., life governor, £20.—Two concerts by the Harmonic Society were given at the Music Hall, on the 7th instant. The artists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Briggs, as vocalists, with Herr Molique as solo violin, Herr Randegger as pianist and conductor of the morning performance, Mr. Harper solo trumpet, Mr. D'Egville leader, Mr. W. Haynes organ and harmonium, and the full band of the society. In the first part, the principal portions of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were given. The most effective were, the duet, "Quis est homo," and the "Inflammatus," sung by Madame Rudersdorff. The second part was made up of ballads, songs, trios, &c., and a violin solo by Herr Molique, whose performance was a marvel of perfection in the legitimate school of violin playing. A selection from Handel's oratorio *Samson*, with full orchestral accompaniments, formed the programme for the evening. The principal parts calling for notice were, Madame Rudersdorff's "Let the bright Seraphim," which met with an encore; Miss Palmer's "Return, O God of hosts;" and Mr. Thomas's "Honour and arms." The choruses were effective, and well supported by the band and organ.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL have been giving their *Patchwork* at the Pavilion, Brighton.

ABERDEEN FESTIVAL.—A musical festival will, it is reported, be instituted at Aberdeen in 1859.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—All the arrangements for the next Norfolk and Norwich Music-meeting, to take place in 1860, are, we understand, completed. Of course we merely allude to the preliminary steps.

BOSTON.—Mr. Buck's second subscription concert was given in the Corn Exchange. The Swedish National Singers, assisted by Madile Sophie Humler, the violinist, were the attractions.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

THIS New and Elegant Theatre will be opened for its FIRST ENGLISH OPERA SEASON, on Monday evening, Dec. 20th, with a New and Original Opera, by M. W. Bulfe, entitled, SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE. Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Morimer, Mr. Weiss, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyn, Mr. H. Corri, Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison, Conductor. Mr. Alfred Mellon. The managers, in making permanent arrangements for the establishment of English opera in London, have taken advantage of the improved construction of the audience portion of the new theatre, and have made such arrangements as they trust will materially contribute to the comfort and convenience of their visitors. The pit tier and grand tier of boxes will be converted into two dress circles, each chair will be numbered, and every person on entering will receive a ticket with a corresponding number, securing him a specified seat; a neatly printed programme of the performances will also be presented gratis to each person on entering; fees to box-keepers, so generally exacted, will thus be avoided. Nor will there be any charge made for booking seats beforehand. Private boxes, stalls, places in the dress-circles, and amphitheatre-stalls, may be secured at the box-office (and retained the whole evening) at the same price as that charged at the doors. Private boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 6s.; amphitheatre-stalls, 3s. and 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at Seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

MONDAY, MACBETH; Tuesday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Wednesday, MACBETH (being the last time before Christmas) Preceded every evening by a FARCE. On Monday, December 27th. (Boxing night), will be performed the Comedy of THE JEALOUS WIFE, followed by a new grand CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, entitled THE KING OF THE CASTLE; or, HARLEQUIN PRINCE DIAMOND AND THE PRINCESS BRIGHTEYES.

S. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPÉRA-COMIQUE.—This theatre will open on Wednesday, December 29 next, with a troupe of eminent artists, on which occasion will be presented Auber's celebrated opera, entitled LA PART DU DIABLE, in which Madame Faure, Madile, Celine Mathieu, Mons. Fougère, and Mons. Emou (from the Théâtre Lyrique and Opéra-Comique de Paris, &c.) will make their first appearance in England. Full chorus and complete orchestra, comprising the principal artists from Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of Mons. Remusat (of the Académie Impériale and Opéra-Comique de Paris). Private Boxes, £4 1s., £3 3s., and £2 2s. nightly; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Box seats (row-oved), 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Subscriptions and tickets to be procured at Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond-street. City Agent, Mr. J. Alvey Turner, 10, Poultry. Box-office open daily, from Eleven till Five, under the care of Mr. C. Nugent, Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barnett.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Last Two Nights of Performing before Christmas. Change of entertainments, and powerful attractions. On Monday, December 20, for the Benefit of Mr. Clerk, when the following artists will appear, positively for this night only:—Mr. Alfred Rayner, Mr. John Young, Mr. Harry Bignold, Mr. Henry Butler, Mr. John Hudspeth, Mr. Henry Dudley; Mrs. Edwin Yarnold, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Mrs. Alfred Rayner, Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. R. Barnet, and Messrs. Chapell and Mathews, and their wonderful dogs. Mr. Paul Bxford and Miss Eliza Arden will perform, on Tuesday, in the Burlesque of NORMA.—On Monday, Dec. 20, to commence with RICHARD III. Richard, Mr. A. Rayner; Richmond, Mr. John Young. To conclude with THE AVENGER; or, the DOGS OF GHENT. On Tuesday, to commence with the STRANGER: Stranger, Mr. James Johnstone; Mrs. Haller, Mrs. R. Horner; with NORMA and the DOGS OF GHENT.

NOTICE.—On BOXING DAY, at 12 o'clock, the Great National Standard PANTOMIME will be produced.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS AND DESTITUTION, addressed to the MUSICAL PROFESSION AND TRADE, and all other benevolently disposed persons.—The sudden death by rapid consumption of Clement Levett, aged thirty-one years, more than sixteen of which were passed in the Music Trade (in the establishments of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Hale and Son, Dreaper, T. Smith, and R. Miles), has just placed his widow (now near her confinement), and three small children, two of whom are mentally and bodily afflicted, in a state of great destitution. Any further particulars respecting this distressing case may be obtained of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles street, London, in whose service C. Levett passed twelve years of his life, or of Messrs. Hale and Son, Cheltenham, in whose service he died last October, either of whom will also be happy to receive subscriptions towards the support of the poor widow and her little family.

N.B.—Mrs. Levett is a good needlewoman, and will be thankful for employment in that line.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANCE.—Our fair correspondent should know that a sonnet contains fourteen lines—exactly the number of letters which make up her own name, by the way.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1858.

A NEW association of musicians has just sprung into vigorous life. Rejecting all big Greek wordiness, it calls itself, simply and intelligibly, "The Musical Society of London." There is that much of plain-spokenness in its favour. It makes profession of large and liberal objects. So have others; but that is nothing the less to its credit. It began work in earnest on Wednesday evening with a *conversazione*; and of what that amounted to and promised we shall speak hereafter.

Seeing that this Society commenced its preparatory operations in May last; that its executive council comprises many of the best-known musicians and amateurs of London; and that the muster-roll of its members at this time numbers close on five hundred names, it is almost strange that its existence and intentions should have hitherto attracted such an infinitesimal amount of public comment. We say "almost," for anywhere else in the world such a state of things would be impossible. Here, however, the cry of "wolf" has been so often raised in vain, that the new Society suffers with the shepherd in the fable. Musical association and "National Opera" speculations are all but non-quotable articles in the market of public opinion. They have risen, one after another, but to fall in similar succession, until at length the play is played out and the audience is wearied. Promises call forth no confidence, and prospectuses fish vainly for guineas. Thus it has hitherto been, and by this fact only can we account for the slight notice bestowed on the new Society by that portion of the press which usually deals with musical matters. Its formation has been announced, the stereotyped hopes and fears have been expressed, the usual morsels of advice tendered,—and there the subject has dropped.

But is the "Musical Society of London" to share the too common fate? Is it to struggle through its first year, merely then to fall in pieces out of its own sheer rottenness, or from the enmities and dissensions of its members, or in utter despair of public sympathy? Is this new association, with all its wise and healthy proposals, to live but just long enough to show us what might be done, and then, expiring according to pattern, leave all music among us to the commercial mercies of one certain Italian Opera (perhaps two), one uncertain National Opera, a select Society in Hanover-square where people do congregate to fiddle the same symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven they were wont to fiddle full thirty years ago, and a large Society in the Strand, where, so long as the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Creation* can be counted on for gain, the shopman will never be found to suggest the "next article" to an anxious customer? We hope not. We should be sadly wanting to our conviction of how much yet remains to be done if we did not hope earnestly for the success of this, and every other, honestly-planned Society. But, also, we believe not. The constitution of the new Society unfolds certain original elements of combination which seem to promise stability to an extent but seldom indicated in similar

attempts. At all events we have faith. Any scheme, however admirably devised, may fail; but, in this case, we cannot resist a very unusual sensation of confidence that if the announced plans of the Musical Society of London are honestly and zealously worked out, there is nothing to forbid its permanent existence, as the great musical institution of England.

Of course the new Society has already its enemies. The chief crime charged against it is, as we hear, that it is an "opposition," and "intended to destroy" the Philharmonic Society. For the sake of argument, let us suppose this charge substantiated. Let us suppose the new Society was intended to, and does, oppose the Philharmonic. What then? What has the Philharmonic Society done and deserved that it should not be opposed if needful? Have its objects been so all-embracing, and their application so hyper-energetic, that nothing remains unaccomplished? Has its patronage of musicians and their music been so open-armed that not one worthy specimen of either genus, *homo* or *opus*, remains unrepresented in its councils and performances? Is its legislation the ablest, are its concerts the finest, that the times can afford? Can no spot of *clique*, jobbery, malice, be pointed at in a course of action that should have been pure, generous, artistic, guileless? Even had it been all that its partisans assert, without believing, is this metropolis just of the precise bigness to accommodate one great musical Society, and necessarily to exclude a second? Above all, is not competition a good healthy stimulant, seldom complained of, except by the garrulous and disabled in anticipation of defeat?

This cry of "opposition to the Philharmonic" is, however, we are convinced, suggested rather by the fears than the reason of its promoters. The council of the new Society openly disavow rivalry with "any existing institution;" and although the announcements of a prospectus must generally be received with caution, a very slight examination of the proposals of the new Society shows its objects, constitution, and modes of operation to be so entirely different to those of the Philharmonic, that no antagonism, in the proper sense of the term, can be contemplated. What these differences are, and in what manner we conceive them to promise fairly for the permanence of the new Society, we propose to discuss in a future article.

At present we have only space to add that the *conversazione* with which, on Wednesday evening, the Society formally commenced its labours was, in the novelty and interest of its arrangements, a complete and deserved success. A large collection of important and interesting items connected with the history and present state of music—consisting of rare portraits, engravings, manuscripts, autographs, old English instruments, instruments from every quarter of the world, drawings and models of modern inventions—was tastefully arranged in the rooms, and afforded much gratification. In the course of the evening an address explanatory of the Society's objects was delivered by the Rev. Sir William Cope, one of the council, and some delightful music was contributed by members of the Society, among whom we must specify, as professors, Misses Stabbach, Hughes, and Leffler, and Messrs. Osborne, Sloper, Salaman, Silas, Jansa, Pollitzer, Blagrove, Lidel, Lazarus, and Herr Mengis. The rooms were inconveniently crowded—above four hundred ladies and gentlemen being present, and the evening passed off as brilliantly as the warmest friends of the new Society could have desired.

We don't mean to say, that when two gentlemen meet each other on the stage, the one on the right is to remark on the fineness of the day; and that the one on the left is to object that it is rather cloudy;—that the one on the right is to comment on the changeable character of English weather in general, with an accompaniment of affirmative ejaculations by the one on the left; that the one on the right is to ask if there is any thing stirring, to be answered by the one on the left by an unequivocal negative. We don't mean, we say, to insist on all this, seeing that a conversation so unnatural would be the reverse of amusing. But we have a right to expect that when a play is called a comedy, it shall be a picture, in some sort, of life as it is, or was. The common-places of conversation that belong to all personages alike, and bear no reference to any definite course of action, should, of course, be omitted; the wits should utter their pleasantries more uninterruptedly than they would in an actual drawing-room; the fools likewise should narrow the intervals between their follies; and the same economy should be observed with respect to the succession of incidents.

An improbable compactness of wit, of folly, of adventure, is therefore conceded; else our comedy would last ten years, instead of terminating at the end of two hours and a-half; and few would care to see the last act. But having made this concession in the interest of art, and for the sake of our own personal comfort, we will not concede any more; but protest strongly against impossible wit, impossible folly, impossible wisdom, impossible adventures, in the thing called a comedy. The dialogues and incidents upon the boards need not, nay, ought not, photographically to depict real life; but they ought to be deduced therefrom, not distilled from a heterogeneous mash, compounded of antiquated conventions, moral dissertations, cosmogonical treatises, pantomimic tricks, and worn-out farces. Human nature has a right to revolt against the exhibition, and to exclaim: "I did not contribute towards this mash; it is a fantastic mash and an untrue. Wherefore, then, shouldst thou say, that it means *me*, or anything belonging to me?" Those who would push to the extreme the demand that the stage should be a mirror, go too far in their requisition for prosaic accuracy, and, as fitting punishment, should be condemned to see ten pieces of the sort which their theory would elicit. But, in good sooth, there is a difference between the looking-glass that encumbers us with an oppressive exhibition of wearisome trivialities, and the phantasmagoria that makes us crow with puerile delight, because it shows us nought but grotesque caricatures; and this difference ought to be hit upon by the dramatic genius.

Also, we demand, that the scenes, situations, and dialogues that occur in the course of a comedy, shall be connected together in accordance with some fixed design, the departure from nature in this respect being most laudable. For it is the very essence of art to be regulated by a more obviously teleological principle than nature, showing causes final as well as efficient. More obviously apparent, we say, for our own view is that of Pope:—

"Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' lab'rd o'er with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves a second to some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole."

Now the true artist accommodates our finite perception ; and does exhibit to us a whole, wherein we clearly see the coherence of the parts. And here, what we expressed above, in the form of a concession, we again repeat as the substance of a law.

The theatrical season is now fairly setting in, and we learn from certain horoscopes that many pieces, termed comedies, will be produced. We therefore appeal to dramatic authors in general, and beg of them, that if they are about to present the public with a piece, in which all the personages are essayists or caricatures, in which the incidents are purely farcical, and in which the action is altogether incoherent, they will refrain from putting the word comedy in the bills. Let the dramatic genius affix the term "hodge-podge," or "mish-mash," or "Salmagundi," or "piccalillo" to his work, and then we will not go to see it.

THE MESSIAH.—The usual Christmas performances of this immortal master-piece by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have both taken place—the first on Friday se'nnight, the second yesterday evening. At the first the principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti ; at the last, Miss Louisa Vinning was substituted for Mrs. Sunderland, and Mr. Weiss for Sig. Belletti. Mr. Costa conducted. On both occasions dense multitudes assembled, and Exeter Hall was literally "crammed." Mr. Hullah gives his Christmas *Messiah* on Monday.

M. REMUSAT having completed all preliminary arrangements, the St. James's Theatre will open on the 28th inst. with a French operatic company (comic).

Rossini has been composing music for the pianoforte, with which all who have heard it (played by the master himself) are enchanted. *Bravissimo !*

SAIN'T JAMES'S HALL.—The popularity of the new hall increases, notwithstanding that the directors exhibit no intention of making the alterations, which the universal voice of London cries out are necessary for the proper conveyance of sound. On Thursday, Mr. W. Chalmers Masters gave a *Soirée Musicale*, for which, he engaged the services of Misses Stabbach, Mahlah Homer, E. Armstrong, Gérard, Rosa Evelyn, and Upton ; Messrs. George Crozier and Wallworth, as vocalists ; and Madame Rosalie Thémar, pianoforte. M. Bezeth, violin, and Mr. W. Graeff Nicholls, flute, as instrumentalists. Beethoven's Sonata in G, for pianoforte and violin, was well executed by M. Bezeth and Mr. Masters. Mr. Masters also played in two compositions of his own—"Duo Concertante," for pianoforte and flute, in which he enjoyed the co-operation of Mr. Graeff Nicholls, and duet on two pianofortes, with Madame Rosalie Thémar. The lady pianist performed Döhler's fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*, and a composition of her own, in both of which she exhibited a good deal of talent, and was loudly applauded. There was but one encore, and that was awarded to Miss Stabbach, in Linley's "Bonnie new Moon," extremely well sung. The other vocal performances were too many and unimportant to demand special notice. Mr. G. Crozier, who, we believe, made his first appearance in public, showed decided promise in Beethoven's "Adelaida." He has an agreeable tenor voice, seems to have been taught well, and with time, may become an acquisition to the concert room. He was very nervous, and should have commenced with something less trying than Beethoven's aria.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY have made a donation of £50 towards the erection of the statue of Handel in his native town of Halle. This gift has been received by Sir George Smart, chairman of the London committee for carrying out the object, having been transmitted to Mr. Klingemann, secretary of the committee. Some months ago a donation of the same amount was received by Sir George Smart from the Sacred Harmonic Society. The statue (which is said to be a fine work of art) is nearly completed, and its erection will form a part of the centenary commemoration, at Halle, of the death of the great master.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE "Mozart Night" came off on Saturday, before an enormous audience, and with triumphant success. Two symphonies were played—the E flat and the Jupiter—besides the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and the incomparable pianoforte concerto in D minor, performed from end to end in a style worthy of the music (than which higher praise cannot be given) by our young and gifted pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, who, in the first and last movements, introduced the masterly "cadenzas" of Hummel, executing them as Hummel might have executed them himself. The impression created by this admirable exhibition was, as might have been anticipated, immense. Miss Goddard was recalled to the orchestra at the end, amid volleys of applause, from boxes, gallery and promenade. The sensation, in short, was as unanimous as it was truly enthusiastic, and better still, it was legitimate.

To night brings the series of concerts to a close. Mad. Anna Bishop (who, with M. Wieniawski, accompanies M. Jullien on his provincial tour) has been the *prima donna* since Tuesday—the night after the *Bal Masqué*—creating the utmost enthusiasm, both by her "bravrura" and ballad-singing. She was nightly encored in Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus tibi," and in "Oft in the stilly night," or "Come again to-morrow," when she substituted "Home, sweet home," which created a furor.

Next week we shall offer some general remarks on the season.

Of the *Bal Masqué* on Monday night, we have nothing new to say. The theatre was handsomely decorated and brilliantly lighted, and although the size of the theatre was no less opposed to the convenience of the lovers of dancing at the Ball than to the lovers of music at the Concerts, as much accommodation was obtained from the stage and pit as ingenuity could devise. Dancing commenced at about a quarter past ten, and at that time there were hardly one hundred persons in the house. Towards eleven, they came in by flocks and herds, and at supper time the crowd was so immense as greatly to impede the pleasures of the dancers. The separation of the pit and stage was a happy thought, as by these means the pressure of the mass was divided into two channels. The characters and costumes were hardly up to the average of former years, and we missed sundry familiar faces who were wont to enliven these exciting scenes by their vivacity and droll personifications. M. Julien presided in the orchestra until long past supper, and gave most of the favorite dance-pieces of the season, including the "Indian" quadrille, the "Trab Trab" quadrille, "the Fern Leaves," the "Campbells are Coming" quadrille, the "Frikell" polka, the "Kiss" polka, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The last (the fifth) Saturday concert was again a good one, and again well attended. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor ; the overtures were *Benvenuto Cellini* (Berlioz) and *Oberon*. M. Sainton played the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto (why only the first movement we are at a loss to guess), and his own *concert-solo* magnificently ; and Miss Louisa Vinning gave the same master's, "Ah! perfido," besides two ballads, "Scenes that are fairest" (Benedict), and "Where the bee sucks," in the last of which, she was encored. Herr Manns conducted.

MADAME PERSIANI A MUSIC MISTRESS.—Madame Persiani, a long a brilliant ornament of the Opera Italienne, has lately fixed her residence in Paris, with a view to devote herself wholly to tuition in the art of which she is so eminent a mistress.

BRIGHTON—(From a Correspondent).—Madile. Finoli's concert was very numerously and fashionably attended. The fair artist sang "Non più mesta," the brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the duet from Rossini's *Barbiere*, "Dunque io son," with Signor Lorenzo. In the brindisi Madile. Finoli was honoured with an encore. Mr. Horace Vernon, a new tenor, sang "Come into the garden, Maud," with taste. Herr Kuhé, M. de Paris, and Miss Sophie Wright, were the instrumentalists.

SWANSEA.—Miss Julia Bleadon has been giving her musical entertainment, in conjunction with Messrs. Alfred and Henry Nicholson, with great success.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH's second concert (on Wednesday night) was one of the very best he has ever given. The programme included the "Lauda Sion" of Mendelssohn, the second symphony of Beethoven, and Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, which was no less triumphantly successful than at the Leeds Festival in the autumn. Of this charming pastoral we shall shortly have to speak in detail, a printed copy having reached us from Messrs. Leader and Cook, the publishers. At present it is enough to say that the performance, though not irreproachable, was highly creditable for a first attempt; that the overture and orchestral accompaniments were, on the whole, well played (allowing for the absence of what the Italians term "chiaroscuro"); that the lighter choruses were more fortunate for intonation and precision than those of a graver character; and that the principal singers—Miss Banks, Mdlle. Behrens, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Weiss—were all careful, if not all perfect. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who was engaged to fill the place of Mr. Sims Reeves in the "Lauda Sion," undertook, with friendly readiness, and in a thoroughly artistic spirit, the same difficult task in the cantata of Professor Bennett, at only one hour's notice. The audience appreciated this conduct, and, much as the absence of our great English tenor was regretted, were most kind and considerate to his substitute, whom they encored unanimously in the air, "O meadow clad in early green." Miss Banks was similarly honored in the charming roundelay of the *May Queen*, "With the carol in the tree," in which the chorus is allotted so conspicuous a part; and Mr. Weiss, in the very characteristic song of Robin Hood, "'Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight," the gentleman deserving the compliment fully, the lady (who made us regret Mad. Novello) in a lesser degree.

Applause of the warmest kind awarded every piece; and at the end, the composer, being in the hall, was summoned by the whole audience, and brought forward into the orchestra by Mr. Hullah, amid enthusiastic cheering. No success could have been more complete.

"Professor Bennett," says an excellent writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "was not summoned and re-summoned seventeen times like an Italian composer of operas, but the applause with which he was met, when he did appear, was given not merely with the hands, but also from the heart. Professor Bennett favours the public but rarely with a new work, and we believe the *May Queen* is the only important composition for voices that he has written. Of course we do not imagine that popular success alone can, or ought to have, any effect on the intentions of a great composer. He produces what he feels to be good, and does not aim merely at pleasing the public taste. Nevertheless, as he means his music to convey certain impressions to those who listen to it, he must rejoice when he has before him the palpable proof that the desired end has been gloriously attained. Therefore, Professor Bennett cannot be indifferent either to the high appreciation of musicians, or to the enthusiastic applause of the general public. Those who have studied music profoundly—those who possess musical sensibility without any deep knowledge of the art—and, in short, all who have ears to hear—are delighted with the *May Queen*. We consider, then, that, if only from a feeling of benevolence, our cleverest composer—who is, at the same time, one of the greatest composers of Europe—should produce another cantata. We say a cantata, because compositions for the orchestra alone can never give the same universal pleasure which is derived from those in which the voices are also employed. Symphonies are seldom appreciated by persons who have not made music a special study; but among the audience last night at St. Martin's Hall there were numbers who might have felt the beauty of Professor Bennett's melodies, just as a child is pleased and affected by the charm of a simple nursery tune. Nothing can be more refreshing, after a long course of emphatic and exaggerated opera music, than to hear such sweet strains as those of the *May Queen*. It lasts about as long as one act of a modern opera, and contains no noise. But it will be listened to long and long after the *maestri* of the spasmodic school shall have ceased to bray. Their trumpets and trombones will, one day, be

silent; and lovers of music, after hearing the *May Queen*, will say of Professor Bennett what Horace, in a celebrated line, has said of himself: 'He has raised a monument more lasting than brass.'

DRURY LANE.

The operatic season was brought to a termination with an English version of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, which Miss Louisa Pyne selected for her benefit, playing Maria for the first time in London. Unfortunately for the completeness of the performance, Mr. Harrison was taken ill, and could not appear as Tonio, and the part in consequence was allotted to Mr. St. Albyn, who not being up in the music, and knowing nothing of the dialogue, was compelled to omit nearly the entire of one and read the other from book. At which a part of the audience were by no means pleased. There was no help, however, and no one was to blame.

Miss Pyne sang the music of the "Vivandière" with exceeding brilliancy and admirable taste. The cadence in the lesson scene could hardly have been surpassed in facility, ease, and brilliancy. The trio of the "Ratsplan" was no less excellent, and was encored with acclamations. In her acting, Miss Louisa Pyne was natural and unaffected throughout, and, occasionally, even earnest.

At the end of the opera, Miss Louisa Pyne was called before the curtain, and received with boisterous enthusiasm. Mr. Harrison was then summoned, and after some delay, appeared in plain clothes. He, too, obtained an uproarious welcome. When he could obtain silence, he addressed the audience, and thanked them for the patronage shown him at Drury Lane, which he trusted would be extended to him in his future home at the Royal Italian Opera.

"To be doing," seems the motto of the Pyne and Harrison Company. On Saturday, Drury Lane was evacuated; on Monday, the prospectus for the new campaign, at Covent Garden, was issued. The prospectus certainly contains nothing that asks for serious consideration. Little is said about music, beyond the fact, that Balfe's new opera, *Satanella*; or the *Power of Love*, will be produced on the opening night. No reference occurs to any other composer, or any other work. Liberal promises are made respecting the internal arrangements of the theatre, all of which will find favour in the eyes of the public; but we should like to have obtained a little information regarding what the management intends doing up to April, when Mr. Gye wants the house.

Monday night is to be the opening night, and what with the curiosity to see the new home of the English Opera, the eagerness to hear Balfe's new work, and the desire to welcome a "national" company in so magnificent a theatre, the excitement is at the highest. Let us entertain the hope that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison will do all in their power to render their administration worthy of public approval.

COMMON SENSE AND JUSTICE.

(From the *Era*.)

On the first night of the popular concerts in St. James's Hall Mr. Sims Reeves was unfortunately unable to appear, owing to a severe cold and hoarseness, and though on the following evening he gave the beautiful song, "Come into the garden, Maud," with a sweetness and power of voice worthy of his high and deserved reputation, traces of recent indisposition were strongly visible in his features. The absurd notion entertained by some unthinking people, that these disappointments of the public are only due to the caprice of the singer, would hardly require refutation if those who entertained such an opinion would only reflect upon the serious pecuniary loss our popular English tenor thus sustains. There are few who appear so often before the public, and none who work harder, and the high value set upon his exertions would show at once that the sacrifice of all remuneration could only be made when the vocalist was physically incompetent to fulfil his engagement.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The end of comedy is to amuse; instruction should be conveyed by implication. Better far that indoctrination should be dispensed with altogether in a comic drama, than not be made subservient to entertainment. Nobody goes to a theatre to be taught; pleasure and relaxation are what are specially looked for and expected. If a comedy fail in pleasing and unbending the mind, no amount of fine writing, no profound insight into humanity, no subtle knowledge of character will suffice. The author had better take his piece to the Literary Institution, in Edward-street, and read it to a select public, than have it performed on the stage. The most perfect acting cannot compensate for the absence of humour, when humour is anticipated. A comedy is no comedy, if, instead of amusing and interesting, it bores from beginning to end. Of all our modern writers of comic pieces, none has proved more successful than Mr. Bayle Bernard, most of whose dramas, particularly those written for poor Power—such as *The Nervous Man and Man of Nerve*, *His Last Legs*, *The Galway Attorney*, &c.,—some of them of old date, still support a respectable standing on the stage. Mr. Bernard's aim in these comedies was to keep up a continual discharge of fun and whimsicality, and never deviate into the slow tracts of the moralist or preacher. In his new work, *The Tide of Time*, he not only preaches and moralises, but attempts to philosophise. Now, abstractedly considered, Mr. Bernard exhibits a deeper train of thought in this play, and a greater command of poetical language and imagery, than in any piece that has hitherto proceeded from his pen; but in accomplishing what is fine, he has ceased to be amusing, and *The Tide of Time* may be pronounced a sermon rather than a comedy. When Spalding, the hero of the piece, is on the stage, we hear nothing from his lips but moral disquisitions on social progress, the unmeaning distinctions of rank, or the affections of the heart, and, every time he speaks, we are tempted to exclaim with Sir Peter Teazle, "Damn your sentiment, Joseph." None of the characters possesses the slightest vitality, nor stands out prominently from the canvas, if we except Sir Dormer de Brazenby, played by Mr. Compton, who lives on one idea, and that more strange than funny, of desiring to establish his theory of the curvilinear line to the utter annihilation of straight lines and angles. The character sustained by Mr. Buckstone has no individuality whatever. He is just what the bills describe him—"A neighbour"—no more. Pendarvis, the aristocrat, does not exhibit one single trait, good, bad, or indifferent, of high life; while Grainger, the solicitor, shows as little of the lawyer in feeling, instinct, or manner, as Spalding, the manufacturer, or Quillet and Griffiths, whose avocations are not even hinted at. The comedy, brought out on Monday night, achieved a *succès d'estime*—that was all. No one could be indifferent to the merits of the writing and the excellence of the acting. These insured the piece a favourable reception; wanting them *The Tide of Time* could hardly have flowed calmly into the harbour of popular estimation. Sir William Don has given up playing John Small in *Whitebait at Greenwich*, and has taken to Mr. Timothy Toodles, in the farce of *The Toodles*. The baronet will be due shortly at some metropolitan or provincial theatre, so that his services are nearly run out at the Haymarket. Signora Perea Nena is also about to leave. Mr. Buckstone, doubtless, will experience no difficulty in filling the places of the popular Spanish *dameuse* and the longitudinous knight-baronet.

AMERSHAM, Dec. 15th, 1858.—(From a Correspondent).—The fifth annual concert, given by the young gentlemen at Mr. West's Grammar School, took place on Thursday, the 9th instant. Mr. W. H. Birch conducted. Several of that gentleman's vocal miscellany, viz.:—"The gondolier's serenade," "In de woods ob Carolina," "The British Army and Navy," new national anthem, were sung with great effect. The band performed Mozart's overture to *Cosi fan Tutti*, and to Beethoven's *Prometheus*. Beethoven's trio in D was performed by three concertinas. Some songs and piano solos were rendered by Messrs. F. and A. West, Beaumont, Redfern, Glover, and Hurndale. The concert was throughout successful.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL UNION.

(From the Birmingham Daily Post.)

THE second concert, which took place at Dee's Hotel last evening, was, if possible, more successful than the former one. The weather had decidedly set its face against the entertainment with edifying earnestness of purpose, and invested the town in general, and the vicinity of Dee's Hotel in particular, with a thick London fog, sufficient to damp the spirits of a lamplighter; but the attractive powers of Messrs. Duchemin and Co. were weather proof, and at an early hour of the proceedings every corner of the saloon was crowded with a brilliant and appreciative company. The programme presented one of the richer musical treats that it is possible to compress into the space of a couple of hours' performance, as will be seen by the subjoined sketch:—

Quartet in F—No. 1, Op. 18	Beethoven.
Song—Miss Amelia Hill	Henselt.
Solo—Pianoforte—Op. 27, No. 1	Beethoven.
Sonata in B flat—Pianoforte and Violin	Mozart.
Quartet	Weber.
Song—Miss Amelia Hill	Mendelssohn.
Solo—Violin	Lipinski.
Quintet—C major	Mozart.

Beethoven's Quartet, written for stringed instruments, was entrusted to Messrs. Wallerstein, Hayward, Baetens, and Litté, and, with the exception of a little unsteadiness in the opening movement—*Allegro con brio*—was admirably executed. Miss Amelia Hill, the sole vocalist of the evening, is an old favourite with Birmingham audiences, and her sweet and graceful delivery of the two songs by Henselt and Mendelssohn, made a sensible impression and fully vindicated her title to the high local position which she enjoys. The pianoforte sonata—Beethoven, Op. 27—to which Mr. Duchemin rendered ample justice, is better known as the Moonlight Sonata. Its execution left nothing to be desired, and it may be set down as one of the finest performances of the evening. Mozart's Sonata, stated in his diary to have been composed on the 21st of April, 1784—or some eight years prior to his decease, was listened to with all the interest which its merits, no less than the associations arising out of its performance at this period, are sure to inspire. Messrs. Flavell and Hayward performed their parts admirably, and the audience were by no means backward in their applause. Weber's quartet for piano and stringed instruments was a fine performance, and Lipinski's violin solo, in the hands of Herr Wallerstein, raised the audience to enthusiasm. On the whole the entertainment was most creditable to so young an association.

The arrangements for the comfort of the audience were unexceptionable. The fog, of course, persisted in bursting every time a door was opened, and in the early part of the evening produced a good deal of dry coughing, suggestive to the reflecting mind of the advantages derivable from Keating's lozenges, Christian's pâtes de lichen, and other nostrums for alaying pulmonary irritation, but this state of things soon wore off, and the audience abandoned themselves, without reserve, to the enjoyment of the musical banquet prepared for them.

ORATORIOS IN DERBY.—All lovers of the higher class of music will learn with pleasure that Mr. T. A. Johnson, Music-selk and Concert Agent of this town is making arrangements for the performance, in Derby, of the oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn, and other great masters. Mr. Johnson has already, on many occasions, proved himself entitled to the thanks and support of the public, for his spirited conduct in catering for their amusement. But none of his previous efforts give him so good a claim as this; and we are glad to perceive, from a list of subscribers who have already promised their patronage, that he has reason to anticipate a successful issue to his undertaking. We are told that eminent solo singers will be engaged, and the band and chorus will be thoroughly efficient. The first oratorio will be Handel's *Messiah*.—*Derby Mercury*.

LOUTH.—The post of organist has been filled up by the appointment of Dr. Dixon, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and organist of Louth, Retford,

BRISTOL.—The Concert given by Mr. P. J. Smith, in the Victoria Rooms, attracted a numerous audience. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. P. J. Smith, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas: the instrumentalists, Herr Molique, Signor Randegger, Messrs. Waite, Nicholson, Watzeg, T. Harper, Brooke, Man, and Priest. The orchestra and chorus were principally members of the Harmonic Union. The chief features in the concert were a symphony of Beethoven, (minus the first movement), Bach's "Chaconne" for violin, played by Herr Molique, a Violoncello Solo by Mr. Waite, and the *finale* to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, which concluded the first part. The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Mendelssohn's *scena*, "Infelice," "O 'tis a glorious sight," (*Oberon*), by Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," brought the concert to a conclusion.

BELFAST.—The second concert of the Classic Harmonists' Society was very successful. The first part of the programme consisted of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, in which Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Winn bore away the palm. The second part was miscellaneous, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Crosland, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Winn, assisting as vocalists, and Mr. George B. Allen as pianist. A four-part song, by Mr. Allen, "I love my love in the morning," was well sung and greatly applauded. Mr. Allen played a solo on the pianoforte, by Thalberg, with great applause, and the concert gave general satisfaction.

AN OVERTURE TO VERDI.—(*Rejected by Mr. Punch*).—Signor Verdi, who, from disinclination or incapability, seldom writes an orchestral prelude to his operas, has had an overture made to him by Mr. Lumley, to come to London and superintend the production of *Les Véjères Siciliennes* next season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Should this work of the Italian *maestro* be brought out here, it is to be hoped that the public will not be visited with a fit of the vapours.

MR. RANSFORD'S Annual Concert took place on Tuesday evening in St. James's Hall. A programme of "monster" proportions was provided, and a crowded room the result. The vocalists were so numerous that we cannot find space to particularise. Mr. Sims Reeves was the "star," and managed to get through his labours admirably, although evidently suffering under hoarseness, indeed anything but in a condition to come before the public; the audience applauded everything he sang, and insisted on a repetition of "Phœbe dearest." Miss Ransford was in excellent voice, and was obliged to repeat "Peace inviting" (Bishop) with trumpet obbligato played by Mr. Distin. Mr. Ransford, among other pieces, gave Dibdin's ballad "The Token," and a comic duet with his daughter. Other "vocalisms" were contributed by Misses Wells, Lascelles, Messent, Pool, Rebecca Isaacs, Laura Baxter, George Perren, Genge (encored in "Sally in our alley"), Ferdinand Glover, Winn, and Miss Teresa Jefferys. The last mentioned, a young aspirant, bids fair to attain a high position in her profession. She sang "Di Piacer" in a style that would have done honour to a much more experienced vocalist, and the applause she received was richly merited. The instrumental performances consisted of various pieces by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Godfrey, one of which was so well played as to be unanimously redemanded. A violin solo, the "Carnaval de Venise," was played by Mr. Viotti Collins, who was recalled after his performance, and a pianoforte solo, "Variations on Weber's Last Waltz," capitally played by the composer, Mr. Brinley Richards, who was loudly applauded at the conclusion. The programme, which altogether appeared to please Mr. Ransford's patrons, also included the music of *Macbeth*, with new words by Mr. Harcourt Russell. With regard to the *Macbeth* music, the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph* observes:—"The *Cantata* which had been announced as one of the special attractions of the evening, was simply Locke's celebrated music to *Macbeth*, with new words by Harcourt Russell, Esq.' We confess we prefer the original poetry by William Shakespeare, Esq., and it is almost superfluous to remark that if Matthew Locke had had Mr. Russell's, instead of Mr. Shakespeare's, lines to write to he would not have wedded them to the immortal music, which is so perfectly appropriate to the incantation scenes of our great dramatic tragedy. Mr. Russell's subject is Spring, and we admit that his verses are not without grace. But if he really believes that a poem on Spring is suited to the music composed for *Macbeth*, we advise him to try his hand next at adapting Milton's *Allegro* to Mozart's *Requiem*." These remarks would have still greater weight if "Mr. Shakespeare" had really been guilty of all the doggrel to which Locke's music is set. But, unfortunately or fortunately, he was guiltless of most of it.

MANCHESTER.—Miss Louisa Keeley has made her *début* at the Monday Evening Concerts, in the Free Trade Hall. Notwithstanding a severe cold, she contrived to achieve a decided success. Miss Armstrong and Mrs. Brooke, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Ferry, were the other vocalists.

At M. Hallé's Orchestral Concert on Wednesday week, we had the Overtures to *Leonora*, *L'Étoile du Nord*, and the *Pré aux Clercs*: the Andante from Spohr's *Power of Sound*, one of Haydn's symphonies in D, and the ballet music from the *Prophète*. M. Hallé played the second concerto of Mendelssohn, and a solo by Liszt. The vocalists were Miss Helen Walker and Mr. George Cooper.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LINCOLN.—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln preached in the morning at St. Mary's Church, on the occasion of the opening of a new organ in that place of worship. His lordship took for his text the 74th and 75th verses of the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke—"That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life." The Rev. J. Thorold, the vicar, preached in the afternoon and evening, taking for his text in the afternoon the 1st to the 10th verses of the 8th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and in the evening, the 7th and 14th verses of the 6th chapter of the II. Book of Kings. The congregations were very large. The collections amounted to £14 10s. The organ, which is from the well-known manufactory of Forster and Andrews, of Hull, consists of two rows of keys and a pedal organ. The Great Organ, compass CC to G, contains:—1, open diapason, all metal; 2, viola di gamba; 3, stopped diapason, bass; 4, claribel; 5, principal; 6, sixteenth; 7, sequialtra of three ranks; 8, wald flute. The Swelling Organ, compass tenor C to G, contains:—1, double diapason; 2, open diapason; 3, principal; 4, oboe. The Pedal Organ, compass CCC to E, 29 notes, contains a bourdon from the 16 feet note. The Couples are—1, swell to great; 2, great to pedals. There are three composition pedals for the instantaneous shifting of the stops without employing the hands. The bellows are double feeding, with internal waste valves. The key machinery works in cloth bushes for silence, and every modern improvement of value is adopted in the construction of the instrument. It is enclosed in a stained case of very neat and appropriate design, having gilded pipes in front, forming not only a very useful but an exceedingly ornamental addition to the church. The full organ is powerful, and we believe the instrument, under the hands of Mr. F. M. Ward, the clever organist, will be productive of great assistance to the congregation. The "Hallelujah Chorus" at the conclusion of the morning's service was very effective. The idea of having an organ at St. Mary's church originated with the vicar some two or three years ago, and he set himself to work to obtain it with a zeal which has at last proved successful. He personally contributed £50 on the condition that the remaining £200 be raised, the cost of the organ being 200 guineas, and the necessary alterations before fixing it, £40. The rev. gentleman has actively canvassed his own parish by himself, but has not asked the parishioners of any other parish for a farthing, in consequence of the claims made, and about to be made, upon them for improvements in their own churches.

MORLEY.—A concert and tea meeting was held in the Zion Independent Chapel, for the purpose of getting funds for the improvement of the organ. Selections from the *Creation*, *Messiah*, &c., were sung by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newell, Mr. Baines, and Mr. Sykes. Mr. Bowring was the conductor, and Mr. Naylor presided at the organ. A handsome surplus is expected.

WORCESTER.—The Choristers' annual concert, at the Musical Hall, was successful. The young singers were applauded in several pieces. Messrs. Mason, Berkley, Briggs, Brooks, and Simms, lent their assistance, and gave the glee, "Come, bounteous May." The Recreation Band's concert programme had the names of Mrs. Evans, Messrs. Pugh, Wood, Parker, and Combe, in it. Mrs. Evans and Mr. Pugh were several times encored. Mr. Langdon was conductor.

ALTRINCHAM.—The Choral Society gave their third concert for this season in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, the 6th instant, to a large audience. These meetings have gradually increased since their commencement, which shows how they are appreciated by the inhabitants of the town. The music for the evening was selected from the works of Hatton, Calcott, Webbe, Shield, Festa, and other popular authors. A variety of songs were sang by members of the choir, each being warmly encored. In the interval of the concert, the members of the society adjourned to the commercial room in the Unicorn Hotel, and presented their conductor with a silver-mounted baton, inclosed in a box, with a silver plate inlaid in the centre of the lid, bearing a suitable inscription. At the close of the presentation, the meeting gave three cheers for the conductor.—*Manchester Times*.

ADDITIONAL REMINISCENCES OF BEETHOVEN.

(From the *N. Y. Musical Review*).

A GERMAN paper, *Die Grenzboten*, has recently published some communications on the latter years of Beethoven's life, from the diary of a lady, which we deem so highly interesting that we translate them for the benefit of our readers. The author of them was at that time a young girl, daughter of a Mr. del Rio, who, in the year 1816, was the head of a large school at Vienna. The observations were written down evidently with no thought of their ever being published:

"As early as the year 1815, during the Vienna Congress, we made the acquaintance of Beethoven. At that time the private counsellor of the King of Prussia, Mr. Duncker, lived in our house. Mr. Duncker was very fond of music, and a great admirer of Beethoven. He had written a tragedy, *Leonore Prokaska*, for which Beethoven composed a few pieces—a short but most beautiful hunting chorus, a romance, and some music with an accompaniment for the harmonica, in the style of the melodrama. Besides these, the poet got Beethoven to score for him his grand *Funeral March* from his Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 26. Sister and I asked Mr. Duncker why he had not begged for a new march; but he thought a better one could not be composed. All the pieces, with the exception of the *Funeral March*, are still in our possession. We had even the permission to publish them with the name of 'Friedrich Duncker,' but it never came to that. The splendid *March*, I believe, has been performed once a year in a private musical circle in Berlin. The tragedy has never been performed. Duncker had a great many consultations with Beethoven about it. Beethoven was not satisfied with the words to the 'Hunting chorus,' and even after they were altered, and altered again, he wanted the accent upon the first syllable."

"When Beethoven was appointed guardian of his brother's son a new life seemed to come upon him. He was extremely fond of the boy, then about nine years old, and it seemed almost that the latter had the key to his humour to compose, or to be silent. It was in 1815, when he brought his beloved Charles to our school, which my father had conducted since the year 1798. Already at that time, it was necessary to be quite close to him in order to be understood by him. From this time we saw him very often; and later, when my father removed the school to the suburb, Landrass Glacis, he also took lodgings in our neighbourhood; and the next following winter he was almost every night in our family circle. However, we could seldom profit by his presence, for very often he was vexed with the affairs of his guardianship, or he was unwell. Then he would sit the whole evening at our family table, apparently lost in thought, occasionally smiling, and throwing a word in, at the same time spitting constantly in his pocket-handkerchief, and looking at it. I could not help thinking, sometimes, that he feared to find traces of blood."

"One night, when he brought up his song, 'To the Beloved far off,' words by Jeiteler, and father wanted me to accompany my sister, I got rid of it with the fright; for Beethoven told me to get up, and accompanied himself. I must say here, that to our great surprise, he often struck wrong notes: but then again, when my sister asked whether she was right or not, he said, 'It was good, but here,' putting his finger upon a note where the sign of a tie was placed, 'you must draw over.' He had missed that."

"At another time, I remember that he played with us like a child; and that he took refuge from our attacks behind the chairs, &c."

"I very often wondered that Beethoven cared so much for the opinions of people! and once exclaimed, with regard to his nephew: 'What will people say! they will consider me a tyrant!' But this nobody could have believed, who had ever seen him for once with his dear boy, who was frequently allowed to clamber over him, and pull him almost from his chair."

"At one time, in spring, he brought us violets, saying: 'I bring you Spring.' He had been unwell for some time; he had suffered a good deal from colic, and said 'That will be once my end!' When I told him that we could put it off for a long time, he answered: 'He is a poor fellow who does not know how to die; I have known it since a boy of fifteen years. It is true, for my art I have as yet done but little.' 'Oh! as for that, you can die with ease,' I said, upon which he murmured: 'There are quite different things floating before me.' At the same time, he brought us a beautiful composition, 'To Hope,' from Tiege's *Urania*, whom he always called Tiedsche, and not in fun either. Beethoven got easily vexed, and this is the reason why his friends often thought he had something against them, even when it was not the case. But he was in his manners so different, and seemed sometimes so unfriendly and cold, that one was obliged to think so, and to keep away from him. It frequently happened that he did not trust his best friends, and really grieved them. Sometimes he complained also about his pecuniary matters, which was his hobby."

EPITAPHS.

(TO BE SET TO MUSIC.)

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have been a gleaner in epigrams and epitaphs. Among the epitaphs there are two that were deemed the happiest of the past age. The first was on a lady whose name has escaped my memory, but the object of the inscription was to describe the greatest degree of beauty and the highest virtue which could exist in the human form of a female (said to be written by Ben Jonson):—

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much virtue as could live.

The next relates to two noble families:—

ON THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.
Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,—
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Half so good and fair to see,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

ON A BAD FIDDLEER.
Old Orpheus play'd so well he moved Old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

ON A DOCTOR WHO SCRIBBLED VERSES.
Thou essence of dock, valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of the age,
The worst that we wish thee for all thy bad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic and read thy own rhymes.

ADDITIONUM.
The wish must be in form reversed
To suit the doctor's crimes,
For if he take his physic first
He'll never read his rhymes.

ON A DOCTOR WHO WROTE BAD FARCES FOR THE STAGE.
For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

AN IRISHMAN'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.
O Death, how could you be so unkind
As to take her before an' lave me behind?
Why didnt you take both of us, if either,
Which would have been betther for the survivor?

A READER.

ENGLISH ARTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Canadian papers report that Mr. H. C. Cooper and his opera troupe are doing exceedingly well in the colony. We make an extract or two at random. The *Daily British Whig*, published at Kingston, says:—"The City Hall was crowded to excess, and the opera (the *Trovatore*) a great success. Miss Annie Milner sang charmingly from first to last. She is really a first-class *primus donna*." Another writer speaks of Miss Milner as possessing a voice and abilities "beyond what most professional ladies possess." The *Daily Colonist*, published at Toronto, says:—"Miss Milner is an artiste of the first water." The Canadian critics are even more loud in their praise of Mr. Cooper's violin playing. One says:—"He is one of the most magnificent violinists that ever delighted the citizens of Toronto." Another,—"His conception of every movement is such as to satisfy every educated musician that a great performer's moving the multitude." And a third,—"We cannot describe the effect he produced. Those who did not know that Mr. Cooper was one of the greatest violinists of the age, found it out last night to their heart's content."

CHARLESTOWN.—Mr. J. M. Roberts gave a concert in the Church School-room. The principal vocalists were Misses Charlesworth, Speak, Mary Clark (pupils of Mr. Roberts), and Messrs. Parker, Reddyhoff, and Naylor. The concert went off well, and several encores were obtained.

SONG.

(FOR MUSIC.)

THE countries that like may their marvels boast,
In symphony grand and in song ;
Grim is the God, the Apollo we toast,
In this land of the rough and strong.
Hark to the voices of England's loud quire,
In forge and in foundry singing ;
Harsh are their tones, English hearts they inspire
In clangorous concert ringing.
Richest of tenors, our hammers beat fast,
Whilst the ponderous beam marks time ;
The hiss of the steam, and the furnace blast,
A good treble and bass do chime.

No soft hunting horn, over hill and dell,
Shall with dulcet echoes lure us ;
From lone convent height, no deep drowsy bell
Shall in dismal thought immure us.
And our tally-ho ! henceforward shall be,
But the screeching shrill of the train ;
Nor trumpet nor drum for summons need we,
Our freedom and rights to maintain ;
For each window pane, in the squire's old hall
Shall be red with the furnace glare,
From smoke of the mill a shadow shall fall
O'er the glitter of State and War.

J. G.

CLYDACH.—The Choral Society have given a concert of sacred music. Selections from the works of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, &c., were well sung. The principal vocalists were, Miss Hughes, Miss Dunlop. Messrs. Griffith and Davies. The instrumentalists were, Mr. Fricker (harmonium), and the conductor was Mr. J. Rees. Mr. Trevor A. Williams and Mr. J. J. Strick addressed the meeting on the advantages of joining the society.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

On leaving Drury Lane Theatre, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison abandoned the "National English Opera"—that is, relinquished the title to Mr. E. T. Smith, or any other speculator who might choose to assume it. The alteration of the name into "Royal English Opera" would seem to imply that the managers intend carrying on their present campaign under royal in preference to popular banners. We cannot perceive the necessity for any change in the nomenclature. The original title had been acknowledged, and would have answered every requisite purpose.

The English Operatic Company, under the direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, opened the new theatre in Covent Garden, on Monday night, with Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Satanella; or the Power of Love*. The interior has undergone some necessary alterations to adapt it to the convenience of the general public now admitted at play-house prices. The number of rows in the stalls is reduced to four, and the pit and grand tiers, with the exception of a few boxes reserved on each side approximating to the stage, are converted into dress circles. In other respects, the theatre is untouched, and looks still the magnificent home of the Royal Italian Opera.

Everything on Monday night conspired to draw a large audience. A new opera by Mr. Balfe; the opening of the Royal Italian Opera to the play-going multitude, whom high prices had heretofore kept out; the natural curiosity to hear an English lyric work executed by English artists in an Italian house; and an anxious desire to lend a helping hand to a national establishment on its first starting, were all powerful sources of attraction. The theatre, in fact, was crammed from gallery to pit, and included one of the most numerous assemblies that have been witnessed in any London theatre for a long time.

Mr. Balfe is proverbial for his indifference to the merits or demerits of a *libretto*. To poets he is the most obliging and condescending of composers. Having undergone a severe course of Bunn, he might naturally be supposed to have qualified himself for overlooking any amount of librettorial inefficiency.

With all his amount of poetical apathy, nevertheless, it was to be wondered at that he did not shrink from the task of setting *Satanella* when it was presented to him. The new *libretto*, by Messrs. A. Harris and E. Falconer—poets of the *Rose of Castile*—is said to be taken from the once highly popular ballet of *Le Diable Boiteux*—produced many years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, for Fanny Elssler—written by M. Burot de Gurgy. There is no similarity whatever between the two works, beyond the incidents of the devil attending on the hero, and the latter being implicated with three ladies. In *Le Diable Boiteux* the hero, Cleofas, after encountering the three dominos at the Opera ball, gets into a row, and, in making his escape from his pursuers, chambers into an attic studio belonging to a necromancer. He overhears some strange noise in the room, and fancying it proceeds from the interior of a bottle, breaks it, whereupon *ent* jumps Asmodeus, who has been imprisoned therein for ever so long a time by the arts of the magician. Asmodeus accompanies Cleofas through all his adventures with the three ladies, and finally persuades him to choose the most deserving. Here is a plain tale, and, allowing for the supernatural element, a perfectly consistent one. In *Satanella* there is no "concatenation accordingly." The *primum mobile* is not only supernatural, but every consequence arising from it is unnatural.

When the devil is evoked by Rupert, there is no logic in his being accompanied by a female fiend. Why does he come double? Could he not transact his own business single-handed? It was a shrewd thought of the poets, however, while everything else in the opera betrays the purely comic element, to make the arch-fiend, the prince of darkness, the, the—

"Oh, thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie"—

the only serious personage in the plot; a real hideous Apollyon, yelling, anathematizing enough to fright the soul out of Chris-

tian himself. Why did not the poets of the *Rose of Castile* transfer to their adaptation the fiend Asmodeus, a jolly, harmless, good-natured devil, full of fun and frolic, and with no more mischief or evil in him than becomes a born enemy of man? The crowning extravagance of the piece is the fact that, the arch fiendess who is employed by the arch fiend to ensnare the soul of Rupert, repents at the end, becomes virtuous, and is taken up to heaven. It is due, however, to the poets of the *Rose of Castile*, to acknowledge that, although the dialogue is strangely diffuse, the versification and style in *Satanella* shows an improvement on their first production.

With such materials, what could Mr. Balfe do? Fortunately, he possesses his own abstract notions of the poetical, and does not too closely examine the details. He was, therefore, but little trammelled by incongruities, inconsistencies and impossibilities. He caught the leading idea, or, in lieu thereof, conceived one for himself, and sprinkled his gold-dust over the doubtful matter. The music, indeed, is worthy of the name of Mr. Balfe, although here and there he has found himself unable to grapple with the story or its treatment, and has failed to do his talent complete justice. The exceptions to the general excellence, nevertheless, are few and far between, and, taking it altogether, the opera may be pronounced one of the most successful of the composer.

The opening chorus, "Donor of this lordly *fief*," with dance, is animated and taking, and was admirably sung throughout. The first ballad, "Our hearts are not our own to give—sung by Miss Rebecca Isaacs in the character of Lelia—is after the old-fashioned pattern—almost stereotyped by Mr. Balfe—in which sentiment, putting on a melodious dress, assumes the form most likely to captivate the public. The gambling scene, in which Rupert is ruined by his betrothed, the Princess Stella—a startling incident, by the way—is bustling, but lacks variety and dramatic colouring. Moreover, it is strongly reminiscent of the famous play-scene in *Robert le Diable*, where Robert loses his whole fortune. The first encore was bestowed on the ballad by Karl (Mr. St. Albyn), "Oh would she but name the day," which is tuneful, and without the slightest pretension.

The duet following between Arimanes (Mr. Weiss) and Satanella (Miss Louisa Pyne), may be dismissed with the observation that Mr. Balfe does not seem to shine conspicuously in supernatural music, and, if he did, that the scene is hardly capable of being moulded to tuneful purposes. Mr. Harrison's first song, "The glorious vintage of Champagne," is certain to become popular, being exceedingly bold and catching, and written in the true bacchanalian vein. It was sung with immense spirit and energy, and unanimously encored. The next song—"The power of Love," sung by Satanella to Rupert in a dream—is the gem of the opera and cannot fail to obtain an equal celebrity with "When other lips" in the *Bohemian Girl*, "The Convent Cell" in the *Rose of Castile*, or, indeed, with the most popular compositions of Mr. Balfe. It is eminently graceful and melodious, and, being sung to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, and was redemanded by the whole house.

The second act opens with what, we may suppose, was intended to be the grand *coup* of the opera, namely, a scene of the requisite form and proportions for Miss Louisa Pyne, containing a recitative, and *andante* and *allegro* movements. As this scene has been withdrawn, being too onerous for Miss Pyne, we may simply state, that it indicated Mr. Balfe's thorough knowledge of the Italian method of writing for the voices, and that the *andante* was given with great expression, and the *allegro* with almost unsurpassed brilliancy. The next ballad for Rupert, "An angel form in dreams beheld," of the ultra-sentimental kind, is characterised by much sweetnes and simplicity, and was awarded the fourth encore. This will be another special favourite. The concerted *morceau* in this scene, "Behold she's here," in which Satanella discloses to Rupert a means by which he may discover the truth or falsehood of Stella's protestations—namely, by using his "beaver" handwise or headwise—is highly dramatic and effective, and obtained a success similar to the "Ha, ha" scene in the *Rose of Castile*—to which, no doubt, the poets had an eager eye when they concocted it. Its extreme length and repetitions, however, were rather inimical to its thorough appreciation the

first night. The scene has since been considerably abridged, and now goes infinitely smoother and better. The next scene opens with a chorus of pirates, "Rovers, rulers of the sea," which, though pleasing, is somewhat commonplace. The solo with chorus, which immediately follows, sung by Mr. H. Corri, as chief of the pirates "My brave companions," is felicitous both in idea and treatment, and may be reckoned among the choice things in the opera. The ballad with recitative, "Let not the world disdaining" another gem for the *prima donna*, and an undeniably candidate for popular favour, was given by Miss Louisa Pyne, with inimitable taste and the most refined delicacy. A slow cadence at the end, after the manner of that introduced into "The Convent Cell," was deliciously rendered. A chorus of male peasants, introductory to the nuptials of Rupert and Lelia (how that has been brought about the poets do not inform us) "Smile, oh! heaven," constituting a part song, as it were, is melodious and striking, and extremely well written for the voices. The accompaniment, however, is perhaps hardly in keeping with a gentle invocation. This was encored with acclamations. The bridesmaids' chorus and dance "to Hymen's love-crowned altar now," is pastoral in character, and very pretty, and leads to the finale, which is worked out with spirit, if not with power.

Act the third opens with a diablerie scene in the hall or cavern of Arimanes, containing an invisible chorus, "Upward from the nether world," and duet for Arimanes and Satanella, "Tho' the angry bolt has sped." As we have said above, Mr. Balfe has not entire command of his resources, when he is in the world of spirits. Give him only *terra firma*, or a well-built brig at sea, and no composer can go to his work with greater zeal and determination. This infernal music, in fact, should never have been written—never composed—never allowed to be sung. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss did their utmost to render it effective; but the devil himself, and his imp, could do nothing for it. From the lower regions to Tunis is but a short step. The comic scene, in which Hortensius (Mr. George Honey), Rupert's tutor, and Carl (Mr. St. Albyn), the old lover of Lelia, are about to cudgel each other at the instigation of the pirate, dramatically speaking, is better suited for a burlesque than an opera, but, musically considered, is exceedingly clever. A chorus and dance, "Merry Tunis," a merry tune is, and leads to the best concerted *moreau* in the opera. The bustle and stir of the slave market is capitally exemplified and skilfully treated. A quintet, "Oh, woe! despair," was so attractive and so admirably sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Harrison, Mr. St. Albyn, and Mr. Corri, as narrowly to escape an encore. The air which Satanella sings, "Sultana Zulema," in order to fascinate the Vizier, is full of character and simple beauty. Still more attractive is the air, "Wouldst thou win me," with tenor accompaniment, with which Satanella brings the Vizier to her feet. Both were delightfully warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne, who, up to this moment, it will be acknowledged, had executed considerably more than a *prima donna's* average share of the music. Nothing daunted, however, and apparently not in the least fatigued, the fair artist attacked the bravura, with which the act terminates, "Old man, thyself deceiving," and brought down the drop scene amid a hurricane of applause.

The fourth act is the weakest. With the exception of a serenade for chorus, "Haste, lovers, haste," and a ballad for Rupert—another effusion of sentiment for Mr. Harrison, but extremely taking withal—the act is devoted to a long and not particularly interesting trio, which forcibly recalls the last situations in *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*, in which the multiplicity of the incidents is only surpassed by the impossibility of the motives. Suffice it, that Satanella repents of being a doomed sojourner in Hades, and accepts a rosary from Lelia, with which she keeps at bay "auld Clootie" and his minions, who come to take her home, and is straight wafted up to the skies, to the utter discomfiture of the father of all evil.

A few words must serve to chronicle the success of the opera, which was triumphant from first to last. At the end of the first act, Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Balfe were recalled. A

similar compliment was paid them at the end of the third act and the fall of the curtain. On the last occasion the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds.

The performance went from the beginning to the end without a hitch or falter, thanks to the admirable superintendence of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and the energy and good will of his band. Such a result, indeed, we can hardly call to mind on the first night of a new opera; and both Mr. Lumley and Mr. Gye might take a leaf from the book of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, in this respect at all events.

Satanella has been played every night to crowded houses, and is greatly improved by several judicious curtailments. Its success seems to increase with each representation.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

GREAT SUCCESS OF BALFE'S NEW OPERA,

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ON MONDAY, December 27th, 1858, and every evening until further notice, the performances will commence with the highly successful new and original romantic Opera, composed expressly for the present management, by M. W. Balfe, entitled, *SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE*. Count Rupert; Mr. W. Harrison; Hortensius; Mr. George Honey; Karl, Mr. A. St. Albyn; Braccadio, Mr. H. Corri; The Vizier, Mr. W. H. Payne; Pirate, Mr. Bartleman; Noblos, Mears; Terrott and Kirby; Arimane; Mr. Weiss; Lelia, Miss Rebecca Isaacs; Stella, Miss Susan Pyne; Bertus, Miss Mortimer; Lady, Mrs. Martin; and Satanella, Miss Louisa Pyne. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. After which will be produced A NEW LITTLE PANTOMIME for little people, called *LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*; or, *HARLEQUIN AND THE WOLF IN GRANNY'S CLOTHING*, with new scenery by Mr. W. Betley; and Mr. Denison and Sons. Characters in the Prologue: Music, Miss Mortier; Italian Opera, Miss Cecilia Rance; English Opera, Miss Emily Burns; Pantomime, Miss Crankell.

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Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.
MONDAY, December 27th (Boxing Night) *THE JEALOUS WIFE*. After which will be produced a new grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled, *THE KING OF THE CASTLE*; or, *HARLEQUIN PRINCE DIAMOND AND THE PRINCESS BRIGHTEYES*. Harlequin, Mr. Corcoran; Clown, Mr. Hulme; Pantaloons, Mr. Paul; and Columbine, Miss C. At Tuesday and Friday, *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*. Thursday, *MACHEWED*. Wednesday and Saturday, *THE CORSICAN BROTHERS*, and the Pantomime every evening.

CREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Christmas will insist upon coming. The sum of Pantomimes to life of this year of short days and long nights is about to rise at the Great National in spite of never yet seen, or imagined. All past doing will pale before it, for "on, all is here the order. The opening in its magnificence will be witnessed with wonder in its sparkling genuine fun, with roars of laughter; the costly dresses and litters; and the grand mechanical effects novel in the extreme, two of which will surprise anything that has yet been represented upon the stage, viz., the *Magnum Opus*, when the whole stage is suddenly filled with a mass of coins, and a change from a bill-posting station to the new bridge at Cheltenham by night. Then the Clown, to be observed, is Tom Mattews—now Tom, the favourite pupil and only successor of the renowned Joe, now type and counterpart of his illustrious master. The haleyon days of pantomime were the days of Grimaldi: those days will be this season revived at the Great National. Two Grand Morning Performances on Boxing Morning, December 27, and Tuesday Morning, December 28. On Monday and during the week, performances will commence with the New Comic Christmas Pantomime, *QUEEN ANN'S FARTHING AND THE THREE KINGDOMS OF COPPER, SILVER, AND GOLD*; or, *HARLEQUIN OLD KING COUNTERFEIT*, and *THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE MAGIC MINT*. The Princess Fane (with Miss E. Terry; Truth (the Fairy), Miss A. Downing; Sir Mighty (the Knight), Mr. G. B. Bigwood; Harlequin, Mr. W. Smith (one of the best in London); Columbine, Miss Anne Cushnie; Sprites, by Felix and Juan Carlo; X Y Z (Pantaloons), Mr. W. Lacey; Pantaloons, Mr. Martin; and Clown, by the renowned Tom Mattews. To conclude with the *SOLDIER'S WIFE*.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPÉRA-COMIQUE.—

Opening Night, Wednesday, December 29. Auber's opera, *LA PART DU DIABLE*. Carlo Broschi, Madame Faure; Casilda, Madile. Céline Mathieu; Marie Therese, Madile. Hélène Moral; Rafael d'Estinaga, Mons. Fougères; Ferdinand VI., Mons. Bryon D'Orgerval; Fray Antonio, Mons. Montclar; Gil Vargas, Mons. George, &c., their first appearance in England. Conductor, Mons. Reuvens. Private Boxes, £4 4s., £3 3s., and £2 2s., mighty Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Box seats (reserved), 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Subscriptions and tickets to be procured at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, City Agent, Mr. J. Alvey Turner, 10, Poultry. Box-office open daily, from Eleven till Five, under the superintendence of Mr. C. Nugent. Doors open at half-past Seven, commence at Eight. Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barnett.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS AND DESTITUTION, addressed to the **MUSICAL PROFESSION AND TRADE**, and all other benevolently disposed persons.—The sudden death by rapid consumption of Clement Levett, aged thirty-one years, more than sixteen of which were passed in the Music Trade (in the establishments of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Hale and Son, Dreaper, T. Smith, and R. Mills), has just placed his widow (now near her confinement), and three small children, two of whom are mentally and bodily afflicted, in a state of great destitution. Any further particulars respecting this distressing case may be obtained of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, London, in whose service C. Levett passed twelve years of his life, or of Messrs. Hale and Son, Cheltenham, in whose service he died last October, either of whom will also be happy to receive subscriptions towards the support of the poor widow and her little family.

N.B.—Mrs. Levett is a good needlewoman, and will be thankful for employment in that line.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1858.

WE cannot hold with those who insist that not only is the system of musical instruction almost unexceptionably wrong in the present day, but that everything is wrong in consequence, and, above all, the taste of the public generally, in whatever relates to art and its professors. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that experience encourages a wholly opposite doctrine. Those who maintain the pessimist view of the question overlook the fact that in this country there is a special musical public, no less than a special public for the fine arts, literature, and the drama. This special public must not be confounded with the public that attends Evans' supper-rooms, flocks to what a morning contemporary has styled the "Cattle-show Concerts" (where artists are exhibited much in the same light as kine and beoves), or applauds Mr. Henry Russell in those rare effusions to which he is indebted for fame and fortune; any more than the public that upholds Shakespere and the refined drama must be confounded with the public that prefers burlesque and pantomime, or, last, not best, weak translations from the French *Vaudeville*. True in the special sphere to which this journal is dedicated, we have a good deal of burlesque and pantomime, and weak translations from the French *Vaudeville*—or, at least, their equivalents in kind—pretty nearly all the year round; but a real musical public exists, nevertheless,—a public, not by any means favourable to the huckstering which degrades music, nor indeed disposed to admit that such huckstering can have anything to do with art.

Such a public is attracted to the Italian opera-houses by *Fidelio* and the works of Mozart, and knows the vast superiority of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber over the pet composers of the "Omnibus" exquisites. It attends the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies; flocks to M. Jullien, when that popular *entrepreneur* devotes half of his programme exclusively to one of the great masters; may be seen at the pianoforte *sorées* of Miss Arabella Goddard, Professor Sterndale Bennett, and Mr. Halle; likes quartets and all forms of chamber-music; is found at St. Martin's-hall when Mr. Hullah gives the Ninth Symphony, or Mr. Henry Leslie some of the music of Bach—

goes here, there, and everywhere, in short, where good music may be heard.

Art, like religion, admits of proselytism. Why, then, should we not try all in our power to convert the scoffer, to form true amateurs as well as true believers? The nucleus exists, and has of late years been increasing as rapidly and as visibly as the head of Donati's comet in the heavens. The nucleus is represented by the many true and uncompromising artists, most of whom are, at the same time (contrary to the seeming belief of the Rev. Mr. Skeffington, author of an engaging little work but recently noticed in our leading columns*), teachers. The tail, too, is becoming both brighter and more extended—a symbol of the lovers of genuine art, who, while not professors of music, are still among the most enthusiastic advocates of its purity.

On the other hand, there never was, and there probably never will be, a time when the taste for art is universally pure, or when, for one honest and enthusiastic artist, there are not fifty shallow mediocrities and at least half as many downright impostors. To make laws for the regulation of such matters is of course out of the question. We can no more abolish free trade in art than we can abolish free trade in anything else. They who hold art in veneration must be satisfied with doing their utmost, each in his particular sphere—whether as composers, performers, teachers, or simply amateurs. Every one who is sincere, no matter how modest his position, can effect something; and upon those who rank highest devolves the highest responsibility. Meanwhile in opposition to the pessimists—we entertain a strong conviction that, instead of having passed "the zenith of our greatness" (to cite a phrase from the Rev. Mr. Skeffington) as a musical nation, we have yet to attain it; that at no period of our history were there so many earnest labourers in the cause; that never, in short, was a genuine love of music so prevalent in this country. Certainly, of recent years, the music-master has been abroad; and this we owe, in a large measure, to the repeated visits of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who exercised a greater and a happier personal influence among us than any foreign musician since the immortal composer of *The Messiah* made England his home.

Let not honest musicians, then, despair; but let them rather look around, and view with satisfaction the progress their beloved art is making.

ALBERT SMITH has a fine new house, whither he invites as many of his friends as are pleased to crowd chiefly into his area and gallery or to luxuriate expensively in his stalls. He has rubbed out everything like Helvetian simplicity from his walls, and all that surrounds him is pure Chinese. Pagodas, pavilions, bells, junks, feet-compressing shoes, josses and tea-cups dazzle the eye and impregnate the atmosphere in which he moves. Slanderers whisper that he has turned Buddhist, and worships that singularly large golden joss, which shines on the spectator from the left-hand corner. Slanderers are wrong. Albert Smith does not worship the joss, but the British public worships Albert Smith; and such a mob of devotees as crowded into his hall on Wednesday last, will not often be seen elsewhere.

Great store of trinkets and toys does Mr. Albert Smith bring from the celestial empire, and the pencil of Beverley has largely illustrated his narrative. So we pass over two

* "Handy Book of the Musical Art."

hours and a half in a strange new region, in which, however, we gladly recognise many old faces, such as Mr. Brown, and the pipe-smoking engineer, and in which our ears are regaled by those epico-lyrical compositions, incorrectly termed "patter-songs," by modern professors of *argot*.

Let us hasten to declare that we highly approve the tone of Mr. Albert Smith's new entertainment. He went into the East to see John Chinaman, and he would not allow the snobbish John Bulls, who reside at Canton, and who know nothing of the country, save its commercial utility, to divert him from his purpose. Everybody bored him to see Shang-hai, because it was the place most distinguished by British improvement, but go thither he would not, for why should he study so many thousand miles from home, what he might as well have studied at Liverpool? The mammon-worshippers of the place could not make out what he was driving at, when they saw him poking about the nooks and corners of the old city, taking more interest in the trumpery that records the presence of a stagnant civilisation, than in the best hotel or the most populous quay. But he went his own way.

We observe that the disgust with which the worldly-minded British settlers of China naturally inspired a man so thoroughly artistic has had a beneficial effect. He quizzed the Sphinx a little as he passed by the pyramids, but it was not with the derisive scan of former years. He has felt that Chinese antiquities are worth studying for their own sake, and a conviction that the relics of ancient Greece, Rome and Egypt are worth a similar expenditure of time and trouble, has doubtless taken possession of his mind.

In Albert Smith, considered as a thinker, there is this great virtue, that his theories are the result of his own observations and inferences, and that he never wants to humbug his auditors. He knows well enough, that out of every hundred persons, there are ninety-nine who, merely to seem fashionable, or learned, or refined, or sentimental, pretend to like things that afford them no pleasure whatever, and he is so determined not to follow in the wake of these self-tormenting pretenders, that he would be an iconoclast rather than an idolater. When he first visited the East, he had an honest contempt for archaeological fanaticism, and no one could bully him into an admiration of the Sphinx; an equally honest veneration for the monuments of the old world is now gradually taking hold of him, and we are so sure that he will not be laughed out of his humour, by the tag-rag and bobtail of the fast school, who swear by his name, but who cannot appreciate him in spirit, that we should not wonder if he ended by becoming an antiquary in the best, largest, highest sense of the word. He would be no mere potterer over old stones, but they would, in his eyes, be so many symbols of life, to which his quick fancy would readily supply an interpretation.

As for those vituperators of Mr. Albert Smith, who deprecate his talents, and hint that he is but a "lucky charlatan," we cannot too strongly express our abhorrence of their petty attempts to tarnish an honestly and hardily-earned reputation. If there is in the world one man, who is less a charlatan than his brethren, it is Albert Smith, whose fault hitherto has rather consisted in forcing his genuine convictions upon the public, than in feigning any sentiment or vaunting acquisitions not fairly his own. The things that he describes with his own lips, he has seen with his own eyes; no wish to dazzle tempts him to wander beyond the sphere of his own personal observation, and his promises in the programme are fulfilled to the letter in the entertainment.

His only fault is a success far beyond any that has hitherto been achieved in a similar line; and of that fault, though it has brought him many enemies, we sincerely hope he may never be cured.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The second concert of the season was given at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, the 13th ultimo, but want of space in our last impression compelled us to defer our account of it. The programme was as subjoined :—

PART I.

Symphony in C	Beethoven.
Part-song, "Song to May morning"	Henry Leslie.	
"Ave Maria"	H. Smart.	
Overture (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.	
March, "Victoria"	Val. Morris.	

PART II.

Méditation sur une Prélude de Bach	Mr. S.			
W. Waley, Mr. J. D. Pawle, and Mr. John				
C. Ward	Gounod.
Overture (La Gazza Ladra)	Rossini.	
Part-song, "Orpheus with his lute"	G. A. Macfarren.	
"The dawn of day"	S. Reay.	
Overture (Masaniello)	Auber.	

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The performance was in all respects a better one than at the first concert, and we may particularly commend the manner in which the "andante" and "minuet" of the symphony were played.

The vocal music was sung with great effect by some thirty ladies and gentlemen, and was received with enthusiasm by a crowded audience.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The nomination for the two Kings' Scholarships, vacant at this time of the year, took place on Monday the 29th instant.

The Board of Examiners consisted of Mr. Cipriani Potter, chairman, Mr. John Goss, Mr. Charles Lucas, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Henry Blagrove, Mr. W. Dorrell, and Mr. W. Lovell Phillips. The number of candidates examined was thirty-six. Thirteen young gentlemen and twenty-three young ladies.

The following were elected scholars—Miss Charlotte Tasker and Master George Hale Thomas.

The following candidates were specially commended—Misses L. A. Lindley, G. Bailey, C. M. Wallace, M. A. Walsh, H. Clint, and C. Fitzpatrick; Messrs. F. J. Amor, P. Waddell, J. T. Hill, L. Lee, H. C. Allison, B. Mullatralt, E. R. T. Terry, and R. T. Jefferies.

The following was commended—Miss H. Coudrow.

PIGRAM.

"Thirdly—I like Haydn Wilson's poetry."
STRAIGHTFORWARD AND NO UNDERWORK."

My bellows full, and large box charg'd,
With palate openings enlarg'd,
I've wind enough within my chest
To fill my pipes that on it rest,
In hundreds, rang'd both large and small,
For tones their sizes short and tall.

My scale the uttermost extent
Of music notes, when I give vent
From smallest tone,—harmonic sound
To roar tremendous pealing round.
Stops my voice subdue keep under
Change my sounds from soft to thunder!

When filling the vast fabric wide
Frame vibrating on ev'ry side.
I can all music imitate

When I my tubes with air inflate.
As king of instruments I'm known,
Now tell my name, or pay a crown.

HAYDN WILSON.

* See *Musical World*—"ante" page 803.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This theatre remains yet without a tenant. The noble lessee, who has £135,000 at stake, is in Paris, and although several persons have publicly stated Mr. Lumley has settled, we have positive information such is not yet the fact. The ideas of the agent and proprietor for rent far exceed what ought to be a fair rental for the premises—hence the want of competition, when we consider that £9,000 is asked for rental and £8,000 for properties. It would be certain ruin for a man to launch into a concern unless he had *artistes* that would play for nothing, which is not the case with foreigners in this country, and more especially when we know that the expenses of last season amounted for foreign *artistes* to £30,000.

REUNION DES ARTS.—The last *Soirée Musicale* of the season took place on Monday. The attractions offered to the subscribers were, a quartet by Mendelssohn (in D), and Beethoven's quartet No. 7 (in F). The artists were M. Wieniawski, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque. Mr. Silas also played an impromptu of his own composition for the piano. The vocalists were Mdlle. Thelen and Herr Mengis. The rooms were well attended. M. Wieniawski created a furore by his splendid performance in the quartets.

ISLINGTON MUSICAL UNION.—(From a Correspondent).—The second or Christmas concert of this Society took place on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., at Myddleton Hall, the principal vocalists being Madame Anna Bishop, the Misses Brougham, and Mr. Winn, with Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Henry Blagrove, and M. Paque, as instrumentalists. Madame Bishop was announced to sing the "Gratias agimus tibi," of Guglielmi, with flute *obbligato* by M. Reicherdt, but in consequence of the absence of that gentleman, substituted "Robert, toi que j'aime," and in the second part gave "Oft in the stilly night," which, being vociferously encored, she re-appeared and sang "Home, sweet home," with touching expression. The years which have elapsed since she left England have greatly increased the volume of her voice, while the coldness and apparent want of feeling which were so great a drawback to her former efforts, have entirely disappeared. Miss Arabella Goddard (who is a great favourite with the Islingtonians) was warmly received and enthusiastically "bussed" in Wallace's *fantasia* on "Robin Adair," upon which she delighted her audience with Thalberg's *Don Pasquale*, and in the "Duo Concertante," from the *Huguenots*, with Mr. H. Blagrove, left nothing to be desired. The conductors were Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and Mr. George Loder. The concert began with a quartet by Mayseder, in which Miss Goddard (at the piano) was associated with Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove (violin and viola), and M. Paque (violoncellist), who also played a solo with great applause. Another solo on the violin, an admirable piece of execution, was contributed by Mr. Blagrove.

VIOLINS.—M. Otto, of Weimar, in a treatise on the construction of the violin, gives rules for the proper preservation of that instrument. It should be put in a wooden case, lined with flannel or cloth, to preserve it from extreme heat or cold, and especially from sudden changes of temperature. Heat either cracks the dry wood or produces a disagreeable tone. Flies should also be guarded against, and dust kept from the instrument; the inside should be cleaned every six months with a little barley warmed, and introduced into the interior, to which the dust will adhere.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S JUDITH.—A performance of Mr. Henry Leslie's *Judith* is to take place at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of its composer, with Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti as principals. *Judith* will occupy the first part of the concert. The second part will consist of a miscellaneous selection, in which Miss Arabella Goddard will play the *Concerto* of Weber.

MADRID.—The Spanish journals are in raptures with Signor Giuglini, who has lately commenced his engagement at the Italian Opera in the capital. They declare his success to be "strepitoso," and pronounce him the most gifted tenor ever heard in Madrid.

BRADFORD.—Mrs. Wood has given a concert in St. George's, Hall, assisted by Miss Sara Dobson, Miss Horst, Miss Pillon, and Miss Filton.

HALIFAX.—(From a Correspondent).—The Halifax Glee and Madrigal Society gave its third concert in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday evening, before a very crowded audience, Mr. Burton, of Leeds, using the baton. The programme included the following pieces:—

Madrigal, "O, who will o'er the down so free"—Pearall. Part Song, "Ave Maria"—Smart. Choral Glee, "Are the white hours for ever fled"—Calcott. Part Song, "Good Morrow"—Jackson. Chorus and Solo, "Now Tramp"—Bishop. Choral Glee, "The Fisherman's Good Night"—Bishop. Choral Glee, "By Celia's Arbour"—Horsley. Choral Glee, "In the lonely vale of streams"—Calcott.

After these came a selection from Dr. Bennett's *May Queen*. The soloists were Miss Witham (Huddersfield), Mr. Inkersall (Sheffield), and Mr. Hinchcliffe (Halifax). The singing of the Society was the object of general remark and admiration. Miss Witham gave Mozart's "Non temar," Mr. Burton playing the pianoforte part with great ability. The audience was also much pleased with Beethoven's Sonata, No. 3, for piano and violin: Mr. Burton pianist, and Mr. W. H. Whelake, a tradesman, violinist. The singing, too, of Mr. Inkersall and Mr. Hinchcliffe gave every satisfaction. The concert reflected equal credit upon the committee and the members of the town at large.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—(From a Correspondent).—The fifth subscription concert for chamber music took place on Friday, December 17th. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

"Quartet, Op. 18, No. 5, in A," for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby—L. van Beethoven. "Trio, Op. 26, in A," for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Shelmerdine, H. Farmer, and T. L. Selby—Sterndale Bennett.

PART II.

"Quartet, Op. 45, No. 2, in E minor," for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby—Louis v. Spohr. "Quartet, Op. 2, in F minor," for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. White, H. Farmer, Praeger, and T. L. Selby—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

Professor Bennet's graceful trio and Mendelssohn's second quartet, interesting as one of the earliest works of the great master, were the two pianoforte pieces selected for the evening. Beethoven's well-known fifth quartet, with variations upon one of the most simple subjects, never fails to delight, but the great achievement was the Spohr quartet, in the most creditable style.

At the conclusion of the first series of our chamber concerts, it is but just to express the high satisfaction felt at the untiring, real and hearty goodwill with which all the gentlemen engaged in the performance of the music have worked together. The first concert of the next series is fixed for January 14, 1859.

AEMLEY.—A concert has been given in the Town School-room, in aid of the funds of the Youth's Guardian Society. The pianist was Miss Rhodes, and the vocalists Messrs. Grice, Kirk, Pickersgill, Oates, Master Swithenbank, &c., &c. Messrs. Porrott and Whitham's band played several pieces during the evening.

BRAMHAM.—A concert has been given in the Church School-room, with Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Shaw, Messrs. Westmoreland, Dodson, and Radcliff, as vocalists; Mr. J. Holt, as violinist; and Mr. J. Shaw, as pianist. A glee party from the Church Choir, also assisted.

TORQUAY.—Mr. Fowler's first Recital of Pianoforte Music took place in the Bath Saloon. Mr. Fowler deserves every encouragement, as he was the first to introduce classical pianoforte works in our town. On the present occasion he played Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata with a delicacy and finish that were duly appreciated, and a sonata for piano and violin of Mozart (with Mr. Rice). Mr. Fowler's pupil, Miss Isabel Gedge, made a very successful *début* as a pianist, and did credit to her instructor. The vocalist was Miss Deane, formerly, we believe, well known in London.

WORCESTER.—Mr. and Mrs. Penny's concert took place at the Music Hall, in the presence of the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Sandys, &c. The vocalists were—Miss Julia Smith, Signor Almanni, Signor Nappi Mr. Mason, and the *bénéficiaires*. Mr. Blagrove gave a violin solo on Scotch airs, and the concert afforded great satisfaction.

STRAND THEATRE.—A new comediette, entitled *The Rule of Three*, was produced on Monday evening with success. The story is soon told. An old gentleman married to a young and pretty wife is, as a matter of course, jealous, and adopts the plan whenever a "young fellow" comes dangling after her, to send for a second, so as to prevent any chance of the lady being left *tête-à-tête*, illustrating "the rule of three," as it were. After a time, however, a third "young fellow" makes his appearance, and by representing himself as a married man, and the father of a family, deceives the old gentleman, and thus has the opportunity of apparently flirting with his wife. Some amusing scenes occur among the three bachelors, which excited the risible faculties of the audience to a high degree. The characters were well played by Mr. Turner, as the jealous husband, Miss Ternan as the young wife, Mr. Swanborough, Mr. Parsell and Mr. Mowbray, as the three "young gentlemen." There is a certain Miss Arabella, whose good graces the young gentlemen are desirous of obtaining. Hence the court paid to the old gentleman's wife, who is supposed to have some influence over the young lady. Mr. Mowbray, who has the principal weight of the piece on his shoulders, acquitted himself admirably.

NEW MUSICAL TOY.—(Duncan Davison and Co.)—A clever invention, entitled "The Scale for Beginners," has been forwarded to us for inspection. A few words from the preface of the book, which accompanied it, will sufficiently explain its use:—

"The box containing the apparatus is divided into three compartments. In the first, two staves made of wire are fixed in relief upon a cushion. The second contains a hundred moveable notes and other signs used in writing music. In the third is a small model of two octaves from the keyboard of a pianoforte, the keys marked with the names of the note each represents. With the help of this model the manner of writing the notes in every octave, and the fingerings of each scale, can be learned with very little trouble. To make use of the moveable notes, the pupil should begin by placing upon the staff the clef, the necessary sharps and flats, and the signs to indicate time. He can then copy an example, the scale of C for instance, selecting the notes one by one from the second compartment, and fixing them into their proper places on the staff in the first. After several repetitions of this process he can easily reproduce the scale from memory, and having thus become intimately acquainted with the several notes and their relative value, he will be prepared to derive from professional instruction in music all the advantages it can confer in the shortest possible time."

BRISTOL.—A concert was given in the Lecture Hall, last week, by Mr. George Lister, assisted by Misses Illingworth, Pickles, Newbound; Messrs. Fearnley, Delavanto and Porrett. Mr. Hogg presided at the piano.

A WREATH FOR CHRISTMAS.

By JOHN ELLISON.

Sing we, while twining
A coronet shining,
Gay on the old man's white locks to repose,
Songs fraught with gladness,
Banishing sadness,
Round as the wine-cup exultingly goes!

Not from a far land
Gather the garland,
But of mistletoe weave it, and holly so green;
While sparkling so merry,
Each bright mingling berry,
Like coral or pearl 'mid the verdure is seen.

Fill him a measure
Brimming with pleasure;
On his dear forehead no wrinkle we trace;
Joy's magic willing,
Dull care beguiling,
Cheerily smiling, shall beam in each face.

Sing then, while twining,
A coronet shining,
Gay on the old man's white locks to repose,
Songs fraught with gladness,
Banishing sadness,
Round as the wine-cup exultingly goes!

Christmas, 1858.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, LOSS OF VOICE. IRRITATION of the BRONCHIAL TUBES, cured, and a perfectly clear Voice produced by the use of Wilkinson's late *Vivianon*, Bridge, and Co.'s BRONCHIO-THORACIC LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt of one of the most eminent Physicians of the day.

They are especially useful to Vocalists, Members of Parliament, Clergymen, Barristers, Public Speakers, &c., and as a general Cough Lozenge unequalled. Prepared only and sold in boxes at 1s. and 2s. 6d.; also in tins, at 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 20s. each, by Thos. Wilkinson, late Bridge and Co., Cheapside, at Dring's celebrated Savoyarilla, also Ginger and Canomile Depot, 270, Regent-street, London, W.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A good speech or an effective song cannot be given if the vocal organs are in an animal condition, or affected with hoarseness or irritation. To remedy the latter add to produce incisive enunciation, every public character, whether of the Bar, the Senate, or the Pulpit, should have at hand Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are patronised by the majority of the Imperial Parliament, the Bench, and leading members of the Operatic Corps. For affections of the throat or chest, and for Winter Cough, they are unfailing. Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 11d. and tins, 2s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all druggists.

IMPORTANT TO SINGERS, &c. Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of catarrh. I think they would be very useful to clergymen, barristers, and public orators.

To Mr. Keating.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS FINANCIS, Vicar Choral.

M. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely new description of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fast without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer. They will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth stopped and rendered sound and useful in mastication. 52, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 5.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The most appropriate offerings are those which tend to the promotion of Personal Beauty in the fair and youthful, who at this festive season are more than usually desirous to shine to advantage under the gaze of their friends: none can be more acceptable than

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL. A delightful fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair; and as an invigorator and beautifier beyond all precedent. Price 3s. 6d., Family Bottles (equil to four small), 10s. 6d., and double that size, 21s. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, Unequalled for its rare and incalculable qualities in imparting a radiant bloom to the Complexion, and a softness and delicacy to the Hands and Arms. Price 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. per bottle. And

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, Or Pearl Dentifrice, which bestows on the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, strengthens the Gums, and renders the Breath sweet and pure. Price 2s. 6d. per box.

The Patronage of Royalty, and Rank and Fashion, throughout Europe, and their universally-known efficacy, give these preparations a celebrity unparalleled, and render them peculiarly elegant and seasonable presents. Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 29, Hatton Garden, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
AND PRONOUNCED BY HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS, to be
THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c., &c.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING

PIANO may now be seen at the dépôt, 39, Soho-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with changes of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fulness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite equalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

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